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Article



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REMARKS ON HENDERSON THE HISTORIAN.

By Sir Morgan O'Doherty, Bart.

UNCHANGED amidst the petty mutabilities of rank and station, I still claim it, dear North, as my peculiar privilege, to review, in your work, all books allied in any way whatever to the two great sister sciences of eating and drinking. Blackwood's Magazine is the place, and mine is the pen, *imprimis*, κατ' ἐξοχην, and *par excellence*, consecrated to the discussion of all such delightful themes. Let the Quarterly rejoice in the noble art of boiling down into a portable essence, the diffusive lucubrations of all voyagers by land or sea: let old Blue and Yellow keep unpoached the jungles and jangletries of political economy: let The Writer Tam glorify himself in Jem Smith's quaint little ditties, and his brother's quaint little criticisms on the *minora moralia* of Harley Street, and Gower Street: let the London flourish on the misty dreams of the opium-eater, and lay down the law unquestioned as to the drinking up both of eisel and laudanum: sacred to the quackeries of the quack-doctors, be the pungent pages of the Scalpel: let John Bull vibrate his horns *ad libitum*, among the merciful bells of Mr Zachariah Macaulay: and let the Examiner be great, as of old, in the region of second-rate players, and fifth-rate painters. Let each man buckle his own belt, according to the adage, and that in his own way: but let me unbuckle mine, and luxuriate in the dear, the dainty, the delicate, paradisaical department of

deipnosophism.—Above the rest, let THE BOTTLE, and all that pertains to it, be my proper concern. Here indeed I am great. If Barrow, as being himself a practised traveller, is fitted more than any other of our tribe for discussing the vagaries of the Parrys, the Vauxes, the Basil Halls, the Fanny Wrights, the Edward Daniell Clarkes, and the John Rae Wilsons of our time—Surely I have at least as unquestionable a title for predominating over all that is connected with the circumvolutions of the decanters. It is recorded by Athenæus, that Darius, *the great Darius*, commanded them to inscribe upon his tombstone these memorable, and even sublime words: “*ΗΑΥΝΑΜΗΝ ΚΑΙ ΟΙΝΟΝ ΠΙΝΕΙΝ ΠΟΑΤΗ ΚΑΙ ΤΟΤΤΟΝ ΘΕΡΕΙΝ ΚΑΛΩΣ* :” which signify, being interpreted: “Here lies Darius the King, who drank three bottles every day, and never had a headach in his life.” I flatter myself that my epitaph might tell a similar story, without any impeachment of its veracity.

The volume now in my eye, then, belongs in an especial manner to my province. At first, on perceiving it to be a bulky quarto, you may be inclined to hesitate as to this: but when you put on your spectacles, and discover that the title is “*The History of Wines, Ancient and Modern*,”* your scruples will vanish as easily as do the cobwebs of a Jeffrey beneath the besom of a Tickler. Turn over these

* The History of Ancient and Modern Wines. London: Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy. 1824.

costly pages, dear sir, and feast your eyes with the delicious vignettes, that ever and anon glance out from between the leaves, like the ruby clusters of Bacchus himself, glowing amidst the foliage of some tall marriageable elm, or stately poplar; pause upon these exquisite gems; contemplate the rosy god in each and all of these five thousand attitudes: worship him where, frantic and furious, he tosses the thyrsus amidst the agitated arms of his congregated Mænades: adore him where, proudly seated upon the rich skins of the monsters whom he subdued, he pours out the foaming cup of wine and wisdom before the eyes of savage men, whom the very scent of the ethereal stuff hath already half civilized: envy him, where beneath the thick shadow of his own glorious plant, he with one hand twines the ivy wreath around the ivory brows of Ariadne, and with the other approximates the dew of divinity to the lips of beauty. Feast, revel, riot in the elegance of these unrivalled cameos, and when you have saturated your eye with forms that might create a thirst beneath the ribs of gout, and draw three corks out of one bottle—then, O Christopher! and not till then, will you be in a fit condition for understanding the profound feelings of respect, and grateful attachment, with which it is now my agreeable duty to introduce to your acquaintance, and that of “my public,” the learnedly luxurious Dissertations of my good friend, and jolly little compotator, Dr Alexander Henderson.

The Doctor is, *absque omni dubio*, the first historian of our age. He unites in his single person the most admirable qualifications of all the thermosters in this great branch of literature, who now lend lustre to the European hemisphere—the extensive erudition of a Ranken—the noble self-reliance and audacious virtue of a Brodie—the elegant style of a Sismondi—and the practical sense of an Egan. In many respects, to be sure, the superiority he displays may be referred to the immense superiority and unapproachable merits of the theme he has chosen. The history of the Cellar of Burgundy is a matter of infinitely more improving nature than that of the House of the same name: a thousand will take profound interest in a dissertation upon the sack and hippocras of the mid-

dle ages, for one that will bother his head with the small Italian republics of the same era: We would rather have luminous notions touching the precise nature of the liquor which Sir John Falstaff quaffed, than the secret intrigues which brought Charles the First to the scaffold: and, great as is our respect for Mr Langan, there is still another claret which possesses claims upon our sympathies, far, far above that which has of late flowed so copiously from his potatoe-trap. This work, in a word, is fitted to interest and delight, not one class of students, but all. The classical scholar will here find the best of all commentaries on the most delightful passages of those delightful writers, whom he is accustomed to turn over with a daily and a nightly hand: he will speculate upon the flavour that a Nestor loved, and sit in erudite judgment over the *best* of the bins of a Nero. The English antiquarian will enjoy the flood of light that streams upon the joyous pages of Ben Jonson: *verdea* will no longer puzzle the Giffords, nor *Petrus sanceu* be a stumbling-block to the Nareses.* The man of science will analyse the effervescence of Sheeraz: the Physician will hear the masterly defence of Claret against the charge of goutification, and return humanized to the exercises of his calling: the ecclesiastical historian will mourn with Dr Henderson over the injuries done to the Medoc and the Cote d’or by the suppression of the monastic establishments of France: the lover of light reading will find the charms of romance united with the truth and dignity of history: The saint will have no lack of sighing, as he glances his grave eye over the records of human debauchery, and at the same time, he may, in passing, pick up a hint or two that will be of use at the next dinner of the African Association: The conscious wine-merchant will read and tremble: and every good fellow, from George the Fourth, down to Michael Angelo the Second, will read and rejoice.

It was in England only, and perhaps in this age of England, that a work of this complete and satisfactory description could have been prepared. We produce no wines, and we are the great consumers of all the best wines of the globe. We are free from the

* The Pedro-Ximenes is the name of the best Malaga grape.

violent prejudices, therefore, which induce the man of the Marne to turn up his nose at the flask of him of the Loire, and *vice versa*. We look down as from a higher and a calmer region, upon all the noisy controversies about the rival claims of the Lyonnais and the Bordelais, the Mayne and the Rhein-gau. We can do equal justice to the sweets of Malaga, and Rousillon, and despise the narrow-minded bigotry which sets up either Madeira or Sherry at the expense of the other's ancestral stimulant.

In former days, indeed, we partook, however absurdly, in the paltry prejudices which we now spurn with our heels. Time was when we were all for the Cyprus—time was also when we were all for the Xeres grape—time was when little or nothing would go down with us but Hockamore—and time was when even Rhedycina's learned bowers resounded to strains not simply laudative of Oporto, but vituperative and vilipensive of Bourdeaux.

We have outlived these follies. We are now completely of the liberal school of winebibbing: our grandsire's dumpy black bottle of sherry leaves the vicinity of the oven, and stands in friendly juxtaposition with the long-necker of five year old *demi-mousseux*, and the doubly-iced juice of Schloss-Johannisberg that has been buried in the cave of caves ever since the great era of The Reformation. The native of the Alto-Douro is contented to precede him of the Garonne, as some sturdy pioneer trudges in proud solemnity before the march of a battalion of Voltigeurs. The *coup-de-milieu* of Constantia or Frontignac forms an agreeable link between the Sillery, which has washed down the venison, and the Hock, which is to add pungency to the partridge-pie. We take Chambertin to the omelet, and Sauterne to the tart. In a word, we do justice to the boundless munificence of nature, and see no more harm in imbibing white wine and red wine, dry wine and sweet wine, still wine and sparkling wine, during the same repast, than we would in doing homage within the same fortnight to the ripe luxurics of a Ronzi de Begnis, the airy graces of a Mercandotti, the vigorous charms of a Vestris, and the meek modest radiance of a Maria Trec. This speaks the spirit of the same unfettered age that can love a Virgil as well as worship a Homer; that places the bust of a Dante beside that of a Mil-

ton; that binds the laurel on a Hogg—without robbing the brows of a Hesiod—and thirsts for Lord Byron's autobiography without offering to sacrifice for its purchase, either the veracities of a Rock, or the decencies of a Faublas.

On a work, sir, such as yours, calculated for extensive and popular circulation, it would ill become an individual like myself, to obtrude much matter of a recondite and obscure order, or adapted to the intellectual taste of particular classes of readers only. Allow me, therefore, to pass lightly over the dissertations with which this volume opens, touching the various vintages of the nations of antiquity. In truth, even the genius and erudition of a Henderson have been able to scatter but an imperfect ray over subjects, mantled, as these are, with the shades of a long night of nearly two thousand years' duration. It is still, we must admit, dubious whether the wine that Telemachus drew out of the cellars of his royal father partook more of the nature of port or of sherry. The Homeric epithet of *Black* may mean either the deep hue inalienable from the juice of the purple grape, or the fine grave tinge merely which wines that are called *white* acquire, in consequence of being kept for several lustres, whether in glass bottles, according to the modern custom, or in earthen jars, after the manner of the heroic ages. That Nestor, however, drank, during the battle with which the 13th book of the Iliad opens, wine both of a red and of a strong sort, is indisputable. The epithets of *αἰθρῶν* and *ἐρυθρῶς* are used together in the same line, and their significance is clear and obvious to the most German capacity. Dido, again, when she gave her first grand dinner to the Trojan prince, appears to have sported something near akin to champagne.

“IMPIGER hausit
SPUMANTEM patera.”

The epithet *impiger* is admirably chosen, since the act is that of swallowing sparkling, or right *mousseux* wine—for a *spumans patera* can hardly be supposed to mean, in the mouth of a writer so chaste as Virgil, anything short of that. He would not have talked of that as *foaming*, which, in point of fact, merely *creamed*; and while the rapidity of quaffing a cup of *foaming* champagne cannot be too great, since

the vinous principle of that wine evaporates in a great measure with the effervescence of the gas it embodies, a poet of Virgil's delicate taste would have been careful not to represent Bitias as tumbling down his throat, in that hasty and furious method, a glass of burgundy, or claret, or indeed of any other wine whatever. On the contrary, he would no doubt have pictured this "officer and gentleman" as sucking down his liquor in a quiet, decorous, leisurely, and respectful style, suffering his lips to remain as long as possible in contact with the rim, which had just been honoured by the touch of the imperial beauty. And, indeed, when I look at the passage again, nothing can be more admirable than the strict cohesion and propriety of all the terms, applied either to what the Queen, or to what her guest, does.

"Hic Regina gravem gemmis auroque poposcit
Implevitque mero pateram . . .
Primaque, libato, summo tenuis attigit ore—
Tum Bitiæ dedit increpitans : ille impiger hausit
Spumantem pateram—et pleno se proluit auro."

Observe the politeness of her Majesty. She merely touched the cup with the extreme edge of her charming lip ; not that she would not have liked abundantly to take a deeper share, but that she knew very well her friend would not get the article in its utmost perfection, unless he caught the foam in its boiling moments—*summo tenuis attigit ore*—and then how does she hand it to the Trojan ?—Why *increpitans* to be sure ; in other words, saying, "Now's your time, my lord—be quick—don't bother with drinking healths, but off with it—off with it like a man." This is the true meaning of the *increpitans*. Upon the *impiger* we have already commented—and what can be better than the fine, full close—so satisfactory, so complete, so perfect—*pleno se proluit auro*. He turned up the cup with so alert a little finger, that some of the generous foam ran down his beard—*se proluit*. As to the exact sense of *pleno auro*, I really cannot speak in a decisive style. Does it mean the full golden cup ? or does it rather point to the wine itself—the liquid gold ?—the rich amber-coloured nectar ? If this last be the truth of the case, then Dido's cham-

pagne was not of the Ay sort, which is almost colourless, but right Sillery, the hue of which is very nearly the same with that of gold in its virgin state—or perhaps *Vin de la Marechale*, which generally has even a deeper tone. Pink champagne it certainly could not have been, since, whatever might have been the case at a subsequent period of the entertainment, it is impossible that a lady who had just sat down should mistake the brightness of the *rosé* for the transparency and indeed pellucidity of the *doré*.

N.B.—Many people read the works of the classics merely for the words, the language, the poetry, the eloquence, and so forth. This is highly absurd. Lessons of practical sense and real wisdom are lurking in every page, if one would but look for them. And here, for example, the Virgilian narrative of the Carthaginian banquet affords an excellent hint to many worthy persons, who, I hope, will attend to the thing, now that I have fairly pointed it out. Champagne should always be given in a large, a very large glass. *Pateræ* are out of date, but ale-glasses, or at least tumblers, are to be found in every establishment ; and he who gives champagne in a thimble, betrays the soul of a tailor.

But let us get on : I hate the chat of those *beaux-esprits*, who dare to cast out insinuations against the wines that bedewed the lips of the Anacreons and the Horaces. They mixed sea-water with their wine in making it, says one : They put honey in it, cries another : They drank it sorely diluted, grumbles a third : It tasted of pitch and rosin, mutters a fourth. I despise this. When we shall have reared buildings equal to the Parthenon or the Coliseum : when we shall have written poems as sublime as the Iliad, and as elegant as the Pervigilium Veneris : when our statuary rivals the Phidias and Praxiteles : our historians, the Tacituses and Thucydides ; our philosophers, the Platos and Aristotles,—(Aristotle, by the way, wrote a History of Wines, which has unfortunately perished, and I heartily wish all his metaphysics had gone instead ;)—when our orators, sir, shall rival the Ciceros and Demosthenes of antiquity, then, and not till then, shall we be entitled to imagine that the palates of those great men were less refined

than our own. Can any man presume to dream, that Falernian was not every it as good as Sherry?—Only think of that picture which Horace has given us of human beatification—

“Seu te in remoto gramine per dies
Festos reclinatum bearis

Intiorem notâ Falerni!”——

Do you not see him before you?—Spread out at full length upon the remote herbage, far away from the din of cities, flinging all the hum of men and things a thousand leagues behind him, he devotes not the night, not the afternoon, but the day, the whole of the blessed festival day, to the employment of *making himself happy*—what English circumbendibus can do justice to the nervous and pregnant conciseness of the word *bearis*?—with a flask of Falernian from the deepest recesses of his cellar!—*Intiorem notâ Falerni!* and *bearis!*—What words are these? Was this a man that did not possess the right use of his tongue, lips, and larynx? Was this a man upon whom you could have passed off a bottle of vin ordinaire, or mere *tischwein*, as the genuine liquor of Beaune or Rudesheim? No, no; you may depend upon it these people were up to the whole concern just as much as the very best of us.—Think but of these glorious lines of old Hermippus—

Ἔστι δὲ τις οἶνος ὃν δὴ Σαπρίαν καλεῖσιν
‘Οὐ καὶ ἀπὸ στομάτος, σταμνῶν ὑπανοίγνάνων,
‘Οὔτ’ ἐιν, οὔτ’ ἐν ῥοδῶν, οὔτ’ ἐν ἑλκινῶν
Ὀσμὴν θεσπέσιον, κατὰ πᾶν δ’ ἐχρεῖ δ’ ἐπιφέρει δῶ,
Ἀμύρσοι καὶ Νεκτάρ ὅμην.

Could any modern extol the divine ethereal aromatic odour of Tokay, or, what in my private opinion is a better thing, Southside’s own old Lafitte, in any terms more exquisite than this hoary toper consecrates to his Saprian? What a fine obscurity!—a mingled undefinable perfume “a heavenly odour of violets, and hyacinths, and roses, fills, immediately on the opening of the vessel, the whole of the lofty chamber”—ἐπιφέρει δῶ—climbs in one moment to the rafters, and confers the character of Elysium upon the atmosphere—“ambrosia and nectar both together!” Nothing can be finer! Or turn to Seneca, himself, the philosopher, and hear him talking about the preference that ought to be given to a youth of grave disposition over one conspicuous for his gaiety and all-pleasing manners,

and illustrating this by the remarks that “wine which tastes hard when new, become delightful by age, while that which pleases in the wood never proves of durable excellence.”* Could Mr Albert Cay or Mr Samuel Anderson talk in a more knowing vein upon this subject than the tutor of Nero the matricide? No—*meo periculo*, answer *no!* These folks drank their champagne when it was young, and their sherry when it was old, just as we do—they quaffed their Rozan, Sir, from the tap, and bottled their Chateau Margoux in *magnum bonums*.

The wines of these glorious days having, it is but too apparent, followed the fate of the poetry, rhetoric, sculpture, and architecture of those who consumed them in commendable quantity, and with blameless *gusto*—the semi-barbarous possessors of the European soil were constrained to make the best of it they could. They gradually, as the Scotch philosophers say, *would improve* in the manufacture; and, by the time of Charlemagne, and our own immortal Alfred, it appears not unlikely that a considerable portion of really excellent wines existed in the Western hemisphere. The monks were the great promoters of the science:—Successively spreading themselves from Italy to the remotest regions of Europe, these sacred swarms carried with them, wherever they went, the relish which their juvenile lips had imbibed for something stronger than mead, and more tasty than beer. Wherever the plant would grow, it was reared beneath their fatherly hands, and to them, as Dr Henderson has most convincingly manifested, the prime vineyards of the Bordelais, the Lyonnais, and the Rhinegau, owe their origin. Unsacred fingers, it is, alas! true, now gather the roseate clusters of *THE HERMITAGE*, yet the name still speaks—*stat nominis umbra*—and the memory of the Sçavants of the Cloister lingers in like manner in *Clos-Vogéot*, *Clos-du-Tart*, *Clos St Jean*, *Clos Morjot*, and all the other compounds of that interesting family.—The Bacchus of modern mythology ought uniformly to sport the cucullus,

“And I do think that I could drink
With him that wears a hood.”

I have already hinted, that the taste of our own ancestors, in regard to wine, underwent many and very re-

markable mutations: but this is precisely one of the subjects which my jolly little Aberdonian M.D. has treated in a most felicitous manner; and, under correction, I apprehend that a well-chosen quotation from this part of the Doctor's ponderous tome will appear by no means out of place in your immortal pages; while, at the same time, by being transferred thither, his erudite remarks will probably reach the optics of a vast multitude of most respectable persons, who would never dream of looking into, far less of purchasing, a two guinea quarto, even though its subject be Wine. With your permission, therefore, I now desire Mr James Ballantyne, Mr Daniel McCorkindale, or whosoever it may more immediately concern, to set up in brevier the following luculent observations:—

“The union which subsisted between England and the northern provinces of France after the Norman conquest, but, above all, the acquisition of the Duchy of Guienne in 1152, naturally led to an interchange of commodities between the two countries. Accordingly we find, that, in two years from the last-mentioned date, the trade in wines with Bourdeaux had commenced; and, among our older statutes, are numerous ordinances relating to the importation of French wines, most of which, in conformity to the mistaken notions of political economy in those times, fix the *maximum* of price for which they were to be sold. Thus in the first year of King John, it was enacted, that the wines of Anjou should not be sold for more than twenty-four shillings a-tun; and that the wines of Poitou should not be higher than twenty shillings; while the other wines of France were limited to twenty-five shillings a-tun, ‘unless they were so good as to induce any one to give for them two merks or more.’ This appears to be the earliest statute on the subject of the foreign wine trade. With regard to the wines specified, it would appear, from Paulmier's account, that those of Anjou, which were embarked at Nantes, and probably included the produce of Touraine, were chiefly white, and distinguished by their strength and sweetness; while the growths of Poitou, otherwise called Rochelle wines, from the port where they were shipped, were of the light red class. In the retail trade, the latter were directed to be sold at fourpence the gallon, —the former at sixpence. But according to Harrison, ‘this ordinance did not last long; for the merchants could not bear it; and so they fell to and sold white wine for eighteenpence the gallon, and red and claret for sixpence.’ Both Anjou and Poitou belonged at that time to England.

“During the following reign, the impor-

tations would appear to have increased; for most of the chroniclers ascribe the neglect of the English vineyards to that fondness for French wines which then came upon us. But by this time the crusades had probably also introduced a taste for the sweet wines of Italy and Greece, which are occasionally mentioned by our early poets, and which, at a subsequent period, were certainly well known in this country. In an account rendered to the Exchequer by the Chamberlain of London, in the thirtieth year of HENRY III., we find that officer was allowed 404*l.* in acquittance of 404 *dolia* of French, Gascon, and Anjevin wines, imported at London and Sandwich; —39*l.* and half a mark, for 22 *dolia* of wine of St John and the Moselle (*de vino S. Johannis et de Obliquo*); —30*l.* for 20 *dolia* of new, or perhaps sweet, French wine (*musti Gallici*); —and 184*6l.* 1*6d.* for 900, $\frac{2}{3}$ 19 *dolia* of wines of Gascony, Anjou, French wine, Moselle wine, and wine of St John, which were bought. The last-mentioned may have been an Italian sweet wine, or else the wine of St Jean d'Angeley, which is celebrated in the ‘Bataille des Vins’ on account of its extraordinary strength.

“In order to cover the harshness and acidity common to the greater part of the wines of this period, and to give them an agreeable flavour, it was not unusual to mix honey and spices with them. Thus compounded, they passed under the generic name of *piment*, probably because they were originally prepared by the *pimentarii*, or apothecaries; and they were used much in the same manner as the *liqueurs* of modern times. ‘Our poets of the thirteenth century,’ says LE GRAND, ‘never speak of them but with rapture, and as an exquisite luxury. They considered as the masterpiece of art, to be able to combine, in one liquor, the strength and flavour of wine, with the sweetness of honey, and the perfume of the most costly aromatics. A banquet at which no piment was served, would have been thought wanting in the most essential article. The archives of the cathedral of Paris show, that, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the Deans of Chateaufort were obliged to provide a regular supply of piment for the canons, at the feast of Assumption. It was even allowed to the monks in the monasteries, on particular days of the year. But it was so voluptuous a beverage, and was deemed so unsuitable to the members of a profession which had forsworn all the pleasures of life, that the Council of Aix-la-Chapelle, held in the year 817, forbade the use of it to the regular clergy, except on the days of solemn festivals.

“The varieties of piment most frequently mentioned are the *Ippocras* and *Clarry*. The former was made with either white or red wine, in which different aromatic ingre-

dients were infused; and took its name from the particular sort of bag, termed HIPPOCRATES' sleeve, through which it was strained. There is a curious receipt preserved by MR ASTLE, which gives directions how 'to make Ypocrasse for lords with gynger, synamon, and graynes, sugour, and turesoll: and for comyn pepull, gynger, canell, longe peper, and claryfied honey.' It was drunk at all great entertainments between the courses, or at the conclusion of the repast; and wafers and manchets are directed to be served with it. Clarry, on the other hand, which we have seen noticed in the act of RICHARD II., was a claret or mixed wine, mingled with honey, and seasoned in much the same way, as may be inferred from an order of the 36th of HENRY III., respecting the delivery of two casks of white wine and one red, to make clarry and other liquors for the king's table at York. It is repeatedly named by our early poets, and appears to have been drunk by many fasting, or as a composing draught before they retired to rest.* Of these medicated liquors, the only kinds still in use are the *vernuth*, or wormwood wine, which is manufactured in Hungary and some parts of Italy; and *bishop*, which is prepared by infusing one or more toasted Seville oranges, in a certain quantity of Burgundy or other light wine, and then sweetening the whole with sugar.†

“From the manner in which sweet wines are spoken of in the act of RICHARD II., it might be supposed that they were all compounded artificially, like the liquors just described. But, in the writings of the age, there is abundant evidence that our countrymen were already familiar with several genuine wines of that class; though, at the same time, it must be acknowledged, that the frequent notice of them, in the works alluded to, does not always imply that they were imported into England. Much of the literature of that period consisted of translations from foreign authors; and in

copying their descriptions of the customs of other nations, mention would necessarily be made of articles which seldom or never came into general use. It was also a common practice with the early poets, to make an ostentatious display of their knowledge, by giving long catalogues of the products of nature and art, wherever it was possible to introduce them; and many names of commodities were thus pressed into their verses, which, however valuable they may be as historical data, add nothing to the harmony or dignity of the composition. In this way, we may account for the great variety of wines which these writers delight to enumerate at the feasts they describe; but which could hardly have come together at a time when the relations of commerce were so little multiplied. Thus, in one of the old metrical romances, entitled, ‘The Squire of Low Degree,’ and referred by MR WARTON to the reign of EDWARD II., the king of Hungary proposes to regale his daughter not only with the wines of France, Italy, Spain, and Greece, but also with those of Syria;—an assemblage which, even at the present day, it might be no easy matter to realize;—

‘Ye shall have runney, and malmesync,
Both ypocrasse and vernage wine,
Mount Rose[†] and wine of Greke,
Both algrade[‡] and respuel eke;
Antioche and bastarde,
Piment also, and garnarie;[§]
Wine of Greke, and muscadell,
Both clare, piment, and Rocheil,
The reed your stomake to delyce,
And pottes of osey sett you bye.’**

“In the following century, it is clear that the prevailing taste for sweet wines led to the importation of all the choicest kinds; for they are frequently noticed, and seem to have been used in considerable quantity. In one of the ordinances for the household of GEORGE, Duke of Clarence, made on the 9th December, 1469, we find the sum of twenty pounds allowed for the purveying of ‘Malvesic, romenay, osay, bastard muscadelle, and other sweete

- “For he had yeven the gailer drinke so
Of a clarric, made of certain wine,
With narcotise and opie of Thebes fine.” &c.

CHAUCER, Knight's Tale.

- “He drinketh Ipcoras, clarric, and Vernage
Of spices hote, to encrease his corage.”—Merchant's Tale.

† When made with Burgundy or Bordeaux wine, it is called *bishop*; when old Rhine wine is used, it receives the name of *cardinal*; and when Tokay is employed, it is distinguished by the appellation of *poppe*.—RITTER's *Weinlehre*, p. 201. But Port, Claret, Burgundy, are, it seems, the three grades in the various vocabulary of Oxford.—See Reginald Dalton, vol. I. p. 342.

‡ Monte Rose.

§ Algarves, or Algadia.

† Raspiis (*vin rape*), a rough sweetish red wine, so called from its being made with unbruised grapes, which, having been freed from the stalks, are afterwards fermented along with them and a portion of other wine.

¶ Garnache, or Grenache. There is some reason to believe, that this term may be a corruption of *Fernaceus*; but, at all events, it appears certain, that the wine in question came originally from Greece; for we are told by Froissart, that, when the Christian forces were besieging the town of Africa, in Barbary, ‘de l'isle de Candie il leur venoient tres bonnes malvoisies et grenaches, dont ils estoient largement servis et confortez.’—Chronique, Tom. IV. ch. 18.

** Ritson's *Metrical Romances*, Vol. III. p. 178.

wynes.* As some of these varieties have not before appeared in our lists, it may be desirable to ascertain their respective characters and history a little more fully.

"Though the trade with the Canary Islands had been for some time established, no wines were obtained from them at this period: sugar being still the principal commodity which they supplied. Nor had Spain or Portugal as yet sent us any malmseys. The best dessert wines, however, were made from the Malvasia grape: and Candia, where it was chiefly cultivated, for a long time retained the monopoly. The term *Malmsey* is merely a corruption of *Malvasia*, or rather *Monemvasia*, the name of a small fortified town in the bay of Epidaurus Limera, whence the grape was originally derived.†

"Another of the above-mentioned wines, designated by the name of the grape, was the Romenay, otherwise Romency, Rumeney, Romanie, or Romagnia. That it could not be the produce of the Ecclesiastical State, as the two last corruptions of the word would seem to imply, may be safely averred; for at no period, since the decline of the empire, has the Roman soil furnished any wines for exportation; and even BACCI, with all his partiality, is obliged to found his eulogy of them on their ancient fame, and to confess, that, in his time, they had fallen into disrepute. By COGAN and others, Romency is classed among the Spanish white wines; but from what part of Spain it came is not specified. Except the small town of Romana, in Aragon, there is no place that bears a similar denomination; and I am not aware that the wines of that province have ever been much known beyond the places of their growth. The probability is, that it was a wine made from a grape of Greek extraction; and, in fact, BACCI informs us, that the produce of the red and white muscades, which were cultivated in the Ionian islands, and the adjoining continent, was called by the Italians, Romania. In a passage of an old sermon, quoted by CARPENTIER, the word occurs in conjunction with '*malvaticum*,' or malmsey; and BEN JONSON mentions the 'Romagnia' along with the wine of Candia. The name, however, is not exactly, as BACCI supposes, of Italian origin, but comes from *Rum-ili*, the appellation given by the Saracens to a considerable part of the continent of Greece; and the several spellings, Romania, Ruma-

nia, and Rumenia, correspond pretty closely with the variations in the name of the wine. In confirmation of this view of the subject, it may be remarked, that one of the species of grapes at present grown in Andalusia, is termed *Romé negro*, and there can be no doubt that the word '*Romé*' is derived from the Arabic, *Rumi*. That the wines of that province were then freely imported into England, and distinguished, as they have always been, by their uncommon strength, is evident from the manner in which CHAUCER speaks of the white wine of Lepe, (now Niebla,) between Moguer and Seville:—

" 'Now kepe you fro the white and fro the rede,
Namely fro the white wine of Lepe,
That is to sell in Fish-streat and in Chepe:
This wine of Spain crepeth subtly,
And other wines growing fast by,
Of which riseth soch fumosite,
That whan a man hath dronk draughts thre,
And weneth that he be at home in Chepe,
He is in Spain, right at the tounne of Lepe.'

"The *oseye*, otherwis spelled *oseye*, *osey*, &c., which the act of 5 R. II. directs to be sold at the same price as the wines of Gascony and Poitou, appears, from the entry above quoted, to have been of the sweet kind: And in an ordinance of CHARLES VI., cited by LE GRAND, it is noticed in similar company. Some verses, which are inserted in the first volume of HACKLUTT's *Voyages*, place it among the 'commodities of Portugal:' but, on the other hand, a passage in VALOIS' Description of France seems to prove beyond dispute, that *oseye* was an Alsatian wine; *Auxois*, or *Osoy*, being, in old times, the name commonly used for Alsace. If this conjecture be well founded, we may presume, that *oseye* was a luscious-sweet, or straw-wine, similar to what is still made in that province. That it was a rich, high-flavoured liquor, is sufficiently shewn by a receipt for imitating it, which may be seen in MARKHAM; and we learn from BACCI, that the wines which Alsace then furnished, in great profusion, to England, as well as different parts of the continent, were of that description. In the '*Bataille des Vins*,' we find the '*Vin d'Aussai*' associated with the growths of the Moselle.

"With respect to *Bastard*, or, as the printing of the ordinance, if rightly copied, might lead us to name it, *Bastard muscadet*, there is greater difficulty in tracing its history. That it was a sweetish wine there can be no doubt; and that it came from

* "Collection of Ordinances for the Government of the Royal Household. Lond. 1790, p. 101.

† "It was anciently a promontory, called Minoa, but is now an island, connected with the coast of Laconia by a bridge. The name of Monemvasia, derived from the circumstances of its position (μόνη ἐμβασία, *single entrance*), was corrupted by the Italians to Malvasia; and the place being celebrated for the fine wines produced in the neighbourhood, Malvasia, changed to Malvoisie in French, and Malmsey in English, came to be applied to many of the rich wines of the Archipelago, Greece, and other countries."—*Researches in Greece*, by W. MARTIN LEAKE, p. 197.

some of the countries which border the Mediterranean appears equally certain. MINSHEW and SKINNER suppose it to have been a liquor obtained from dried grapes (*v. passum*;) but all the luscious-sweet wines, as we have seen, are made in this manner—this definition, therefore, cannot be received. CARPENTIER, on the other hand, pronounces *bastard* to have been a mixed wine (*v. mixtum*;) which accords with the assertion of LE GRAND, that it was a wine from Corsica, mingled with honey. In the translation of the 'Maison Rustique,' by MARKHAM, we are told, that 'such wines are called *mun-grell* or *bustard*, which, betwixt the sweet and astringent, have neither the manifest sweetness, nor manifest astringency, but indeed participate and contain both qualities.' This character, however, is far from satisfactory, as it will apply to many of the finest growths, which have that mixed taste. On the whole, the most intelligible account of the matter is given by VENNER, who says, that 'Bastard is in virtue somewhat like to muscadell, and may also, in stead thereof, be used: it is in goodness so much inferior to muscadell, as the same is to malmsey.' It was, therefore, not a true muscadell wine, though approaching to that class in flavour, and taking its name not from any admixture of honey, which would have reduced it to the nature of a piment, but from the grape of which it was made,—probably a bastard species of muscadine. In support of this conjecture, it may be observed, that one of the varieties of wines now cultivated in the Alto Douro, and also in Madeira, is called *bastardo*, and the must which it yields is of a sweetish quality. Of the Bastard wine there were two sorts—white and brown; both of them, according to MARKHAM's report, 'fat and strong;' the tawny or brown kind being the sweetest. They are frequently mentioned by dramatic authors, especially about the time of Queen ELIZABETH. COGAN, we perceive, calls Bastard a growth of Spain; and SACK, who agrees with him in this particular, describes it as the heaviest of all wines."

"With respect to the wines called Sacks, which had now come into general use, much diversity of opinion has prevailed; and, although various attempts have been made to explain their nature, and the subject has undergone frequent discussion, especially among those writers who have laboured to illustrate our early poets, the question remains, in a great measure, undetermined. When we consider how familiar our ancestors must have been with this class of wines, and how repeatedly they have been noticed by authors of every description, it appears not a little singular that their history should now be involved

in such obscurity. But, in pursuing the inquiry, we shall find, that on this, as on many other points of antiquarian research, the truth lies nearer the surface than has been commonly imagined.

"It seems, indeed, to be admitted, on all hands, that the term *Sack* was originally applied to certain growths of Spain. MINSHEW defines it to be a 'wine that cometh out of Spain, *vinum sicum*, *vin sec*, *vinu seco*, q. d. propter magnam siccandi humores facultatem.' SKINNER, however, thinks this explanation unsatisfactory, and inclines to the opinion of MANDELSON, a German traveller, who published an account of his travels to the East Indies in 1645, and who derives the name from Xeqe, a town in Morocco, whence the plant that yields this species of wine is said to have been carried to the Canary Islands. But in all the catalogues of vines which I have had the opportunity of consulting, there is no mention of any such species. Besides, it was not from the Canaries, but from Spain, that sack was first brought to us."

"DR PERCY has the credit of restoring the original interpretation of the term. In a manuscript account of the disbursements by the chamberlain of the city of Worcester for the year 1592, he found the ancient mode of spelling to be *seck*, and thence concluded that Sack was merely a corruption of *sec*, signifying a dry wine. MINSHEW, as we have seen, renders the term *vin sec*; and COTGRAVE, in his Dictionary, gives the same translation. The most satisfactory evidence, however, in support of this opinion, is furnished by the French version of a proclamation for regulating the prices of wines, issued by the privy council in 1633, where the expression *vinu secs* corresponds with the word *sacks* in the original copy. It may also be remarked, that the term *sec* is still used as a substantive by the French to denote a Spanish wine; and that the dry wine of Xerez is distinguished at the place of its growth by the name of *vinu seco*.

"These several authorities, then, appear to warrant the inference, that Sack was a DRY Spanish wine. But, on the other hand, numerous instances occur, in which it is mentioned in conjunction with wines of the sweet class. The act of HENRY VIII. speaks of 'sakkcs or other swete wyne.' In like manner, the 'Mystery of Vintners,' published by DR MERRET in 1675, gives a receipt 'to correct the rankness and eagerness of wines, as Sack and Malago, or other sweet wines.' GLAS, in his 'History of the Canary Islands,' makes no distinction between Malmsey and Canary Sack; and NICHOLS, in the account which he has given of Teneriffe, expressly says, 'that island produces three sorts of excellent

wines—Canary, Malmsey, and Verdone ; which all go under the denomination of Sacks.' To get rid of the difficulty which thus arises, MR NARES has recourse to the supposition, that Sack was a common name for all white wines. But it has been already shewn, that the appellation was originally confined to the growths of Spain ; and if it had been used to designate white wines in general, there can be no reason why it should not have been applied to those of France or Candia, which were then imported in large quantity. If, again, we suppose that the name denoted a sweet wine, we shall be equally at a loss to discover the circumstances which could have given rise to such a distinction between it and the other kinds then in use ; not to mention that such an application of the term would have been wholly at variance with the etymology as above deduced. A more particular examination of the characters assigned to Sack by the few writers who have described it, will perhaps enable us to reconcile these discrepancies, and remove much of the perplexity in which the question has hitherto been involved.

"In the first place, we are told by VENNÉR, that 'Sacke is completely hot in the third degree, and of thin parts, and therefore it doth vehemently and quickly heat the body : wherefore the much and untimely use of it doth overheat the liver, inflame the blood, and exsiccate the radical humour in lean and dry bodies.' This description accords with the epithet 'sprightly,' which is given to it in some verses published in 1641, and sufficiently proves, that it could not have been of a thick luscious quality, like most of the dessert-wines then in vogue. That, however, it was a liquor of considerable strength and body, may be inferred from a subsequent passage of the last-mentioned work, where it is extolled as 'the elixir of wine ;'—an expression apparently borrowed from one of BEN JONSON's plays. HERRICK, again, calls it a 'frantic liquor ;'—expatiating, with rapture, on its 'witching beauties,' 'generous blood,' &c. ; and most of the dramatic writings of the age contain frequent allusions to its enlivening virtues and other fascinating properties. Had there been nothing new or uncommon in the nature of the wine, it could hardly have excited such extravagant admiration, or come into such universal request, at a time when our countrymen were already familiar with the choicest vintages from almost all parts of the globe.

"The practice which prevailed of mixing sugar with Sack has been thought by most persons to indicate a dry wine, such as Rhenish or Sherry. DR DRAKE, indeed, is of a contrary opinion, alleging, that there would be no humour in FALSTAFF's well-known jest on Sack and su-

gar, if the liquor had not been of the sweet kind. But on this point little stress can be laid ; as at that time it was a general custom with the English to add sugar to their wines. The testimony of VENNÉR, however, who has discussed the question, 'whether Sack be best to be taken with sugar or without,' clearly points to a dry wine. 'Some,' he observes, 'affect to drinke Sacke with sugar, and some without, and upon no other ground, as I thinke, but that, as it is best pleasing to their pallets. I will speake what I deeme thereof, and I thinke I shall well satisfie such as are judicious. Sacke, taken by itself, is very hot, and very penetrative : being taken with sugar, the heat is both somewhat allayed, and the penetrative quality thereof also retarded. Wherefore let this be the conclusion : Sacke taken by itself, without any mixture of sugar, is best for them that have cold stomackes, and subject to the obstructions of it, and of the meseraicke veines. But for them that are free from such obstructions, and fear lest that the drinking of sacke, by reason of the penetrative faculty of it, might distemper the liver, it is best to drinke with sugar ; and so I leave every man that understandeth his owne state of body, to be his own director herein.' "

"Sack was used as a generic name for the wines in question : but occasionally the growths were particularly specified. Thus, in one of the scenes in 'The Second Part of K. Henry IV.' we have a laboured pænegyric by FALSTAFF on the attributes of Sherris-sack, or dry Sherry ; and for a long time the words Sack and Sherry were used indiscriminately for each other. In like manner, we frequently read of Canary Sack, and find the latter term sometimes employed to express that particular wine ; although it differed materially from Sherry in quality, and scarcely came within the description of a dry wine. 'Canarie wine,' says VENNÉR, 'which beareth the name of the islands from whence it is brought, is of some termed a Sacke, with this adjunct *sweete*, but yet very improperly, for it differeth not onely from Sacke, in sweetnesse and pleasantnesse of taste, but also in colour and consistence ; for it is not so white in colour as Sacke, nor so thin in substance ; wherefore it is more nutritive than Sacke, and lesse penetrative. It is best agreeable to cold constitutions, and for old bodies, so that they be not too impensively cholericke ; for it is a wine that will quickly enflame, and therefore very hurtfull unto hot and cholericke bodies, especially if they be young.' This passage is the more deserving of attention, as it not only illustrates the nature of the Canary wine in use at the commencement of the seventeenth century, but shews that there were considerable differences in the quality of the wines which bore the general name of SACKS, and thus

removes much of the confusion that has arisen from the misnomer above alluded to. Whether the Canary Islands then furnished any dry wines, similar to those which are now imported from Teneriffe, seems doubtful : but it is clear, that Canary Sack resembled the liquor which still passes under that denomination. Of the precise degree of sweetness which it possessed, we may form some idea from the observation of HOWELL, who informs us, that '*Sherries* and *Malagas* well mingled pass for *Canaries* in most taverns, more often than *Canary* itself.' BEN JONSON mentions his receiving a present of Palm-sack, that is, sack from the island of Palma.

"With these decisive authorities before us, we can more readily understand the description which MARKHAM has given of the various kinds of Sack known in his time. 'Your best Sacks,' he observes, 'are of Xeres, in Spain,—your smaller, of Galicia and Portugal; your strong Sacks are of the islands of the Canaries and of Malligo; and your muscadine and malmseys are of many parts, of Italy, Greece, and some special islands.' It thus appears, that the Xerez wine, though the drier of any then imported, was inferior in point of strength to the growths of Malaga and the Canary Islands; which is much the same character that was given of it at a subsequent period. With respect to the Sacks of Galicia and Portugal, HOWELL would persuade us, that few of them could have been then brought to this country. 'There is,' he remarks, 'a gentle kind of wine that grows among the mountains of Galicia, but not of body enough to bear the sea, called Rabidavia. Portugal affords no wines worth the transporting.' This opinion, however, I conceive to be erroneous. In the verses above referred to, which were published soon after the Revolution, the wines of Galicia and Carcavellos are noticed; and there is some reason to believe, that the latter may have been the growth which MARKHAM had in view, when speaking of the Portugal Sacks. SHAKSPEARE and other dramatic writers mention a wine called *Charneco*, which, in a pamphlet quoted by Warburton, is enumerated along with Sherry-sack and Malaga. According to Mr Stevens, the appellation is derived from a village near Lisbon. There are, in fact, two villages in that neighbourhood, which take the name of *Charneca*; the one situated about a league and a half above the town of Lisbon,—the other near the coast, between Collares and Carcavellos. We shall, therefore, probably not err much, if we refer the wine in question to the last-mentioned territory.

"The Malaga Sacks must have been not only stronger, but also sweeter than the other kinds; as, by mixing them with Sherry, a liquor resembling Canary wine was produced. They were doubtless of the

same quality as those which have since been so largely imported under the name of Mountain. But that the richest growths of the Malaguese vineyards were not unknown in England at this period, the frequent notice of the Pedro-Ximenes, under various disguises of the name, sufficiently testifies.

"Judging from what is still observable of some of the wines of Spain, we may easily imagine, that many of the Sacks, properly so called, might, at the same time, be both dry and sweet. At all events, when new, they would belong to the class of sweetish wines; and it was only after having been kept a sufficient length of time, to ensure the decomposition of the greater part of the free saccharine matter contained in them, that they could have acquired the peculiar dryness for which they were distinguished. We find, accordingly, that they were valued in proportion to their age; and the calls for 'old Sack,' as Sack κατ' ἔξοχην, were very common. We may also presume, that there would be much less difference of taste among the several species of Sack, in their recent state, than after they had been long kept; for even the sweetest wines betray at first some degree of roughness, which is gradually subdued by age; while the character of dryness, on the other hand, will hardly apply to any of the durable wines, as they come from the vat. Mountain and Canary were always sweeter than Sherry; but between the richer kinds there is often a strong resemblance in flavour, which is the less extraordinary, as they are made from the same species of grape, though growing in different soils. It was, therefore, not without reason, that they were considered as 'near allied.'

"The conclusion at which we thus arrive is so far satisfactory, as it proves, that the wines formerly known under the name of SACKS, though they may, upon the whole, have been inferior, yet differed in no essential quality from those with which we are at present supplied by the same countries that originally produced them, and which are still held in such deserved estimation. They probably first came into favour, in consequence of their possessing greater strength and durability, and being more free from acidity, than the white wines of France and Germany; and owed their distinctive appellation to that peculiar sub-astringent taste which characterizes all wines prepared with gypsum."

The history of the English taste in wines may be carried down from these days to the present in a single sentence. Claret became the standing liquor at the Restoration, and continued so until the abominable Methuen treaty gave those shameful advantages to the Portuguese growers, by which their pockets are to this hour enriched, and our

stomachs crucified. Since the peace, however, a visible increase in the consumption of French wine has taken place; and it may at this day be safely stated, that the man, generally speaking, who sported *good port* in 1812, sports *good claret* in 1824. Still a fine field remains for the patriotic exertions of Canning, Huskisson, and Robinson. And if anybody, out of a shovel-hat, drinks port habitually in 1834, these statesmen will have done less for their native land than I at present auspicate, from the known liberality, good taste, &c. &c. &c. by which they are, one and all of them, so egregiously distinguished. Let no filthy, dirty notions of conciliation condemn much longer the guts of the middle orders—the real strength of the nation—to be deluged diurnally with the hot and corrosive liquor of Portugal—the produce of grapes grown by slaves and corrupted by knaves—while, by a slight alteration of the British code, every rector, vicar, and smallish-landed proprietor in England, might easily be enabled to paint his nose of a more delicate ruby, by cultivating an affectionate and familiar intimacy with the blood of the Bordelais.

But enough of all this. It is a truly distressing thing to me, and I am sure every right-feeling mind will go along with me in what I say, to observe the awful ignorance which most men make manifest whenever the different branches of oinological science happen to be tabled in the common course of Christian conversation. I speak of men in other respects estimable. I allow the full meed of applause to their virtues, personal, domestic, civic, and political;—but is it, or is it not, the fact, that they scarcely seem to be aware of the difference between Lafitte and Latour?—while, as for being in a condition to distinguish Johannisberg from Steinwein, or Hockheimer from Rudesheimer—the very idea of it is ridiculous. I earnestly recommend to those who are sensible of their own culpable deficiencies in these branches of information, or rather indeed I should say, of common education, to remain no longer in their present cimmerianism; and the plan I would humbly propose for their adoption is a very simple one. Buy this work of Dr Henderson's, and do not read through, but drink through it. Make it your business, after coming to the page at which he commences his

discussion of the wines now in daily use among the well-bred classes of the community,—make it your business to taste, deliberately and carefully, at least one genuine sample of each wine the Doctor mentions. Go through a regular course of claret and burgundy in particular. Lay the foundations of a real thorough-knowledge of the Rhine-wines. Make yourself intimately acquainted with the different flavours of the dry wines of Dauphiny and the sweet wines of Languedoc. Get home some genuine unadulterated Alto Douro, and compare that diligently and closely with the stuff which they sell you under the name of port. Compare the real Sercial which has been at Chiusa, with the ordinary *truck or barter Madeira*, and let the everyday *Sherry* be brought into immediate contact with the genuine *vino catholico* of Xeres. Study this with unremitting attention and sedulity for a few years, and depend upon it, that, at the end of your apprenticeship, you will look back with feelings, not of contempt merely, but of horror and disgust, upon the state in which you have so long suffered many of your noblest powers and faculties to slumber, or at least to doze.

I cannot sufficiently expatiate upon the absolute necessity of this in the course of a periodical paper, such as the present. Let it be impressed upon your minds—let it be instilled into your children—that he who drinks beer, ought to understand beer, and that he who quaffs the generous juice of the grape, ought to be skilled in its various qualities and properties. That man is despicable who, pretending to sport *vin de Bourdeaux*, gives you, under the absurd denomination of claret, a base mixture of what may be called Medoc smallbeer, and Palus, and Stum wine, and Alicant, and Benicarlo, and perhaps Hermitage, if not brandy—*poison*, for which he pays, it is probable, three shillings a-bottle more than he would do if he placed upon his board in its stead the genuine uncontaminated liquid ruby of the Bordelais. I want words to express my contempt for him whose highly powdered and white-waistcoated butler puts down *vin de Fimes*, that is to say, the worst white Champagne, stained with elderberries and cream of tartar, when the call is for Clos St Thierry, or Ay—wines tinged with the roseate hues of sunset by the direct influence

of Phœbus. If you cannot afford claret, give port; if you cannot afford port, give beer—The only indispensable rules are two in number: Give the article you profess to give, genuine, pure, and excellent; and give it freely, liberally, in full overflowing abundance and profusion.

Now for a few more samples of the doctor's admirable style of treating the practically useful parts of his very extensive subject. Perhaps no kinds of wine are less understood in this country than those of the Rhine. Let the following sentences be considered by the uninitiated as a sort of first page in the grammar, which, if they are ever to be worthy of dallying with a green goblet, they must make it forthwith their business to master.

"The wines of the Rhine may be regarded as constituting a distinct order by themselves. Some of the lighter sorts, indeed, resemble very much the *vins de Graves*; but, in general, they are drier than the French white wines, and are characterized by a delicate flavour and aroma, called in the country *garé*, which is quite peculiar to them, and of which it would, therefore, be in vain to attempt the description. A notion prevails, that they are naturally acid; and the inferior kinds, no doubt, are so: but this is not the constant character of the Rhine wines, which, in good years, have not any perceptible acidity to the taste,—at least, not more than is common to them with the growths of warmer regions. But their chief distinction is their extreme durability, in which they are not surpassed by any other species of wine; and as they often possess this valuable quality, when they have little else to recommend them, it would seem to furnish an exception to the rules detailed in the preceding part of this work. A brief inquiry into the causes of the peculiarity in question will, however, show that this is not exactly the case.

"As the Rhine wines, when new, contain little more than half the quantity of alcohol which is usually found in the Madeira wine when imported into this country; and as this quantity is often reduced by long keeping so low as seven or eight per cent., it is evident, that the conservative power does not reside in the spiritous principle of these liquors. Their dryness proves, that the saccharine matter, which seldom or never exists in excess in the Rhenish grapes, has been fully decomposed; and from their brightness it may be inferred, that the superfluous leaven has been entirely precipitated. But these conditions, it may be urged, are found in many of the Gascon white wines; which, al-

though they will keep a certain number of years, are much more liable to spoil, than those of the Rhine, especially when removed to warm climates. We must therefore look for this preservative quality in some of the other constituents of the growths now under consideration; and we shall find it, if I mistake not, in the large proportion of free tartaric acid which they contain, and which can only be separated by the usual chemical reagents. Other wines, it is true, also contain this acid, but chiefly in combination with potash; in which state it is of difficult solution, and is gradually precipitated, at least in part, and with a portion of extractive matter, as the liquor advances in age;—leaving the mucilaginous and spiritous parts disposed to accegency from the slightest exciting causes. Even in some of the strongest and most perfect wines, such as Sherry and Madeira, when long kept in bottle, this deposit may be perceived; but the completeness of their fermentation, and the alcohol in which they abound, ensure them from any farther change. With most light wines, however, the case is different. Their feebleness will not admit of the separation of any portion of their tartar, without risking their total ruin: but in Rhine wines, not even the evaporation, which is occasioned by long keeping in the wood, is sufficient to derange the affinities. The proportion of alcohol, indeed, is very sensibly diminished, and the wine becomes more acid than before; but the acidity is still very distinct from that of vinegar, and by no means ungrateful to the palate; while the colour is heightened from a pale yellow to a bright amber hue, and the peculiar aroma and flavour are more fully developed; thus shewing, that no other changes have taken place, than the dispersion of part of the spirit, and the concentration of the remaining liquor.

"As these wines are capable of almost indefinite duration, and as their flavour and aroma are always improved by long keeping, it becomes of essential importance to determine the respective characters of the different vintages, for a more extended period than is necessary in the case of most other wines. In favourable seasons, as already observed, the growths of the Rhine are free from acidity; but, in bad seasons, they contain an excess of malic acid, and are consequently liable to those imperfections which have been described as attendant on the presence of that ingredient; and as the moisture of a northern autumn often obliges the grower to gather his grapes before they have attained their full maturity, it is evident that a large proportion of the vintages must be of this description. Hence the wines which have been made in warm and dry years, such as that of 1811, or the year of the comet, as it is sometimes called,

are always in great demand, and fetch exorbitant prices. Of preceding vintages, those of 1802, 1800, 1783, 1779, 1766, 1748, and 1726, are reckoned among the best. That of 1783, in particular, is the most highly esteemed of any in the last century.

"At the head of the Rhinegau wines is the Johannisberger, grown on the south side of the hill of that name, a little below Mentz, which was first planted by the monks of the abbey of Johannisberg, about the end of the eleventh century. The soil is composed of the debris of various coloured stratified marble. The grapes are gathered as late as possible. The choicest produce is called Schoss-Johannisberger, and is indebted for its celebrity to its high flavour and perfume, and the almost total absence of acidity. Formerly the best exposures of the hill were the property of the BISHOP of FULDA, and it was only by favour that a few bottles of the prime vintages could be obtained from his lordship's cellars. On the secularization of the ecclesiastical states, the PRINCE of ORANGE became possessor of the domain; and latterly it has been transferred to PRINCE VON METTERNICH. During these changes, a considerable quantity of the wine has come into the market; but a portion of that which grows at the foot of the hill is always to be had; and even this is preferable in point of flavour to most of the other Rhine wines, and bears a high price.

"Next to Johannisberger may be ranked the produce of the Steinberg vineyard, which belonged to the suppressed monastery of Eberbach, and is now the property of the GRAND DUKE of NASSAU. It is the strongest of all the Rhine wines, and, in favourable years, has much sweetness and delicacy of flavour. That of 1811 is compared by RITTER to the drier kind of Lunel, and has been sold on the spot as high as five and a half florins, or half a guinea the bottle. The quantity made is about three hundred hogsheads, of which sixty are of first-rate quality. Some persons, however, give the preference to the Rüdesheimer wine, which grows on the hill opposite to Bingen. The rock here is composed of micaceous schist, in many places entirely denuded; and the acclivity is so steep, that it has been necessary to form great part of it into terraces, and to carry up in baskets the requisite quantity of vegetable mould and manure. The Orleans grape is chiefly cultivated, yielding a wine which combines a high flavour with much body, and is freer from acidity than most of the other growths of the Rhine. This

may be partly attributed to the favourable exposure, which allows the grapes to ripen fully, and also to the lateness of the vintage, which seldom commences till the end of October, or the beginning of November. The Rüdesheim *Hinterhäuser*, so called from its growing immediately behind the houses of the village, and the Rüdesheimer Berg, or Mountain wines, approach in excellence to the first-rate Johannisberger. An ancient deed, by one of the archbishops of Mentz, shews, that the hills in this neighbourhood were not planted with vines till the year 1074.*

"The vineyard of Grafenberg, which was another appanage of the wealthy convent of Eberbach, but of much less extent than the Steinberg, is still distinguished by the choiceness of its growths. Those of Markebrunne, in the same neighbourhood, and of Rothenberg, near Greisenheim, afford wines which are prized for their softness and delicate flavour.

"All the above-mentioned wines are white. Of red wines, the only kind worthy of notice in the Rhinegau is grown at Asmianshausen, a little below Rüdesheim. In good years it is scarcely inferior to some of the better sorts of Burgundy; but the quantity produced is small, and other wines are often substituted under its name.

"The Hochheimer, as before observed, is, strictly speaking, a Mayn wine; but a corruption of its name has long furnished the appellation by which the first growths of the Rhine are usually designated in this country.† The two chief vineyards at Hochheim were in former times the property of the Deans of Mentz, and do not exceed 25 or 30 acres in extent; but the surrounding lands yield an abundant produce, which, as in the case of other wines, often passes for the first rate."

I shall conclude with a few separate observations—I had nearly said *maxims*—with which the Aberdonian himself winds up his volume. Most of them cannot be too carefully laid up in the mind, nor too diligently acted upon in the cellar of the reader.

"1. Among the brisk wines, those of Champagne, though not the strongest, may be considered as the best; and they are certainly the least noxious, even when drunk in considerable quantity. They intoxicate very speedily, probably in consequence of the carbonic acid gas in which they abound, and the volatile state in which their alcohol is held; and the excitement is of a more lively and agreeable character, and shorter duration, than that which is caused by any

* "Der Rheingauer Weinbau. 8vo. 1765, p. 5.

† "Hock is the contraction of Hockamore, which, again, is evidently a corruption of Höchheimer, according to English accent and pronunciation. As the term *Rhenish* is commonly understood to denote an inferior quality, I have, to avoid confusion, adopted the foreign distinction of Rhine wines, when speaking of the growths of the Rhinegau, Hochheim, and the neighbourhood."

other species of wine, and the subsequent exhaustion less. Hence the moderate use of such wines has been found occasionally to assist the cure of hypochondriacal affections and other nervous diseases, where the application of an active and diffusible stimulus was indicated. They also possess marked diuretic powers. The opinion which prevails, that they are apt to occasion gout, seems to be contradicted by the infrequency of that disorder in the province where they are made; but they are generally admitted to be prejudicial to those habits in which that disorder is already formed, especially if it has originated from addiction to stronger liquors. With respect to this class of wines, however, it is to be observed, that they are too often drunk in

raw state, when, of course, they must prove least wholesome; and that, in consequence of the want of proper cellars, and other causes which accelerate their consumption, they are very rarely kept long enough to attain their perfect maturity. It is also worthy of notice, that, in order to preserve their sweetness, and promote effervescence, the manufacturers of Champagne commonly add to each bottle a portion of syrup, composed of sugar-candy and cream of tartar; the highly frothing kinds receiving the largest quantity. Therefore, contrary to the prevailing opinion, when the wine sparkleth in the glass, and 'moveth itself aright,' it is most to be avoided, unless the attributes of age should countervail all its noxious properties. (I doubt extremely as to some part of this, Doctor.)

"2. The red wines of Burgundy are distinguished by greater spirituousity, and a powerful aroma. Owing, perhaps, to the predominance of the latter principle, they are much more heating than many other wines which contain a larger proportion of alcohol. Though in the time of LOUIS XIV. they were prescribed in affections of the chest, no physician of the present day would dream of giving them in such cases. The exhilaration, however, which they cause, is more innocent than that resulting from the use of heavier wines. The better sorts may be sometimes administered with advantage in disorders where stimulant and sub-astringent tonics are required. The same observation will apply to the wines of the Rhone, and the lighter red wines of Spain and Portugal.—(Euge, Doctor!)

"3. Possessing less aroma and spirit, but more astringency than the produce of the Burgundy vineyards, the growths of the Bordelais are, perhaps, of all kinds, the safest for daily use; as they rank among the most perfect light wines, and do not excite intoxication so readily as most others. They have, indeed, been condemned by some writers, as productive of gout; but, I apprehend, without much reason. That, with those persons who are in the practice

of soaking large quantities of Port and Madeira, an occasional debauch in Claret may bring on a gouty paroxysm, is very possible; but the effect is to be ascribed chiefly to the transition from a strong brandied wine to a lighter beverage,—a transition almost always followed by a greater or less derangement of the digestive organs. Besides, we must recollect, that the liquor which passes under the denomination of Claret is generally a compounded wine. It is, therefore, unfair to impute to the wines of the Bordelais those mischiefs which, if they do arise in the manner alleged, are probably, in most instances, occasioned by the admixture of other vintages of less wholesome quality. (Quite right all this, my dear Doctor.)

"4. The wines of Oporto, which abound in the astringent principle, and derive additional potency from the brandy added to them previously to exportation, may be serviceable in disorders of the elementary canal, where gentle tonics are required. But the gallic acid renders them unfit for weak stomachs; and what astringent virtues they shew will be found in greater perfection in the wines of Alicante and Rota, which contain more tannin and less acid. The excitement they induce is of a more sluggish nature than that attending the use of the purer French wines, and does not enliven the fancy in the same degree. As a frequent beverage they are unquestionably much more pernicious. (True again, my good man.)

"5. For a long time the vintages of Spain, and particularly the SACKS, properly so called, were preferred to all others for medicinal purposes. The wines of Xerez still recommend themselves by the almost total absence of acidity. (Well said, canny Aberdeen.)

"6. Of all the strong wines, however, those of Madeira, when of good quality, seem the best adapted to invalids; being equally spirituous as Sherry, but possessing a more delicate flavour and aroma, and, though often slightly acidulous, agreeing better with dyspeptic habits. Some have thought them beneficial in cases of atonic gout, probably without much cause; for, whenever a disposition to inflammatory disorders exists, the utility of any sort of fermented liquor is very doubtful. (All this is doubtful, Doctor.)

"7. The lighter wines of the Rhine, and those of the Moselle, are much more refrigerant than any of the preceding, and are frequently prescribed, in the countries where they grow, with a view to their diuretic properties. In certain species of fever, accompanied by a low pulse and great nervous exhaustion, they have been found to possess considerable efficacy, and may certainly be given with more safety than most other kinds; as the proportion of alcohol is small, and its effects are modera-

ted by the presence of free acids. They are also said to be of service in diminishing obesity. (Did you ever see the late King of Westphalia, Doctor?)

"8. It is difficult to conjecture on what circumstances the ancients founded their belief in the innocuous qualities of sweet wines, contrasted with the drier and more fully fermented kinds. They may not intoxicate so speedily, and, as they cloy sooner upon the palate, are, perhaps, generally drunk in greater moderation. When new, they are exceedingly apt to disorder the stomach; and, when used too freely, they produce all the same effects as the heavier dry wines. In their more perfect state, they may answer the purpose of agreeable and useful cordials; but, as the excess of saccharine matter retards their stimulant operation, they ought always to be taken in small quantities at a time." (Sweet wines are little to the taste of anything above a Miss, Doctor. I can tolerate one glass of Cyprus, but no more.)

Farewell, then, for the present, to the great historian of Wine. I seriously, and to the exclusion of all puffery and balaam, consider his book as an honour to him—to Aberdeen, which nursed his youth—to Edinburgh, which gave him his well-merited degree—and to London, which has enjoyed the countenance of his manhood—and as a great gift to the public at large, destined, I fondly hope, to profit widely and deeply by the diffusion of his studious labours. Two centuries ago, Lord Bacon declared that a good history of wine was among the grand desiderata of literature: Such it has ever since continued to be; but proud and consolatory is the reflection, that we are the contemporaries of a Henderson, and that such it can never again be esteemed, unless, indeed, some awful world-shaking revolution shall peradventure pass once more over the races of mankind, and bury the bright and buoyant splendours of Champagne, the balmy glutinous mellow glories of Burgundy, the elastic never-cloying luxury of Claret, the pungent blessedness of Hock, and the rich racy smack

of the mother of Sherry, beneath the same dark and impenetrable shades which now invest the favourite beverages of the *prima virorum*.

"The Massic, Setine, and renowned Falerne."

It will strike every one as odd, that I should have gone through an article of this length without once alluding to, the very existence of—PUNCH. Reader, the fault is not Dr Henderson's—no, nor is it mine. The fact is, that punch-drinking and wine-drinking are two entirely different sciences, and that while, in regard to the latter, Dr Henderson has written a book, and I a review of it in Blackwood, it seems by no manner of means improbable that, as touching the other, we may be destined to exchange these roles—I to compose the history of that most imperial of all fluids, and he, if it so pleases him, to comment upon my labours in the pages of

"My Grandmother's review—the British."

My work will probably be rather a shorter one than the Doctor's. Say what we will about the other arts and sciences, it must at least be admitted that there are three things whereon, and appropriately, the moderns do most illustriously vaunt themselves, and whereof the godlike men of Old were utterly ignorant and inexperienced. I allude to gunpowder, the press, and the punchbowl, the three best and most efficient instruments, in so far as my limited faculties enable me to form an opinion, for the destruction of the three worst and most disgusting of our annoyances in this sublunary sphere—I mean Duns—Whigs—and Blue Devils: Wishing to which trio everything that is their due, and everything that is stomachic, invigorative, stimulant, and delightful to yourself, I remain, dear Mr North, your humble and obliged servant, and affectionate friend,

M. ODOHERTY.

Eltrive Lake, July 4th, 1824.

P.S.—I have been here for a week, trouting and duck-shooting on St Mary's. Hogg is in great heart. By the way, I find I was quite wrong in supposing the "CONFESSIONS OF A SINNER" to be a work of his. It is, as it professes to be, the performance of a Glasgow Literateur, who properly dedicates to the Lord Provost of The West Country.—His name I have not heard. The Book ought to be reviewed by yourself in *Maga* in your best manner. It is full of talent—the pictures of the rude puritanic manners of the seventeenth century, betray, in every line, the hand of a master: and well indeed may Mr Smith be proud, that his name figures in the dedication of such a tome. Attend to this, dear North, for the work is really an excellent one in its way.—M. OD.

VISITS TO THE HARAM, BY MEERZA AHMED TUBEER.

Translated from the Persian.

VISIT THIRD.

ALL night long I could not sleep, for thinking of the beautiful Meiram and her misfortunes; and I was impatient for the time which should make me acquainted with the rest of her story. One difficulty occurred. I had forgotten to ask at what hour I was to go back, and I doubted whether she would send for me again. This perplexed me; but I determined to return at the same hour at which I had visited her the day before; and, in the meantime, I went to the house of the poet Futteh Allee Khan, to arrange his differences with his head wife about the painting of her eyebrows.

When I arrived at the poet's house, I found him occupied in contemplating a very curious machine, which he had himself invented, and which was moved by the wind on dry land, as a ship is at sea. This machine, he informed me, had exhibited itself before his Majesty the King, at the Camp in Sooltaneeah, and had excited the admiration of every one—even of the King himself. A small deficiency, however, was found to exist in its construction, which the Khan was now endeavouring to rectify. A very stormy day had been chosen for the exhibition, and the machine set off in fine style from the steps of the King's summer palace at Sooltaneeah, rattling away straight for the Camp. The farther it went, the quicker it fled; and it was not until it threatened the destruction of tents, and even the lives of the soldiers, that it was discovered that no provision had been made for stopping it. On it went, overturning tents, and frightening horses, and alarming the whole Camp. The people, not knowing whence it had come, or what it was, took it for some horrible animal, or an engine sent by an enemy to destroy them, and fled in every direction. The machine, glorying in its own strength, went on and on, straight through the centre of the Camp, till, at last, tumbling into a ravine, it overset, and gave, as the Poet observed, an admirable example of the instability of power. His Majesty fined

the Khan in a sum of two hundred to-mans, for the injury done by his machine, but let him off for the composition of a *casseeda*,* in which he introduced the moral which his machine had afforded.

The Khan shewed me many curious machines of his own invention, which, for their ingenuity, rivalled the contrivances of Feringistan.†

Futteh Allee Khan is a man of extraordinary talent. He is more knowing in mechanics than any man now in Persia, and few have so extensive a knowledge of chemistry. He is acknowledged to be the greatest epic poet since the time of Ferdoosi, and there is not a man who has so accurate an acquaintance with the Persian language. His satires and lampoons are dreaded by all the men in power, and his laudatory verses are as elegantly turned as his satires are cutting. He has lately devoted some attention to painting, in which art he has made so much progress, that he is already a tolerable artist. There are few books of any note which he has not read, and his memory is so retentive, that he never forgets anything which he has once known. He has long been a very intimate friend of mine,—in fact, the similarity of our pursuits has drawn us much together.

The Khan, on the present occasion, seemed much more inclined to give me a full account of his machinery, his printing-press, &c. than to accompany me into the underroon. The fact was, that the Khan, with all his accomplishments, had never been able to manage his own family, and, in particular, had long been completely subjected by his head wife, with whom it was now my wish to reconcile him.

As soon as we entered the inner court, his wife, whom he dreaded, and who had often been my patient, came to receive me. She saluted me in the politest manner, and said many kind things to me, without taking the slightest notice of the Khan, though she had not seen him for nearly twenty-four hours.

* *Casseeda*, a poem corresponding nearly to an epigram.

† *Feringistan*, Europe.

When we had seated ourselves, and taken a cup of coffee, I opened to her the business of my mission, and spoke of her husband in terms so handsome, as could not fail to make her proud of him. She thanked me for my good opinion of him civilly enough, but said, that all these qualities were more than counterbalanced by his vices. She made bitter complaints of his having taken a young wife, to whom he gave more money and finer clothes than to her, though she had born him two sons. "Only think," said she, "he told me yesterday that I was an old fool, for painting my eyebrows; and no longer ago than the night before last, when he ought to have been in my room, I found him in his own apartment, with a young slave-girl assisting him to undress, because, forsooth, he had a pain in his shoulder, and could not pull off his own coat. And, for all this, he tells me that I am too old to paint my eyebrows!—Why, he is at least twenty years older than I am! Shame upon him!—an old grey-headed man like him. But no matter—If he thinks me not worth the trouble of painting my eyebrows, I can tell him that there are others—yes, others, younger and better-looking than ever he was, who think differently.—He, indeed, to call me old!—tuh* upon his beard!—I would not give that for him!"—accompanying her words with a loud crack of her fingers, and almost at the same moment bouncing out of the room. I looked at the Khan in astonishment. He shook his head, and spoke not a word.

I felt myself under the necessity of expressing my regret that I had not been able to do any good, and proposed to return again in the evening, when I hoped to be more successful.

"O," said the Khan, "I see you do not understand the matter. I was quite pleased when I saw her get into such a passion, and behave so absurdly;—there is now some hope of her coming round. If she had conducted herself reasonably before you, she would not have come to any under-

standing for a week; but now she will be ashamed of herself, and she will be unhappy till she has done something to remove the unfavourable impression which she knows she has left upon your mind."

The Khan judged rightly. The lady presently returned in another mood—she came into the room weeping, and told me, it was very hard, that, after having born the Khan two sons, she should be treated by him so badly. "Since his young wife has come to the house," said she, "he has taken no more notice of me than if I was a hubbushee."†

After some difficulty, I persuaded her to sit down between the Khan and myself, and reasoned with her on the subject. While I was speaking, the Khan once or twice whispered something in her ear. At first she only answered him by a look of surprise, and even of indignation; but, however, he persevered, and, on his second attempt, she deigned to call him an old ass; on the third, she was forced to smile, and gave the Khan a small pat on the cheek, which had more of kindness in it than of anger. It was evident that the quarrel was now at an end; I accordingly took another pipe of very good Tubbuss‡ tobacco, which the Khan preferred to that of Sheeraz, and departed; for the hour was approaching when I hoped to see the lovely Meiram, and hear the rest of her story.

I went to the Haram-Khanah§ on foot, for the first time, and entered so quietly, that I was quite unperceived, except by the eunuchs at the gate, who rose and saluted me as I passed them.

I had no sooner entered, however, than I was beset by half the slave-women in the place, each eager to attract my attention to the narrative of their own complaints, which were more various than the whole list of human diseases given by the celebrated Aboo Allée. I at first attempted to lend an ear to their entreaties, but I found them so numerous, that it would have occupied me a week to have prescribed for them all, and so unintelligible, that, in the end, I should

* Tuh! an interjection of contempt. It represents the act of spitting, and is used to signify the same degree of contempt, as if the person was actually spit upon.

† African black.

‡ Tubbuss, the name of a district famous for its tobacco.

§ Haram-Khanah—Haram, forbidden, and Khanah, house.

have had to prescribe at random. I therefore put them off as well as I could, saying, that I should attend to them on my return, but that the business on which I was going was urgent, and would not admit of delay.

As I passed on, I heard some remarks made regarding my patient's state of health, which shewed me plainly that they more than suspected my visits, as a professional man, were not much required; and I could perceive that they did not consider me too old to be subjected to some unpleasant suspicions, which considerably alarmed me. I was once or twice on the point of making some reply to their insinuations, but I thought it wiser to pretend not to hear or understand them; for, in truth, I did not well know what reply to make.

When I entered the apartments of my patient, I found the outer room deserted, and though I coughed once or twice loud enough to be heard within, still no one came to me. I was at a loss what to do, and was on the point of going away, when I observed Aga Jewah's slippers; and being satisfied that he must be in the house, I called to know whether there was any one within. Still no one answered. My heart misgave me—I fancied, I know not why, that something wrong must have happened—my curiosity and my fears were excited, and I called again louder than before. Aga Jewah immediately made his appearance with a very doleful countenance, and told me that his mistress had been weeping all morning. I made no reply, but moved forward.

I entered her room in some anxiety, and not without a small share of displeasure. There were several women in the apartment, some of whom hurriedly veiled themselves as I entered. There was dejection in their countenances; and one old woman, who sat apart from the rest, had been weeping, but endeavoured to conceal her sorrow when I approached. She rose slowly, and pointing to a place near to where she sat, motioned to me to sit down. She wore no veil, and, from her dress, I perceived that she was an Armenian. She might be about sixty. Her face had on it the lines of age, and perhaps of care; but her eye was full and bright, and there was in her appearance something more elevated than usually belongs to her people. Her manner was

solemn, calm, and collected; and she seemed to be as much a stranger to those around her as I was, who had never seen them till now. I addressed her in Turkish, and the manner of her reply shewed that she was acquainted with the politest expressions of that language. I asked for Meiram—she pointed to the bed on which I had first seen her in her loveliness, and for a moment I saw nothing; but on looking attentively, I perceived that some one was hid by the coverlid, which shook as if the person beneath it had an ague.

I raised it, and saw Meiram bathed in tears. Her hair was loose and dishevelled, partly covering her face, which was pale, save for one bright spot on her cheek—Her eyes were red with weeping, and she had a confused and distracted appearance, which much alarmed me. On finding that some one disturbed her, she cast a hurried look of anxiety and alarm upon me—and seeing who it was, burst again into tears.

The old woman kept her eye steadily fixed upon me while this was passing, and, as I again dropped the coverlid, said to me in Turkish, "Can you, who are a Persian, weep for an Armenian woman? If so, God preserve you—you are not like your people." This was said with a tone and manner so strange, that it startled me, and I was half afraid of her; for it is well known that many Armenian women have supernatural power at their command. But as I looked round to observe her, I saw her dashing from her eyes tears which came too fast to be concealed, and I was then assured that she was nothing bad.

The other women sat by—their elbows on their knees—their cheeks rested on their hands, with looks of dejected composure, which scarcely indicated sorrow, and whispered to one another about something foreign to the scene before them. It was evident that they did not enter into the feelings of Meiram, and I therefore intimated that I wished to be left alone with my patient. They looked at one another, muttered something, and went slowly and sulkily away.

The old Armenian woman took no notice of their departure, and as she seemed to be as deeply interested as myself, I made no attempt to remove her.

I sat down by Meiram's bed-side ; and again raising the cover under which she lay, I forced her to sit up ; but she covered her face with her hands, and sobbed aloud. " My child," said I, " what new grief has fallen so heavy on your young heart, which has already suffered sorrow beyond its years ?—Must I see you weeping, without knowing the cause of your pain ? Why will you not trust me ? I am an old man, and ' youth should seek the council of age.' Believe me, my soul is grieved to see you thus ; and if it is in my power to relieve you from any portion of your sorrow, it will lighten my own heart to do so."

" Oh, Meerza," said Meiram, " you do not know the extent of my misery. There is no hope left for me—no human aid can save me now—I am gone, gone for ever. The only hope to which my heart clung has vanished—This very day all hope of earthly happiness has passed from Meiram."

" God forbid !" said I. " You are young, and know little of the world. What may seem to you so terrible, may yet to me be easily remedied. Do not make yourself so wretched. Tell me what has happened, and I swear to you, by the blessed Koran, that I shall do everything in my power to serve you."

" You are good, yes, very good and kind," said Meiram, " to value so much my happiness—God will reward you for it. But I fear, alas ! that you can render me no service. Oh no—I know you cannot, for the King is absolute, and no one dare dispute or argue with him ; and they will poison his ears with false things, and no man dares to tell him truly ; and he will be wroth, and will not listen to the words of any one, if any should be found to speak in my behalf ; and my name will be branded with infamy, and I shall die as one whose virtue has been stained. But God, who knows our hearts, and knows mine pure from this offence, will grant me mercy, which I cannot hope for here. Yes, Meerza Ahmed, long after the grave has closed over my misery, it will be told how Meiram, the Armenian daughter, died in infamy—my name, till now, so kindly cherished, that it was chosen by lovers for their mistresses, and sung in love songs, will henceforth be a reproach unto my people—they will not dare to utter it."

" What have you done ?" said I—" Of what are you accused ?—Who are your accusers ?—What have they done ?—I have they spoken to the King ? I trust, young woman, that your warm youthful blood has not broken down the restraints of prudence. Tell me truly, and if you be truly innocent, my tongue at least shall do you justice. I am not quite unknown to him you fear—the King of kings, my master—and if you are falsely spoken of to him, I can speak to him truly—my word will go as far with him as that of most men."

" Then God give you exemption from all sorrow," said the old woman, " for you alone can save this girl ; and if you have in your heart a place for kindness, and for boldness too, now shew it—for you will have need of both. The prayers of all her race shall be raised for you ; and if you value not the prayers of those whom you call infidels, their last and dearest services shall be at your command."

" Woman," said I, " what can be done, that will I do. That I have kindness for this daughter of your people, you may have seen already—else why should I be here. And for the boldness which you speak of, let me tell you, that I have spoken to the late King in terms which no one else dared to have used, and he was to his present Majesty as a hungry lion to a lamb. But let me know what has been done—what has been said—what is to do—what is the matter—tell me all about it, and see you tell me truly."

" You already know," said Meiram, " much of my story—almost all of it ; and I have promised to let you hear the rest—Would to God that I had told you sooner !

" You may remember, Meerza, that when I told you of my own captivity, I told you, too, that many others had been taken, and mentioned, more particularly, one whom the Persian struck, because I flew to him for safety in my terror and distress.

" I sought, in speaking of him, to conceal the agitation which I felt ; and though I longed to do so, yet I could not bring myself to tell you that he was all the world to me.

" We had been play-mates from our infancy, and first I used to call him brother ; but as we grew up in years, his manner to me changed—he wished me not to call him brother—he spoke

to me with hesitation—and his tenderness, which ever had been great, grew still much greater, though less constant; for he could not bear to see me speak to any of our former play-mates, and sometimes he bitterly reproached me for it.

"I knew not then the meaning of this change, and it was not until I saw some other maidens looking kindly on him, and courting his attention, that I knew how much I loved him, or could feel why he disliked to see me speak to other men.

"I remember it was one day just after the long fast, when we were met together many of us at a feast. After we had dined, some of the young men came to where the women were collected, and Eusuf came along with them. He was the fairest and the handsomest by far, and many of the maidens fixed their eyes upon him, and one of them persuaded him to sit down beside her, and smiled upon him, and whispered many words in his ear—and I thought they pleased him. I felt, for the first time, as if he had neglected me—my heart was full—the tear was near my eye, and I could have wept, but shame prevented me.

"When he came round to where I sat, I could not conceal that I was angry with him, and I gave him short and pettish answers. He made no reply, but looked most kindly on me—his eyes filled, and he turned away and left us.

"In the evening he came to me, and we talked much together, and there were some tears shed, but no reproaches uttered. Then I felt my love for him, and his for me, and he wrung from me a confession that I loved him, and made me say that I would one day be his wife. And then he spoke of all his hopes, and of a time yet distant, and of the happiness we should enjoy, for then our fears were few; and when we parted, he kissed me, and called me even then his wife.

"I had never concealed anything from my father, for, with my love for him, there was mixed no fear except the fear lest I should give him pain. But I had never heard him speak of love such as I felt; and though I hoped that I had not done anything which could displease or pain him, I found it difficult to tell him what had passed. But he himself found out the secret of my heart, and when he spoke to me I

owned it. He told me that in virtuous love there was no sin—that he approved my choice—that he himself had loved as tenderly and fervently as any one, and had been loved again,—and now I saw that he took pleasure in observing how we loved each other.

"Had the Persians not come to our village, Eusuf would in another week have been my husband. That very day we had been solemnly betrothed, and I had on my bridal clothes, and all that day I had been called the bride. A woful bridal-day it was to me and all of us—for ere the night came down, I had forgotten, in my present misery, all that had befallen me in my life before; and when I came to think more calmly, I thought most of my dear father, and his murder—and that dreadful night—and of the future;—and when I thought of Eusuf, I thought of him as one whom I should never see again, unless in heaven.

"From that fatal night on which my sorrows first began, I never saw him till some days ago when going to the garden. We scarce had passed the gate of Shamcroon, when a man passed us riding on horseback, and as he rode along, he sung a song in my native language, which I had often heard in our own village—It was a song which some lover had written for his love, whose name, like mine, was Meiram, and therefore Eusuf often sung it to me. I thought I knew the voice, and when I saw his face I knew it—my frame all shook—my eyes grew dim—my head ran round; and without knowing what I said, I named his name aloud. He started, and looked round, but could not tell from which of us the voice had come, for we were many riding together, but he followed at a distance, singing still the song of Meiram, and almost broke my heart.

"When we were returning, we found him still lingering on the way, and as we passed, he looked at us so narrowly, that the guards ordered him off the road, and then he went away.

"I never had ceased to love him, but I knew not where he was—or if he lived. I feared that he had died—or if alive, that he had long ago forgotten me—and I had ceased to lament for him; yet when I found him seeking still for me, still loving me, I felt as if my heart had been untrue to him, and that I therefore owed him much

more love than ever. I then remembered that I was, in fact, his wife. By my own promise, by my father's wish, and by the solemn ceremony of betrothing, I was his. My conscience now was roused to aid my love—my mind distracted with a thousand thoughts—endless self-criminations poured upon me. I thought that I had half consented to become what now I was, or was to be. What mattered it although he was a king—I had a husband, who was more than kings to me—it was true, that I had been sent by force, and that resistance would have been vain, but I had not attempted it—I had not even said I was betrothed.

"With thoughts like these I spent the night, and in the morning, confused and feverish, I went to the bath, and on my return home I sent for you.

"This was what I wished to tell you. I wished to beg your aid, but my own weakness marred my purpose. I could not tell you, for I was then wretched, and sorrow made me weak; but now despair has given me strength, and I can tell you, even without blushing, of my love.

"This is not all; oh no! the worst is yet to come. What then was sorrow—was happiness—to what I have to tell you now:—The King has sent me presents, and ordered me to wait on him to-night; and even worse than this—worse—worse than all, Eusuf was mad enough to send to me a letter full of love—This has been intercepted; he is taken, and I am charged with infamy—most falsely charged; for I swear by my dear father's soul, which looks on me from heaven, that I am pure and innocent as when he used to take me in his arms, and smile upon me through tears of hope, and love, and joy.

"They came to give me the King's presents, and tell that I was to be much honoured by waiting on his Majesty to-night; and when I pushed away the odious gifts, and wept, (as what could I do else?) they said that I did little grace to the King's message, and that they feared I scarcely was deserving of the honour done me. But when they found the letter, they thought that all was then made plain; and so, in truth, it was, but not as they have made it; and they went to tell the King, and left me here to weep my sorrows, and to weep for him,

who, for my sake, has come to so much misery.

"Oh, Meerza! if you can save *him*, I'll bless you with my dying lips, and if in another world we are allowed to feel the memory of kindnesses done here, my spirit after death shall bless you still."

"Speak not of him," said the old woman, sternly, "speak not of him—his madness has brought this upon us all—let him suffer for it, for all the fault is his. What had he to do to seek for one, who by the hand of power was taken from him? What had he to do to follow with his love, one, who was happier far without him; and, (madman that he is,) bring down the vengeance of the King on this sweet flower, who (but for him) was flourishing, and would have blossomed an honour to her race, a pride to all her people. Speak not of him, but save this lovely maid, and let him pay the penalty of follies such as his."

"Is it you," said Meiram, "who speak thus—you who bore him, who nursed him at your breast, and, as you yourself have told me, saw in his smiling infant eyes a solace for your woes, which then were many—you, whom I have myself seen weep for very joy to hear his praises from my father—and do you thus cast him off, who ought to plead for him! Oh, his heart is true! He would not have deserted the meanest slave at such a time—requiring so much aid as he does now."

I was about to interfere, when a noise was heard without, and Aga Jewah rushed into the room, calling, "They are come—they are come." He threw himself upon the floor—kissed his mistress's feet, and broke out into bitter lamentations. I demanded who were come. He said, the executioners.

A solemn, dead, and awful pause ensued. Poor Aga Jewah stood mute and motionless, the picture of despair. The old woman was on her knees at prayer, after the christian manner. Her face was hid from me, but I could see her agony expressed in strong convulsive heavings, which went to my very soul.

I turned to Meiram. Her face was deadly pale—calm and motionless she sat—her streaming eyes turned up to heaven—her pallid lips apart—her hair thrown back, and falling down in long black silken tresses—her hands

were folded on her bosom. If ever there was true devotion in a look, that look was Meiram's. There was a halo round her, even though a Christian, which awed me into silence, and made me feel that prayers are not in words, but in the heart, and that religion, in its kind and holy influence, is bound to no one form of faith.

Although I knew not what to do, I felt it was my duty to do something, and that without delay. I went to the outer room, and found there some of the inferior eunuchs, who had, in truth, come to act as executioners. I gave the chief of them some money, making him promise to wait till my return; and I engaged for Aga Jewah, that he should treat them handsomely.

I thought of many things which might be done; but all required more time than I could give. I passed across the court, not knowing whither I went, and got into another court, in which I had never been. There I saw about a dozen eunuchs standing together near a window, which was open, where some one seemed to be conversing with them. I drew near unobserved, and found it was the King of kings himself. I stood till he perceived me, and then fell flat upon the ground, to shew that I came to make a supplication.

"Ah! Meerza Ahmed," said his Majesty, "what are you doing here?—What is the matter?—Have any of the women been treating you ill?—They are terrible devils these women, Meerza—Ah! is it not so? Come near, and tell me what you want. If you have any *urceza** to present, you ought to have come to the *salam*†.—But let me hear what it is."

"My *urz*,‡ so please your Majesty," said I, "is one which it would not have become me to make to the King of kings in public; but a fortunate chance, or some lucky conjunction of the heavenly bodies, has now directed me to your Majesty; for I lost my way, and came here, not knowing whither I was going. But your Majesty is always gracious, and I trust will not deny the first petition of the slave of your house."

"Well, Meerza Ahmed," said his Majesty, "if you ask anything in reason, you shall have it; and if your re-

quest is such as the King cannot with propriety grant, you shall pay a fine of 100 tomans for making it. Now tell me what it is."

I fell again upon the ground, and begged the life of Meiram.

"By the head of the King," said his Majesty, "you must pay your 100 tomans; can anything be more unreasonable than your request? a jade, to play the King the trick she has played; to disgrace and insult him; and you would have her forgiven! What, Meerza, do you want her for yourself? I thought you had been too old to trouble yourself about young wives now. What would you make of her, Meerza, if you had her? Come, send for your 100 tomans, for you have forfeited them, or give me a good reason for your request."

"The girl," said I, "is innocent of the crime for which she is doomed to suffer."

"If you can prove that," replied the King, "I shall be better pleased than if I had received the money, for the girl is passing fair."

I related to his Majesty the story of Meiram, word for word, as she had told it to me, and he listened with great attention. When I came to tell him of the executioners' having gone to take her away, and of her having reproached Eusuf's mother for trying to save her, in preference to her own son, and of the mother's opinion of her son's conduct, and of her calling him mad, and of their great distress and sorrow, the King expressed some pity for them. I added, that if his Majesty would grant a pardon to them both, their being in fact half man and wife (for they had been betrothed) would give a fair pretext for doing so—the generosity of his Majesty would be echoed from one end of the empire to the other; and that I was sure the girl would rather die than be untrue to her betrothed husband; for if he were put to death, she certainly would break her heart with grieving.

The King reflected for a while, then said, "Hakeem Bashce,|| you have done well to make these things known—the King gives the girl to your charge—let her be taken to your own house,

* *Urceza*, a petition.

‡ *Urz*, the same as *urceza*.

† *Salam*, a levee held by the King every morning.

|| *Hakeem Bashce*, head physician.

and well treated, and have her ready to be produced when the King shall demand her. The fellow shall be examined. If his story agrees with yours, he shall be pardoned. If not, you must pay the 100 tomans. Do you hear what the King has ordered?"

I fell upon the ground once more, and blessed his Majesty's generosity and benevolence, which no prince had ever equalled.

His Majesty sent an eunuch of rank to liberate Meiram, and hand her over to my charge, and gave me permission to depart.

When we arrived at the apartments, I was alarmed by hearing a great noise within; many shrill voices were raised at once, and Aga Jewah's was louder than any of them.

When we entered, I found that the eunuchs whom I had left there under a promise to remain quiet, till I arrived, had forced their way into Meiram's room, seized upon everything they could find, and completely plundered the house.

Poor Meiram, believing that this was only a prelude to a more trying scene, sat a silent, passive, indifferent spectator of their present proceedings.

The eunuch who accompanied me, not being able to make them obey his orders to restore the property, seized a large piece of firewood, and began to lay about him with all his might. I followed his example; and Aga Jewah, who seemed delighted by the opportunity which was afforded him to vent his rage, gave us able assistance, so that in five minutes we were masters of the house, and had recovered almost all the things that had been taken.

Having turned the ruffians into the outer room, and set Aga Jewah to watch them, the eunuch who accompanied me with the king's order, came with me into the inner apartment, and having paid me many compliments, communicated the nature of his instructions.

While he was speaking, a breathless and distressing anxiety was painfully visible in the old woman's countenance; and when she heard that Meiram was to proceed to my house, she started from where she was sitting, and throwing herself at my feet, kissed them a hundred times.

Meiram followed her example; but as she rose she looked at me wistfully,

and seemed about to speak, but checked herself, and cast her eyes upon the ground. The old woman's keen eye, too, was fixed upon me with a look of inquiry, which seemed to ask if I had nothing more to say. I interpreted their looks rightly, and told them that there was nothing to fear for Eusuf.

It has been said by wise men, that the effects of excessive joy are nearly the same with those of sorrow, and so it was now, for Meiram and the old woman were no sooner relieved from all their fears, which so late had hung heavily upon them, than they began to sob and weep, and any one who might have entered then, would have imagined that I had been the bearer of some doleful tidings. After a time they became more composed, and began to prepare themselves for their departure.

The eunuch now intimated that it was customary to give a present to the King's eunuchs when they left the house; and though I represented their bad conduct, he still insisted on their right to a compensation for having been disappointed of the plunder, which, had the King's intention not been happily changed, would, as a matter of course, have fallen to their share. He also intimated, that he himself expected a handsome reward.

All this was speedily adjusted, and having left Aga Jewah in charge of the apartments, we proceeded to the gate of the haram.

The news had gone abroad that Meiram was to live at my house, and the people conceived that the King had given her to me. As we went through the court many jokes were passed upon us; some of them no doubt very witty; but my mind was too much occupied to be either annoyed or amused by them.

From the gate, an eunuch was sent with Meiram, to shew her my house, and I hurried home to prepare for her reception.

Not many hours had elapsed since the King had pardoned Meiram, but my wife, who heard everything, and always had a wrong edition of every story, had been told that the King had given me a young wife, and that she might expect her immediately. Accordingly, when I entered she made a furious attack upon me, and it was long before she could be persuaded that what she had heard was not true.

At last I gave her a short sketch of the business ; and had just succeeded in persuading her of the truth of it, when Meiram arrived.

My wife, to do her justice, was capable of great kindness, and had naturally a good heart, but her cursed jealousy ruined her temper, and for many years destroyed my happiness. On this occasion, however, her good feelings had been excited, and she received Meiram, and the old woman, whom I had invited to accompany her, as kindly as I could possibly desire. She lodged them comfortably, put fewer questions than could have been expected, and succeeded in making them very happy.

The King, having satisfied himself of the truth of what I had related to him, liberated Eusuf the next day,

and ordered that he should be immediately married to Meiram. He gave Eusuf an office of enrolment about the court, and allowed Meiram to keep all the jewels which she had received while in the royal haram, which were valued at several thousand of tomans. Eusuf rose every day in favour and was soon made a Khan.

Till within a very few years they have resided at the capital, but have lately removed to a village which the King has given them, amongst the Armenians, in one of his provinces. They have several children, and live very comfortably. They have been very grateful for my services, and send me frequent presents of fowls and fat lambs, and butter and eggs, so that I seldom have occasion to buy any of these articles.

FAREWELL TO GREECE.

For Music.

FAREWELL for ever, classic Land
Of Tyrants and of Slaves !
My homeward path lies far away
Over the dark blue waves ;—

And where I go, no marble fane
From myrtle steps arise,
Nor shineth there such fervid suns
From such unclouded skies ;—

But yet, the earth of that dear land,
Is holier earth to me,
Than thine, immortal Marathon !
Or thine, Thermopylae !

For there my fathers' ashes rest,
And living hearts there be—
Warm living hearts, and loving ones,
That still remember me.

And oh ! the land that welcometh
To one such bosom shrine ;
Though all beside were ruined, lost,
That land would still be mine,—

Ay, *mine*—albeit the breath of life
Not there I breathed first—
Ay, *mine*—albeit with barrenness
And polar darkness curst.

The Bird that wanders all day long,
At sunset seeks her nest—
I've wander'd long—My native home,
Now take me to thy rest.

THOUGHTS ON SOME ERRORS OF OPINION IN RESPECT TO THE ADVANCEMENT AND DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE.

ALL attempts at bringing knowledge into *encyclopedic* forms seem to include an essential fallacy. Knowledge is advanced by individual minds wholly devoting themselves to their own part of inquiry. But this is a process of separation, not of combination. The facts of every Science become thus incredibly multiplied. The books in each, in which well-examined facts of value are recorded, in which original and true reasonings are delivered, grow very numerous. The library of a Physician, a Lawyer,—of a Naturalist, an Antiquary,—of the Scholar, the Metaphysician, of the *Student* (may we so speak?) of Poetry, is large. Each, excepting disability in himself, may in his own pursuit attain the proficiency of his time. But to do so, he will need to give to it something like the same devoted labour, something like the same exclusive zeal, by which in other hands it is making progress.—As knowledge is advanced, from the mere amount of each science, the division of minds from one another becomes more and more the principle, or condition, of attainment to the individual mind, of farther advancement to the separate Sciences.

Meanwhile we say that the *Human Mind* is extending its empire: and we have a feeling as if every one in some manner partook of the triumphs and the dominion achieved, even when we do not suppose him to be in any way affected by the results, or even to have the knowledge, of what is discovered or done. All are *confederated*, who prosecute, or support, or love the labours of intellect, in the great warfare of knowledge: bent to overcome, by the power of thought, evil, physical or moral, in our condition: burning with more splendid desires, with the ambition of—if in intellect that is possible—even unfruitful glory, of conquests, in which no use is foreseen beyond the pleasure and exultation of success. It is the consciousness of our common cause, that gives us sympathy and participation with what is gained in fields of speculation on which we have never set foot: that may enable a moral philosopher in England to rejoice, that a chemist at Upsala, an anatomist at Florence, by detecting a principle, by

demonstrating a function, has cleared up a darkness he himself never felt:—that now gives to every man, generally and indefinitely, whose thoughts ever travel out of the sphere of his personal interests to consider the fortunes of his kind, a buoyant sense of superiority and power subsisting in the intellectual spirit of his age, a sanguine, though aimless, anticipation of enterprizes yet to be carried through, of effects still to be accomplished, and every day accomplishing, by the industry and daring of human genius.

But it is evident that only while explained by the notion of such an ideal community is it even intelligible to speak of the acquisitions made by OUR MIND, of the provinces it has subjected to itself, of the kingdom it has won. The knowledge actually possessed by men, must needs transcend by almost infinite degrees—the capacity, and *means*, of knowing, of the most fortunate and gifted understanding. How much the capacity and means of those many who nevertheless please themselves with the imagination of sharing in the “sovereign sway and masterdom” of Intellect!—The MIND is no where, the single mind is not, cannot be, in which that collected wisdom and power of all, contemplated by us, has its seat: but by the fancied inter-communion among all of rights, and interchange of powers, by the felt union of desires to the same great common ends, the innumerable associated multitude of minds appear to us as one.

Nor, in truth, if we consider more attentively the relation of the different works of the human understanding to one another, is this idea of a fellowship in labour among minds differently employed, of the acquisition of one in the attainment of another, a mere notional impression. The system of human thought is bound together not merely in its origin, by the identity of the powers from which it proceeds, and in its result by a unity of purpose in *all* the purposes it accomplishes, but intermediately and throughout its progress, by mutual dependence and reciprocal action of its several parts. No man—whatever his own parts, whether of speculative inquiry or of prac-

tical art, may be—knows from what quarter, from what region of inquiry or of art, he shall see it receive its next aid. As little does he know to what necessity of human nature, to what difficulty of human reason, he himself, if the faculty of discovery have fallen to him, or even the chance, without the faculty, shall next bring relief.—The curious artist who learnt to bend the lines of sight on their way into the eye, and the Philosopher who traced with his rod,* and he who *untravelled* the mazes of the sky, were guiding,—could they foreknow it—on the paths of every sea, the Ships of Commerce and of War. The Philologist has given Hippocrates to the Physician, to the Mathematician, Euclid and Archimedes, to the Theologian he has delivered the volume of his highest Science, to the lowly believer, of his morals and his faith.—One man in his laboratory holds a gauze of wire over a burning lamp, and observes that the flame will not pass through. His observation, cast into another mind, turns into a talisman for the safeguard of human lives.—Some arts, some sciences, have in themselves a necessary universality:—as he who fused an ore, ministered the strength and skill of every hand—as he who *wrote* the articulations of the voice, prepared glory, durability, self-diffusing, self-augmenting might, to all the modes of action, to all the deeds in all the undertakings, of the restless, undeterred, unsatisfied, all-aspiring, all-enterprising spirit of men.—The investigator of the problems of NUMBER and EXTENSION, and of the yet more abstruse relations which these *embody*, can he labour and not for a thousand inquirers, of whose specific researches he has no understanding?—He treats *universal* elements, and what he finds of them, must be of scarce narrower application.—Thought is the germ of thoughts. The act is the father of acts to be. We may comprehend in some degree the past which we traversed, not the future of which we left the seeds beneath our feet.

There are then links of connexion strict and solid, among the several

parts of knowledge: there is a real strong bond of co-operation between its variously-employed followers.—And this, in truth, to an extent not easily limited. The living strive for one another, and for the ages to come. The dead have striven for those that now are. The *imaginary* community of which we spoke binds together, no less, successive generations, and divided ages. We call ours all that is yet unpurged of the past genius of mankind:—And the canvass and the gorgeous wall, starting into life in colours of the Italian sun, the eloquence “since mute” that thundered in “free Rome,” and the “builder’s skill” that “was known” “to Greece,” and “the light chisel” that “brush’d” her “Parian stone,” bring to us the consciousness of THE RACE WHICH WE ARE, kindle our thoughts with the recollection of what WE HAVE DONE, of what WE HAVE BEEN, raise instead of depressing us, and seem to require of us now, for *our* right in them, no more than that we should understand, not that we should imitate them,—while we pursue with strenuous endeavour and elated hearts, the different toils of the same mind, of which *our* destiny opens the way before us. They warn us indeed of the spirit which we bear. They remind us what faculties we have to unfold: in what liberty of power we should walk: with what fires we are made to burn. If we decline,—if we veil the eyes of intellect,—if we stoop the majesty of our nature,—if we grovel in desire,—they reproach our sordid degeneracy. But the proud monuments of old time challenging our admiration, impose no domineering restriction on our march of mind. They give no law. They point us to seek impulse, regulation, direction within ourselves. They call upon us not to revive arts, but to maintain power. What we have to do we must learn from our own time, and the voices that speak within us. Only let us take care that the soul which has descended to us do not in our bosoms expire.

There is great philosophical wisdom in that high and eloquent passage of the Roman poet,—who, putting into

Virgil’s description of the elder Astronomers.

—Cælique meatus
Describent radio.

the mouth of the imagined ancestor of his countrymen the prophecy of their greatness, by him apostrophizes, and exhorts them, abandoning to other nations other modes of glory, to attach themselves to that which was allotted peculiarly to be their own. There is a division of genius to nations, as to individuals: and each will most excel, will do more for itself, for its own renown, and for mankind, by following the light of this inward determination.

If Italy painted, if France brightened the manners of civilized men, if Germany thinks, if Britain acts, if Spain could have cherished the soul of romance, if India could have preserved to the world's late day the mysterious sublimity of its early dreams,—are not these all distinct gains, are they not separate forms of power, enjoyed, possessed by Man,—and would he not,—might he but know them together continued to him,—feel himself rich and strong in these diversities of his talents, of his cultivation, in this various development of his natural welfare?

In nations, and in individual minds, one principle appears to hold. We owe much to one another, undoubtedly: guidance and urgency, as well as restraint. But to every one his chief source of impulsion, motive in conduct, direction and incitation in genius, is given in himself. He will effect most by relying upon this: by withholding himself from courses of moral, of intellectual exertion, which belong to others, and applying his force of desire, his full effort, to those which are properly his own, opening of themselves, and yielding way to his natural aspirations. The energy of power will be greatest, when it is the efflux from an original *nature*. The sum of power, of advancement then, to the world must be greatest, when every one disregarding the avocation of others, or looking to it for incitement only not for example, well distinguishing generous rivalry from depressing imitation, pursues with his entire strength of means, of ability and of will,—no higher, no nearer, no imperious consideration interposing and prohibiting,—*that* path of labour, for utility, for honour, for conscious achievement, and for mere indulgence in delight, to which his means, his ability, and his will call him.

There *seems* reason to believe, that, for utmost intellectual advancement, nations and single minds should pursue *their own* cultivation, accomplish *their own* power,—the extent of every species of knowledge in one case, the nature of the human mind in both, so requiring. Contrary opinions, of later time, appear to be in some degree, and as we must think, injuriously prevalent. They have shewn themselves variously: a little in Literature. Of one such manifestation of them we would say a few words.

When in the middle of the last century the chief men of letters and science in France applied themselves to unite in one work, all parts, however apparently divided from each other, of human knowledge, they believed, we must naturally think, that they were at once advancing Science itself, and conferring important individual benefit on all those, to whom they should bring, thus in one gift as it were, the collected and digested result of the manifold and long labours of Intellect.

Yet in one respect their plan should seem scarcely to have been well devised for *advancing* Science, since the close limits to which it unavoidably confined the numerous subjects it included, must in no slight degree have both restrained and embarrassed original inquiry. And in what *other* way they might hope to attain such an end, excepting in as much as to *diffuse* Science is to advance it, is not easy to see:—*excepting*, in other words, as such an end might be attained by the benefit tendered by their design to the *individual mind*.

Now *THIS* could not consist in anything that was to be gained to the *exposition* of Science, itself labouring under—what alone *necessarily* distinguished it—the very disadvantage we have just adverted to, of a forced compression.—The benefit intended could consist only in the *UNIVERSALITY* of the Science offered, in placing the *whole mass* of what was *KNOWN*, within the survey and under the power, before the sight and in the very grasp, if it might be so thought, of the single Mind.

We will draw no reasoning from the uncertainties, which in many places *cloud* our knowledge, making the name of Science with us, in some instances, more suitable to the intention than to

the success of inquiry, but will admit that our understanding has obtained the truths it has perseveringly sought.

The question will then remain whether the opinion just now urged, in respect to the acquisition of knowledge,—that it is best, and only effectually, made, by limiting, almost by *singling* to the mind, the objects of attainment, by *confining the direction*—not the reach—of its progress,—(we have gone farther, but this is not *here* necessary to be insisted on, in alleging the principle that should guide this restraint) is or is not grounded.

If it is just, the very conceived ground of intellectual utility disappears.—And this mis-judgment, as we must suppose it to be, of utility, this endeavour to effect an important improvement to the mind against the very principles on which its improvement depends, is what indeed strikes us as the prominent character and unconquerable fault of the undertaking.—We will make yet another remark.

It will seem an extraordinary suggestion to hazard, in respect to a work of so great attempt and labour—TANTUM VULT—imagined, moved, and executed by men of distinguished ability, highest in their day, and yet high in literary and scientific reputation,—but we cannot resist a persuasion, that there was implied in the very ground and first conception of it, not only a negligence of reflexion, but—what we almost hesitate to say—an *illusion of thought*. A want of understanding—we cannot suppose,—but a want of *regarding* and of *duly appreciating*—the effective, *practical* connexions of the Sciences, appears to us to have prepared the way for a *mis-conception*,—a singular one indeed under the circumstances,—of THEIR IMAGINARY CONJUNCTION, before spoken of by us, in the idealized and general mind of the species, as if this must needs be found somewhere, embodied and real. We shall seem, we fear, to press fancy too far, and to hunt, ourselves, after illusion: yet know not how to avoid the belief which forces itself upon us, that, in the original IDEA of this work, we distinguish the traces, or shall we rather say discover the reflexion, of a not very philosophical, not very metaphysical, *impression*, as if that CIRCLE of the Sciences, which has been much spoken of, and which perhaps the human in-

tellect may, in different minds, explore, were left still in some way imperfect, or did not yet truly exist, until it were *materially constructed*.

Of *other* views which might enter into the composition of that memorable work, of the elements of thought in the minds of its Authors, of opinions held and diffused by them, we have not now to speak. We are considering it merely in the light,—in which, as a new project in literature it offered itself to the world,—of A SCIENTIFIC METHOD. As such, it appeared to us an illustration not a little striking and important of *error*, as we must conceive it to be, prevailing more or less in these latter days, in respect to the real nature of knowledge, and its relation to the mind which entertains it.

This error, we should more properly say these errors include a conception of knowledge which may perhaps be expressed by saying, that it is viewed, or reasoned of, as if it consisted solely in the *perception of relations*:—Secondly, a conception of it, as being a species of *definite possession* to the mind, not a *power* of thought, necessarily indelinite:—as something, thirdly, in itself *limited*, and already *completed*:—In the fourth place, a fallacious idea of the participation of any one in the light and progress of his age as requiring, and consisting in, the *knowledge by him* of what is known to his age:—Fifthly, to go no further, misconceptions, to which we have more than once adverted, of the unity of knowledge.

Our Knowledge—it is manifest to every one who has ever in the least degree reflected upon his own,—however it may become at last condensed and summed up to our mind, is gathered by an almost infinite number of its acts, and drawn from, or compounded of, elements innumerable and endless.—From what *impressions* has a poet gathered his knowledge? They have flowed in upon him from the first opening of his senses on the world. What day has he lived that has not from earth and sky, from the face of men, from books, from the joy and sorrow of his own heart, brought some contribution to that inexhaustible memory of all things of soul and sense, in which he finds the materials of verse?—that has not added some strength, some tenderness, some depth,

to those faculties of thought and feeling, which are made to him the ever new subjects of fresh knowledge, of unexhausted discovery—and which are more than the sacred well of Memory, the living fountains of his song?

That process of the accumulation and perfecting of knowledge which, if we could behold it as it advances in the mind of imagination and feeling, would appear to us, as some beautiful growth takes place, though in forms less interesting, in every mind which collects and frames its own—that is, in every mind which ever possesses real—knowledge. The original, elementary impressions of numberless allied and corresponding objects are endlessly multiplied and diversified, the same impressions from the same objects are stamped deep and indelible by an endless repetition. Nor is only remembrance richly stored, which is ever but one part, and perhaps not the most important, certainly not the most difficult, of the mind's work in its composition of knowledge; but, whatever the matter may be on which it is employed, it trains to observation the faculties of observation, to thought the faculties of thought, which it industriously and incessantly exercises. The eye is quickened to see. Reflection becomes more prompt, more just, more acute, more extended. The last discovery suggests the next. What was understood yesterday, explains the new difficulty of to-day. The difference between the mind of genius, and that powerful in knowledge, is not altogether so great perhaps, as we are sometimes inclined to imagine.—Both are necessarily endowed with

much self-reflexion, much self-reliance.—Both seem to require an *aptitude of ability*, both also an *aptitude of desire*, or *attachment*, for the particular subject of their application. Both advance and improve, in part by their own effort and purpose: in both in part their progress is spontaneous and unconscious. Nature carrying on her original work, unfolding the powers she gave, and converting into the nourishment of their strength and growth, the materials their own activity has provided.

We observed a little while since that it was one inclination of error in the age, to conceive and reason of knowledge as if it consisted solely in the intelligence of *relations*. If it did, it might be more quickly learnt. For that intelligence is a swift act of the understanding and needs to be but little repeated to be confirmed. Besides, it would be more easily imparted. For relations, for the most part, are definite, and admit of being distinctly exposed by one mind to another. But one object of our last observations has been to represent that one part, the slowest perhaps, if not the most difficult, and often difficult, of our intellectual progress is the acquisition of the original impressions, among which the relations* subsist, the familiar intimate acquainting of the mind with the matter in which they are discerned. We come slowly to know the multiplicity of objects, interminably varied in themselves, which our intelligence would unfold. We come slowly to understand, to fix, and to acquire the power of recalling, as distinct subjects of conception, the affection of our

* There is great difficulty and risk in the use of this, as indeed of any, exceedingly abstract and metaphysical term, in inquiry not rigorously metaphysical. The philosopher has learnt that in the *composition of the idea* of every object we know, to the simplest, ideas of relation are involved: that these objects themselves appear, such as to our *formed* senses they do appear, only by force of many such *ideas of relation*, on the instant supplied to them by our intellect. Yet it is not possible in any discourse of a more general nature, to speak of such objects, and of our idea of them, according to this true knowledge. They must then be spoken of,—as in the ordinary language of men they are,—as they *appear* to us, not as they are *known* to us. The various objects which the world supplies, *appear*, each, one and entire. They *appear* to be shewn to the simple, natural sense, what they are to the instructed sense. We must speak of them as if the complex resulting impression, which they at present make, were the same with, or not essentially different from, their simple original impression. We can refer in no wise to those *first* inseparable ideas of relation which are included in the idea and knowledge of the objects themselves; but *must begin to speak of relation with the objects given*, as if the *secondary* relations, which connect the objects with one another, were indeed the first, which our understanding had known. The danger of using such terms is that of inconsistency in using them sometimes more, sometimes less rigorously,—or of ambiguity from being understood as having done so. We fear the text explains this.

mind and of our senses, produced in intercourse with them. The ultimately abstracted relation, or combination of relations, which gives, or is given in, the term of Science, is quickly expressed and learnt: but the multitude of forms from which the abstraction is made, is without number: and the knowledge itself subsists not merely in this ultimate term, but in great part also in the power of the mind from it to return again upon the forms, reproducing them in itself.

We observed that it was an error to conceive of knowledge as a sort of definite possession to the mind, not as a POWER OF THOUGHT, necessarily indefinite:—and this perhaps is in some degree illustrated by what we have since said. Did it consist merely in the perception of relations, and especially of those ultimately abstracted relations of which Science constructs its severely defined propositions, we might conceive of it in one sense at least, as a definite and fixed possession. Inasmuch as in that case, we could always with certainty *recall* our knowledge. For the strictly defined and abstract intellectual forms, once acquired, are recalled readily and certainly. But our knowledge in two respects departs from this character. In the first place, as those original impressions have for the most part been accompanied more or less with affections of feeling in their first reception, and what is intellectual in such impressions is not perfectly recalled, unless the feeling in some degree return with them: but the power of reproducing, or recalling, feeling is necessarily a variable one. In the second place, as almost every *application* of knowledge, which is *one* important part of its strength or power, requires invention, or a variation from its *past* forms, or those in which it hitherto subsists in the mind, to take in the given case:—but invention is a variable power. By a variable power must be understood one which, under unfavourable circumstances, languishes, and is unable to yield even its customary results, but, under favourable circumstances, is capable of rising to exertion, and yielding results, hitherto unexperienced. It must further be understood, what is very important to be here remarked, as one capable, in the same mind, out of means already possessed, of progressive indefinite improvement.

We said further that it was a part of common error to conceive of knowledge as something limited and already completed in the world: and we believe that this error, improbable as it must appear to every one who is engaged in the real investigation of any part of Science, and who sees with daily astonishment and perplexity how much of what he aims to find, still lies before him undiscovered, is yet a very prevalent one. It is the error of beginners who imagine that in their illustrious leaders, the lights of Science, Science itself has found its consummation. Only the Sage knows, that he also is a beginner. It is the error perhaps of all but reflecting minds, how well soever they may understand the fallacy with respect to the subject of their own efforts, with respect to that of other men's. Who but the scholar is aware that the Greek tongue is not yet known to us? Who but the mathematician, of the darkness and riddles, that lie about the very grounds of his lucid, undeceiving, demonstrated Science?—Who but the Poet, how young, perhaps, the poetry of his country yet is?—We look beyond our own minds. We see that we have not reached the term. We cannot look beyond the minds of those who immeasurably transcend us. We have found that within our own circle we follow a receding circumference. We know not that it is the same with other men. We have not the means to know it: and besides our judgment is dazzled and overcome. The art in which we have no skill appears to us all-accomplished. The knowledge for which we have no measure, has to our eye reached its bounds. The works of the human intellect bewilder, fatigue us, with their variety, their number, their splendour; and our own admiration, our own inability, become grounds to us of believing in their perfection.

We have already said something touching the supposition, that the PARTICIPATION of every one in the advancement and acquired lights of his time, stood in his actual POSSESSION of the attainments of his time: and would add a few words still. One way in which a man derives advantage from the improvement in the midst of which he lives, is, of course, in his own pursuit whatever that may be, which has received its own im-

provement *with* others, and *from* them. Another is, though to what extent this may generally be of importance may be questioned,—in some particular instances it is of unlimited importance,—by acquaintance with particular truths which have become commonly diffused. Another, and this is always of consequence, is by a participation, unconscious and unsought, in the spirit of the age. But what is now described, seems of this kind, benefit enough. And no very urgent reason can be shewn, that a man, because such and such branches of knowledge have happened to be productive in his days, under the cultivation of others, should, having no other inducement, apply himself to be instructed in what *they* have learnt.

Of misconceptions of the unity of knowledge we have already spoken. It has, and this should have been said, in all probability, a profound unity, from oneness of design in the subject of our knowledge: which we presume unavoidably, however imperfectly it may be permitted us to trace it. We see it more and more, the more we know. There appears to be a unity in it, also, from oneness in the nature of the intellect to which it is manifested. And there are obvious connexions, as we have said, between its different parts, one assisting and throwing light upon another. But any argument drawn, or rather unargued impression resulting from such ideas of an inherent unity in knowledge, that therefore its different parts should necessarily subsist together in one mind, seems altogether ungrounded and fallacious. We have thought we saw reason to suppose, as we have already explained, that such an impression was derived, in some degree, from a confused imagination of individuality in that mind of the race, which is only the ideal assemblage of its innumerable individual minds.

These various misconceptions, as we suppose them to be, would, if they could be admitted, be reasons for endeavouring to inculcate, and crowd in, much diversified knowledge, upon every individual mind. If they are errors, and the contrary views we have endeavoured to state be just, there will then be reason for a cautious and very different proceeding in this respect. The erroneous views we have

spoken of appear to proceed generally upon one original error. It seems to have been overlooked by those who entertain them, that the mind itself which receives knowledge is no mechanical recipient, but a living principle and power, a sentient intelligence. Its knowledge affects it with pleasure and pain, partakes in its growth, changes as itself changes, is desired and rejected, is rapid and comprehensive when it is eager and strong, slow and partial, when it is averse and faint. Were this duly conceived, it would be conceived also, that this mind is not exactly, in all cases to be urged and required to understand and to know, that the spirit of thought must awake in it, that whatever compulsion of acting it may be necessary to subject it to, it demands to be left much also, to its own movement and choice, that its intellectual attainments must share the individuality of its character, that from all these causes, *and for utility*, research, exact, and hence minute, and profound, though limited in its subjects, rather than multifarious acquisition, is to be wished:—that knowledge, of the first kind, is possible nearly to every one;—of the last,—in most instances, is only a usurpation of the name.

These several observations, not unconnected, we hope, though, we are much afraid, more irregular, and less supported and followed out than they should have been, will perhaps have in some measure explained to the reader the objection we set out with making to the attempts to reduce knowledge into *encyclopedic* forms. The attempt to exhibit all Science in *ONE BODY*, the attempt to exhibit all Science to *ONE MIND*, which are the two forms of the attempt to encyclopedize knowledge, include the fallacies of supposing—that knowledge or science is bounded and already completed, whereas in truth it is boundless and must remain for ever incomplete,—that it may be effectually communicated, such as it now exists, in results, independently of the particulars from which those results are drawn,—that it is a total sum, not a growing power,—that to the mind—(this should have been said before)—which receives its exuberant treasures, they are useful as absolute wealth, as an absolute light, whereas they are useful in great part

bÿ the agency they exert upon itself, by the forceful action they excite for and during the acquisition by the spirit they *may*, but do not necessarily introduce, or awaken when acquired, —that the different parts of knowledge are capable of being imparted indifferently and alike to different minds, independently of the different intellectual determinations impressed upon

them by their original constitution ;— to which should perhaps be added that such views and attempts, as far as they respect the single mind, are usually to be considered as disregarding, also, other necessary impediments under which the human mind labours, the restraints of time, of strength, of inevitable avocation.

* * * * *

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR HER SON.

For Music.

My child was beautiful and brave !
 An opening flower of Spring—
 He moulders in a distant grave,
 A cold, forgotten thing—
 Forgotten ! ay, by all but me,
 As e'en the best beloved must be—
 Farewell ! farewell, my dearest !

Methinks 't had been a comfort *now*
 To have caught his parting breath,
 Had I been near, from his damp brow
 To wipe the dews of death—
 With one long, lingering kiss, to close
 His eyelids for the last repose—
 Farewell ! farewell, my dearest !

I little thought such wish to prove,
 When cradled on my breast,
 With all a mother's cautious love,
 His sleeping lids I prest—
 Alas ! alas ! his dying head
 Was pillow'd on a colder bed—
 Farewell ! farewell, my dearest !

They told me vict'ry's laurels wreathed
 His youthful temples round ;
 That " Vict'ry !" from his lips was breathed
 The last exulting sound—
 Cold comfort to a mother's ear
 Who long'd *his living* voice to hear !—
 Farewell ! farewell, my dearest !

E'en so thy gallant father died,
 When thou, poor orphan child !
 A helpless prattler at my side,
 My widow'd grief beguiled—
 But now, bereaved of all in thee,
 What earthly voice shall comfort me ?—
 Farewell ! farewell, my dearest !

THE POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

Essay II.—Part II.

Does Political Economy, as taught in the works of the most celebrated authors on that subject, deserve the appellation of a Practical Science; or, do they not treat practical questions in the same vague, unsatisfactory, and contradictory manner, as they do its first principles and theoretical doctrines?

Ita Philosophi, quia nihil munimenti habent, mutuis se vulneribus extinguant, et ipsa tota Philosophia suis se armis consumat ac finiat. At enim sola Physice labat? Quid illa moralis? Num aliqua firmitate subnixa est? Videamus, an Philosophi in hac saltem parte consentiant, quæ ad vitæ statum pertinet.

LACTANTIUS, *Epitome Divin. Institut.*

IN the first part of this Essay we passed in review the various and discordant opinions entertained by the most celebrated writers on Political Economy, respecting some of its elementary and most important doctrines. Our object, it will be recollected, was not to examine these opinions, and to determine their truth or unsoundness, except so far as this might be necessary, in order to prove our position,—that a person, anxious to enter on the study of this science, would be stopt, even at the threshold of it, by vague and shifting meanings attached to words,—by conflicting authority,—by loose and inconclusive reasoning,—and by finding what was advanced, frequently contradicted by facts and experience.

The first part of this Essay was confined to the definition of the most common terms employed in Political Economy, and to its theoretical doctrines: in this second part, we shall extend our examination to some of the most important and most frequently discussed practical questions, on which, if on any topic connected with this science, it might have been expected that Political Economists would have agreed.

Some kind of circulating medium has existed in almost all countries from the earliest ages; the facts relating to it must therefore be numerous; and the causes from which it derives its value, its operation, and effects, and every other circumstance connected with, or relating to it, must have exhibited themselves repeatedly, under every variety of appearance and modification. Do Political Economists give us any precise, full, and consistent information, either on the theory of money, or the practical questions regarding it?

The first difficulty on the subject is to know what is meant by money,

what is its nature, and wherein it consists.

Some writers maintain, that money is a mere abstract idea—that, in fact, having no positive and corporeal existence, it cannot be depreciated nor acted upon by any circumstances; and that, therefore, though *gold and silver coin*, being in fact commodities, may alter in value, yet the real currency of a country, being an ideal and abstract thing, cannot positively undergo any alteration in value. This theory of money was entertained by several of those who wrote on the alleged depreciation of the currency, at the commencement of this century, and who, on it, rested their main argument to prove, that the currency of the country neither was, in fact, nor could possibly be, depreciated.

Other writers, and among them the celebrated Montesquieu, do not go quite so far; they maintain, however, that money is an ideal and arbitrary sign of value, which may exist under the form of gold and silver coin, or under any form that government chooses to give it: that its value and utility, as a circulating medium, rest entirely on the will of government, and not at all on the real and exchangeable value of the article of which it is constituted. On this theory, though most probably without ever having entertained it, all the governments of Europe acted, more or less, for a long period.

It did not give way till it was attacked, and its unsoundness as a theory, as well as its mischievous tendency as a practical guide, were exposed by Locke in England, by Dutot in France, and by several writers on this part of Political Economy in Italy, among whom may be classed Beccaria.

Still, however, there are advocates for this theory of money, who maintain that the value of it depends upon

government, or at least on public opinion ; and that these can raise its exchangeable value as currency above the exchangeable value which the materials of which it is formed possess as commodities. This position is absolutely denied by others : and both parties, as is usual in all practical questions on Political Economy, appeal to facts and experience. "The money of Lacedæmon," observes Say, "is a proof of the position, that public authority is incompetent of itself to give currency to its money. The laws of Lycurgus directed the money to be made of iron, purposely to prevent its being easily hoarded or transferred in large quantities ; but they were imperative, because they went to defeat these, the principal purposes of money. Yet no legislator was ever more rigidly obeyed than Lycurgus." The very frequent and repeated attempts also made by the most despotic sovereigns during those periods of history, and in those countries in which the subjects were most disposed to implicit obedience, and when the uses of money were comparatively few, are appealed to in support of the position, that public authority is incompetent of itself to give currency to its money.

Those who support the contrary doctrine, though they modify it in some degree, and thus think they remove the objections deduced from the facts we have just stated, still uphold in reality the doctrine—that the value of money does not depend exclusively on the value of the commodity of which it is formed, but that it may be fixed at first, or raised above that value by the influence of government, or of public opinion, or of both combined. They allege, that government can give currency to articles, as money, above their real value, not from the exercise of despotic authority, but from another cause. The power of a government to select arbitrarily the material of its money, depends principally upon the frequency and amount of its dealings with individuals. On this principle, they account for the currency of inconvertible paper, and of what were called tokens, that is, silver stamped by government, as of a value considerably above the market value of the metal of which it was formed. They likewise appeal to the silver currency of this country at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth cen-

turies, at which period the shillings and sixpences passed without difficulty or scruple for their nominal value, though their real value was very much depreciated by their lightness.

Here, then, on this point, we have a fresh instance of contrariety of opinion among Political Economists ; and each party appealing to facts in support of his peculiar doctrine. There must be some fundamental error somewhere in the discussion of the subject of the theory of money ; the two broad and directly opposite positions, that public authority can give currency to its money,—and that it cannot, cannot each rest on facts : one or other must be erroneous, or there must be some modifications in the positions themselves, and some peculiar and operative circumstances connected with the facts, which ought to be taken into account, but which are not.

But can a nation itself invest with the character and uses of money any article which does not possess real and exchangeable value as a commodity ? This question seems to require an answer in the affirmative, from the evidence of the facts already stated ; for, by them, we perceive, that silver coin, worn down twenty or thirty per cent in value, still retained all its powers as currency in the interchange of goods. This fact, however, is represented as not bearing so directly and powerfully on the question, as to decide it in the affirmative. Those who embrace the opposite opinion, contend that silver coin being only used as a substitute for gold, where the payments are small, its diminution of weight, while its exchangeable power remains the same, does not prove that custom or consent can invest money with more value than the market-price of the article out of which it is formed, will warrant and support. If, they add, gold coin, much worn, still were received for its original value, this would be a much more applicable and decisive fact. But, they appeal to experience as witnessing, that whenever and wherever gold coin has been much worn, it has ceased to retain its nominal value. To this, a rejoinder is made, that as even gold coin is declared by law legally current, below its full weight, and as it has often, and for a length of time, passed by common consent for its full value, although weighing less than the law de-

clares it to be legally current at, these facts prove the general proposition, that the power of the government, and the consent of the people, can invest money with a greater value than the metal of which it is composed bears in the market.

Thus we perceive that the farther we enter into Political Economy, and the more we extend our views of it, as it is taught by the most celebrated writers on the subject, the more numerous and impressive are the proofs and instances of diversity of opinion, —each opinion supported by plausible and ingenious arguments, and appealing to incontestable and apparently decisive facts. But the subject of money will supply us with still more proofs of this diversity of opinion.

The doctrine of Hume is, that money is nothing but the representative of labour and commodities, and serves only as a method of rating or estimating them; and he quotes what he calls the shrewd observation of Anacharsis, the Scythian, who had never seen money in his own country, that gold and silver seemed to him of no use to the Greeks, but to assist them in numeration and arithmetic. He farther observes, money is not, properly speaking, one of the objects of commerce, but only the instrument which men have agreed upon to facilitate the exchange of one commodity for another. It is not one of the wheels of trade; it is the oil which renders the motion of the wheels more smooth and easy! An Italian Political Economist, of considerable repute, defines money, “a commodity—a metal, whose value is represented by the commodity for which it is exchanged; the universal merchandize, that is, the merchandize which, on account of the smallness of its volume, (which renders its transport easy, and on account of its divisibility and incorruptibility,) is universally acceptable, and taken in exchange for any other merchandize.”

“In all civilized nations,” says Adam Smith, “money has become the universal instrument of commerce, by the intervention of which goods of all kinds are bought and sold, or exchanged for one another.”

Lord Lauderdale considers money as part of capital, and, consequently, as agreeing with capital in being useful or profitable to man, from the cir-

cumstance of its either supplanting a portion of labour, that would otherwise be performed by the hand of man, or of its executing a portion of labour, beyond the reach of the powers of man to accomplish.

Say observes, that money is employed as a mere intermediate object of exchange between an object in possession, and the object of desire; it is not desired as an object of food—of household use—or of personal covering, but for the purpose of re-sale, as it were, and re-exchange for some object of utility, after having been originally received in exchange for one such already. Money is, therefore, not an object of consumption; it passes through the hands without sensible diminution or injury, and may perform its office equally well, whether its material be gold or silver, leather or paper.

Ricardo, and some other writers, maintain, that the charges of obtaining the metal, wholly determine its price or relative value, in exchange for all other commodities.

Is money then to be regarded merely as counters, to rate and numerate commodities, and can it have no effect, either good or bad, as Hume maintains, where it is in greater plenty, any more than as it would make an alteration in a merchant's books, if, instead of the Arabian method of notation, which requires few characters, he should make use of the Roman, which requires a great many? Hume allows this conclusion to be just, and indeed, it follows from the doctrine, that money serves only to rate and enumerate commodities; and yet he adds, it is certain that, since the discovery of the mines in America, industry has increased in all the nations of Europe, except in the possessors of those mines; and this, he says, may be justly ascribed, amongst other reasons, to the increase of gold and silver. He then explains how this consequence follows; but it is not our present purpose to enter on, or examine his explanation. The remark, however, forces itself upon us, when contrasting his doctrine with his facts—that Hume's love of paradox—which, to his credit, he seldom permitted to influence his *Essays on Political Economy*—here breaks out.

It is singular, that those who justly object to his definition of money, and

regard it as something more than a method for rating and estimating commodities, should controvert his position, that an increase of money increases industry.

The question, whether an increase of money is beneficial, injurious, or indifferent to the progress of social wealth, is united with another question, on which also there are different opinions—whether there be a known and fixed proposition between money and the commodities which it is to circulate.

Sir W. Petty and Davenant thought that England required a quantity of currency equal to half the rent of her lands, the fourth of the rent of houses, the weekly expenses of the people, and the value of the fourth of all the commodities exported. Cantillon was of opinion, that the money which circulates in Europe, is generally equal to at least half the produce of the soil, and, at the utmost, to two-thirds of that produce. Montesquieu thinks that the quantity of money is pretty nearly indifferent, because the rising and sinking of its value proportionates it to all wants. On this branch of the question, it is obvious, and it is surprising it did not seem so to the authors just referred to, that all is vague conjecture, and that it is a question of no practical or theoretical importance. Yet, how often in treatises on Political Economy, are the thoughts of the reader diverted from what is attainable and important to such trifling investigations.

Smith perceived the vainness of such an inquiry; he says, "It is perhaps impossible to determine the proportion which the money of any country bears to the whole value of the annual produce circulated by means of it." He adds, however, not very consistently with himself in other places, "that the circulating money must always bear a very considerable proportion to that part of the produce, which

is destined for the maintenance of industry."

According to his system, gold and silver are quite useless to the formation, progress, and increase of wealth; their plenty or scarcity is indifferent in themselves, and destitute of any influence on the wealth of nations. The increase of the quantity of gold and silver in Europe, and the increase of its manufactures and agriculture, he adds, are two events which, though they have happened nearly about the same times, yet have arisen from very different causes, and scarcely have any natural connexion with one another. How is this opinion reconcilable with what he states respecting the Scotch banks?—by means of the cash accounts, which merchants keep with them, he asserts, and asserts truly, that every merchant can, without imprudence, carry on a greater trade than he otherwise could do; and yet these cash accounts enable the merchant to extend his business solely by increasing the circulating medium of a country. His opinions on this subject are therefore contradictory.

The doctrine, that an increased circulating medium does not increase industry, has lately been supported by an argument, at once at variance with fact, and inconsistent with itself. If an increase of money, it is alleged, does *not* increase price, it cannot increase industry and produce; if it does increase price, the value of money must by this very operation be diminished, and an increase of price can be no motive to increased industry and produce. We have put this argument in all its force of apparently strict and logical reasoning; as it is, if we are not much mistaken, a most illustrative instance of the manner in which questions on Political Economy are treated, even when close reasoning is aimed at.*

It is natural to suppose, that, if increased industry does not flow

* See Mill's Elements of Political Economy, Chap. III. Sect 11. The former part of the reply to Mr Hume's doctrine is, if possible, still less deserving of the name of a demonstration, which, however, Mr Mill expressly calls it. "This doctrine," he says, "implies a want of clear ideas respecting production. The agents of production are the commodities themselves, not the price of them. They are the food of the labourer, the tools and machinery with which he works, and the raw materials which he works upon. These are not increased by the increase of money; how then can there be more production? This is a demonstration that the conclusion is erroneous at which Hume has arrived."

Here is assertion certainly, but no demonstration—and here is also displayed an igno-

from increased money, when there is no increase in price, it would flow from it when there was an increase of price, since this branch of the argument, in fact, amounts to this—that the effect cannot exist where the cause is absent. The two branches of the argument, therefore, cannot co-exist—they must destroy each other. If increased industry is not produced by increased money, when increased money does not give rise to increased price, it is natural and fair to conclude, that, when it does give rise to it, increased industry will follow.

But a little reflection, as well as an appeal to facts, will convince us, that increased money stimulates industry, even when no increase of price takes place. Let us suppose a demand for an article which is obtained by the rudest and simplest industry, and that the person who supplies this article does not work more than eight hours a-day, because, in that time, he can obtain all of it that is needed. Let us next suppose that, from whatever cause, he finds he could sell one half more, if he had it;—will not this induce him to work twelve hours instead of eight, even though the price of the article does not increase. This process is often going on, and must have been in operation in a striking manner, especially in all the little villages which have risen to wealth by becoming sea-bathing quarters.

But it will more frequently occur that this increased demand produces increased price for the article. In this case, it is alleged that industry and wealth cannot be increased, because increase in price is, in fact, diminution in the value of money; and it can be no motive to industry to obtain one-and-sixpence, instead of one shilling, if the value of the former

sum, or its command in the market, is no greater than that of the latter sum.

Here again is a fallacy and a variance with fact. Increased demand produces increased price; increased price is, in fact, diminution in the value of money; but, at first, the increased price, and diminution in the value of money, have reference solely to the article for which there is an increased demand; and he who has this article to sell, getting more for it, at a time when money bears its former value with respect to other articles, is thereby enabled to purchase more of them, or, in other words, is richer. The fallacy lies in confounding the diminution in the value of money, compared with one article which the labourer *has to sell*, with its general diminution, compared not only with that, but also with all the articles *he has to buy*. If the diminution instantaneously, and in the same degree, extended itself to the proportionate value of money, and all commodities, increased price could be no stimulus to industry; because a person is not benefited by receiving two shillings where he used to receive one, if he has to pay two shillings where he used to pay one: but if, by increased demand for his goods, he receives two shillings instead of one, and, at the same time, purchases what he wants at the old price, an increased circulating medium must act as a stimulus to industry, so long as men wish to be richer than they are. It is evident that the same operation and the same effects will occur when he becomes a purchaser: he is enabled to increase demand and price; this stimulates the industry of others; they in their turn exert the same influence; but, at length, the increased circulating medium, having divided itself among

rance of the mode in which money operates, as well as of one of the modes in which increased produce may arise. If a labourer works one hour more than usual in a day, on the same quantity of food, with the same tools and machinery, and on the same raw material, (on the sea, for instance, in fishing,)—will not there be more production, though the food, the tools, and machinery, and the raw material, are not increased. “These are not increased by the increase of money.” This is begging the question, not demonstration; this assertion is also contrary to fact; a demand for more labourers is virtually, and in its consequences, a demand for more tools, food, machinery, and raw materials for them; and what is increased demand, but an increased power to purchase; or, in other words, an augmented quantity of money—and yet this is put forth as reasoning, by one who bears the character of a sound logician, and an excellent Political Economist, and who, seemingly from confidence in his logical powers, is fond of throwing his doctrines into the form of what he calls demonstration.

all the articles, and increased the produce of them all, ceases to have any farther effect; but, till this takes place, it cannot be inefficient, and it only ceases to operate when the whole increase of articles is equivalent to the increase of the circulating medium. It must indeed be acknowledged, and it is proved by fact, that the increase of the circulating medium may be so rapid, or so great, as not to be attended with a corresponding increase of industry.

We shall now turn from the theoretical questions respecting money, to those which are of a practical nature and bearing; and examine whether, so far as these are concerned, the writings of Political Economists are more enlightened and safer guides than they have proved to be on the theoretical division of this interesting and important subject.

The first practical question is, Whether the quality of unity ought to be reckoned among the requisites of money;—in other words, whether gold or silver alone ought to be admitted as money, or whether both these metals ought to be employed indiscriminately. The necessity of having silver to represent such small values as could not be represented by gold coin, except by making it too small, is obvious: the question is, whether the exchangeable rate of gold and silver coin should be fixed by law, or permitted to fluctuate as the market value of these two metals might happen to fluctuate?

The inconvenience of two metallic currencies was strongly pointed out by Locke; and his opinion has been practically followed by most governments. On the continent, silver chiefly performs the functions of money, and gold is regarded as a merchandize. "In England," observes Smith, "gold was not considered as a legal tender for a long time after it was coined into money. The proportion between the values of gold and silver was not fixed by any public law or proclamation, but was left to be settled by the market." In fact, it is only since the year 1728 that England has given currency to gold. Silver is a legal tender, to a certain amount, and, of course, below and up to that amount, it must be deemed and taken equivalent to the sum of gold in coin fixed by law, whatever be the relative mar-

ket prices of the two metals. All large payments are to be made in gold.

The question, whether one or two metals should be admitted as money, in all payments, to whatever amount, is now almost universally decided by Political Economists in favour of the unity of the currency: but the dependent and subsequent question, whether silver or gold ought to be the legal or governing coin, has not been settled, although it was much agitated a century ago, and lately, when the mint-regulations of the silver coin were changed. The relative value of gold and silver, it is evident, will be affected by the change, in the quantity of both or either, in the great market of the world; and it is equally plain, that that metal, the quantity of which, in this market, is most nearly stationary, ought to be selected as the standard and regulating coin. But this preliminary question has not been satisfactorily solved; chiefly because it is not easy, when the relative value of two articles changes, to determine whether the change is produced by an alteration in the comparative supply of and demand for both, or whether an alteration in the supply of, or of the demand for one, has produced the change in their relative value. Thus, if gold, instead of exchanging for sixteen times its weight of silver, exchanges for fourteen—this may arise partly from silver being scarcer, and gold more plentiful, or solely from gold being more plentiful, or solely from silver being more scarce; a single and identical effect, arising from one of two causes, or from the combination of two causes, puzzles Political Economists more than any other case in the practical application of their science.

The famous questions respecting the alleged depreciation of the paper-currency, the unfavourable state of the exchange, the fluctuations in the price of corn and other commodities, besides many other questions which agitated this country within the last half century, afford proofs and illustrations of this position, and put it beyond a doubt that Political Economists are not sufficiently attentive to that process, without attention to which, no science can be placed on a firm foundation, or advance with regular and steady progress towards perfection, not only in its theoretical doctrines, but also in

its practical application and utility: the process we allude to is that of taking a comprehensive and full view of all the circumstances which precede any event, and of separating those that are operative from those that are inefficient, and to ascertain, —if there is more than one operative cause, whether they all act towards the same end, or whether any one, or more, counteracts, in some degree, the effects of the remainder.

But as our object is not to give a complete enumeration of the practical points in which Political Economists are obscure and unsatisfactory, or where they contradict one another, we shall, with reference to the circulating medium, merely refer to the questions regarding seigniorage of coin, interest of money, paper currency, the depreciation of the Bank of England paper, the foundation of the par of exchange, the causes of its derangements from trade, or alterations in the real value of the currency—questions which, within the memory of our readers, have inundated the country with treatises innumerable, and most of which are still undecided—in support of our position, that Political Economy is very far removed from perfection, and that, in its present state, it can throw little light on any obscurity which may hang over any part of the circulating medium of a country, or its commerce, as affected by that circulating medium.

Let us next inquire, whether, on other great and serious practical questions, a nation will be conducted to those measures which will be most for its real and permanent advantage, by pursuing the path marked out by Political Economists, or whether it will not rather be puzzled and distracted amidst the various paths which each party, with equal confidence, recommends as leading directly and certainly to the public weal.

Which trade, foreign or domestic, is most conducive to national wealth? This question has often been put, and though, if duly considered, and the terms employed accurately defined, it ought not to have remained long without a satisfactory answer, it is still one of the most difficult and most controverted points of Political Economy, as it is assuredly one of the most important.

Some of the earliest writers on this science expressed themselves, without

hesitation, in favour of foreign trade, particularly D'Avenant, Sir James Steuart, Montesquieu, and Beccaria. The Economists were the first to lay it down as a maxim in Political Economy, that, in foreign trade, there is but an exchange of equal value for equal value, without loss or gain on either side, and that a nation cannot have a more advantageous trade than its home trade. Smith considers the home trade as most beneficial to national wealth. It is worthy of notice, however, as an illustration of the vagueness of reasoning on topics of Political Economy, that his opinion proceeds on reasons and facts directly opposed to those by which the Economists support the same doctrine. It is also worthy of notice, that though Smith thinks it more advantageous for a country to consume the produce of its labour than to sell it abroad, yet he upholds the directly contrary doctrine when the question is of purchasing abroad. How can purchases from foreign nations be made, if all the home produce is consumed at home? and, as Ganihl pertinently asks, "If it be the interest of a nation to purchase from a foreign country when that country sells cheaper, how can its interest be insured by selling to the foreign country, when it purchases dearer?" What difference is there between purchasing cheap from a foreign country, and selling dear to that country?

Smith assigns the last place to the carrying trade, the capital of which, he says, is merely employed in replacing the capitals which support the labour of foreign countries. D'Avenant, on the contrary, is of opinion, that freight is not only the most politic, but the most national and most certain profit a country can possibly make by trade.

The mercantile system of the Balance of Trade, as it is called, has little hold now even on many practical men, and has been long exploded by all enlightened Political Economists; yet, very inconsistently, the sum total of exports and imports is appealed to, as a proof of the state of the foreign trade of a country; and it is yet undecided whether that trade flourishes most when the exports exceed the imports, or when the reverse takes place.

These doubts and various opinions regarding the comparative national advantages of the foreign, the home, and the carrying trade, and of the means of

judging of the state of the foreign trade, could not have existed, if the investigation of the topics had been entered on with the proper previous establishment of principles, and exact definition of terms, and with a thorough sifting and application of facts.

Ought Government to interfere with trade, domestic or foreign? This question, which, half a century ago, would have been generally answered in the affirmative, would, at present, with some modifications and exceptions, be answered in the negative. The system of prohibitions and bounties is nearly at an end; it proceeded on a narrow and false estimate of social wealth, and of the sources from which it springs, and of the causes which give it vigour and expansion. The objects which Governments had in view, when they established this system, went to employ, and thereby to enrich, subjects preferable to strangers; to prevent the export of the precious metals; to make foreign articles bear the principal weight of taxation; to keep trade at home, because, whether subjects obtain for their money, good or bad, many or few articles, is a matter of indifference, the loss of one subject constituting the gain of another; to confine at home useful articles for the benefit of subjects; to render a nation invulnerable and independent of its neighbours; to depress rival nations, and prevent them depressing us; and to foster commerce in its infancy.

Although it is now generally seen that many of these objects, if they could be obtained by the system pursued, would be hurtful instead of beneficial to a nation, and that such of them as are actually beneficial, must be sought for by directly opposite methods, yet the influence of the system itself still lingers not only among Governments, influencing their conduct, but also among many writers of note on Political Economy.

It is still deemed by many necessary to depress rival nations, or at least to cut them off from a competition with us in our own market, and to support the monopoly by them, so far as it may render a nation invulnerable and independent of its neighbours, by creating supplies and markets for it within its own bosom.

The grand object of Political Economy is social wealth—the indispensable
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requisite for the acquisition and enjoyment of social wealth is food—Are Political Economists agreed on this question? Ought a nation to derive its food exclusively from its own soil and labour, or to procure it from the soil and labour of other countries? By no means. It is only necessary to appeal to the discussions respecting the Corn Laws, to point out the uncertainty in which this question still remains—not only the general question, but the question as it respects Britain under the circumstances in which she is placed.

If foreign corn is freely and at all times admitted into a country, it must depress the agriculture of that country, and thus not only derange the application of its labour and capital, and make its soil of little value, but also render it dependent on other and probably hostile countries for the first necessity of life. Such is the substance of the arguments brought forward by those who object to the free and unlimited importation of foreign corn. They admit, at least most of them do, the general principle, that it is for the genuine and permanent interest of a nation to purchase wherever it can at the cheapest rate; but the principle, they contend, must, so far as relates to corn, bend to the more imperative and essential principle of self-preservation.

To this it is replied, that interest has operated, and always will operate, even in the midst of home scarcity or hostility; that those who can give the highest price for corn, will draw it to themselves, as assuredly as water will flow into a lower level; that that nation will be able to give the highest price, which, in all its commercial transactions, acts uniformly on the principle of selling at the highest market, and buying at the cheapest, because, by so doing, it will increase its wealth, and thus be enabled, when necessary, to give the highest price for corn, which, of course, will always render it the interest of foreign nations to send it whatever it needs.

Such are the arguments on each side; but in this, as in all disputed cases, there must be some fundamental and indisputed truths, by the test of which these arguments may be tried, and their soundness or unsoundness ascertained. Political Economy, it

must be acknowledged, has not been examined and discussed with sufficient attention and reference to these truths; nor have they been unfolded and laid down in the manner they ought to have been. They must indeed be drawn from a comprehensive and careful examination of facts; but after being thus established, they are indispensably necessary as the first steps that can lead us, by a plain and regular path, to the object in view.

On this subject of the free importation of foreign corn, as on most other disputed practical points of Political Economy, not only are the arguments at variance, but the facts appealed to are regarded by each party as decisively and exclusively establishing their own peculiar doctrine. But the course and tendency of nature and her laws are uniform and constant. In physics, no philosopher would admit for a moment, much less assert, that facts are so much at variance with one another as to establish two opposite laws. And we may be assured, that man—equally the creature and the subject of nature, with inanimate matter—cannot possibly exhibit, in anything he does or suffers, either in his individual or social character, such a stumbling-block, not only to all reasoning, but to all action, as facts really at variance with one another, and tending to establish directly opposite principles.

We have already remarked, that the question respecting the free importation of corn has given rise to much inconclusive and unsatisfactory discussion; not only on the general principle, but also on that principle, modified as it is supposed to be by the peculiar circumstances of Britain.

The advocates for the restriction of importation maintain that their cause is much strengthened, as it relates to Britain. This country is highly taxed; these taxes cannot be paid unless by the consumers; but the consumer will be enabled to avoid payment of those which the grower of corn has hitherto made him pay, in the shape of the increased price of that article, if foreign corn is freely imported; because foreign corn being grown in countries not taxed so highly as Britain, can be sold much cheaper.

This is the strong case of the opponents of a free trade in corn. Does the student in Political Economy wish

to see how it is met by those who are advocates for unrestricted commerce—who contend, that in all instances and circumstances, it is for the general good; and that Britain, even as regards corn, and under the pressure of her unprecedented taxation, does not form an exception to their favourite doctrine?

Here is a question of the highest practical consequences. No person who is a real and enlightened friend to his country—who even proposes a clear and comprehensive view of his own individual interest—would wish to see foreign corn freely imported into Britain, if by this measure the landowners, farmers, and peasantry, would be ruined or thrown out of employment, and the land left uncultivated. And yet we are afraid if he peruses the statements and arguments of both parties, he will rise from the investigation as little satisfied on this as on too many other points of Political Economy. He will perceive that the opponents of a free trade in corn, under the circumstances of Britain, make out their case by statements and arguments which rather puzzle than convince him, in which he cannot help suspecting, though he cannot clearly perceive, that there is some flaw. If he then turn to the perusal of the writings of those who advocate a free trade in corn, even under the circumstances of Britain, he will find much that is sound and strong in support of the general principle of a free trade; perhaps not a little that tends to persuade him that this principle ought to be extended to corn as well as other articles; but very little that applies to the question as it respects the peculiar circumstances of Britain, highly taxed, and now long accustomed to a regulated importation of corn.

Here we perceive another cause and source of the unsatisfactory nature of investigations on Political Economy, as they are generally conducted. In a subsequent essay we shall enter fully and minutely into the nature and consequences of these; but in this place we may briefly state, that, for a long time, general principles were almost entirely overlooked or objected to as inapplicable and mischievous in Political Economy; and that at present they are laid down in too peremptory a manner, and with too sweeping and exclusive power. Cases certainly oc-

cur which at least seem to be exceptions to them ; and those who bring forward these cases, who are probably advocates for the general principle, will not be driven from their point simply by the establishment of the general principle ; they require a most precise and important review of the particular case, and a proof that it is, when viewed in all its bearings and consequences, not an exception to the general principle, but an illustration and confirmation of it. This is not done ; and the student in Political Economy, after he has advanced, as he conceives, so far in the study as to have established to his satisfaction and conviction certain general principles, finds his faith in them shaken, when he wishes and endeavours to apply them to particular cases ; whereas, did the writers on Political Economy examine these cases most strictly and fully, and draw their general principles from them, at least as much as from more simple and less refractory cases, the student in this science would not be so much puzzled, disturbed, and retarded, and the science itself would advance with more regular and steady progress.

The navigation laws present another stumbling-block to the student in Political Economy, which he in vain will expect to be removed from his course by perusing what has been written on the subject. Indeed, in defence of them he encounters an appeal to an alleged fact, which cannot well be appealed to in the case of the Corn Trade. It can hardly be said that Britain has flourished in consequence of her corn laws, when we reflect, on the one part, on the extreme high prices which corn has borne within these few years, and the effect thus produced on the condition of all but the growers of corn ; and, on the other part, on the very low prices following so soon after the high prices, and the ruinous effects thus produced on the owners and cultivators of land. Whereas the supporters of the navigation laws appeal to the flourishing state of the commerce and navy of Britain, since they were passed, and regard this as a sufficient proof that, however these laws may contravene the principle of buying at the cheapest market—this principle, in this particular case, is deviated from, solely in order to follow a principle to which

everything is subordinate—that of preserving national independence ;—they even go farther, and contend that our commerce and wealth are greater now than they would have been without these laws, and that they are greater by the operation of these laws.

On the opposite side of the question, it is argued, that the navigation laws impose the following burdens :—“ First, the extra expense of a native navigation in those cases where a foreign navigation could be had cheaper. Next, the frequent delay of waiting for native opportunity ; the extra delay, risk, damage of goods, and loss of interest of money upon the investment at stake, whenever the laws render the voyage unnecessarily circuitous. Lastly, the check to the increase of trade, (either in the way of sale, purchase, or agency,) which often occurs from one or other of these obstacles.”

Still the question is undecided : but is it so, because it admits of no positive and unequivocal decision, or because it is not argued in a proper manner ? It is difficult to believe that the former is the case. Considering these laws simply and exclusively as they affect our wealth, and contravene or coincide with the general principle of buying at the cheapest market, it might be supposed that this tendency could be satisfactorily determined and appreciated : yet it is not so, for the advocates for these laws maintain, as we have already remarked, that they have benefited commerce, not merely in an indirect manner, by preserving our superiority at sea, and rendering our sailors more expert and numerous than they otherwise would have been, but also by their direct operation. The adversaries of these laws deny this ; so that we perceive, that, setting aside the consideration of the question as one of political security or expediency, and viewing it only as a question of Political Economy—it is one in which there are opposite opinions, neither of which are yet either founded on a solid basis, or proved to be utterly without foundation ; and yet the question, in its simplest form, as one of Political Economy, cannot contain within itself insurmountable difficulties : a science that has for its object to determine what social wealth is—what nature supplies towards it, and what man—

ought certainly to be able to solve this question. But if the subject be viewed in a more comprehensive manner, it will be found that even the political security and expediency of these laws resolves itself into a question of Political Economy, since this science, embracing all that relates to social wealth, must embrace the consideration of all those measures which, affecting natural strength and independence, must necessarily affect social wealth. The question of the Navigation Laws, therefore, taken in its largest sense, is merely a question of Political Economy; but it is one, for the full discussion and satisfactory solution of which, we shall in vain look to the writings of Political Economists, whether these confine themselves to general principles or appeal to facts.

The discussions on the subject of the Navigation and Corn Laws have been numerous: the difficulties which beset these questions are universally acknowledged to be great. Much difference of opinion regarding them still exists. Looseness of reasoning, and facts of equivocal tendency, obtrude themselves on all those who, having formed no opinion, are desirous to *make up their minds* on the subject. These things create prejudices against Political Economy; but how much are these prejudices strengthened by the discussions on the Poor Laws—a subject which seems not more effectually to puzzle Political Economists, than it resists all the practical attempts of Government!

As the question of the Navigation Laws is regarded as made up of considerations of political expediency, as well as of those that affect social wealth—so the question respecting the Poor Laws, and the support of the poor, is generally represented as made up of moral considerations as well as of those that are peculiar to Political Economy; and thus the difficulty and obscurity which surround the question have been greatly increased and strengthened. He who, by reading a discussion respecting it, in which it is treated simply as a dry point of Political Economy, is thereby convinced that the Poor Laws act in the most hostile manner against social wealth, and even against the pecuniary interest of those whom it is their object to relieve—is most probably shaken in his conviction, when he afterwards reads

a treatise in which the support of the Poor is treated as a moral duty.

An objection which speaks more powerfully against Political Economy, in the hearts of those whose feelings have the mastery of their judgment, and even with those who are not able and accustomed to perceive that as all truth is connected, directly or indirectly, so all that really benefits mankind, is connected—is this—that Political Economy treats of the wealth of nations as a paramount and exclusive object. This objection is most strongly argued, and brought most prominently forward, when the question regarding the support of the Poor and the Poor Laws is discussed; and we think, that after all that has been written on the subject, there is still wanting the clear and full evidence, that Political Economy is not a cold, unfeeling, and worldly science, and that the conclusions to which the science leads on the subject of the poor, are the conclusions of comprehensive and enlightened benevolence.

The question respecting population, as it is treated by Mr Malthus and his opponents, is another which we think is still open to discussion; it certainly is not treated by Mr Malthus in either a logical or philosophical method, and his fundamental principle of counteracting proportions in the rate of increase of the means of subsistence, and in the rate of increase of population, cannot be maintained; if this principle had been given as a conjectural one, or as one not forming the basis of his reasonings, it might have been abandoned by the author, without impeaching his powers as a logician and philosopher; and his theory may be maintained after its abandonment: but it is then not the theory of Mr Malthus.

On the other hand, his theory has been attacked in a loose and declamatory manner; or, where facts and reasoning have been employed, the facts have been irrelevant and indecisive, and the reasoning, if founded upon them, necessarily unsatisfactory, and if proceeding on applicable facts, for the most part loose and unsound. All except strong partizans, agree that the question, whether regarded as merely speculative, or such as ought to regulate the practice, not only of individuals, but also of governments, accord-

ing to the manner in which it is solved—is still without a complete answer.

There are many other topics in Political Economy of great practical interest and importance, on which there is still great diversity of opinion; especially such as relate to taxation, the National Debt, the Sinking Fund, &c. And if a person wishes to satisfy himself on any of these—if he wishes to learn, for instance, on whom taxes ultimately and really fall—out of what fund they are paid—what, in fact, is the amount of the burden they inflict—what kind of taxes produce the most in the Exchequer, with the least loss and grievance to individuals: If he wishes to make up his mind on the subject of the National Debt, and to satisfy himself whether it is a piece of unmixed evil, or whether, as some maintain, it is no evil, or an evil mixed with, and productive of good—if he wishes to learn the real nature and operation of a Sinking Fund, and whether, under some circumstances, it may not be disadvantageous to social wealth, he will, indeed, find no want of treatises on these subjects; but if he really wishes to arrive at the truth, and applies himself to the study of these topics, with a mind impartial and able to determine,

and, at the same time, not to be convinced, except by numerous relevant and undoubted facts, by clear and close reasoning, and by full and definite definition of terms, uniformly adhered to—he will rise from the study wearied and perplexed, rather than satisfied and convinced.

Are there difficulties, obscurities, and contradictions, inherent in Political Economy? Is it a subject so refractory that it will not yield to the power of the human mind—so deep, that no line of intellect can fathom it—so high, that it is beyond the reach of man, whom it concerns, and from whose worldly interests it derives its being? It is natural to ask these questions, after the display which we have given of the various conflicting opinions that are entertained on some of its most fundamental and important topics.

In our next Essay, therefore, we shall inquire whether Political Economy may not be reduced to a science, that is, whether it may not be founded on general principles derived from facts, and when thus founded, whether it may not be employed as a practical science, of the highest importance and utility to the social interests of man.

POSTHUMOUS LETTERS OF CHARLES EDWARDS, ESQ.

No. III.

Medhurst, 1810.

THANKS for your congratulations; and take mine in return, on your having escaped free with life, and, what is more important still, without disfigurement. Really, to see a man, in these times, go through ten years' service untouched—Talavera, Busaco, Salamanca, and Waterloo; besides duels, bye skirmishes, and occasional leaps out of window; might almost make one a believer in "The Special Grace," or the Mussulman doctrine of predestination.

Your kind papers met me at Falmouth, where I landed, from a pilot-boat, on the 14th, after contending thirty hours with such a gale as the very spirit of larceny might have given itself up for lost in. One whole night we had of it, and best part of two days, with top-masts struck, top-gallant masts rolled away, hatches battened down, dead-lights shut in, boats gone, spars washed off, (except a few that

we lashed across the deck, to avoid being washed off ourselves,) and lower masts groaning, and creaking, and straining, as if well inclined, if the hubbub lasted, to make away after their companions.

Never was so frightened before in all my life—which I attribute entirely to my having lately become "mo-nied." In the onset of the affair, a trifle of a sea took us; beat in all the quarter boards on our weather side; and carried away six water casks, and four pigs, besides the cook-house, the cook in it, and the binnacle. It was night—dark as pitch, and raining. So black, that the man at the helm could not have seen shore if his bowsprit-end had run against it. And then, on a sudden, by the flashes of lightning half a minute long—the whole hopeless, interminable prospect of white foaming water opened before you; with the pigs, and the casks, and the

hen-coops, each riding off upon a separate wave as big as Westminster Abbey.

Beggary, time out of mind, has been valiant. He must be brave (perforce) who has no breeches; but the holder of exchequer bills hates instinctively to find himself one moment trespassing upon the moon—flying upwards, to impugn the dog-star, as if out of a swing nine times as high as the gibbet Haman was hanged upon; and, the next, to be sunk down into a cursed bottomless black chasm, with the water, on three sides at least of him, above the pitch of his top-gallant yard, the whole bed of sea, in the ordinary course of fluids coming to their level, being to close fifty feet over his head within the next half second.

And then, in the midst of the provoking darkness, which hides the extent of your danger, and enables you to add just two hundred per cent to it, arises a vast array of multifarious clatters, to terrify those who don't know their import, and those who do. First, your jeopardy is suggested by the lively rattling of the thunder, the pelting of the rain, and the hoarse roar of the wind in the rigging. Next, you become interested in the rending and shivering of sails, the rocking and squeaking of yards and masts, the choking and hiccuping of pumps, and the frequent crashes of "something gone!"—expecting the next thing that "goes" to be yourself. The lighter accompaniments consisting, chiefly, in a perpetual rush of boiling water under your bow, and the blowing of a score of grampuses (who are evidently waiting for you) in it; these last performers (doubtless the original tritons) spouting, and committing all kinds of *singeries* in their hilarity; obviously esteeming it a mistake of Providence that it should not be a tempest always!

A man may be as stout as Hercules, and yet not care to be eaten by cetaceous fishes. Did you never observe that the people who bring themselves to subaqueous terminations in and about London, almost always choose to conclude in something like smooth water? Nursery maids take the New River and the Paddington Canal,—lovers, the "Serpentine," and the "Bason" in Hyde Park;—stock-jobbers go to Westminster Bridge and Blackfriars;—whipped school-boys,

and desperate 'prentices, into water butts and fish ponds; but no adventurers (at least I don't recollect any) ever jump off London Bridge, where the flood has an angry, threatening-appearance. Man, even where he is to be a slave and a fool, finds a satisfaction in being a slave and a fool in his own way. One gentleman conceits to die in battle; another has a fancy to pass in his bed. Many part by corrosive sublimate and laudanum, who would live on if they were bound to use the knife. There are obstacles to the application of the "bare bodkin" more than the high-souled Hamlet could descend to think of; and, for myself, if I were going to be drowned, I confess I should like to meet my fate in quiet water.

But here I am, my friend, on shore; every thought of danger (and of water) over; master of myself, ten years of life and youth, and a hundred thousand pounds of fortune that I never hoped for. Your letter is most welcome. For excuses, let them trouble neither of us. A lapse of intercourse is not necessarily a breach of friendship; and, if it were, the act that made the lapse was mine. "Man proposes," as somebody says, "and God disposes;"—few sublunary resolves can stand against the force of circumstances. I took my course seven years since—at least I think so—not as a man who was without friends, but like a man who wished to keep them. When the sheet-anchor could not hold my vessel, it was as well to drive, and keep the keedge on board. Fools "try" their friends, and lose them—pressing on a toy of glass, as though it were a rock of adamant. They forget the very first condition upon which they hold the feeling they are trusting to; void the lease, and yet marvel when the lord enters for breach of covenant. A man must perish—this is an arrangement in nature—before he can be regretted. The tragic poet dares not, for all Parnassus, save his hero in the last scene. You are mistaken, and you do me injustice, when you say, that I had no "friend" (at the time you refer to) but yourself. I tell you, that at the very moment when, upon deliberation, I "took service" as a private soldier—an act of which I am more proud than of any I ever performed in my whole life!—at that very moment I had a letter in my

hand from a woman—God bless her!—She was the widow of an officer whom I had once served, and she suspected my condition—entreating me, in terms which I can never forget, though I will not quote them, to share her means (and they were slight ones) till my embarrassments were over. If friendship could have helped me, Heaven knows! here it was in its most agreeable form. But there is a principle of re-action, among the first ordinances of nature, which makes it impossible to profit by such an offer. It seemed a jewel, the thing that was held out to me; but, had I grasped, it would have turned to ashes in my hand. I was famishing, and cool water stood at my lips; but it would have fled and mocked me, had I sought to taste it. Here lies no failure; for, on the point, there is no power in the will of the proposing individual; the obstacle, which is insurmountable, is a parcel of the very system under which we breathe. The precise qualities which procure a man offers of assistance, are those (nine times in ten) he would sacrifice by accepting it.

Few people will give away, even their money, to a crouching coward—a dependant—a hanger-on; and yet what else than these can he be who consents to live upon the bounty of another? The romantic generosity of Mrs ———'s character was excited by what she took to be a corresponding principle of chivalry in mine. She would have saved a man, (she guessed from death,) whom certain qualities, which she liked, went to endanger; and forgot to think of the folly which had brought him into peril, in surprise at the unshrinking obduracy with which he stood to meet it. Why, you see, a man's very vanity, in a situation like this, leaves him no choice but to be cut up and devoured. From the moment that I listened to a thought of safety, I ceased to be the hero that the lady took me for. I should have been absolutely an impostor if I had accepted her offer; for, the very instant that I even paused upon it, it became the property of somebody else. You must be burned—there is no help for it—if you wish to be a martyr. You must die (though it is unpleasant) before your name can be emblazoned on your tomb. I desire to wrong no man's feeling; but the course you complain of is the course which I

should take again. Assistance from "friendship" is always bought dearly, and turns out generally to be good for nothing when you have it. You part, in a sad state of the market, with, perhaps, a good character; and, after the bargain is concluded, find that you have got in payment a bad shilling.

But a truce to past troubles, unless it be to laugh at them—Did I not tell you, even when I was falling—did I not tell you that I should rise again? It is but yesterday that I stood in the world alone, without rank, reckoning, or respect; that I was a nameless creature, without rights, without possessions, without even personal liberty; and to-day, I, the same "Charles Edwards"—helped by no man—thanking none—I breathe my horse on ground that is mine own, and am a "lord" and a gentleman of worship! I went forth as a sold and purchased slave; and, Mameluke like, I have returned as a chief and a conqueror. Charles Edwards—"rogue Wellborn!"—"Lord" of the manor of Medhurst! and the "lance-prisade" hath two bankers;—the "rough-rider" knows when it shall be "quarter day!" Yesterday my estate was an empty stomach, and Chelsea was my inheritance! and to-day, there is a gentleman who cannot stand straight in my presence, shews the rent-roll of my "landed property;" and talks of "rents," "farms," "feoffinents," "fisheries," "waifs," "strays," and "commonable rights!"—

Come to me, if possible, for I am full of business; and my head might be in a better condition for transacting it. People who inherit fortunes from their fathers, never guess even at the real advantages of wealth. You never got a true feeling of the deliciousness of having money—no, not even from seeing half your acquaintances go without it. But, for me! I am just bursting as from darkness into the broad blaze of sunshine—from bondage into freedom uncontrolled—from childish helplessness, into the strength and power of a giant! My quarrel always with life was, that a man could not work his way into a house in Grosvenor Square, until a narrower house might serve his desires, and be more than sufficient for his necessities. There was no path by which a man could make a fortune to himself, and sit down to dissipate it

in profusion, even at thirty. I had a thought once of going to the bar—I scarcely know how or why. But, when I peeped into a court of law, and saw the bare results of years of puzzlement!—the “damned Hebrew, or parchment as thick as a board,” what was the net product of eyes pored out, and brains distracted! and the Chancellor himself, the *enfant gâté* of forensic fortune,—suffering arguments, and reconciling absurdities, for eight or ten hours every day—even if he got off for that!—I found myself, (with the power of locomotion, and two shirts,) incomparably the richer man of the two! His lordship had the peerage; but I could walk “i’ the sweet air.” He held the seat of honour; but I was at liberty to “depart the court.” Like the Frenchman in Montaigne’s tale, who had his choice to be hanged or married, I cried, “Drive on the cart!”—it was cheaper to starve than (on such terms) to earn the money! But now—when I have the money, Robert—and have it—as only it becomes worth having—without the earning!—when I have it honourably too, and conscientiously—in my own undoubted right! no kidnapped prodigy of ninety to break in upon my graceful leisure, with fables of cajolement, plunder, and desertion! no heiress wife, even though young and beautiful, made hold by an unreasonable settlement, to hint that my extravagancies, or infidelities, are committed, in all senses, at her cost!—the luxury—the splendour—the free agency—that all my life I have been thirsting for, are mine! Not a wild scheme that I have dreamed of but takes a “local habitation,” and a shew of accomplishment! Not a light wish but now seems feasible, fitting—only unpossessed, because I may possess it when I will. How many a woman have I adored—and fled from—lest I might make her estate as desperate as my own! How many a man, whom I could have trampled, have I suffered to insult over me, when those I loved might have been injured by my triumph! I was prudent, and forbearing, and humble, where the tempers of some would have given way. I was modest, and shunned collision, where I felt myself the weaker vessel. I did not care even to be fought with, where the contest would have been felt a matter of hardship by my anta-

gonist. I “abode my time” in suffering and in silence—but that time is come at last! and what I owe in the world, both of good and ill, please Heaven! shall now be paid to the utmost farthing. If it was sport while the poor bear was chained, the scene may change now he has broke free. I have never complained of the abuse of strength by others, let none complain of its reasonable exercise by me. I will ask no account for what has been done in the past, but the right shall be mine to do now for the future. I will seek for no combat with any man alive; but it shall go hard, if, with some, I have not the benefit of a victory.

And this seems very heroic, all of it, and very foolish, when I meant to be in the best humour in the world? But the fact is, I have had a touch of two of the *piquant* here—my recollection just a little stirred up—since my arrival. I came to England, prepared to be pleased at all points. Home shews delightfully, to the imagination at least, after six years’ absence. And then there was the white bread in the hotels of Falmouth, and its blue-eyed Saxon beauties—and the incomparable fresh butter—and the cream!—I felt my heart cleave to my country the moment I sat down to breakfast. So I saddled at once, finding my cavalry *suin et sauf*, (which I had shipped from Figuera a week before me,) and rode at a round rate through Cornwall, Devonshire, and Somerset, purposing, as “greatness” was “thrust upon me,” to lose no time in taking possession of it; but, when I got to Bath, an idea struck me—it was for the first time—that Sir Walter Beauvoir—(my grandfather’s executor)—that it might not be pleasant, under all “existing circumstances,” for me to have to introduce myself to the worthy Baronet.

We had not been always strangers, in times past, the Beauvoir family, and your very devoted servant; and there had been a cessation of usual attention to him, at a certain time when perhaps he was not acting so cautiously as he might have done. Whether I distrusted my own merits, or their “friendship,” I wrote a formal letter of announcement, covered all over with family arms and black wax, and sent it forward by a courier, addressed to Sir Walter; which done, I again

put on, with as much speed as I could muster, wishing to get a peep, if possible, at my property, without being recognized as the owner of it.

I got to Medhurst before my messenger; but found myself already *cried* at the very Market-cross! I had been hatching devices all the way, to know what people thought about me. I might have spared myself the pains. Most of my grandfather's tenants held beneficial leases; and their "prophectic souls" were on the *qui vive*. My "listing for a horse soldier," and "going off with the Major's lady"—the whole history was afield, with additions, alterations, and exaggerations. I sent for a hair-dresser, and had it all (without asking) in five minutes. My father's unreasonable postponement gave some offence; my most-to-be-lamented succession still more. I was to make a scraglio of the manor-house in a fortnight; and to get rid of the last acre in a year.

Next day, I sent my own servant to Beauvoir, with a note, setting forth my arrival, and requesting an interview. Signor José wore his foreign livery, and red Montero cap; and departed, upon a very curious Spanish horse, that I have brought over with me, with half the population of Medhurst at his heels. In truth, the horse—you shall see him when we meet—was a *monture* fit for Murat in person! No whipped and curbed-up restive English jade, that you thrust spurs into, and, when he finches, call it spirit; but a beast that will eat of his master's bread, and drink of his cup; never felt a spur in all his life, and knows switches and halters only by report. On my affirmation!—(my attorney shall make affidavit of it)—he is the very steed—the real *Rabican*—sung of by Ariosto—who cheats the sand of his shadow, and on the snow leaves no mark of his foot-step! Who was begotten of the flame, and of the wind! Who might pace dry-shod upon the sea; make his *trottoir* of a zephyr; and for speed!—I forget the rest of the poetry; but I know I bought the animal when he was a colt, and have pampered him ever since, till he is as fleet as a roebuck, and as fierce, in any hands but my own, as a three-days-taken tiger.

And noon brought this inestimable quadruped back, with an answer to my letter, and with so many clowns

in admiration of his curvetting, that I was fain to command the locking of his stable door.

Sir Walter's communication was less offensive than I had expected; but my mind was made up as to how I should proceed. Fight always at once, if possible, where you desire to be quiet—you are sure of peace, after men know that there is nothing to be got by going to war with you. These Beauvoirs are of your *gens de coterie*—your people of the "real caste" and "tone"—(that is, your people who, singly, would be hunted down as owls and bedlamites; but who, as a "set," have managed to make their joint-stock impudence imposing.) I suspected the reception that I should meet from them; and I waited upon good Sir Walter without my scabbard. There is a *recipe* in some old book—"How to avoid being tossed by a mad bull." And the instruction given is—"Toss him!" Try the experiment upon the first coxcomb who fancies that you are his inferior;—charge first, and give him to understand roundly that you fancy he is yours. Be coldly supercilious with all "important" caitiffs, and most punctual be your attention to the matter in debate; but let no temptation prevail with you to touch on any earthly point beyond it. In business all men are equal. The casting of an account knows no distinction of persons. But remember, that he (whoever he is) stands a babbler, *conriet*, who utters one word except to state the sum total of it. Get an observation about the weather, you reply with some—"Thirteen and ninepence!" and your interlocutor is dead. A syllable *de trop* will enable you to decline "general communication," where no approach to such a state was ever intended. Poor Sir Walter came down, loaded to the very muzzle, to repress "familiarity" on my part; but I found him guilty of "familiarity" himself, and made him bear the penalty of it, before six sentences had been exchanged between us.

"The late gales"—there was no "Happy to see me at Beauvoir!"—"The late gales had rendered my passage from the continent difficult?"

"It had not been pleasant."—This came after we were scated; and after a salutation such as might pass between the automaton chess-player and the ghost in Don Juan

I had received letters, of course, from Mr Dupuis?

"At Figuera, to the 30th ult."—Followed by a long pause, which I did not move to interrupt.—Mr Dupuis is my agent and attorney.

"The late Mr Charlton Edwards," in a tone of condescension this and dignified feeling, which made me think that the Lord had delivered the speaker into my hands—"The late Mr Charlton Edwards, I was perhaps aware, he (Sir W. B.) had much respected?" (I was aware, Robert, that it was very inconvenient for a gentleman to speak, and not be answered; but, as this observation needed no reply, I made none, except a look of polite surprise.)

"That sentiment alone"—here a little hesitation, occasioned by my omitting such an opportunity to protest—"that sentiment alone had induced him to take upon himself the somewhat laborious duty of an executor. There was a legacy of five hundred pounds attached to the office; but,"—(this was the *coup* that was to annihilate me)—"that—remembrance—he should desire to be excused from accepting."

As six cards at least more, in the potential way, were coming, I trumped the suit at once.—"In that case, the sum would pass to any charity which he (Sir Walter) might be disposed to favour; and I would endeavour to add something which should be worthy to accompany so munificent a donation."—This reply, not even pointed with contempt at his thinking to overwhelm me by giving up five hundred pounds that I knew he did not want—(had it been ten thousand, with all the family consequence, I had trembled for my patrimony)—this reply, given without the movement of a single muscle, carried us straight to reading "the will;" during which operation, the Baronet's temper was once or twice nearly overcome by the irreverent neighing of my Spanish steeds, who challenged all comers, from under the window. We did get through, however—temper, gravity, and all—and, Mr Dupuis being summoned, Sir Walter and I formally took leave of each other;—I, on my part, tolerably well satisfied that I had waived no dignity in our brief conference, but a little surprised why a man, who certainly disliked me, should have cho-

sen to act as my executor; and he, as I thought, somewhat disconcerted (though I never guessed with what abundant cause) at the seeming change in my humour, and habits of acting and thinking.

My grandfather has left me everything; and (with all his eccentricities, he had spirit and taste,) his last order was, that Monckton Manor should be kept, to my arrival, just as he himself had lived in it. It would be nonsense to talk of feeling any deep regret for the death of a man whom I scarcely ever saw; but—I am not quite ungrateful—if half his money would bring him to life again, he should have it. As the case stands, however, I get a diamond, you see, not only ready polished, but ready set to my hand, and had nothing to do when I arrived here; but walk straight into the well-ordered mansion of my forefathers—from the which imagine me writing, just now, to bid you welcome! So despotic, that not a mouse, if I list be silent, dares raise his voice within three stories of me! Conceive me, sole master, and disposing of all, in the very last house of all the world in which I ever looked to dispose of anything! Sitting in a small room, more stocked with roses than with books, which takes rank as "The Library." Before a built-table, at a long narrow Gothic window—people did not care for too much light, even before there was a tax upon it—really extant, I believe, (the window,) since the days of Henry the VII. My great-grandfather, I know, traced it back to Rufus, and had his doubts if it might not have been carried up to the Conqueror. With a great deal of nick-nack furniture, and some good Flemish pictures; a most unnecessary list of servants, and an incomparable cellar of wine, to amuse me within; and, without—a strange, irregular, semi-barbarous kind of prospect to look at,—almost grotesque, but not unpleasant—between the remote, and the immediate. Beyond my "ring fence," a branch of the Wye—a real steep (the church of Medhurst)—the village inn, with a rising sun (for a sign) that might warm all Lapland through a three-months winter—and abundance, generally, of heath, and rivulet, and hill, and copse, and forest, part of mine own, and part belonging to the demesne of Beauvoir.

More at home, a great multiplication of flower-gardens, kitchen-gardens, and nurseries, shrubberies, zig-zag walks, and fish-ponds, with duck islands in the middle of them. The view total supplying a sort of index to the various tastes of the twelve last incumbents on the property; each of whom thought it a pity to undo any trifle that had been done by his predecessor; and all had such a horror of either rebuilding, or radical alteration, that a surveyor, caught even making a sketch upon the estate, would have found no more quarter from them than a beast of prey.

For my own part, I rather agree, I confess, in this opinion about the "surveyor." I think, in strictness, he belongs to that class of artists—as the attorney—the house-painter—or the undertaker—in whose very callings there is something that men shudder at the recollection of. Certainly, if I were in trade myself, I would be a wine-merchant, or a confectioner, or of some craft, so that people should be able to look me in the face without abhorrence; and, for the present at least, I shall so far affirm my ancestral piety, as to let Monckton remain with all its inconveniencies. But you lost much, I assure you, that—not meeting me on the coast—you missed the solemnity of my "taking possession."

The "joyful tidings" of the "new lord's" arrival had been promulgated as soon as I reached Beauvoir Castle; and, in the hall of that edifice, (on leaving it,) I found my steward, attended by a couple of keepers, waiting to "pay his duty." I mounted my grey horse, who had collected all the domestics of Sir Walter's stable department in criticism round him; and the uncharitably immoveableness which I preserved of feature, joined to a few words of Spanish, in which I now and then spoke to José, seemed to root the very thought of my ever having been an offending Adam out of men's minds. As I rode through the village, "attended," the landlord of the Rising Sun stood, in devotion, to bow to me. His wife and daughters were forthcoming too in their best clothes; and there was my barber, looking as though he wished, for once, he had been less communicative; although, as he told me afterwards, by way of excuse, "he had only said what everybody else said." So we moved forward—the bells

ringing for my "happy return." I, in the front, with Mr Poundage a little to the rear on one side, and Mr Dupuis, wishing to be familiar, but not quite knowing how to compass it, on the other; José behind, and the two keepers taking long shots, (in the way of comprehension,) at his English; and the folks of the village taking off their hats as we passed—to the whole of which I returned a grave courtesy; but as though it disturbed my own reflections, rather than otherwise.

I shall be in the Commission of the Peace, Robert, within these six months, and set people in the Stocks! The five hundred pound legacy goes to repair "the church," as the joint gift of Sir Walter Beauvoir and myself. The parish-officers have already waited upon me in procession! I shall have a tablet put up for me of marble, and a vile verse inscribed on it in Latin—and "Charles Edwards, Esq." gave—so much—to "beautify,"—"Anno MDCCCXVI."—with an *obit* when I die, and a notice who was church-warden when I was buried.

On my arrival at "Home," everything—the short notice considered—was creditable to my friend Poundage's taste. People, all very alarmed and anxious, as becoms those who have to get their own livelihood. At the lodge-gate I found my "porter" in deep black, and reverence, "deeper still." My gardeners were scattered at different points about the grounds, that I might not, by any accident, go too far without having worship paid me. Before the grand entrance, (to which Mr Poundage rode forward, with a bow for permission,) stood my serving-men, in full livery. My housekeeper, fat and oppressive, as an ancient lady ought to be, ready to welcome me. Half a dozen of my chieftain tenants, all "in mourning" (for the "beneficial leases;") my maid-servants peeping here and there, round corners, and out of upper windows.

And then, moi—Myself—*Le Grand Homme vient!*—Don't you see me, Bob?—in my long dark pelisse, able to stand alone with lace and embroidery—upon my grey horse, full sixteen hands high, with his massy furniture, foreign saddle, holsters, pistols, &c., all complete. The whole cavalcade an extremely well got up and imposing affair, I assure you; and one which would have led me to think

most puissantly of the chief personage concerned in it, if I had not (on certain previous occasions) enjoyed the advantage of his acquaintance.

My location completed, "domestic duties" commenced; and I couldn't find in my heart (though I shall economize) to discharge any of my people.

Audience to Mrs Glasse—"Forty years in the family!"—"Hoped my Honour's breakfast had given my Honour satisfaction." She must die, I suppose, at Monckton, and be buried at my cost.

Audience to my Steward—at breakfast—and told him I was satisfied with his way of doing things. He had a desire, I saw, to fall at my feet, but doubted whether it might not be taken as a liberty.

Visit from Mr Dupuis;—thought he seemed rather a scoundrel, and went through all his accounts at one sitting!—Cost me seven hours, but completely took down the gentleman's importance. Concluded by making him commit several valuable documents to my own iron chest; and ordered his bill (convinced he'd never live to make it out) for "the morning of the 27th."

Day following, full of business. Opened letters from all the tradesmen within ten miles, craving "orders." Before dinner, made a progress through my whole estate, and went through the ceremonies (legal) of taking possession. Rode my grey horse again, who neighed furiously, bringing everybody out of doors at every fresh house or stable he came near. Going home—all the people about quite deafened with this outcry, met one of the junior Beauvoirs, on horseback, in a lane. At the sight of whom, *le dit Rabican* gave such a ferocious neigh, rearing and plunging at the same time, as if for battle, that the Captain's hunter bolted into the hedge, and had nearly overthrown him. I moved slightly, looking at Dupuis—who was riding in great bodily fear, as far as he might from me—and the compliment was (quite as slightly) returned.

But I had a hold all this while (of which I knew nothing) upon the heart of the Beauvoir family; and it prepared me the unhopd-for honour of a visit from Sir Walter, almost before I became aware of its existence.

Dupuis let me into the fact first—

as a last card against bringing in his bill, and giving up his agency. It was the *borough* of Medhurst, it seems, that formed the grand link between my late grandfather and the people at the castle.

He always gave up the parliamentary interests; but our property is suspected of carrying a majority. Major Beauvoir sits for Medhurst; Sir Walter is one of the members for the county. I was to have been played upon by these good folks as they pleased, and slighted as they pleased into the bargain. But my business-like movements have struck them with alarm. A general election approaches, and, though they are rich, they must not lose Medhurst. I am a beast, instead of (what they hoped to find me) a fool; but my "beneficial leases" are dangerous. And so—though the Beauvoirs are "select,"—down came Sir Walter, to trim between his pride and his necessity.

It was really pitiful to see the poor old buzzard, who, you know, is high and mighty, compelled to communicate with a wretch, who would have no notion of anybody's being high and mighty at all. First, he had a sort of hope left that I was an ass, and that he might cheat me out of what he wanted, instead of purchasing it. Then, got out of patience at my obstinate formality; but still was sure that any direct overture towards intimacy from him, would remove it. At last, in the midst of the creature's doubt whether *he* would be friends, he suddenly happened to doubt whether *I* would; on which the quibbling was dropped in alarm, and nothing thought of but carrying the point. And so, two hours after Mr Dupuis had told me this long election story, "in confidence,"—a confidence to which I just trusted so far, as not to give him the slightest hint how I meant to act upon it in return,—though I was a "rough-rider," and had a horse that "neighed," I received a morning call from Sir Walter, which ended (sorely against his will) in an invitation to dine at Beauvoir castle.

If I could make head against the world when I was naked and penniless, I can hardly fear to do so now. You know me, and know how I value the opinion of such people as these; but they are still members of a party, that in some way or other must be dealt with. I shall have to fight my

passage, against something perhaps of prejudice; into certain circles to which a man of fortune should have admission. As the first goose might cackle, ten to one the whole flock would follow. This Beauvoir *bidding* was an opportunity to begin the struggle with advantage.

I rode to the castle on horseback, (this took place yesterday,) and arrived as nearly as possible at the last moment; having declined using one of Sir Walter's carriages, "until my own could be put in order." From the very entry of the avenue, I saw what was to be my reception,—the evening was tempting, but the windows and balconies were deserted. The "having me" was evidently an "infliction."—I'll try if I can't teach some of the family what "infliction" is.

Dinner was instantaneous,—(as I had hoped,)—so sparing me an inconvenient preliminary ten minutes in the drawing-room. The party quite private, in order that the open avowal of me might still be got rid of, if possible. We had Sir Walter, pompous, but rather fidgety. We had Lady B., well-bred enough, and not very ill-natured. The two Misses Beauvoirs, looking most determinately—"nothing less than nobility approaches Kitty!" Major B., the gentleman who "sits;" Captain B., the gentleman whom I nearly overthrew; the *gouvernante* of the young ladies; and the parson of the parish.

This was the "bore" party,—evidently premeditated; everything was conducted "in a concatenation," as Goldsmith has it, "accordingly." I was meant—transparently—to be a "lost monster" within the first five minutes; and yet I never enjoyed an entertainment so much, I think, in my life. It is so delicious a *role* to play—and, withal, so easy—when a man is desirous only of being disagreeable! And when I reflected that these lunatic creatures, who really stood personally within the scope of my danger—these "splacknucks," into whose house I would have hired myself as their footman, and, in twelve months, have ruled it as their lord—that they, who were absolutely suitors to me for a boon, and over my prospects, or possessions, could have no breath of influence,—that they should be so mad as to desire to distress me, and hope by exhibiting a few common grimaces to

succeed!—the thing, so far from supplying a cause of annoyance, was, as you must perceive, unboundedly jocose and entertaining.

We had the stale farce of silent *hau-teur* played off; and a few more modern airs in the peculiarities of eating and drinking. The Misses B. were prodigious in the arrangements of their salad. The Captain—he is of "the Guards"—ate fish with his fingers. But, for the *ton*, I had *carte blanche*, as being a foreigner; and, for the silence, you don't very easily awe any man where he feels that circumstances make him your master. I talked, if no one else did; and he who talks *prepanse*, may even "talk" with safety. With Sir Walter Beauvoir, I spoke of property and interests, in a way that made him very anxiously attend to me. The Captain I addressed once, (in reply,) and that in a tone just more steady, the twentieth part of a note, than I had been using with his father,—a word more, and I would have apologized for *his* ill horsemanship on the preceding day. The Misses Beauvoir I took wine with, and would not see that they were fair and inexorable. To Lady B. I ventured a few words, just to shew that I could behave decently, if it was my cue to do so. But it was with the Major—the member for Medhurst (that has been)—the gentleman for whose immediate convenience my presence was submitted to; it was with him that my high fortune lay; and the gain was greater than I could have even hoped for.

The Major, I believe, is a person that you have no acquaintance with?—I knew something of him, and disliked him, when we both were lads. He had then—allowing for my prejudices—the qualities which compose a brute; but has now acquired cunning enough, in some degree, to conceal them. His early familiarities were with watch-houses; his exploits, the beating of hackney-coachmen, and dandy linen-draperies at Vauxhall. You may recollect the fact, perhaps, of his exchanging out of the Fusiliers, at Cheltenham, for having put a tailor (who asked for money, I believe) into the fire?

The man either was troublesome, or his creditors wanted amusement; but he was ordered, I know, to come for payment to a house at which

three or four gentlemen were dining ; the whole party then made a very facetious assault upon him, in consequence of which Ensign B—— had to quit his regiment ; and the relatives of the other offenders paid near two thousand pounds to avoid the disgrace of the matter coming into Court. Those times are over. Men grow more prudent, if not more honest, as they increase in age. And my friend the Major's rank and associations have made him a man of fashion ; but still he is one of those men, whom, at first sight, you would dislike. There are a description of persons, as we all find out sometimes, whom you can hardly meet, even in the stage-coach, without looking for a quarrel with them. The slightest degree of intercourse seems to make the event quite certain ; and, feeling that, you desperately think that the sooner it happens, and is over, the better. I remember once sitting in the same coffee-room with a man whose deportment absolutely fascinated me. Not a word had passed between us ; and yet I felt that I must either instantly insult him, or leave the apartment. Major Beauvoir's manner yesterday, at our re-introduction, was a curious illustration of the ungovernableness of this particular faculty : it was decidedly repelling, (though not sufficiently so to call for notice,) while, from what followed, I have no doubt that it was meant to be conciliatory.

For he has the infirmity upon him, (this gentleman,) among others, of being easily affected by wine ; and the spirit of play, which also constantly attends him, had caught a scent of my ready money. The exposure that followed was good enough to have been bought by encouragement ; but his monstrous folly made even encouragement unnecessary. A wild extravagance keeps him constantly poor ; and he has not brains enough to make him timid ; for, take successful speculators, with the odds ten to one against them generally, and you will find them coarse-minded, obtuse men—acute intellect would see too clearly the chance of overthrow. In spite of all Sir Walter's exertion, after the first eight glasses, my mere listening became sufficient to draw him out. First, he adverted to the circumstance of our former acquaintance, and drew on vali-

antly, though I made him pull me all the way. Then we talked of the country—of horses (his and my own) and hunting—my share in the discussion going little beyond monosyllables. (From thence it came to arrangements for town, (whither the Major himself was forthwith returning ;) and clubs—matches—bets—introductions—all the circumstances of currency which I wanted, (the command of,) I was enabled politely, but without the slightest acknowledgment, to decline. At length I rose to take my leave, accompanied to the last possible moment of conversation by Sir Walter, who saw his son's failure with obvious horror, although the ingenious gentleman himself never suspected it. We descended the great staircase, with solemn deprecation on my part, and immense, though not very happily managed, conciliation on his. But just as the august personage was expressing his hope, under great ardent suffering, that he should early have the pleasure to see me again at Beauvoir Castle, when perhaps something might be suggested, with respect to certain political arrangements, which might operate to the mutual conveniences, and, indeed, advantage, of both our families—just as he got to this point, we reached the lower hall, and my grey horse, who was in waiting, uttered a most extra hyæna-like, and demoniacal neigh. This strange interruption—(which was produced, I believe, by the hearing my voice)—and at such a juncture too!—disconcerted him completely. He stopped—gulped—recollected himself—doubted whether to piece his discourse, or begin over again. In the end, the poor Baronet stammered out a parting compliment, even worse turned than that which *Monsieur Rabican* had broken in upon ; and I returned home a personage decidedly more hateful to the Beauvoir family than ever, but completely relieved from all anxiety about my reception—as a potentate of the vicinity—in future ; and as an object of detestation with the worthy folks, you know, of necessity, an object, if not of terror, of respect.

This, I think, is as it should be. I am *fêted* by these people, and will be farther so ; and, when they have gone through the abomination of getting my interest, they shall find that

they have lost it. But that they are clumsy impostors, and deserve no such lenity, I could end their anxiety in a word; for, if I really have a majority in the borough, I think I shall sit for it myself. You laugh—but I can't come back to the army, after six years' desertion, to face your Waterloo reputation upon a "lady peace" establishment. And a seat in Parliament gives a man a semblance of pursuits in life, which (where no trouble attaches) is convenient. You will come over to my election, (if I find I can command the place,) and help to eat the bad dinners, and kiss the people's wives. Drop no word, however, I charge you, in the interim; because I must bamboozle these coxcombs, who meant to bamboozle me. The hook is in their mouths, and I shall be able to keep them on, without giving either a reasonable expectation. The moment they ask my decision, I shall give it against them; and yet, before them, I will have gained all they sought to withhold from me. This is not a world, Robert, in which a man can live by the use of candour, or of liberal principle; and he who is wise will fall into its spirit, and acquire a taste for hollow-heartedness and selfish feeling. To have one's "opinions" always flying out against those of everybody else—one's heart pinned upon one's sleeve—is it not to fight too much at a disadvantage? And may there not be some whim in shaking hands with a man very cordially, when you know he means to do you a mortal injury, and when you have digged

a countermine, (in the way of surprise,) which, in five minutes, is to blow him to the moon! When I was poor, who ever behaved even fairly to me? And is it not monstrous vanity to expect that I now should behave disinterestedly to those I love not?

Farewell till we meet, which I hope will not be many days; but I must (with the kind aid of Sir W. Beauvoir) stamp my credit in the right way, before I go—here—in Gloucestershire. I have got a touch, you see, of the true moneyed feeling already—letting policy detain me in one place, when inclination would carry me to another.

Fare you well once more, until we shake hands; which, with you, I would not do, unless I did it honestly. I shall be in town, I believe, by the 28th; and a Lieutenant-Colonel, I am sure, can leave a regiment at any time. As a proof that (for my part) we are still upon the same terms that we used to be—ask your father if he will "present" me. I could make old Sir Walter here, I have no doubt, submit to the duty, (and, in case I go to the continent, it may be convenient to me to get this done;) but I would not have him able to say that I ever hoaxed him out of any politeness worth a moment's consideration. Besides, I know enough of your father, to believe that he will feel no hesitation in obliging me; and I write to shew you that I can ask a favour from a friend, when it is such a favour as may be conferred by one gentleman upon another.

THE DEVIL'S ELIXIR.*

THE DEVIL'S ELIXIR is, we think, upon the whole, our chief favourite among the numerous works of a man of rare and singular genius. It contains in itself the germ of many of his other performances; and one particular idea, in which, more than any other, he, as a romancer, delighted, has been repeated by him in many various shapes, but never with half the power and effect in which it has been elaborated here. This idea is, to be sure, exactly what the minor English cri-

tics will think they say quite enough of, when they pronounce it *ore rotundo*, a vile German idea. No matter, whatever these gentry may say, for as to thinking—of that they are tolerably guiltless—whatever small men, accustomed to move in one very small sphere of intellect, may say, the *horrible* is quite as legitimate a field of poetry and romance, as either the pathetic or the ludicrous. It is absurdity to say that Mrs Radcliffe has exhausted this. That very clever lady

* The Devil's Elixir: from the German of E. T. A. Hoffmann. 2 vols. William Blackwood, Edinburgh: and T. Cadell, London. 1824.

had not brains to exhaust anything—and she no more worked out horror, than she did the scenery of the Apennines. Maturin's Montorio is far above any horrors she ever excogitated—the St Leon of Godwin, again, is very far above the Family of Montorio—and Schiller's Ghost-seer is well worth both of these. And why? why, simply, because Godwin is a hundred times a cleverer man than Maturin, and because Schiller was a thousand times a cleverer man than Godwin. Nothing that is a part, a real essential part, of human nature, ever can be exhausted—and the regions of fear and terror never will be so.—Human flesh will creep to the end of time at the witches of Macbeth, exactly because to the end of time it will creep in a midnight charnel-vault:—

So was it when the world began,
So ever will it be.

Ghosts, Spirits of the elements, intermediate beings between angels and men, fire and water spirits, dwarfs of the mines, good and evil attendants on individual men—in one word, all sorts of supernatural appearances, and wonderful interferences of invisible beings—these, in spite of all that philosophy can do, have taken such a place in the imaginations, and, indeed, in the hearts of men, that their total banishment from thence must for ever remain an impossibility. Every story of that kind, everything that looks like an *anecdote from the world of spirits*, and in general every attempt to support these fantastic existences, or to remove the grounds on which reason would shun to reject them—is sure of a favourable reception from the most part of mankind. Even the more enlightened among us, persons who would on no account have it said of them that they are serious believers in ghost-stories, or in the possibility of the incidents on which such stories turn,—even these persons are in common well pleased with an opportunity of chatting over such things in a quiet way, by the fireside. Nay, the philosopher himself, who, with all parade of reasoning, contends against the reality of these appearances on which the ghost-seers rest their faith, feels, at times, his own fancy getting the better of his judgment, and has often enough to do to prevent himself from forming the same wish which others would have no hesitation in expressing—the wish,

namely, *that the facts of the story-teller might be more closely examined.*

A tradition, which is as old as our species, or, at the least, many centuries older than philosophy, has produced, in regard to such things, a sort of universal belief and consent of all nations. From infancy, in whatever quarter of the globe we are born, we are sure to be nourished with the same unvarying provender of tales, dreams, and visions, all connected with this belief; and it acquires over us a power too deep ever entirely to be shaken, at a period when we are not only devoid of any suspiciousness in regard to others, but unprovided by reason with any weapons wherewith to defend ourselves from the assaults of our own credulous imaginations. In a word, as Horace says of Nature in general, “However contemptuously we may toss from us feelings which are common to all men, there are moments in which they creep unperceived into our bosoms;” so we are sincerely of opinion, that the earth does not at this moment contain one single individual who never felt a superstitious shudder in passing a church-yard at midnight. We are equally of opinion, that so long as this feeling, this painful feeling, as to the reality of such things continues, the human mind will continue to receive a tragic pleasure from the skillful use made of them in works of imagination. And we are farther of opinion, that no reader of taste can go through this book, entitled *The Devil's Elixir*, without enjoying a great deal of this sort of pleasure. Who is he that hath not known the delightful horror of perusing a book full of ghosts and devils at midnight—the dear shudder with which one turns over the leaf, half-suspecting *its* rustle to be the approaching footstep of some fearful creature, “not of the earth earthy?” If there be any such person, let him congratulate himself—let him hug himself as much and as long as he pleases—we would not purchase his indifference to the pain by giving up our own sensibility to the pleasure of it. We like to be horrified—we delight in Frankenstein—we delight in Grieson of Lagg—we delight in the Devil's Elixir.

We have already hinted, however, that there is one particular idea on which this author, when in his horrible vein, is chiefly delighted to expatiate. This is the idea of what he

calls, in his own language, a *doppelgänger*; that is to say, of a man's being haunted by the visitations of another self—a double of his own personal appearance. We have something not very remote from this conception in certain wraith-stories of our own popular mythology: but either the original German superstitions are much richer in their details of the notion than ours, or La Motte Fouqué, and Hoffmann, have made more of what their country-people's old tales gave them than any of our writers have made of their native materials of a similar kind. In some of their works, the idea is turned to a half-ludicrous use—and very successfully too—but by far the best are those romances in which it has been handled quite seriously—and of all these, the best is the book now before us in an English garb.

The superior excellence of the Devil's Elixir lies in the skill with which its author has contrived to mix up the horrible notion of the double-goer, with ordinary human feelings of all kinds. He has linked it with scenes of great and simple pathos—with delineations of the human mind under the influences of not one, but many of its passions—ambition—love—revenge—remorse. He has even dared to mix scenes and characters exquisitely ludicrous with those in which his haunted hero appears and acts; and all this he has been able to do without in the smallest degree weakening the horrors which are throughout his *corps de reserve*. On the contrary, we attribute the unrivalled effect which this work, as a whole, produces on the imagination, to nothing so much as the admirable art with which the author has married dreams to realities, the air of truth which his wildest fantasies draw from the neighbourhood of things which we all feel to be simply and intensely human and true. Banquo's ghost is tenfold horrible, because it appears at a regal banquet—and the horrors of the Monk Medardus affect our sympathies in a similar ratio, because this victim of everything that is fearful in the caprices of an insane imagination, is depicted to us as living and moving among men, women, and scenes, in all of which we cannot help recognizing a certain aspect of life and nature, and occasionally even of homeliness. We shall endeavour to give some very faint no-

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tion (purposely it shall be but such) of the fable, and a specimen or two of the author's style in handling different sorts of themes.

The main idea, then, is this: A certain Italian Prince, having committed a series of the most atrocious crimes, at last enters into a sort of compact with the Fiend, which, however, is never quite completed. The fruit of a horrible amour is his only child: and being seized upon its birth with the most agonizing remorse, he is suffered to purchase his pardon, on the condition that he shall continue to do penance as a wanderer on the face of the earth, until the race to which his guilt has given origin, shall be entirely at an end, and that in the person of some descendant, whose sanctity shall be as remarkable as was the original depravity of his doomed ancestor.

Medardus, the hero of this book, is one of the remote descendants of this Being. The unhappy Ancestor contrives to be near him in his infancy, and strives, in giving a turn the most pious and holy to his earliest imaginations, to lay the foundation of that sanctity of life on which his own peace is to depend. He also, for obvious reasons, desires to have him educated as a monk—and a German monk he becomes. Being a youth of great talent and genius, his ambition is kindled, and he distinguishes himself very much as a popular preacher. This distinction strikes at the corrupted part of his blood, and destroys him. He becomes vain, proud, voluptuous, and, amongst other offences, is induced, by the example of a gay young travelling Count, to swallow part of the Devil's Elixir—that is to say, uncorks a bottle that has for ages been laid up in the reliquary of the convent under that horrific name. The story was, that the Devil had once tempted St Anthony with this bottle, and that the Saint having seized it from the grasp of the fiend, had bequeathed it to those pious fathers as the trophy of his victory. But it is farther understood that, such is the hellish virtue of the liquor contained in the flask, if any man drink of it, he will of necessity become the victim of all those impure thoughts which were most repugnant from the spotless temperament of St Anthony; and more, that if any two persons drink of it, they will not only become equally victims to these horrid influ-

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ences, but be constrained to bear in the eyes of men a more than twin-like resemblance to each other ; while, at the same time, every evil deed of the one shall unconsciously and mysteriously tend to the evil, not of himself merely, but of his guilty *Double*.

It will naturally be supposed, therefore, that the young travelling Count acts as the Doppel-ganger of the Monk—such is the case : but it is also discovered in the sequel, that the resemblance between them may admit of a natural explanation, since, in point of fact, Victorin the Count, and Medardus the Monk, are both of them the sons of one father. The poor Monk leaves his convent ; and these two persons are involved in a long variety of adventures, the eternally intermingling and undistinguishable threads of which we have no intention to attempt untwisting on this occasion. Let it be sufficient to say, that their collision embraces the whole field of human passion—that they are rivals in love, in war, in guilt, in misery, and in madness ; and that they at last both die childless and repentant, whereby the great knot is unloosed, and the unhappy wanderer allowed to quit the world, of which for centuries he has been weary. Such is the tale : or rather such we understand it to be, for, in truth, Hoffmann has many excellencies, but clearness of narrative is not of the number.

This is quite enough in the way of explanation—for we abominate the reviewer who forestalls his author. We shall proceed, therefore, without farther preface, to make a few quotations, simply in order that the reader may satisfy himself as to the energy and masterly skill with which Mr Hoffmann handles his materials of various kinds. As for the translator, we might safely allow one specimen of his performance to speak for itself. His version is not only a faithful, but a highly elegant one ; and in addition to all this, the writer has shewn great judgment in omitting certain details which would not have been over acceptable to the English public in its present mood. In a word, he has contrived to prune off all the indelicacy of his German original, without doing the smallest injury to the author's genius ; but, on the contrary, to the great and manifest benefit and advantage of the work, in every possible point of view. When we add,

man whose specimens of scenes versified from some of the modern German dramatists, have long been familiar to the readers of this journal, we have perhaps said more than enough as to this matter. The fact, that this translation comes from such a person, might of itself, indeed, be a sufficient pledge, not only that the translation is well executed, but that the work on which he has chosen to exercise his own graceful talents is no ordinary work.

Imagine, then, the lowly sequestered Monk in his dim cell, and come with us to Hoffmann's picture of the simultaneous waking up of his genius and his ambition. Nothing, certainly, can be better than the whole of this part of the book is in its way ; we are sorry that we must confine ourselves to a mere specimen.

" The eventful holiday soon arrived. The church was unusually crowded, and it was not without considerable trepidation that I mounted the pulpit. At the commencement, I remained timidly faithful to my manuscript ; and Leonardus told me that I had spoken with a faltering voice, which, however, exactly corresponded with certain plaintive and pathetic considerations with which I had begun my discourse, and which, therefore, was interpreted by most of my auditors into a very skilful example of rhetorical *tact*.

" Soon afterwards, however, it seemed as if my inward mind were gradually lighted up by the glowing fire of supernatural inspiration. I thought no more of the manuscript, but gave myself up to the influence of the moment. I felt how every nerve and fibre was attuned and energized. I heard my own voice thunder through the vaulted roof. I beheld, as if by miracle, the halo of divine light shed around my own elevated head and outstretched arms. By what means I was enabled to preserve connection in my periods, or to deliver my conceptions with any degree of logical precision, I know not, for I was carried out of myself. I could not afterwards have declared whether my discourse had been short or long—the time past like a dream ! With a grand euphonical sentence, in which I concentrated, as if into one *focus*, all the blessed doctrines that I had been announcing, I concluded my sermon ; of which the effect was such as had been in the convent wholly unexampled.

" Long after I had ceased to speak, there were heard through the church the sounds of passionate weeping, exclamations of heartfelt rapture, and audible prayers. The brethren paid me their tribute of the highest approbation. Leonardus embraced me, and named me the pride of their institution !

"With unexampled rapidity my renown was spread abroad; and henceforward, on every Sunday or holiday, crowds of the most respectable inhabitants of the town used to be assembled, even before the doors were opened, while the church, after all, was found insufficient to hold them. By this homage, my zeal was proportionably increased. I endeavoured more and more to give to my periods the proper rounding, and to adorn my discourses throughout, with all the flowers of eloquence. I succeeded always more and more in fettering the attention of my audience, until my fame became such, that the attention paid to me was more like the homage and veneration due to a saint, than approbation bestowed on any ordinary mortal. A kind of religious delirium now prevailed through the town. Even on ordinary week days, and on half-holidays, the inhabitants came in crowds, merely to see Brother Medardus, and to hear him speak, though but a few words.

"Thus vanity gradually, by imperceptible, but sure approaches, took possession of my heart. Almost unconsciously, I began to look upon myself as the *one elect*,—the pre-eminently *chosen* of Heaven.

"That unaffected cheerfulness and inward serenity which had formerly brightened my existence, was completely banished from my soul. Even all the good-hearted expressions of the Prior, and friendly behaviour of the monks, awoke within me only discontent and resentment. By their mode of conduct, my vanity was bitterly mortified. In me they ought clearly to have recognized the chosen saint who was above them so highly elevated. Nay, they should even have prostrated themselves in the dust, and implored my intercession before the throne of Heaven!

"I considered them, therefore, as beings influenced by the most deplorable obduracy and refractoriness of spirit. Even in my discourses, I contrived to interweave certain mysterious allusions. I ventured to assert, that now a wholly new and mighty revolution had begun, as with the roseate light of morning, to dawn upon the earth, announcing to pious believers, that one of the specially elect of Heaven had been sent for a space to wander in sublunary regions. My supposed mission I continued to clothe in mysterious and obscure imagery, which, indeed, the less it was understood, seemed the more to work like a charm among the people.

"Leonardus now became visibly colder in his manner, avoiding to speak with me, unless before witnesses. At last, one day, when we were left alone in the great *allee* of the convent garden, he broke out—'Brother Medardus, I can no longer conceal from you, that for some time past your whole behaviour has been such as to excite

in me the greatest displeasure. There has arisen in your mind some adverse and hostile principle, by which you have become wholly alienated from a life of pious simplicity. In your discourses there prevails a dangerous obscurity; and from this darkness many things appear ready, if you dared utter them, to start forward, which, if plainly spoken, would effectually separate you and me for ever. To be candid—at this moment you bear about with you, and betray that unalterable curse of our sinful origin, by which even every powerful struggle of our spiritual energies is rendered a means of opening to us the realms of destruction, whereinto we thoughtless mortals are, alas! too apt to go astray!

"'The approbation, nay, the idolatrous admiration, which has been paid to you by the capricious multitude, who are always in search of novelty, has dazzled you, and you behold yourself in an artificial character, which is not your own, but a deceitful phantom, which will entice you rapidly into the gulf of perdition. Return, then, into yourself, Medardus—renounce the delusion which thus besets and overpowers you! I believe that I thoroughly understand this delusion,—at least, I am well aware of its effects. Already have you lost utterly that calmness and complacency of spirit, without which there is, on this earth, no hope of real improvement. Take warning, then, in time! Resist the fiend who besets you! Be once more that good-humoured and open-hearted youth whom with my whole soul I loved!"

"Tears involuntarily flowed from the eyes of the good Prior while he spoke thus. He had taken my hand, but now letting it fall, he departed quickly without waiting for any answer.

"His words had indeed penetrated my heart; but, alas! the impressions that they had left were only those of anger, distrust, and resentment. He had spoken of the approbation, nay, the admiration and respect, which I had obtained by my wonderful talents; and it became but too obvious that only pitiful envy had been the real source of that displeasure, which he so candidly expressed towards me.—Silent, and wrapt up within myself, I remained, at the next meeting of the brethren, a prey to devouring indignation."

We must now be contented to imagine, as we best may, that Medardus has yielded to all manner of temptations, wandered far from his cloister, committed sundry heinous crimes, at the instigation of the real Devil's Elixirs of lust and hate; and that having entirely laid aside his Capuchin character and costume, he is travelling *en seigneur*, through a remote part of the German empire. His carriage breaks down by night in a forest, and

he is obliged to take refuge in the house of the ranger. This gives Hoffmann an opportunity of affording us some capital glimpses into that simple and hearty life, which really does even to this day linger amidst the immense woodlands which everywhere inter-spense the private domains of the German princes—and the reader will see how well he contrives to blend this source of interest with that arising from the mysterious fortunes of poor Medardus himself.—Here again we can still afford to give but a small extract.

“As soon as we had explained to Christian the mischance that we had met with, he directly opened both wings of the gate, and let the carriage pass into the court. The dogs, who were now pacified, came fawning and snuffing about us; and the man above, who was still stationed at the window, cried out incessantly, in a voice by no means of good humour, ‘Who’s there?—who’s there?—*What for a caravan is that?*’ to which neither Christian nor I returned a word in answer.

“At last I stepped into the house, and was walking up stairs, when I met a powerful tall man, with a sun-burnt visage, a large hat, with a plume of green feathers, on his head, (which was oddly contrasted with the rest of his figure, for he appeared in his shirt and slippers,) and a drawn stiletto (or hunting dagger) in his hand. In a rough voice, he called out to me—‘Whence do you come? How dare you disturb people in the dead of night? This is no public-house; no post station. Here no one lives but the *Ober-revier-forester*, and, for want of a better, I am he. Christian is an ass, for having opened the gates without my permission.’

“In a tone of great humility, I now related the story of my mischance, explaining that nothing but necessity had brought me hither. Hereupon the man was somewhat conciliated. He said, ‘Well, no doubt the storm was very violent; but your postilion must be a stupid rascal, to drive out of the road, and break your carriage in that manner. Such a fellow should have been able to go blindfolded through these woods. He should be at home among them, like any one of us.’

“With these words, he led me up stairs into a large hall, furnished with a long oak table and benches; the walls adorned with stags’ antlers, hunting weapons, bugle-horns, &c. An enormous stove was at one end, and an open *kamin*, where there were yet the warm embers of a wood-fire, at the other.

“The *Ober-revier-forester* now laid aside his hat and dagger, and drawing on his clothes, requested I would not take it ill

that he had received me so roughly; for, in his remote habitation, he must be constantly on his guard. All sorts of bad people were in the habit of haunting these woods,—and especially with poachers, he lived almost always in open warfare.—‘However,’ added he, ‘the rogues can gain no advantage over me, for, with the help of God, I fulfil my duty to the prince conscientiously and faithfully. They have more than once attacked my house by night; but, in reliance on Providence, and my trusty dogs and fire-arms, I bid them defiance.’

“Involuntarily, and led away by the force of old habits, I here thrust in some common-place words about the power and efficacy of trust in God. However, such expressions were not lost on the forester, but seemed to gain for me his confidence and good opinion. He became always more cheerful, and notwithstanding my earnest entreaties to the contrary, roused up his wife—a matron in years, of a quiet, good-humoured demeanour, who, though thus disturbed from her sleep, welcomed, in a very friendly manner, her unexpected guest, and began, by her husband’s orders, to prepare supper.

“As for the postilion, he, by the forester’s decision, was obliged, for a punishment, that night, to drive back (as he best could) to the station from which he had come,—and on the following morning I should be carried on by the forester to the place of my destination. I agreed the more readily to this plan, as I found myself now much in want of repose.

“I therefore said to my host that I would gladly stay with him even till the middle of the following day, as, by constant travelling, I had been greatly fatigued, and would be much the better for such refreshment.

“‘If I might advise you, sir,’ said the forester, ‘you had better remain here through the whole of to-morrow—After that, my son, whom I must at any rate send to the *residenz*, will himself take you forward in my carriage.’

“I was, of course, well contented with this proposal; and by way of conversation, while supper was placed on the table, began to praise the solitude and retirement of his house, by which I professed myself to be greatly attracted.

“‘It is remote, sir, no doubt,’ said the forester; ‘at the same time, our life here is the farthest possible from being dull or gloomy, as a townsman would probably conclude it to be. To such people every situation in the country appears both lonely and stupid; but much depends on the temper and disposition of the party by whom a house like this of ours is inhabited.’

“‘If, as in former years in this castle, an old gloomy Baron were the master,—

one who shuts himself up within the four walls of his court, and takes no pleasure in the woods or the chase,—then, indeed, it would be a dull and lonely habitation.—But since this old Baron died, and our gracious Prince has been pleased to fit it up as a *first-haus*, it has been kept in constant liveliness and mirth.

“ ‘ Probably you, sir, may be one of those townspeople, who know nothing, unless by report, of our pleasures, and therefore can have no adequate idea, what a joyous pleasant life we hunters lead in the forest.—As to solitude, I know nothing either of its pains or pleasures—for, along with my huntsmen lads, we live all equally, and make but one family. Indeed, however absurd this may seem to you, I reckon my staunch wise dogs also among the number.—And why not? They understand every word that I say to them. They obey even my slightest signals, and are attached, and faithful even to death.

“ ‘ Mark there, only, how intelligently my Waldmann looks up, because he knows already that I am speaking about him!

“ ‘ Now, sir, not only is there every day something to be done with the huntsmen and dogs in the forest—but every evening before, there is the pleasure of preparation, and a hospitable well-supplied board, (at which we enjoy ourselves with a zest, that you townsmen never experience;) then, with the first dawn of day, I am always out of bed, and make my appearance, blowing all the way a cheering *réveille* upon my hunting-horn.

“ ‘ At that sound every one directly starts up.—The dogs, too, begin to give tongue, and join in one great concert, of barking and rejoicing, from their delight at the anticipation of the coming sport. The huntsmen are quickly dressed; they throw the game-bags and fire-arms on their shoulders, and assemble directly in this room, where my old woman (my wife, I mean) prepares for us a right stout hunter's breakfast, an enormous *schüssel* of hot ragout, with a bottle of vin-ordinaire, a reaming flagon of home-brewed ale, with another of *Stettiner beer*, sent us from the *residence*; then, after a glass of *schnaps*, we all sally forth in the highest possible spirits, shouting and rejoicing.

“ ‘ Thereafter we have a long march before us.—(I speak of our employments at this present season)—but at last we arrive at the spot where the game lies in cover.—There every one takes his stand apart from the rest; the dogs grope about with their noses on the ground, snuffing the scent, and looking back every now and then to give notice to the huntsman, who, in his turn, stands with his gun cocked, motionless and scarcely daring to breathe, as if rooted to the ground. But when at last the game starts out of the thicket, when

the guns crack, and the dogs rush in after the shot, ah! then, sir, one's heart beats—every fibre is trembling with youthful energy; old as I am, I thus feel transformed into a new man.

“ ‘ Moreover, and above all, there are no two adventures of this kind exactly like each other. In every one is something new, and there is always something to talk over that never happened before. If it were no more than the variety of game at different seasons of the year, this alone renders the pursuit so delightful, that one never can have enough of it.

“ ‘ But setting aside these diversions, I assure you, sir, that the mere superintendence and care of the woods, is an employment which would amply fill up my time from January to December. So far am I from feeling lonely, that every tree of the forest is to me like a companion.

“ ‘ Absolutely, it appears to me as if every plant which has grown up under my inspection, and stretches up its glossy waving head into the air, should know me and love me, because I have watched over, and protected it. Nay, many times when I hear the whispering and rushing of the leaves in the wind, it seems as if the trees themselves spoke with an intelligible voice, that this was indeed a true praising of God and his omnipotence; a prayer, which, in no articulate words, could so well have been expressed.

“ ‘ In short, sir, an honest huntsman and forester, who has the fear of God before him, leads, even in these degenerate times, an admirable and happy life. Something is yet left to him of that fine old state of liberty, when the habits of men were according to nature, and they knew nothing of all that conventional artifice, parade, and frippery, wherewith they are now tormented in their walled-up garrisons and cities. There, indeed, they become totally estranged from all those delightful influences which God, in the midst of his works in this world, is ready to shower upon them, by which, on the contrary, they ought to be edified and rejoiced, as the free sylvan people were in former ages, who lived in love and friendship with nature, as we read in the old histories.’

“ ‘ All this (though his style was somewhat rambling and methodistic) the old forester uttered with a *gusto* and emphasis, by which one could not fail to perceive that he felt whatever he had said deeply in his own heart; and I truly envied him in his station in life, together with his deeply-grounded quiet moods of mind, to which my own bore so little resemblance, or rather presented so painful a contrast.

· In another part of the building, which

was of considerable extent, the old man shewed me a small and neatly fitted-up apartment, in which was a bed, and where I found my luggage already deposited. There he left me, with the assurance that the early disturbance in the house would not break my sleep, as I was quite separated from the other inhabitants of the castle, and might rest as long as I chose. My breakfast would not be carried in until I rung the bell, or came down stairs to order it. He added, that I should not see him again till we met at the dinner-table, as he should set out early with his lads to the forest, and would not return before mid-day.

"I gave myself no farther trouble therefore, but being much fatigued, undressed hastily, and threw myself into bed, where I soon fell into a deep sleep. After this, however, I was persecuted by a horrible dream. In a manner the most extraordinary, it began with the consciousness of slumber. I said to myself, 'Now this is fortunate, that I have fallen asleep so readily; I shall by this means quite recover from my fatigue, and, for fear of awaking, must only take special care to keep my eyes shut.'

"Notwithstanding this resolution, it seemed to me as if I must, of necessity, open my eyes, and yet continued at the same time to sleep. Then the door of my room opened, and a dark form entered, in whom, to my extreme horror and amazement, I recognised *myself* in the capuchin habit, with the beard and tonsure!

"The monk came nearer and nearer to the bed, till he stood leaning over me, and grinned scornfully. 'Now, then,' said he in a hollow sepulchral voice, and yet with a strange cadence of exultation—'now, then, thou shalt come along with me; we shall mount on the *altan** on the roof of the house beside the weather-cock, who will sing us a merry bridal-song, because the owl to-night holds his wedding feast—there shall we contend together, and whoever beats the other from the roof of the house is king, and may drink blood!'

"I felt now that the figure seized upon me, and tried to lift me up from the bed. Then despair gave me courage, and I exclaimed, 'Thou art not Medardus!—thou art the devil!' and as if with the claws of a demon, I grappled at the throat and visage of this detestable spectre.

"But when I did so, it seemed as if my fingers forced their way into empty skeleton sockets, or held only dry withered joints, and the spectre laughed aloud in shrilling tones of scorn and mockery.

"At that moment, as if forcibly roused by some one violently wrenching me about, I awoke!

"The laughter still continued in the room. I raised myself up. The morning had broken in bright gleams through the window, and I actually beheld at the table, with his back turned towards me, a figure dressed in the capuchin habit!

"I was petrified with horror. The abominable dream had started into real life! The capuchin tossed and tumbled among the things which lay upon the table, till by accident he turned round, and thereupon I recovered all my courage, for his visage, thank Heaven, was *not mine*! Certain features, indeed, bore the closest resemblance, but I was in health and vigour; he was, on the contrary, worn and emaciated, disguised too by an overgrown head of hair, and grisly black beard. Moreover, his eyes rolled and glared with the workings of a thoughtless and vacant delirium.

"I resolved not to give any alarm, but remain quietly on the watch for whatever he might do, and not interrupt him unless he attempted something formidably mischievous, for my stiletto lay near me on the bed, and on that account, together with my superior strength, I could soon be completely master of this intruder.

"He appeared to look at, and to play with, the things that lay upon the table, as a child would do with toys; especially, he seemed delighted with the red *portefeuille*, which he turned over and over towards the light of the window, at the same time making strange grimaces, and jumping up like a patient in the dance of St Vitus.

"At last, he found the bottle with the rest of the Devil's Elixir, which he directly opened and smelt at; then he seemed to tremble convulsively through every limb. He uttered a loud and indescribable cry—'He, he, he!—He, he, he!' which echoed in faltering reverberations through the room, and passages.

"A clear-toned clock in the house just struck three (but the hour must have been much later.) Thereupon, to my great annoyance, he lifted up his voice, and howled as if seized by some horrible torment; then broke out once more into the same shrill laughter that I had heard in my dream. He heaved himself about into the wildest attitudes and caprioles, concluding with a long draught from the bottle with the Devil's Elixir, which (after having exhausted the last drops) he then hurled from him against the wall, and ran out at the door.

"I now instantly rose up and looked after him, but he was already out of sight, and I heard him clamping and clattering down a distant staircase; and, lastly, the violent hollow clank of a door, as he closed it after him.

"I then carefully locked and bolted

* Balcony.

that of my own room, that I might be secured against any second intrusion, and threw myself once more into bed. I had been too much excited to be able for some time to sleep again; but at last slumber fell heavily upon me, and I did not awake till a late hour, when, refreshed and strengthened, I found the bright warm sun beating into my apartment."

One more specimen we must give. In order to have some notion of the subject, the reader must understand that Medardus, while living at a small German court, in considerable style, under the *alias* of Leonard, and enjoying much favour with the prince, (who, by the way, is evidently meant for the Duke of Saxe-Weimar,) is unexpectedly recognized by a person who had some knowledge of a very dark part of his career. The consequence is, that he is thrown into prison—examined, &c. &c.; and that he would have been executed, had not a sudden discovery taken place, that *another Medardus* was the tenant of the cell immediately below his.—But we totally despair of making the thing intelligible.—Try what the fragment will do by itself.

"Many days passed over in dreary captivity, without any farther examination, and without the slightest variety. The time of a prisoner is seldom or never a blank; it is filled up by horrible phantoms and distorted reveries, such as have often been described, though mine probably were of a new character. The detail of them, however, is not within the limits of my present undertaking; I record only simple facts, in the manner of an obtuse old chronicler; and if there be a colouring of imagination, it is not only unsought, but unwelcome and involuntary.

"During these three days, I did not behold the features of any living being, except the peevish face of an old sub-janitor, who brought my food, and in the evening lighted my lamp. Hitherto, I had felt like a warrior, who, in a mood of martial excitement, was determined, at all risks, to meet danger and fight his way to the last; but such passion had now time enough to decline entirely away.

"I fell into a dark melancholy trance, during which all things became indifferent. Even the cherished vision of Aurelia had faded, or floated in dim colours before me. But unless I had been in body as much disordered as in mind, this state of apathy could not, of necessity, continue long. In a short time my spirit was again roused, only to feel in all its force the horrid influence of nausea and oppression, which the dense atmosphere of the prison had

produced, and against which I vainly endeavoured to contend.

"In the night I could no longer sleep. In the strange flickering shadows which the lamp-light threw upon the walls, myriads of distorted visages, one after another, or hundreds at a time, seemed to be grinning out upon me. To avoid this annoyance, I extinguished my lamp, and drew the upper mattress over my head—but in vain! It was now dark, indeed, but the spectres were visible by their own light, like portraits painted on a dark ground, and I heard more frightfully the hollow moans and rattling chains of the prisoners, through the horrid stillness of the night.

"Often did it seem to me as if I heard the dying groans of Hermogen and Euphemia. 'Am I then guilty of your destruction? Was it not your own iniquity that brought you under the wrath of my avenging arm?' One night I had broken out furiously with these words, when, on the silence that for a moment succeeded, there distinctly and unequivocally arose a long deep-drawn sigh or groan, differing from the noises which had disturbed me before. The latter might have been imaginary—this was assuredly real, and the sound was reverberated through the vault. Driven to distraction, I howled out—'It is thou, Hermogen!—the hour of thy vengeance is come—there is for me no hope of rescue!'

"It might be on the tenth night of my confinement, when, half-fainting with terror, I lay stretched out on the cold floor of my prison. I distinctly heard on the ground directly under me a light, but very audible knocking, which was repeated at measured intervals. I listened attentively. The noise was continued, as if with the determination to attract attention, and occasionally I could distinguish a strange sound of laughter, that also seemed to come out of the earth.

"I started from the floor, and threw myself on the straw couch; but the beating continued, with the same detestable variety of laughter and groans. At last I heard a low, stammering, hoarse voice syllabically pronounce my name—'Me-dar-dus!—Me-dar-dus!—My blood ran ice-cold through every vein; but with a vehement effort I gained courage enough to call out, 'Who's there?'—The laughter now became louder—the beating and groaning were renewed; again the stammering demon addressed me—'Me-dar-dus!—Me-dar-dus!'

"I rose from bed, and stamped on the floor. 'Whoever thou art,' cried I, 'man or devil, who art thus adding to the torments of an already miserable captive, step forth visibly before mine eyes, that I may look on thee, or desist from this unmeaning persecution!' The beating was

now right under my feet. 'He—he—he! he—he—he!—Broth-er, broth-er! Open the door! I am here—am here! Let us go hence to the wood—to the wood!'

"Now, methought I recognized the voice as one that I had known before, but it was not then so broken and so stammering. Nay, with a chill shivering of horror, I almost began to think there was something in the accents that I now heard, resembling the tones of my own voice, and involuntarily, as if I wished to try whether this were really so, I stammered, in imitation, 'Me-dar-dus!—Me-dar-dus!'

"Hereupon the laughter was renewed, but it now sounded scornful and malicious. 'Broth-er,—Broth-er,' said the voice, 'do you know me again?—Open the door—the—the door!—We shall go hence, to the wood—to the wood!' 'Poor insane wretch!' said I; 'I cannot open the door for thee—I cannot enable thee to go forth into the pleasant woods, to hear the fresh rustling of the leaves, or breathe the fragrance of Heaven's pure atmosphere. I am, as thou art, shut up, hopeless and abandoned, within the gloomy walls of a prison.'

"To this address I was answered only by sobs and moans, as if from the bitterness of despairing grief; and the knocking became always more faint and indistinct, till at last it ceased altogether; and from exhaustion, I sunk into troubled slumber.

"At length the morning light had broke in slanting gleams through the window; the locks and keys rattled, and the gaoler, whom I had not seen for many days, entered my room.

"'Through the last night,' said he, 'we have heard all sorts of strange noises in your apartment, and loud speaking. What means this?'

"'I am in the habit,' answered I, 'of talking loudly in my sleep, and even when awake I indulge in soliloquy. May not this much of liberty be granted me?'

"'Probably,' said the gaoler, 'it is known to you, that every endeavour to escape, or to keep up conversation with any of your fellow-prisoners, will be interpreted to your disadvantage?' I declared that I never had formed any intentions of that kind; and after a few more surly remarks, he withdrew."

The following passage comes a few pages afterwards:—

"The prison-clock had struck twelve, when I again heard softly, and as if from a distance, the knocking which, on the preceding day, so much disturbed me. I had resolved that I would pay no attention to this noise; but it approached nearer, and

became louder. There were again, at measured intervals, the same diversissements of knocking, laughing, and groaning. I struck my hand with vehemence on the table—'Be quiet!' cried I—'Silence below there!' Thus I thought that I should banish my persecutor, and recover my composure, but in vain! On the contrary, there arose instantly a sound of shrill discordant laughter, and once more the same detestable voice—'*Brü-der-lein!*—'*Brü-der-lein!*'* Up to thee! Open the door! Open the door!'

"Then right under me commenced a vehement rasping and scratching in the floor, accompanied by continuous groans and cachinnation. In vain did I try to write, and persuading myself that these were but illusions of the arch enemy, determined to hold them in contempt. The noise always became more intolerable, and was diversified occasionally by ponderous blows, so that I momentarily expected the gaolers to enter in alarm.

"I had risen up, and was walking with the lamp in my hand, when suddenly I felt the floor shake beneath my tread. I stepped aside, and then saw, on the spot whereon I had stood, a stone lift itself out of the pavement, and sink again. The phenomenon was repeated, but at the second time I seized hold of the stone, and easily removed it from the flooring.

"The aperture beneath was but narrow, and little or no light rose from the gulf. Suddenly, however, as I was gazing on it, a naked arm, emaciated, but muscular, with a knife, or dagger, in the hand, was stretched up towards me. Struck with the utmost horror, I recoiled from the sight. Then the stammering voice spoke from below—'Broth-er—broth-er Med-ar-dus is there—is there!—Take—take!—Break—break!—To the wood! To the wood!'

"Instantly all my fear and apprehension were lost. I repeated to myself, 'Take—take!—Break—break!' for I thought only of the assistance thus offered me, and of flight! Accordingly I seized the weapon, which the hand willingly resigned to me, and began zealously to clear away the mortar and rubbish from the opening that had been made.

"The spectral prisoner below laboured also with might and main, till we had dislodged four or five large stones from the vault, and laid them aside. I had been occupied in this latter purpose, that is, in placing the large stones in a corner of my room, that they might not interrupt my work; when, on turning round, I perceived that my horrible assistant had raised his naked body as far as the middle, through the aperture that we had made. The full

* Little brother. One of the German diminutives of familiarity or endearment.

glare of the lamp fell on his pale features, which were no longer obscured as formerly, by long matted locks, or the overgrown grizzly beard, for these had been closely shaven. It could no longer be said that I was in vigorous health, while he was emaciated, for in that respect we were now alike. He glared on me with the grin, the ghastly laughter, of madness on his visage. At the first glance I RECOGNIZED MYSELF, and losing all consciousness and self-possession, fell in a deadly swoon on the pavement.

"From this state of insensibility I was awoke by a violent pain in the arm. There was a clear light around me; the rattling of chains, and knocking of hammers sounded through the vault. The gaoler and his assistants were occupied in loading me with irons. Besides handcuffs and ankle-fetters, I was, by means of a chain and an iron hoop, to be fastened to the wall.

"'Now,' said the gaoler, in a satisfied tone, when the workmen had finished, 'the gentleman will probably find it advisable to give over troubling us with his attempts to escape for the future!'

"'But what crimes, then,' said the blacksmith, in an under tone, 'has this obstreperous fellow committed?'

"'How?' said the gaoler, 'dost thou not know that much, Jonathan? The whole town talks of nothing else. He is a cursed Capuchin monk, who has murdered three men. All has been fully proved. In a few days there is to be a grand gala; and among other diversions, the scaffold and the wheel will not fail to play their part!'

"I heard no more, and my senses were again lost. I know not how long I remained in that state, from which I only painfully and with difficulty awoke. I was alone, and all was utter darkness; but, after some interval, faint gleams of daylight broke into the low deep vault, scarcely six feet square, into which I now, with the utmost horror, perceived that I had been removed from my former prison. I was tormented with extreme thirst, and grappled at the water-jug which stood near me. Cold and moist, it slipped out of my benumbed hands before I had gained from it even one imperfect draught, and, with abhorrence, I saw a large overgrown toad crawl out of it as it lay on the floor. 'Aurelia!' I groaned, in that feeling of nameless misery into which I was now sunk—'Aurelia!—and was it for this that I have been guilty of hypocrisy and abominable falsehood in the court of justice—for this only, that I might protract, by a few hours, a life of torment and misery? What would'st thou,' said I to myself, 'delirious wretch, as thou art? Thou strivest after the possession of Aurelia, who could be thine only through an abominable and blasphemous crime; and however thou

might'st disguise thyself from the world, she would infallibly recognize in thee the accursed murderer of Hermogen, and look on thee with detestation. Miserable deluded fool, where are now all thy high-flown projects, thy belief and confidence in thine own supernatural power, by which thou could'st guide thy destiny even as thou wilt? Thou art wholly unable and powerless to kill the worm of conscience, which gnaws on the heart's marrow, and thou wilt shamefully perish in hopeless grief, even if the arm of temporal justice should spare thee!'

Suppose, now, that Mr Von Leonard, in other words *our* Medardus, is not only at liberty, in consequence of the discovery of the other Medardus, but that he is on the very brink of being made the husband of her whose love has already tempted him to a hundred crimes—her whose beauty first fired his monkish bosom—her whose pure and lovely idea is destined to haunt him wherever he goes, almost as faithfully as the black shadow of his own guilt—her, who loves him frantically, and who yet, even at the moment when she is about to be his bride, can scarcely divest herself of the horror which Leonard's likeness to Medardus the murderer had at first excited in her bosom.—Imagine all this, and then read—

"We had no time for conversation, however. Scarcely had I saluted Aurelia, when a servant of the Prince announced that we were waited for by the wedding-party. She quickly drew on her gloves, and gave me her arm. Then one of her attendants remarked that some ringlets of her hair had fallen loose, and begged for a moment's delay. Aurelia seemed vexed at the interruption, but waited accordingly.

"At that moment a hollow rumbling noise, and a tumult of voices on the street, attracted our attention. At Aurelia's request I hastened to the window. There, just before the palace, was a *letter-wagen*, which, on account of some obstacle, had stopped in the street. The car was surrounded by the executioners of justice; and within it, I perceived the horrible monk, who sat looking backwards, while before him was a capuchin, earnestly engaged in prayer. His countenance was deadly pale, and again disfigured by a grizzly beard, but the features of my detestable double were to me but too easily recognizable.

"When the carriage, that had been for a short space interrupted by the crowd, began to roll on, he seemed awoke from his reverie, and turning up his staring spectral eyes towards me, instantly became animated. He laughed and howled aloud—

'*Brüd-er-kei—Brüd-er-kei*!' cried he. —'Bride-groom!—Bride-groom!—Come quickly—come quickly.—Up—up to the roof of the house. There the owl holds his wedding-feast; the weather-cock sings aloud! There shall we contend together, and whoever casts the other down is king, and may drink blood!'

"The howling voice in which he uttered these words, the glare of his eyes, and the horrible writhings of his visage, that was like that of an animated corpse, were more than, weakened as I was by previous agitation, I was able to withstand. From that moment I lost all self-possession; I became also utterly insane, and unconscious what I did! At first I tried to speak calmly. 'Horrible wretch!' said I; 'what mean'st thou? What would'st thou from me?'

"Then I grinned, jabbered, and howled back to the madman; and Aurelia, in an agony of terror, broke from her attendants, and ran up to me. With all her strength, she seized my arms, and endeavoured to draw me from the window. 'For God's sake,' cried she, 'leave that horrible spectacle; they are dragging Medardus, the murderer of my brother, to the scaffold. Leonard!—Leonard!'

"Then all the demons of hell seemed awoke within me, and manifested, in its utmost extent, that power which they are allowed to exercise over an obdurate and unrepentant sinner. With reckless cruelty I repulsed Aurelia, who trembled, as if shook by convulsions, in every limb.—'Ha—ha—ha!' I almost shrieked aloud.—'foolish, insane girl! I myself, thy lover, thy chosen bridegroom, am the murderer of thy brother! Would'st thou by thy complaints bring down destruction from heaven on thy sworn husband?—Ho—ho—ho! I am king—I am king—and will drink blood!'

"I drew out the stiletto—I struck at Aurelia,—blood streamed over my arm and hand, and she fell lifeless at my feet. I rushed down stairs,—forced my way through the crowd to the carriage—seized the monk by the collar, and with supernatural strength tore him from the car. Then I was arrested by the executioner; but with the stiletto in my hand, I defended myself so furiously, that I broke loose, and rushed into the thick of the mob, where, in a few moments, I found myself wounded by a stab in the side; but the people were struck with such terror, that I made my way through them as far as to the neighbouring wall of the park, which, by a frightful effort, I leapt over.

"'Murder—murder!—Stop—stop the murderer!' I had fallen down, almost fainting, on the other side of the wall, but these outcries instantly gave me new strength. Some were knocking with great violence, in vain endeavours to break open

one of the park gates, which, not being the regular entrance, was always kept closed. Others were striving to clamber over the wall, which I had cleared by an incredible leap. I rose, and exerting my utmost speed, ran forward. I came, ere long, to a broad *fosse*, by which the park was separated from the adjoining forest. By another tremendous effort, I jumped over, and continued to run on through the wood, until at last I sank down, utterly exhausted, under a tree.

"I know not how the time had passed, but it was already evening, and dark shadows reigned through the forest, when I came again to my recollection. My progress in running so far had passed over like an obscure dream. I recollect only the wind roaring amid the dense canopy of the trees, and that many times I mistook some old moss-grown pollard stem for an officer of justice, armed and ready to seize upon me!

"When I awoke from the swoon and utter stupefaction into which I had fallen, my first impulse was merely to set out again, like a hunted wild beast, and fly, if possible, from my pursuers to the very end of the earth! As soon, however, as I only past the frontiers of the Prince's dominions, I would certainly be safe from all immediate persecution.

"I rose accordingly, but scarcely had I advanced a few steps, when there was a violent rustling in the thicket; and from thence, in a state of the most vehement rage and excitement, sprang the monk, who, no doubt in consequence of the disturbance that I had raised, had contrived to make his escape from the guards and executioners.

"In a paroxysm of madness he flew towards me, leaping through the bushes like a tiger, and finally sprung upon my shoulders, clasping his arms about my throat, so that I was almost suffocated. Under any other circumstances, I would have instantly freed myself from such an attack, but I was enfeebled to the last degree by the exertions I had undergone, and all that I could attempt was to render this feebleness subservient to my rescue. I fell down under his weight, and endeavoured to take advantage of that event. I rolled myself on the ground, and grappled with him; but in vain! I could not disengage myself, and my infernal double laughed scornfully. His abominable accents, 'He—he—he!—He—he—he!' sounded amid the desolate loneliness of the woods.

"During this contest, the moon broke, only for a moment, through the clouds, for the night was gloomy and tempestuous. Then, as her silvery gleam slanted through the dark shade of the pine trees, I beheld, in all its horror, the deadly pale visage of my second self, with the same expression which had glared out upon me from the cart in which he had been dragged to exe-

cution. 'He—he—he!—Broth-er, brother!—Ever, ever I am with thee!—Leave thee, leave thee never!—Cannot run as thou canst! Must carry—carry me! Come straight from the gallows—They would have nailed me to the wheel—He—he—he!—He—he—he!—'

These passages must suffice for "The Devil's Elixir." We had intended to introduce this work to our readers by some notices of the personal history of the author. His *Memoirs* are now before us: but we perceive that we cannot make any use of them without extending our article beyond all reasonable bounds. We shall, however, return to M. Hoffman next month, and present our friends with some of the most interesting passages in his very singular and picturesque life. In particular, his narrative of the occurrences which took place in and about Dresden at the time of Morcau's death, will, we are sure, be acceptable to all classes

of readers. He was a man of true genius—unfortunately for himself, and for the world, he was a man of most irregular life and conversation, and he died at a very early period, of nothing but Rhine-wine and brandy punch, leaving many works behind to attest the greatness of the talents which he for the most part abused.

His romances and tales are at present about the most popular of all books among the light readers of Germany: and, we have no doubt, "The Devil's Elixir" will command an abundant portion of favour among the kindred tribes of our own country. But we also think lessons of great and serious importance may be drawn from certain circumstances in his career, both personal and literary, and we shall therefore not fail to redeem the pledge now given, in our ensuing Number.

COCKNEY CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE FIRST OF APRIL.

[The following articles were intended for our April Number, but unfortunately have only now reached us. We print them, however, for the amazement of our readers. We had certainly appointed Leigh Hunt our Vice-laureat, but we gave him the place merely as a kind of sinecure. However, as Leigh hates all sinecures, he has taken up his pen crisply, and has not only sent us a complimentary letter, accompanied by a contribution of his own, written in a fine Italian hand, but has moreover ordered one of his gentlemen of the press—Billingsgate, alias Billy Hazlitt, Esquire,—to furnish an article, which he has done. HUNT AND HAZLITT BECOME CONTRIBUTORS TO BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE!!! *The Aristotle and Longinus of the Cockneys joining the "Crew of mischievous Critics in Edinburgh!"—! ! !—*"Vy, this is vonders above vonders!" as Mr Coleridge says—and as all Cockneys must say—compelled by the same eternal and immutable law which obliges them to superadd an R to every word, of which the final letter has the misfortune to be a vowel.]

I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.—*Twelfth Night.*
'Tis extant—and written in very choice Italian.—*Hamlet.*
A very, very—peacock.—*Hamlet.*

LETTER FROM LEIGH HUNT TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ. (INCLOSING AN ARTICLE.)

Florence, 1st April, 1824.

MY DEAR NORTH,

(WHAT a jauntiness there is in beginning a letter in this way!) We (for we are still so conscious of the critical, that we are apt to slide into these sorts of contradictions to personal identity) began the dedication of "The Story of Rimini" with an address to "My dear Byron," for which a certain base and reviewatory person had an uncongenial fling at us in the Quarterly. This awakened in our spirits a mild surprise; for we thought we were only engrafting upon the passionate, and breathing of our rhymes some natural and hushing gentilities—too fine to be apprehended by the person aforesaid. But we are

sure that you, Mr Christopher North, (we find ourselves unconsciously writing these words in a better hand than the rest,) feel too well what is social and off-hand, to be offended at this kind-of-sort-of-kind-of-thing, or to rate us very clerically about it; and though you have often a touch of the minaceous or so about you, one may easily see that it proceeds only from an excess of the jovial, and that there are always handsome laughs ready to sparkle out over the deep and sweet gravity of your face. We like a charming nature of all things; and there is a kind of sufficing and enjoying naturalness about all you write, that convinces us that you love all true and fine humanities, and that you are an admirer of all sorts of green leafinesses in your heart. We have therefore determined (ourselves and some more) to send you certain liberalities of ours, in the shape of articles, which we are sure will give you a lift in the world. Indeed, though we feel that we have been great and calumniated spirits, we are just now in such good humour with every possible thing and body, that we could go rhyme on the grass, or stand upon our heads, or drink tea out of an absolute rain-spout. But we will do none of these nice and graceful things; but sit down at our piano, and put forth our whole gentle strength in composing an elaborate harmony to that handsome and genteel lyric—

Hey, Johnny, Johnny,
Looking blithe and bonny,
And singing nonny, nonny,
With hat just thrown upon ye, &c.

—which seems as if it would warble itself into chromatics. Music is always sure to float us into a fine kind-spiritedness; and it is for this reason we are coy of a science which was Mozart's, and is now ours. This will give us a little inspiring to effect what is to follow; and we shall then go into the most agreeable-looking corner of our library, which pierces out upon the youngest green of a garden, powdered all over with flowers, that are perking up their beauty in your face, in spite of you—together with all sorts of jauntinesses in general—and then we will write a deep and lively article for Blackwood's Magazine. What shall be the subject? Let us poke about and see. There is Croly's new Comedy *laying* on the table, like a petition to the House of Commons; let us notice it, which the House never does the other. The comedy will, no doubt, have been already reviewed by some of the great and pleasant men who write for that oddie and periodic Miscellany; for in this spot of spots ("sitting by the sweet shores Italian," as that most lovely and fearful spirit Barry Cornwall* says) we do not hear as often as we wish of what is going on in the one we have left. But we must try our hand at plumping up an article upon it, notwithstanding. We shall no doubt have something abundant and sweet-natured to say about it, which the readers of that apex and tenderest top of Magazines could not afford to go without. We have no rhymes upon table at present, not having put on our mild singing clothes this morning; but we must try to set some a-flowing before your next Number. We could easily send you a good savage assortment of blank verse; but as to having it said that we could not do anything better and more rimatory, we had as lief be told that we never had an old aunt, or that we were our grandmother. However, to make up for our lack of verse, we have sent our commands to Mr W. Hazlitt, to furnish you with an article before he writes any more for Mr Jeffrey, or Mr Campbell, or *The London*; and we inclose you a copy of our royal orders to Mr H., which will be like a thump to make him jump, and give a sort of twitch to his memory like a dun, or any other dull stumbling-block to orthodox fancies. We are sure you will print our contributions (as Mr Jeffrey does) without even looking at them, a custom for which we have no light esteem—

(Black, but such as in esteem; &c.)

We have got a *Wishing Cap* of our own, as good as new, though not quite so good as Fortunatus's; if it were, we would put it on, and wish you could

* We have been promised an article—a fragment of a poem—by Barry Cornwall. It is to be called "The Skiey Immortals (those who peopled Greece)", and will be about "Apollar, and Mercurius, and the rest."—C. N.

be brought to our gate some day or other, just as we were sitting at our writing of an evening: And some one of our two maid-servants, with their worsted graces, should conduct you hushing to our library-door, which opening, should shew a kind face reflected in our own graceful and social looks. Our wife should make tea and hot buttered toast, (a thing of taste. "not inelegant," as Milton says—especially in July, and under Italian heavens;) we would then go out and taste the lawns and trees, and returning at night through the green leaves, we would have a booze of gin and water sociable together. We, however, never take more than one weak glass—for we are fonder of nice health and quiet sleeps, than of all sorts of contradictions to both. But we must make an end of this, for fear of sliding off into something which would make us forget our promised article, which would be a dull mistake. So, to finish our letter, pleasantly and grandly, as we like to do everything, we add only our *sign manual*.

(COPY OF HIS MAJESTY'S LETTER TO MR HAZLITT.)

WE, Leigh the First, Autocrat of all the Cockneys, command our trusty and well-beloved cousin and counsellor, William Hazlitt, Gentleman of the Press, &c. &c. &c., to furnish forthwith, in virtue* of his allegiance, an article for Blackwood's Magazine—in which there shall be nothing taken out of the Edinburgh Review, or other Periodicals for which the said William Hazlitt scribbleth, and in which there shall be as little as may be possible to the Gentleman of the Press aforesaid, about "candied coats of the auricula,"—"a fine paste of poetic diction encrusting" something or another—"clear waters, dews, moonlit bowers, Sally L—," &c. &c. As witness our hand.

LIUNTO, *Imperatore e Re di Cocagna.*

PART OF AN ARTICLE BY LEIGH HUNT.

(Addressed to C. North, Esq.)

WE are always unwilling to speak of ourselves: but as your readers will otherwise see no reason upon table for the delay of our article promised on the First of April, we are obliged to afflict them by saying, that we have had for the last fortnight an aggravating (as the old women say) toothache, in the fourth tooth of our critical under-jaw. The said toothache has not only shut us out from such in-door amusements as theatres and books, but even from relishing as finely and deeply as we do at other times the green and glad world without them, which is invidious. We are not even yet quite as we should be, and are afraid that instead of saying natural and lively things, as usual, we may slide into a melancholy hilarity, amounting to the ponderous. However, as everybody told us, that folks would be impatient to know what those at the top of the critical in these matters thought of the new comedy, we contrived to fortify ourselves with flannel and fortitude, (things not to be

lightly praised,) and sat down to our desk. The evening was most bird-like and sparkling—and was just such a one as we once described in a distich of our own, written long before a sense of wars and debts had taken place in our minds of all sorts of amenities and merry graces—

The climbing trees were sleeping in that colour

Which richly trefables out crisp-hair'd Apollo.

What a contrast there is now to those days when we used to go to town of an evening to see plays, and write our Theatrical Examiner! Oh, the sweet morning-time of these evenings! If the wind was now and then thundering without doors, we had an inside place, and could enjoy it; and thinking of all sorts of natural pieties, we used to get snugly into the theatre, which to us had always a frank and agreeable-looking feel about it. There is nothing that draws us to such a fine and true humanity, as finding ourselves together at the theatre.

* In the original MS. *virtue*.

There are people in the City, we are told, who know so little of the glad and flowering world about their very ears, that if they ever do exchange their ledgers for nature, they do nothing but grumble at the blackness of the green leaves, and hasten back to the world of brick and mortar, and money getting. To us, now, a tree or so is an absolute god-send; and as to seeing even a flower-pot without a certain freshening-up, we could just as soon think of shattering the benignity of the summer-heavens. We have never lived in the city, which is perhaps the reason why we have always had a high taste for gracefulness of living: We love to have the flowers in season put upon our table along with the mutton—what as these folks, if care and common-places do not prevent any addition whatever, make it a sorry business of a pudding or so extra. But though such people can scarcely relish anything but their own forlorn money-makings, (which are much less to the purpose than the Christmas merry-makings we have done so much to revive,) there is always something enjoying even to them about the Theatre. Play-houses are the most social of houses; and one feels more sociable together at Covent-Garden, than at any of the others, (our old pit-and-box-hand-shaking favourite, the Haymarket, excepted). Indeed, when one

sits in the pit, (as we always used to do,) one feels a certain frank cordiality about one, which is quite delicious, at the sight of so many pleasant faces sparkling all round you; and the most intellectual and graceful-spirited may there enjoy humanity even in its very common-places. You shall have on the same bench a high and dark far-thoughted, inward-looking aspect, worthy of the finest times of Italy, (if anything English, except perhaps Mr Hazlitt and one or two more, may be compared to the great and pleasant men whom Raphael has painted,) contrasted with the pale and perking-up face of a city clerk, just escaped from his ledger, and glad to be for an hour or two out of the common-place sphere of realities, and to get into the less material world of poetry and the drama—those eternal stumbling-blocks to square-toes. In this way, those whose natures are not fine enough to relish fields and flowers as we do, are drawn into a kindly sympathy by apprehending along with us the passionate of a play—or starting off into a bench-and-side-shaking merriment at a comedy—a thing which is (to our idea at least) much more devout and thankful than the unhappy sounds that one hears of a Sunday, from churches, in as forlorn a taste as their music * * *

[Here our Vice-laureat get so very * * * * * and impertinent, that we dare not print the rest of his article. Indeed, a Second Review of Crolly's admirable comedy, even by Hunt, would be a work of supererogation, after the excellent article that has already been written upon it in this Magazine—especially as Leigh says very little that we had not already said. His criticism is, upon the whole, "kind-natured" and indulgent; though he says that the fine imitations of Shakespeare, which occur in the comedy, "are as unlike as imitations are apt to be, yet not ill felt in the general." He finds fault, indeed, with the title, (*Pride shall have a Fall*), which he says, "we are sure we have often written for a copy when a boy at school;" and he adds, what must have been no doubt suggested by his own personal experience, that "it smacks too much of a truism." He praises, in general, "the lovely and fearful beauty" of the verse, which he thinks "resembles Beaumont and Fletcher in its swailings and undulations;" but he thinks it too ambitious—er, as he phrases it, "the verse is always wanting to be great and grand, as the maid-servants say." Of course, we must not dispute with Leigh about maid-servants or char-women, with whose ways and opinions he is much better acquainted than we can pretend to be; and, for the same reason, we must agree with his criticism on the *Saints* of the piece, who, he says, "talk wilful blank verse just as well as their mistresses—which is a thing not to be thought of." The exquisite and polite critic

finds "a good deal of raffishness" in the scenes with the Hussars, and says there is "some ill-worded expressing" in the dialogue. However, he assures us, that he has "prodigiously felt and admired the comedy in general,"—a fact, of which the knowledge must be infinitely delightful to Mr Croly. But we must now come to Mr Hazlitt's article. We print his Latin and French quotations as we find them in the MS., and as our readers will always find them printed in the *Edinburgh Review*, &c. &c.]

TABLE TALK. A NEW SERIES.

No. I.

On Nursery Rhymes in general.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts, that do often lie too deep for tears.

SWEET are the dreams of childhood, but sweeter the strains that delight its early ears! * We would give anything to recall those pleasant times, when we thought Jack Horner finer than anything in Shakespeare. And sometimes we think so still! What a poet was he who composed all these sweet nursery verses—the violet bed not sweeter! Yet he died "without a name!" How unintelligible they are, and yet how easily understood! They are like Wordsworth, (but oh, how unlike!) and we admire them for the same reason that we do him. How many young lips have breathed out these "snatches of old songs," making the breeze about them "discourse most eloquent music!" Wherever these rhymes "do love to haunt, the air is delicate." Let us try to make them "as palpable to the feeling" of others, as they are to our own.

We once said in *Constable's Magazine*, that, "to be an *Edinburgh Reviewer*, was the highest distinction in literary society;" because, about that time, we began to write in the *Edinburgh Review*. We were proud of it then, and we are so yet!—But it is a finer thing now. One could not then be radical, if one would. Now it is *tout au contraire*—Whigs and Radicals have met together—Jeffrey and Hunt have embraced each other. And it is right they should. Jeffrey is the "Prince of Critics and King of Men;" just as Leigh Hunt is King of Cockaigne, by divine right. They are your

only true legitimates.† They are like the two kings of Brentford! There they sit upon their thrones—the Examiner and the *Edinburgh Review*—*sedet, eternumque sedebit*—"both warbling of one note, both in one key." Each "doth bestride his little world like a Colossus"—(little, but oh! how great!) There they are *teres et rotundus*; while Universal Suffrage, like "Universal Pan, knit with the graces" of Whiggism, leads on the eternal dance! We have said in *The London*, that "to assume a certain signature, and write essays and criticisms in *THE LONDON MAGAZINE*, was a consummation of felicity hardly to be believed." But what is writing in the *Edinburgh Review*, or the *New Monthly*, or the *London*, compared to writing in *Blackwood's Magazine*? That, after all, is your only true passport to Fame. We thought otherwise once—but we were wrong!—Well, *better late than never*. But we must get to our subject.

What admirable pictures of duty (finer than Mr Wordsworth's *Ode to Duty*) are now and then presented to us in these rhymes!—what powerful exhortations to morality (stronger and briefer than Hannah More's) do we find in them! What can be more strenuous, in its way, than the detestation of slovenliness inspired by the following example? The rhyme itself seems "to have caught the trick" of carelessness, and to wanton in the inspiration of the subject!

* *Quære, years.*—Printer's devil.

† Mr Hazlitt here omits the name of another sovereign, of whom he thus speaketh in the *Edinburgh Review*—"The *Scotman* is an excellent paper, with but one subject—*Political Economy*—but the Editor may be said to be *King of it*!" But perhaps he bethought him afterwards, that, to be "*King of one subject*," was no very brilliant sovereignty.

See saw, Margery Daw, sold her bed, and lay in the straw ;
Was not she a dirty slut, to sell her bed, and lie in the dirt ?
Look at the paternal affection (regardless of danger) so beautifully exemplified in this sweet lullaby :—

Bye, baby bunting ! papa's gone a-hunting,
To catch a little rabbit-skin, to wrap the baby bunting in.

There is a beautiful spirit of humanity and a delicate gallantry in this one. The long awweep of the verse reminds one of the ladies' trains in Watteau's pictures :—

One a penny, two a penny, hot cross-buns,
If your daughters do not like them, give them to your sons ;
But if you should have none of these pretty little elves,
You cannot do better than to eat them yourselves.

Economy is the moral of the next. It is worth all the Tracts of the Cheap Repository !—

When I was a little boy, I lived by myself,
All the bread and cheese I got, I put it on the shelf.

What can be more exquisite than the way in which the most abstruse sciences are conveyed to the infant understanding ? Here is an illustration of the law of gravitation, which all Sir Richard Phillips's writings against Newton will never overthrow !—

Rock a bye, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock :
If the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
Then down tumbles baby and cradle, and all.

The theories of the Political Economists are also finely explained in this verse, which very properly begins with an address to *J. B. Say*, who has said the same thing in prose :—

See, *Say*, a penny a-day, Tommy must have a new master—

Why must he have but a penny a-day ? *Because he can work no faster.*

This is better than the Templar's Dialogues on Political Economy in The London, and plainer and shorter than the Scotsman. It is as good as the Ricardo Lecture. Mr M'Culloch could not have said anything more profound !

There is often a fine kind of pictured poetry about them. In this verse, for instance, you seem to hear the merry merry ring of the bells, and you see the tall white steed go glancing by :—

Ride a cock-horse to Bamborough Cross,
To see a fair lady sit on a white horse ;
With rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
That she may have music wherever she goes.

There is also a rich imagination about the "four-and-twenty black-birds, baked in a pye ;" it is quite oriental, and carries you back to the Crusades. But, upon the whole, we prefer this lay, with its fearful and tragic close :—

Bye, baby bumpkin, where's Tony Lumpkin ?
My lady's on her death-bed, with eating half a pumpkin.

No wonder !—for we have seen pumpkins in France, that would "make Ossa like a wart !" There is a wildness of fancy about this one, like the night-mare. What an overwhelming idea in the last line !—

We're all in the dumps, for Diamonds is trumps,
And the kittens are gone to St Paul's :
And the babies are bit, and the moon's in a fit,
And the houses are built without walls !

But there is yet another, finer than all, of which we can only recollect a few words. The rest is gone with other visions of our youth ! We often sit and think of these lines by the hour together, till our hearts melt with their beauty, and our eyes fill with tears. We could probably find the rest in some of Mr Godwin's twopenny books ; but we would not for worlds dissolve the charm that is round the mysterious words. The "gay ladye" is more gorgeous to fancy than Mr Coleridge's "dark ladye !"
London bridge is broken down—
How shall we build it up again ?
—With a gay ladye.

The following is "perplexed in the extreme"—a pantomime of confusion!

Cock-a-doodle-do; my dame has lost her shoe;

The cat has lost her fiddle-stick—I know not what to do.

There is "infinite variety" in this one: the rush in the first line is like the burst of an overture at the Philharmonic Society. Who can read the second line without thinking of Sancho and his celestial goats—"sky-tinctured?"

Hey diddle, diddle, a cat and a fiddle,

The goats jump'd over the moon;

And the little dogs bark'd to see such sport,

And the cat ran away with the spoon.

But if what we have quoted is fine, the next is still finer. What are all these things to Jack Horner and his Christmas-pye? What infinite keeping and *gusto* there is in it!—(we use keeping and *gusto* in the sense of painters, and not merely to mean that he kept all the pye to himself, (like a

Tory,) or that he liked the *taste* of it—which Mr Hunt tells us is the meaning of *gusto*.) What quiet enjoyment! what serene repose! There, he sits, *teres et rotundus*, in the *ohiar' oscuro*, with his finger in the pye! All is satisfying; delicious, secure from intrusion, "solitary bliss!"

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,

Eating his Christmas-pye:

He put in his thumb, and he pull'd out a plumb,

And said, "What a good boy am I!"

What a pity that Rembrandt did not paint this subject! But perhaps he did not know it. If he had painted it, the picture would have been worth any money. He would have smeared all the canvass over with some rich, honeyed, dark, bright, unctuous oil-colour; and, in the corner, you would have seen, (obscurely radiant) the figure of Jack; then there would have been the pye, flashing out of the picture in a blaze of golden light, and the green plumb held up over it, dropping sweets!—We think we could paint it ourselves!

We are unwilling that anything from our friend, C. P., *Esquire*, should come in at the fag-end of an

article; but, for the sake of enriching this one, we add a few lines from one of the *Early French Poets*, communicated to C. P., by his friend *Victoire*, *Vicomte de Soligny*, whom he met in Paris at the *Caffè des Mille Colonnees*. The translation is by Mr Hunt; it is like Mr Frere's translations from the *Poema del Cid*, but is infinitely more easy, graceful, and antique:†

C'est le Roy Dagobert,
Qui met sa culotte à l'envers;
Le bon Saint Eloy
Lui dit: "Mon bon Roy,
Votre Majesté
Est mal culottée."
"Eh bien," lui dit le bon Roy,
"Je vais la remettre à l'endroit."

It was King Dagobert who poking on his yellow breeches,
Whisk'd out the lining with a fling, and most elaborate stretches;
Kind Saint Eloi perk'd crisply up, and said with frankliest air,
"Your majesty's most touching legs are got one don't know where."
"Well," (with his best astonishment hush'd out the kindly king,)
"We'll swale them over jauntily, and that's the very thing."

W. H.

* *Alias Victoire, Vicomte de Soligny*. This Cockney wrote (as few but Mr Colburn the bookseller have the misfortune to remember) *Letters on England*, under this title, which we demolished. We had then occasion to shew that this impostor did not even know how French noblemen signed their names; and we might have added, that his title-page proved he did not know a man's name from a woman's—Victor being evidently the name which C. P. Esq. was vainly endeavouring to spell. *Victoire, Vicomte de Soligny*, sounds to a French ear just as *Emily, Lord Holland*, would to an English one. Besides, *Victoire* is, as everybody knows, a name given in France (almost exclusively) to females of this *Vicomte's* own rank—*not servants*; and when he was in Paris, he had, no doubt, often occasion to violate propriety, by calling out from his room on the ninth floor, *Victoire, voulez vous venir avec du vin*.—C. N.

† *Quare, antic*. Printer's devil.

THE LATE SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

PEACEABLE, monotonous, and comparatively uninteresting, as the late Session was, a review of some of its leading features cannot be altogether devoid of amusement and instruction.

The state of parties, or rather the state of party creeds and schemes, is at all times a matter of the highest national importance, and, therefore, we will, in the first place, glance at the *exposé* of this state which the Session practically furnished. We fear that our lower orders have yet only changed their opinions in a partial degree, but, nevertheless, they have become silent and peaceable. Their efforts only led to ruin; their hopes were blasted; petitions and public meetings, as they possessed no intrinsic charms, lost their attraction with their novelty; work became plentiful; every interest in the state became reasonably prosperous; and, therefore, they retired with one consent from active political life. This retirement—this abandonment of revolution by our labourers and mechanics—has actually ruined two of our Parliamentary parties.

For a long time Burdett stood alone in the House of Commons. Sometimes he could find an individual to second his motions, but never one to divide with him. The populace then had not entered the political world to become a leading portion of it; the Whigs were a powerful party; they paid some regard to character; and they had not adopted the doctrine, that everything which the Ministers opposed ought to be voted for. In proportion as the cause of revolution prospered with the mob, Burdett acquired followers and influence in Parliament, until at length he became the virtual head of the Opposition. For some years he and his party have led the Opposition, and the Whigs have been content to embrace their principles and schemes, and to act as their humble auxiliaries. The Whigs have constantly voted for all the motions of the Burdettites, no matter how abominable these motions might be in assertion and object. Well, the Burdettites are now objects of compassion. "Westminster's Pride" can no longer be abusive, except towards defunct ministers and Orange societies; and he is compelled to make some ap-

proaches towards honesty and common sense in his speeches, or to remain silent. Hume is ruined. Bennett has lost his speech. Wilson has only spoke some three times during the Session, merely to confess that he is the greatest man in the universe. No one can tell what has become of Whitbread. Wood never ventures a step beyond city business. And poor Hobhouse delves, and stammers, and musters his brass again and again, and all to no purpose. May our enemies become Gods of revolutionary mobs! May they obtain a little notoriety by repeating the drunken ravings of their worshippers, and then be forsaken! We shall then have our revenge. We should not give vent to so dreadful a wish as this respecting them, were we not exceedingly malicious.

As the Whigs have long been the abject followers of the Burdettites, and as they have long had no other supporters in the community than the revolutionary multitude, what has ruined the one party has likewise ruined the other. Their conduct, however, under calamity, is as different as possible. The Burdettites are in agony and despair, but still they truckle not to their conquerors: their language is—

"What though the field be lost,
All is not lost; the unconquerable will
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall their wrath or might
Extort from us."

This is, at any rate, manly, and it saves them from utter contempt; but the Whigs, always excepting poor Brougham and Earl Grey, display neither torture nor sorrow. They have, with all imaginable alacrity, laid Reform, Emancipation, &c. upon the shelf, and become the most officious of the supporters of the Ministry. Every one remembers what their conduct was during the growth of Radicalism—on the trials of blasphemers and traitors—touching the Manchester meeting—on the Queen's trial—at her funeral—and during the prevalence of agricultural distress. Every one remembers that they fought with all their might the battles of the revolutionists of this and all other countries, so long as the cause

was not utterly hopeless; that they strained every nerve to wrap the whole continent of Europe in the flames of civil war; and that they trafficked without ceasing in sedition, rebellion, misery, and blood, with the hope of plunging this quarter of the globe into anarchy and horrors to the last moment of their ability. And every one remembers that they prosecuted with intense ardour the most gigantic schemes of change and innovation; that they wished to give us a new House of Commons, new laws of almost every description, and a new set of constitutional and other opinions; that they laboured to give a new form and operation to the constitution, by means of what they called Catholic emancipation; and that they attempted to repeal twenty millions of taxes at once, to demolish the Church, to involve us in war with France in behalf of deism and democracy, and to do we know not what else beside. These Whigs—not different men bearing the same name—but the self-same individuals, have, in the last Session of Parliament, become the eulogists of the Ministers. Yet these Ministers are not new ones; they are the very men whom the Whigs, for some thirty years, have constantly blackened, as the most unprincipled and incapable of all living people; and they are the very men who, in these thirty years, have, by their deeds, if not by their words, utterly blasted the character of the Whigs, both for the present age, and for ever. Our factions of former times were unprincipled and wicked enough, in all conscience, but still they generally bore disaster with heroism; it was reserved for the Whigs to shew how far faction could become despicable as well as depraved.

This difference of conduct between the two parties amply confirms all that has been taught us touching human nature. Burdett took the field manfully against the whole nation. Like the illustrious Don Quixote, by whose side posterity will place him, he believed that the giants, wizards, castles, dungeons, groaning captives, and distressed damsels, of his imagination, were realities. Preposterous as the principles were which he propagated, he believed them to be just ones. He was guided by a false understanding and a madman's temperament, rather than by wicked motives; therefore he is now unchanged by defeat, and still

keeps the field, though the whole nation has forsaken him. But the Whigs renounced the creed of their ancestors for that of revolutionism, for the sake of gain, and against their consciences. They fought with the utmost desperation the battles of the revolutionists; and still they admitted, when they could be made to speak, that the revolutionists sought the overthrow of the constitution. Of course, men who could be capable of this were sure of becoming the sycophants of the Ministers, whenever the multitude should desert them, and they should only be able to exist as public men by such sycophancy.

Why do we make this recapitulation of Whig criminality and degradation? Because we wish to prevent that faction which so lately brought the empire to the verge of destruction, from ever escaping from the flashes of public scorn; because we wish to impress upon the minds of our rising statesmen, particularly those who in a few years will have to form the Opposition, that honesty is the best policy, and that an Opposition, as well as a Ministry, can only prosper by integrity, patriotism, and wisdom; and because we wish to contribute our mite towards providing our country with an upright, patriotic Opposition, when the present generation of Whigs shall be seen no more. We have another reason. The Whigs are as destitute of principle as they ever were, and they are now endeavouring to ruin those by adulation who crushed them in open conflict. Like a leading personage of the immortal poem from which we have made an extract, they have been driven from the field, and their only resource is to assume the shape of the serpent, and to work by seduction. We know not whether they have ever thought with that personage—

“Oh foul descent! that we, who erst contended
With Gods to sit the highest, are now constrained
Into vile beasts:”

But certain it is that they have transformed themselves according to his example, and that they are labouring as he laboured after his transformation. We fear that they are likely to achieve more by their present system, than they ever achieved by the one they

have abandoned, and we wish, therefore, to put the nation upon its guard as far as possible against them.

The Whigs, since their change of system, have been incessantly bespattering that portion of the Ministry which is favourable to what is called Catholic emancipation, but more especially Mr Canning, with their panegyrics. Now Mr Canning—the same Mr Canning—was always, previously to the last two years, the especial object of Whig execration. We remember how eternally the Whig papers lampooned and vilified him—how eternally the Whig leaders belaboured him—how Tierney scoffed at his theatrical action and wicked sophistries—how Burdett raved respecting his robberies of the public—how Hume dilated on his cruelty—and how Brougham scourged his mercenary treachery. We have not forgot what was said respecting his mission to Portugal, and the pensions granted to certain members of his family; we have not forgot the pamphlet, the author of which he in effect challenged, and the remarks which the Whigs made respecting that pamphlet and his conduct; and we have not forgot the scrape into which he drove poor Hume, with regard to the *Times* newspaper, and the scrape into which he drove poor Burdett, with regard to some asseverations delivered to the populace. No one member of the Ministry, if we except the late lamented Marquis of Londonderry, was so intensely hated, and so fearfully slandered by the Whigs, as Mr Canning. Well, it is now with the Whigs, Mr Canning, or no one:—"He has the rare fortune," says Sir James Mackintosh, "to possess the confidence of his opponents, as well as the favour of his supporters." Here is Mr Canning, the Foreign Secretary, the ministerial leader of the House of Commons, actually declared to possess the confidence of the Opposition, of the Whigs, of the very men who, for the whole period of his public life, have said daily of him everything that could imply incapacity and want of principle!

The conduct of the Whigs is very different to the other portion of the Government. Mr Canning is little less than a god—Mr Robinson is amazingly clever and patriotic—the Marquis Wellesley cannot err—Mr Plunkett is a fine fellow—Mr C. Grant is vastly wise. Here the Whigs pause. Lord

Liverpool is neither fish nor flesh; but still he is a decent kind of person, and might be moulded into something in a certain state of things—Mr Peel is a queer sort of body; but he has friends, and it is best to be silent respecting him at present—Mr Goulburn is nobody; and the Lord Chancellor is Satan himself. Every one knows that this venerable nobleman, who will be regarded by posterity as one of the best and greatest of men that this country ever produced, occupies no prominent political office in the government, and abstains more than any other member of it from party conduct. If ever an individual in Parliament fastidiously adhered to fact and argument, and the naked merits of the matter before him, in his speeches, that individual has been Lord Eldon. It is notorious that his political influence flows almost altogether from his high character and commanding talents. Yet all the party malignity and ire that the Whigs can possibly muster are constantly directed against him. The Prime Minister must be spared, the Ministerial Leader must be eulogized, but the Lord Chancellor must be crushed. It is not the Foreign Secretary, the Home Secretary, or the Chancellor of the Exchequer; it is the Lord Chancellor, whom the Opposition must oppose and drive from office. It has hitherto been the practice to ascribe every act of the Ministry to the Ministry as a body; or, at any rate, if such acts were ascribed more particularly to the leading Minister, he was held accountable for the unpopular as well as the popular ones: but now all that the Ministry does which pleases the Whigs is done by Mr Canning, and all that it does which vexes them is done by the Lord Chancellor. It is Lord Eldon who keeps the Catholics from power, who will not suffer the rabble republics of South America to be recognized, and who blows up the schemes of the Liberals as rapidly as they are fabricated; while Mr Canning does, or seeks to do, everything that the Whigs wish. Lord Eldon, it seems, in addition to his being the Chancellor, travels about from the Home Office to the Foreign Office, and from the Colonial Office to the Exchequer, and makes little boys of all his colleagues, the Premier included. Poor Carlyle has been so widely misled by this, that, the other day, he actually addressed a number of his Republican

to the Lord Chancellor, in which he spoke to this exalted individual by the terms "Fellow," and "Thou," and protested that it was he who brought the late shower of prosecutions upon the blasphemy shop in Fleet Street. To Lord Eldon this is the brightest of glory—but what is it to Mr Canning?

Now what is the cause of all this? The Whigs declare that Mr Canning has apostatized from his creed, and has become a Liberal; he protests that he has not. They assert that he has given a new direction to our foreign policy; he declares that he pursues the line which was chalked out by his predecessor; and he produces irrefragable proof of it in the shape of a state paper drawn up by that predecessor. Looking beyond the assertions, and counter-assertions, it seems to be pretty certain that Mr Canning is as far from Whiggism as he ever was. He has stated in Parliament, that the war on the continent was between extreme opinions, of which we could support neither; and that the "constitutional system" of Spain was altogether unfit for a nation. This, we think, ought to be regarded as one memorable point of difference between him and his adulators. With regard to reform, church robbery, and the other leading points of Whig policy, his opinions remain unchanged. He has indeed complimented Wilson, and sat at table with Waltham, Favel, Hobhouse, Hume, &c.; but although we wish from our souls that he had not done this, still we think that, so far as it concerned himself, it amounted to nothing more than a sacrifice of personal dignity. Evidence is altogether against the alleged apostacy of Mr Canning.

The plain truth is, the Whigs are not quite so simple as to be duped by a few bows and soft phrases. They know that Mr Canning is now what he was when he was the most prominent object of their abuse; they love him as much now as they did when they lavished this abuse upon him, and they speak of him and to him as they do, because it constitutes their best means of pushing their own interests. They know that all ranks despise them at home, that they can be no longer aided by continental allies, that they do not possess among themselves what would form a Ministry, and that, as a separate party, they never can reach office. Their grand

object therefore is, to split the Ministry, that they may stick themselves into the tail of one of the fragments, and thereby mount to some of the subordinate offices of the government. Ministers are divided in opinion touching the Catholic question, and therefore the Whigs are eternally labouring to puff this question into one of the first rank, and to drive them to open conflict with each other respecting it. If only Lord Eldon's party and Mr Canning's party will quarrel, then the Whigs are sure either of being taken by the hand by those who remain in office, or of being reinforced by those who leave it. They take the part of Mr Canning, because on this question they agree with him, because he is the youngest and most accommodating man; and they dilate on his Liberalism, and worship him to conceal their wretched arts, and to intimate to him that they will abandon reform, turn Brougham and their less tractable members adrift, think as he may wish them to think, and coalesce with him whenever he will hold up his finger as a signal. Such is clearly their present object, and it is worthy of them: We pretend not to foretell the issue, but still we think that Mr Canning is too well acquainted with his own interest to suffer them to ruin him.

It cannot, however, be denied, that the Whigs have reaped some success from their change of tactics. Flattery is a most potent weapon, and it has not been applied to Mr Canning's sides altogether in vain. Bating his notice of the Radical drabs, we do not think that it has made him do what he ought not to have done; but we fear that it has made him leave unsaid much that he ought to have said, and this is no light matter. The strife which has in late years convulsed the world, has raged between the friends and enemies of the principles and feelings which hold society together—to determine whether these should or should not be destroyed—and we think it was the highest duty of the ministers to occupy the first place among the former. The Whigs have never ceased to attack these principles and feelings, even when they have poured their panegyrics the most thickly upon Mr Canning, and he has seemed to be so far overcome by their smiles and cant, as to be unable to find in his heart to

contradict them. The consequence has been, that from his silence, the House of Commons, in the last two sessions, has appeared to sanction opinions directly levelled against public spirit, public honesty, and the best interests of the empire.

Our readers cannot have forgotten what took place in Parliament in the session of 1823. Nothing was to be heard but reprobation of the conduct of France, and praise of the Spanish Revolutionists; the Whigs represented the latter to be the best of beings, and the little that fell from the Ministers seemed to countenance it. Of course, the Ministerial as well as Opposition prints took their cue from this, and almost all the guides of public opinion laboured to make us the enthusiastic friends of these Revolutionists. Now, the naked facts of the matter were these:—These persons were the brothers of our Radicals in all things. We had just, with no little difficulty, put down our own Revolutionists, and we were advised to sympathize with and assist those of another country. It was in effect proclaiming that the self-same opinions were true abroad and false at home—that the self-same actions were laudable in other countries, and crimes in this—and that the Liberals ought to be cherished on the continent, and destroyed in Great Britain. It was even doing worse than this. It was virtually making a surrender of Toryism, encouraging our Liberals to redouble their exertions, and notifying to the sound part of the community that they ought to war no longer against “liberal opinions.”

This was not only in the highest degree preposterous, but it was calculated to be in the highest degree mischievous. Mr Canning, as the ministerial leader of the House of Commons, committed a capital error in not declaring, that while he condemned the conduct of France, he equally condemned the conduct and principles of

the Spanish rulers. He ought to have stated that this country never could support such a system as had been established in Spain, and that it never could regard the principles which had revolutionized that unhappy nation with anything but abhorrence.* The neutrality for which we had declared, and our interests throughout, demanded this. He has since said, that he was not then called upon for such a declaration; but we nevertheless think that he was. If he had made it, he would have proved that the assertions of the Whigs respecting his own change of opinions were false, he would have prevented the House of Commons from appearing to sanction Jacobin principles, and he would have kept the ministerial prints from that mischievous course which they are now pursuing.

A still more wanton disregard for the conservation of sound principles and feelings, was manifested by Parliament during the last session. According to the papers, Mr Canning, in his official character, complimented Wilson in the House of Commons, and to render this the more unaccountable, he did it in a speech which charged the same Wilson with having violated the spirit of the laws, and with having exerted himself to the utmost, and not wholly without effect, to involve this country in a war with France. Mr Lyttleton was represented to say, that Wilson was an honour to his country, and it was asserted that the whole House joined in the panegyrics. Now, the best that can be said of Wilson, is, that he possesses as much personal bravery, as is possessed by almost every man in Great Britain, while his dark side might, we think, strike the most unscrupulous eulogist in the world speechless. We remember that he was the chairman of a public meeting in the very height of the Queen-fever, at which it was lamented that Spain had got the start

* In the innumerable debates which took place in the two last Sessions on the Spanish question, only two individuals ventured to express their hostility to the creed and conduct of the Revolutionists, and these were—we name them to do them honour—the Duke of Buckingham in the Upper, and the Hon. C. Lamb in the Lower House. We wish that Mr Lamb would speak much more frequently than he does; such speeches as he makes are greatly needed in Parliament, and he is robbing himself of public estimation by his silence. Few even of those who are eloquent, are capable of taking accurate views of great questions, and of these scarcely any in these times dare make themselves independent of the press and the populace. The truckling to these two fearful despots was never so universal, so abject, and so full of evil consequences, as it is at present.

of us in revolution, and hoped that we should speedily follow her example;—we remember that he assisted our Revolutionists to the utmost, so long as they would keep the field, and that he afterwards assisted in the same manner those of other nations;—we remember his feats at the Queen's meetings, and at her funeral;—and we remember that he was expelled the British army. Now, where is the set-off against all this? Where is the history of his achievements—where are the records of his national services—and where, amidst his multifarious books and speeches, are the proofs that his talents rise even to mediocrity? If these can nowhere be found; where, at any rate, is the evidence that he has become a peaceable and well-affected member of society? If this be likewise lacking, on what ground has he been panegyricised in Parliament?

Again, Sir J. Mackintosh passes a flaming eulogium on Lord Cochrane, and in the most seductive manner invites some Minister of the Crown—Mr Canning, of course—to advise the restoration of his commission in the navy, and the House is reported to have received this even with cheers! Lord Cochrane is unquestionably a brave man, but what is he more? We recollect that it was his eternal practice at mob meetings, to solemnly pledge his honour, that he would in Parliament prove different members of the government to have committed the most heinous crimes, and that he never redeemed, or attempted to redeem, his pledge. We recollect the groundless abuse which he cast upon his superior officers. We recollect his abominable and infamous speeches to the populace. We recollect that he was tried by a jury for a scandalous fraud—~~the~~ a fraud, the object of which was to enrich himself by the ruin of thousands of poor families—and that he was convicted on the clearest evidence. We recollect that he swore by his honour, and everything else, that he was innocent, although no man ever to this day doubted that he was guilty. We recollect that putting his conviction out of sight, he was one of the most unprincipled demagogues that ever the country was cursed with. And we cannot be ignorant, that while he has been in South America, he has generally been acting the part of a buccaneer—that he has been as

often the master as the servant of those who hired him—that on one day he plundered every flag he durst touch, and on the next quarrelled with his employers, and ran away from his duty, that he might pocket the chief portion of the booty—and that his conduct throughout has proved that his ruling motive has been lucre. Against this appalling history nothing—nothing can be thrown into the scale, save personal bravery! Yet this is the man whose eulogy the superficial and infirm understanding of Sir J. Mackintosh has chaunted, and whose eulogy the House of Commons is reported to have heard with approbation.

We will here say, and we challenge contradiction, that these two men would never have been heard of in Parliament, if they had not mingled in the broils of faction, and been Radical leaders;—that if their swords had been employed a thousand times more than they have been, and they had been covered with wounds received in the battles of their country; still, if they had in the late perilous times exerted themselves as strenuously in favour of the constitution, the laws, social order, and public peace, as they exerted themselves against them, they would only have been named in Parliament to have been made the objects of Whig abuse. We will say further, that if these men had never violated the laws of their country and of the world, and had never uttered their sickening puff and swagger respecting themselves, they would never, in spite of their services to Radicalism, have received any Parliamentary notice whatever.

We will now ask, not factions, not the Whig leaders, nor the Ministerial leaders, but that portion of our countrymen who think and act for themselves on public matters.—1. Is it meritorious for individuals to violate the laws of their country and of other nations?—2. Do military and civil punishments confer character?—3. Do men possess a particle of honour, who say what is untrue to delude the ignorant, and who pledge their honour to prove what they never can prove?—4. Is it decent and proper for our tremendous mass of military and naval officers, to be virtually told that they were to obtain honourable distinction, to trample upon the laws, to

plunge into the filth of factious politics, and to become leaders of the rabble, against all that is dear to the country?—5. Will it produce public good, for the nation to be informed that the men who have been degraded and punished, and who owe their wretched notoriety to their enmity to our best institutions, and their efforts to produce public convulsion, are alike honourable and deserving? If the answers be—No! what are we to think of the parliamentary praise which has been bestowed on Mr Wilson and Lord Cochrane?

We do not say this for the sake of doing disservice to these persons; if the matter affected their personal interests alone, Mr Canning and Sir J. Mackintosh might splice them together, and make a two-headed four-legged king of them, and it would excite in us only merriment. But they are used as the instruments for destroying the foundations of society, and therefore it is our duty to disable them as far as we can for being put to such use any longer. This duty nothing shall prevent us from discharging. The eulogies which have been heaped upon these mountebanks, are directly levelled against all the distinctions between honour and dishonour, between guilt and innocence, between merit and demerit; and they are calculated to teach the community to follow dishonour, guilt, and demerit alone. So long as our rulers hold such persons up to public admiration, it will be a mockery in them to define crime, to make laws, and to call upon the people to be innocent, peaceable, and well-affected.

After having thus acted towards Mr Wilson and Lord Cochrane, how did the House of Commons act towards Lord Eldon? Here is a man who possesses the most rare talents and acquirements, who combines these with the most rare qualities of conduct, and who has employed the whole in the most beneficial manner possible for his country, for the longest period that human life will admit of. Compare him with such people as Brougham and Mackintosh—compare his views, principles, and life, with theirs, and then his gigantic powers, his splendid virtues, and his invaluable services, will be correctly judged of. Independently of these, his conduct throughout has been so thoroughly

English—so straight-forward, artless, steady, and courageous, that no one could refrain from revering him whose heart was an English one. He has ever scorned factious deeds—he has ever disdained to court popularity—he has ever proved to every one that he heard nothing but his conscience, and saw nothing but his country. If his colleagues were dismayed by perils, he was the hero to re-nerve them—if they were seduced by interest, he was the patriot to bring them back to their duty—if they abandoned him, he fought the good fight without them and triumphed. Whatever others may have done, Lord Eldon has never compromised his friends—Lord Eldon has never contiliated away his creed—Lord Eldon has never concealed his sentiments, to escape sarcasm and slander—Lord Eldon has never for a moment deviated from that glorious path, which can only be trod by the best and the greatest. Against this illustrious individual, charges were made, which, no matter how it was denied, were evidently meant to destroy his character for both ability and integrity, to cover him with parliamentary censure, and to drive him in disgrace from office. These charges notoriously originated in the most unworthy motives, and they were only supported by the assertions of those who brought them, and which were proved to be monstrously untrue. It might have been expected that the members to a man would have started from their seats in indignation, to defend a public servant like Lord Eldon, and that they would have spurned from them charges, thus made and thus supported, by acclamation. But no! the House of Commons, which, according to the papers, heard Wilson's nauseous boasting with delight, and offered the proposition for replacing Lord Cochrane in the navy, actually divided on the question, whether the Lord Chancellor should or should not be visited with parliamentary condemnation unheard—whether he should or should not, without trial have his fame blasted, and be covered with ignominy!

These matters we conceive to be of the very highest public import. Only let our rulers convince the nation that such men as Wilson and Lord Cochrane are spotless and meritorious people, and that such as Lord Eldon are the contrary; and they need do no-

thing more to ruin the nation. The whole that is valuable to us, stands upon the old distinctions between the worthless and the deserving—between good and evil. Conduct like this cannot fail, if persisted in, of blasting public spirit—of leading public functionaries to scorn honour and honesty—of corrupting public feeling—of blinding public judgment—and of producing everything that the worst enemy of the state would wish to witness.

We are well aware that all this is to be ascribed to the new systems of *Conciliation* and *Liberality*. We wish from our souls that some member of the new trimming school would write a book to explain these systems, and to advocate them. The distinctions of which we have spoken are either just, or they are unjust; no sophistry or cant phrases can prove that they are both—that black is both black and white in the same moment. If they be just, maintain them—if they be unjust, abolish them. If it make no difference whether men be honest or knavish, honourable or dishonourable, virtuous or vicious, loyal or seditious, tell us so in plain English; but do not say that the laws which have hitherto governed society ought to be observed, and then stigmatize us as bigots, because we treat those who violate them as offenders.

Looking at this merely as a matter of policy, we think it the worst that could be followed. The demagogues who acted so depraved a part during our late convulsions, are now deserted by the multitude; they are scorned by every one; they lie at the lowest point of contempt and helplessness; and it is this, and this alone, which keeps them peaceable. The courtesy and kindness which they receive from some of the Ministers cannot possibly have any other effect than to raise them again, to give them power, and to make them once more mischievous. Wilson was ruined, utterly ruined, and the Ministers have restored him to character and to influence. What are our lower orders to think when they see Waithman, Wilson, Hobhouse, Hume, &c., complimented by such men as Lord Liverpool and Mr Canning? They must believe that those persons are really upright, knowing, and worthy of being followed. As

to the hope that these demagogues, in case of renewed troubles, would shew more forbearance towards the government than formerly, an idiot would not indulge it.

In so far as *Conciliation* is meant to destroy party spirit, it is levelled against the best interests of the state. Party spirit is the soul of public spirit; it is the guardian of the public weal. What the friends of the nation have to do, is to keep parties properly balanced, and to keep them under the guidance of proper leaders. The tremendous dangers through which we so lately passed, were brought upon us, not by the existence of party spirit, but by the base conduct of those who led the parties opposed to the government. The Whig heads slandered the King—they attacked royalty in the abstract—they waged war, not merely against the Ministers, but against the legislature, the aristocracy, the church, the magistracy, and the whole of our political and social system; and while they did this, their coadjutors, the Radical chiefs, deluged the country with the most abominable calumnies and falsehoods to prove it. When the leaders thus applied every incitement to rebellion to their followers that could be applied, it was perfectly natural that these followers should become rebellious, and it is certain that this was the cause of their being so. Government at this moment, instead of *Conciliating*, ought to exert itself to the utmost to destroy, as public men and party leaders, all who then acted the demagogue—it ought to exert itself to the utmost to place the Opposition exclusively under the guidance of such men as the Marquis of Lansdown, Mr Calcraft, and Mr Baring. It may call the feeding and caressing of such people as Waithman, Wilson, Hobhouse, &c., when they are forsaken by all beside, *Conciliation*; but it will speedily find that this is something of a very different nature, or we are much mistaken.

Passing to other matters, it must give sincere grief to every friend of the country, to find that so many barristers have got into the House of Commons, and that they take so large a share in the transacting of public business. Of those who were only educated for the bar, and who forsook it for political life because they became immersed in practice, we do not speak; our words

apply only to the hacks—to such as Brougham, Deaman, Williams, &c. We do not wish to cast groundless censure on any body of men; but we will say, because our words are amply justified by history, that barristers are disqualified, by their habits and occupations, for being members of the legislature. They are not, perhaps, worse by nature than other men, but they are apprenticed to, and they spend their lives in, that which must incapacitate them for discharging the duty of a Member of Parliament. Their regular calling is to say for hire anything that is put into their mouths, whether true or false, whether just or unjust; and we are very certain that, admitting exceptions, men in general cannot follow a calling like this, without having their principles corrupted.

We will refer in proof of this, not only to the history of all legislative assemblies that ever existed, since lawyers became a distinct portion of mankind, but to the history of our own Parliament—to that of the existing House of Commons. Brougham is a man of great abilities and acquirements, and yet what is his parliamentary conduct? What are his speeches, with regard to truth, integrity, just views, and right feelings? When we hear him in the House of Commons, we hear nothing but the special pleader of a party—nothing but the counsel, who for this party will say anything or do anything, no matter what the consequences may be to the country. We can scarcely forbear exclaiming—what a noble statesman has been here ruined by the fraud and chicanery of the bar! Great as his powers are, a balance between the good and the evil that he has occasioned since he became a member of the legislature, might make us shudder. Deaman would be still more mischievous than Brougham, were he not nearly destitute of talents. That the House has patience to listen to the interminable and violent speeches of this weak man, in all manner of subjects, amazes us, for these speeches are actually intolerable in a newspaper. As to Williams, we need only say, that the proceedings respecting the Lord Chancellor, and the “fact” that were cited to support the charges against him, would well justify a law for excluding practising barristers from Parliament for

ever. As to any use that barristers are of in the House of Commons, they are of comparatively none, as far as the country is concerned. We agree in a remark made by the late lamented Marquis of Londonderry, that they are disabled by their habits for taking correct views of great state questions. The debates on the Manchester meeting—on the charges against Lord Eldon—with regard to the introduction of the Queen’s name into the Liturgy—and on the case of Smith, abundantly prove that their party-spirit renders them worse than useless in the discussion of mere legal matters. With regard to new laws, it is the principles of these laws which have to be debated, and barristers are incapable of debating them; and speaking merely of the drawing up of the laws, the acts that issue from the House generally testify, that they could not be more faulty than they are, if there were not a lawyer in it.

Passing on, the late Session increases the sorrow which has been so long felt, that eloquence should have fallen to so low a point in the House of Commons. The debates form the grand source to which the nation at large resorts for instruction in state matters, and they will now rarely supply such instruction. Compared with the debates of former times, they make us ashamed of our present statesmen. If Mr Canning had gone to India, weak as the Opposition is in speakers, it would have driven the Ministers out of the House by superiority of oratory. Were Mr Canning to be abstracted from his side of the House, there is not at present a single individual in it capable of leading it; and if we except Mr Peel, there is scarcely a single young man on the Tory side, who shews any promise of ever becoming a commanding speaker. It frequently enough happens, that when truth and reason are on the side of Ministers, they are worsted in debate by their inferiority in point of eloquence. This proves against them a neglect of duty, as well as of interest, and we fear the time is not far distant, when they will bitterly deplore their negligence. Mr Peel does not appear to cultivate his capabilities, and he rather sinks than rises as an orator. We lament this deeply. He may, if he pleases, in a few more years, become the most powerful man in the

empire; the nation reveres his character and conduct, and the mighty of the land are with him in principles: those who think as he thinks, are all powerful in the State, and they will continue to be so. But he will never become this, if he do not make himself a powerful orator. It has been said, that "Eloquence is the bridle with which a wise man rides that monster of the world, the people;" and, in spite of the contempt with which eloquence is spoken of by those to whom it is denied, we believe this to be strictly true. No Minister can carry the people along with him by his ability and virtues, if he cannot carry the House of Commons and the people along with him by his eloquence. Let Mr Peel reflect upon this, let him calculate how much Mr Canning owes to his eloquence, and let him labour without ceasing to make himself a powerful orator. We need not say, that we do not understand the term eloquence to mean florid froth and declamation, but such speeches as were delivered by Pitt, Burke, and Fox, and such as are delivered by Canning, and, when he will be honest, by Brougham.

Glancing from these matters to the business that was transacted in the last Session, if we find in it something to censure, we likewise find in it something to applaud and rejoice over. "Reform," and "Catholic Emancipation," have been laid upon the shelf by their friends, although we have been so long told, that they were indispensable for saving the empire from ruin. The first is "laid by," because, now that treason is silent, no one will ask for it; and as to the second, its supporters have been constrained to confess, that the conduct of the Catholics themselves rendered it impossible to attempt to carry it. The Catholics have, in truth, lately fought gloriously for Protestantism. We were disbelieved and scoffed at; the Parliamentary emancipators protested that everything was done which was said against the Catholics. While we were looking around us, and in vain, for support among our Protestant brethren, behold! the Catholic Association stood forward to testify to the truth of what we had uttered; and then, to our astonishment, Bishop Doyle volunteered his evidence in our favour; and then, to our utter amaze-

ment, the Pope himself sent his rescript to silence all who might gainsay us. Who, after reading this letter of his holiness, will dare to say that Popery is changed, and that it will admit any Protestant into heaven?

It is a matter of rejoicing that these two topics—the two grand levers of disaffection and madness—are now powerless. How the causes which render them so act upon their friends, we need not describe.

Of the remission of taxes that was made, we shall say nothing; but we will say something with regard to the remission that is contemplated. If we are plunged into war—and the political horizon is by no means a serene one—we shall in the first two or three years, render our debt what it was when the last war closed; and we shall be again saddled with the whole of the taxes which have been remitted since that period. What we shall have to do afterwards can be foreseen by every one. Now, when this is the fact, when every class in the nation is in a state of prosperity, and when our present load of taxes sits lightly upon us, would it not be wise to speak more of a reduction of debt, and less of a repeal of taxes? We regard it to be indisputable—we are certain that to do our duty, to pay only common regard to our interests, we should raise the sinking fund to eight or ten millions before we repealed another penny of taxes. The chase of spurious popularity is, however, now the rage with all sides, and we must not, therefore, expect that any *unpopular* care will be taken of the public interests, however loudly it may be called for by wisdom.

We must, of course, say something of the principles of free trade, as they are called, when they are so loudly panegyricized by all parties. If these are to be practiced to the extent which is threatened, they will very speedily prove themselves to be principles of ruin. They stand on a foundation. They assume as the basis, that any country will at all times provide as much of any particular kind of labour, as its population may call for; and this is refuted at the present moment by England, and more especially by Ireland. They assume, that what is the interest of one trade is the interest of all trades, and that what is the interest of one country is the interest of all countries. Their inevitable ten-

duces is to produce an equalization of profits and wages throughout the world; and as they cannot raise other nations to our level, they must sink us to the level of other nations. Their constant operation must be to reduce profits, to lower wages, to prevent the accumulation of capital, and thus they will act much more against consumption, and consequently trade, in one way, than they will act for them in another. Let us have a free trade in corn, which is so much clamoured for by some people, and which ought to be granted if the "principles of free trade" be just ones, and our farmers, their labourers, and tradesmen, must immediately sink to the state of the continental ones. They must eat, drink, and clothe themselves, as the continental ones do. What would be the consequences to our agricultural population, and what would be the effects on consumption? He must be a wretch who, for the sake of a little increase of trade, would inflict such horrible privations on so large a portion of his countrymen; and he must be a fool who can expect that increase of trade would flow from such privations. We care not who may say, that "we have grown rich and great in spite of our restrictions, and not through them;" we will answer, that it is refuted by common sense, and the whole of history. We will say, that the gigantic mass of capital which fills the nation was either rained upon us from the clouds, or it was extracted in the main from those restrictions with which our laws or the war surrounded us; and that we should not have been either rich or great, had it not been for this capital. We are the friends of good rents, good profits, and good wages; these are the grand sources of consumption, and consequently of labour and trade, and these the "principles of free trade" are irreconcilably hostile.

These principles gave to the Bill for the repeal of the Usury Laws almost all the support it received. It was on the very point of being carried, and a bill more largely fraught with ruinous consequences was never introduced into Parliament. It was perfectly uncalled for—not a petition worth noticing was received in its favour; not a vote but of Parliament, battling two or three factious publications, asked for it;—the case of the spendthrifts, who

deserve neither relief nor compassion, formed the chief ground on which it was craved; and the Usury Laws were working far more lightly than usual upon the community. Every one who has any *practical* knowledge of society knows, that in this country, putting the great capitalists out of sight, almost every man who begins business, begins it, in a greater or smaller degree, with borrowed money. The farmer, the mechanic, the tradesman, the manufacturer, the smaller merchant,—nearly the whole of these begin the world with less or more of borrowed capital. Every one who has any *practical* knowledge of business, knows that scarcely any borrower can afford to pay above five per cent interest. The proprietor of land can seldom pay above three per cent; if the farmer borrow much, five per cent ruins him; and five per cent is, in general, the utmost that trade, on the average, will pay for borrowed money. Why, then, are the Usury Laws, which limit the rate of interest to five per cent, to be repealed? Will the repeal raise rents and profits, and thus enable borrowers to pay greater interest? Serjeant Onslow himself dare not say so. He dare not say that borrowers, in general, can even afford to pay five per cent, and still he wishes to destroy their chief security against being called upon for more.

As to the assertion, that lenders and borrowers meet upon equal ground, it is so glaringly false, that its being made astonishes us. The lender, with government securities and banks at his elbow, acts from choice, the borrower from necessity; the former may lend or not at his pleasure, the latter must have money to save him from heavy loss, perhaps from ruin;—the one gains reputation by calling competitors around him for his money; the other blasts his credit if he make it publicly known that he wants to borrow. A trader is not, and never will be, able to borrow for a term of years upon his personal security; after the first twelve months, he is liable to be called upon at any time for repayment, and the moment he received the money, he fastens it in business, and cannot perhaps repay it for several years without sustaining grievous injury. If the laws against usury were repealed, the lender would take advantage of the borrower's inability to pay, and would

sponge from him one per cent, and then another, of additional interest, until he ruined him. As to real securities, it would be impossible to obtain money on mortgage for a term of years, except at ruinous interest, and it would be ruinous to take it on any other condition on mortgage than for a term of years. A borrower cannot raise rents or profits in proportion to any rise of interest, and yet people speak of interest being at the rate of eight or ten per cent, as though this could be done, and as though such interest could be safely paid. Were the repeal to take place, it would operate in the most partial manner possible. Men would have to pay interest, not in proportion to their ability, but in proportion to their want of it. Rich men—men who could do either with or without borrowing—would be able to borrow at a very low rate of interest; but men of small capital—men who could not commence business, or who could not get forward in business, without borrowing—would only be able to borrow at a rate of interest destructively high. The rich would thus obtain a monopoly of the money-market, of the profits of trade, and of trade itself, against the middling classes. Much of this would take place during peace, and in war, a state as natural to us as peace, the consequences would be fearful. We are confident, that if the usury laws had not existed during the latter part of the last war, the interest of money in the country would have been pushed up to ten per cent, and we need not say what the effects would have been on the national debt, on taxation, and, ultimately, on both borrowers and lenders. When the expense of borrowing money is at all times great—when the disclosures which it calls for on the part of the borrower are of the most delicate and dangerous nature—when the money, on being received, is sunk in trade, and cannot be taken out

for some years without subjecting the borrower to great inconvenience and loss—and when rents and profits will not rise and fall with the fluctuations of the money-market, nothing could be more erroneous even in mere theory, than to cause borrowers to be perpetually liable to be called upon for any increase of interest that lenders might ask for.

The great capitalists, as a matter of interest, must support the learned Sergeant; but we trust, that all men of business below them throughout the country will meet his bill in the next Session with petitions against it; and we hope, that Government will reconsider the matter—will feel some compassion for the gigantic mass of small and middling traders, and will prevent the moneyed interest from setting its foot upon all the other interests of the state.

The fact is, the innovators, who are now so industriously at work among us, are either mere theorists, or they are the tools of mere theorists. Human nature—the actual condition and conduct of mankind—ought to form the foundation of the calculations of our political economists, and yet these either do not notice them, or they assume them to be what they are not. As, however, the worst species of innovators have been defeated and silenced, we hope that those who are now in the fashion will be deserted before they produce much calamity. The new company bubbles have been pretty well pricked; the free trade bubbles will, we trust, before long, be treated in the same way; and we anticipate with some confidence, that ignorance, error, romance, and conceit, will ere long be put down by experience, practical knowledge of men and things, wisdom and patriotism. With this we abruptly conclude our observations.

Y. Y. Y.

* A striking proof of this may be found in the 70th No. of the Edinburgh Review. In an article against the combination laws and the restraints on emigration, the writer throughout assumes the conduct of our manufacturing labourers to be directly the reverse of what it is. In former times, this would have cut up his reasoning by the roots; but in these days it is regarded as matter of no import. Nothing surely can be more preposterous, than to assume that men, and bodies of men, will at all times do what they ought to do in spite of ignorance, wickedness, temptations, and privations, and yet this assumption forms the foundation of all our new systems. It will in time work its own destruction; but what will it not accomplish previously?

[We have always wished, and avowed our wish too, that this Magazine should be the vehicle of free political discussion. We would admit even Brougham or Cobbett with pleasure to write half a sheet every month for us; reserving, however, of course, our own right to answer and destroy their effusions in our own way. We have had, therefore, great pleasure in opening our pages to the preceding article, although our able correspondent has adopted views, in very many particulars, considerably at variance with our own. It is probable that in our next Number we may ourselves put forth a paper under a similar title, illustrative of our own personal opinion in regard to the certain, we hope not serious, differences which exist, and have for some time existed, among the Tories of England. We trust the day is far off when we must take a side among those whom we are so anxious to see united.—C. N.]

TO THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

And they washit us all with the witch water,
Distillit fra the moorland dew,
Quhill our beauty blumit like the Lapland rose
That wyldie in the foreste grew.

QUEEN'S WAKE.

Blue Posts, Cork St, Burlington Gardens, July 10, 1824.

MY DEAR JAMES,

You will be wondering when and how the d—I got here, as I have no doubt you thought I was in the Island of Bute, endeavouring to coax myself to drink a little punch with Glasgow gentlemen, who come down on a Saturday, and stay gallanting their ladies all the rest of the week. And such, alas! till lately, was my employment; but the truth must out, James. However salubrious the island may be for a consumption of the lungs, I do not find that; in my case at least, a protracted residence there would have proved "the sovereignest thing in life" for the physical state of my purse.

The day previous to my departure from the land of my fathers, there arrived in Rotterdam from "mine own rum-antic town" my tailor and his fat rib, for the benefit of the *saut water* for madam; and he, adding business to pleasure, took the opportunity of calling for the payment of some bills, which I, amongst others, had somehow or other overlooked for more than one Christmas. We cankers of a calm world (half-pay officers) have seldom much superfluous cash about us, so to this very reasonable demand I could only reply in the petrifying language which an eminent banker, a friend of mine, always uses to the holders of doubtful paper—"It does not shoot." As, to my knowledge, this answer was all that many a better man was obliged to be satisfied with, I thought I had shut Snip's potato-trap

effectually, for he departed with every appearance of that dogged resignation so becoming in a tradesman. But think of my horror when I learned that he had been talking of captions, (which I don't like,) hornings, (I like them better,) and fugæ warrants! When wisdom crieth in the streets in such terms as these, long experience hath taught me that it is folly to sport deaf adder, so next morning found me on board the Liverpool steam-boat, and here I am.

But this is not to the purpose.—What chiefly moved me to write you at present was the perusal of a little French book on the art of beautifying one's self, which fell in my way here, with some of the contents of which I propose to regale you in this epistle. I should have sent you the book itself, but I fear, James, you know as little of French as Ebony once thought Professor Leslie did of Hebrew;—besides, many of the means and appliances required for the decoration of the outward man, are easy to be had at the shop of the editor, Mons. Antoinc, (who, I suspect, has published this work on the same principle that worthy John Murray does the Quarterly, viz. to puff his own wares,) yet I question if in all Etrick you could buy a pennyworth of any of the "substances miraculeuses pour engrasser les personnes trop maigres," unless it was in the shape of a haggis. Nor could you procure, nor, I fear, if you had it, would you use, on any of the forest

Grizzies, "Tour de Gorge Merveilleux pour diminuer les seins trop gros." I think you would despise "Eau Lactée double pour blanchir le nez rouge," and stick to "Eau de Glenlivet double pour rougir le nez blanc;" and, as for the "Pate de Ebène," for blackening the eyebrows, you would enjoy more the sight of a pasty of Ebony's, enveloping a dozen of doos, bottomed on a solid foundation of six pounds of beef steaks for filling your kite withal. So that, on the whole, a literal translation, with any hints that may occur *in cundo* as to substitutes that may be used for all these materials, will answer your purpose much better.

The work in question, then, is intitled "L'Art de se faire aimer des Femmes, et de se conduire dans le Monde, ou, conseils aux hommes,"¹ which means neither more nor less than "The gate to gar the lasses like you, and the airt o' bonny behaviour." Now, though you perhaps may think that such advice bestowed upon you is only to

"Gild refined gold and paint the lily,"

yet the wisest of us, James, may-be improved by a hint; and though you may not want it yourself, yet some of your cronies in the forest may, so it's no lost that a frien' gets.

After about forty pages of preamble, which may be classed under a head that includes much of the literary productions of all ages, and which you would denominate by the great generic term of *Hawers*, we come, at the commencement of chapter 2d, to the following sentence, which must be highly consolatory to us both, and

of the truth of which you, my dear friend, are a glorious living example—"It is known to all the world, that a man's being handsome is by no means necessary to his being a favourite with the ladies, though a good face and figure are all in his favour; therefore (I don't see the *sequitur*) I must tell you what a good-looking man is;"² but we have no concern with that, so we'll just go on to chapter 3d, which treats of baths.

These are divided into three kinds, hot, cold, and air. The first ought to be taken once a week; the second, as often as convenient; and the third, every day.

For the first, I really fear that hot baths do not abound in Ettrick, but an excellent *succedaneum* might be found once a fortnight at least, on the washing day, when you might squat yourself on your hunkers, curcuddy fashion, like the statue of Venus coming out of her shell, up to the chin, in a boyne of saipy sapples, while Grizzly scrubbed you with the dish-clout, or hard shoe-brush, or, if you have no such article, a wisp of clean straw.

As to the cold bath, you can never be much at a loss for it while the water runs so close to your door, though God forefend you should ever again require to resort to it under the stimulus of scalding potatoe broo, as once happened you. But of the air bath, as you may not be familiar with it, I must say a word or two. It's really a pity that you can't read the original instructions, for they are quite sublime.

³An air bath consists in biding and

¹ L'art de se faire aimer des femmes, et de se conduire dans le monde, ou conseils aux hommes, sur les moyens de connoître, et de soigner les beautés et les défauts de toutes les parties du corps; de s'habiller avec gout, de se tenir, marcher, et parler d'une manière distinguée; d'observer toutes les convenances sociales; de se conduire dans les relations intimes, et dans toutes les circonstances de la vie; de remplir les devoirs d'homme d'honneur, d'ami, de mari, de père; d'établir l'ordre dans la maison; d'éviter les défauts, les vices, les mauvaises habitudes, etc. etc. Par L'Abbé, Auteur de l'art de plaire et de fixer, ou conseils aux femmes; de l'art de conserver et d'augmenter la beauté, de corriger et de guérir les imperfections de la nature, etc. A Paris, chez l'Editeur, Rue des Filles St Thomas, No. 5, à l'entresol, sous la nouvelle Boule. [There I have copied the whole of it for you. C. B.]

² Il est reçu et reconnu dans le monde qu'il n'est point nécessaire qu'un homme soit beau pour être aimé des femmes, cependant les beautés du corps et de la figure contribuent à le rapprocher à perfection et conséquemment ils doivent être définis ici.—See O'DONERTY, *Maxim* 55th.

³ Des Bains d'Air

Quand on s'est parfaitement essuyé le matin en sortant du bain d'eau tiède l'hiver, et après la première ablution tous les jours ou l'on ne prend pas de bain le matin, on doit prendre un bain d'air pendant au moins trois quarts d'heure.

brushing yourself for nearly an hour every morning, as naked as you came into this wicked world of ours. Now, as a man who has so much to do as you, this would be a sad waste of time; but you might amuse yourself in shaving, (though, on consideration, you confine that operation to Saturday at e'en.) But could you not contrive to write a moral poem, or delicate novel, in that situation, as your amatory feelings depend much on the thermometer? or write an article for *Ebony*, or any other matter that requires a chastened imagination, and the strictest attention to delicacy and propriety? or, as only a given quantity of air is required, could you not abridge the process, (on the same principles that my Glasgow friends do salt-water bathing, by taking it three times a-day, so that ten days make a month's *saut water*;) by a brushing scamper up the hill and down again? or, better still, a hunt after a bumbee, or a butterfly, *in puris*, would have a grand, simple, striking, and chaste effect.

As your hair does not curl naturally, you must put it in papers every night; but take care no one catches you at that operation; for if any of the *Ebonians* got that tale by the right end, it would be a sore hair in your neck, James; and some small time would elapse before you heard the last of it. Great care must be taken that you do not leave your hair in an uproar, like Poodle Byng's; nor in cork-screw curls; nor yet in three-decker style, like the formal and formidable jazy of the minister of the parish.

I can't say I quite agree with the worthy gentleman as to hair; he, contrary to all good taste, giving the pre-

ference to black; and adds what I won't take the trouble to translate. "*Les Cheveux blonds et surtout les Roux sont tres desavantageux.*"—Did you ever hear of such an *Hottentot*?

Over-perfuming, it seems, is not the go. It may suffice if you avoid garlic at breakfast, and use the oil of thyme with moderation.

Much is said about the eyes, ears, nose, chin, and every other part of the body, with as much precision of detail as you may have seen the parts laid down in Moore's Almanack; but as the matters anent the mouth may interest you, we shall say a word or two on that subject, as the mode is novel, and the discovery brilliant.⁵ "The best mode that ever was tried for keeping the mouth in good order, is to brush your teeth well, and dislodge every shred of mutton-ham or other matter that may be sticking between them, with a toothpick. You had best use Dr Scott's dentifrice." There's news for you.

Having thus, my dear James, put you on the way of making yourself decent, I shall, following the lead of my author, teach you how to do your manners and dress well; and for that purpose I prefer short pithy sentences, in imitation of the Ensign's Maxims, or the Proverbs of Solomon.

1. Before ladies, look as if butter would not melt in your mouth, though you may be the very devil for all that. (P. 73.)

2. A boy may dress like a dandy, but it don't become people at our time of life, or any man of twenty, to play the dandy, or to be imitating the dress of every puppy on Prince's Street.

3. Shirts should be of the best Dum-

Ce bain est encore plus salulaire que les autres. Il consiste a rester entierement nu dans une piece de son appartement, qu'on a eu soin en hiver de faire bien chauffer auparavant, et dont, en toute saison, on fait renouveler l'air au moment de s'y rendre.

C'est pendant ce bain qu'on s'occupe de la toilette de salubrité du corps et des soins particuliers des parties de soi meme.

On doit commencer cette operation importante, par les soins de la tete et finir par ceux des pieds. P. 74.

Un homme peut les faire papilloter lorsqu'ils ne bouclent pas naturellement mais en secret, et prendre garde, lorsqu'on a defait ses papillots que ses cheveux ne tombent en trefouillons ou en boucles comptées et symétriques.

Le meilleur moyen de se maintenir la bouche en bon etat c'est de débarrasser les dents, avec precaution, des debris de nourriture que restent entr'elles a l'aide des cure-dents salulaires; de les brosser légèrement avec de l'eau fraiche melée de l'eau salubre matin et soir ainsi qu'à tous les repas.

Un homme d'age de vingt ans un homme est excessivement ridicule de pousser les modes jusqu'à l'extravagance et rien ne peut le lui faire pardonner.

Le visage doit être d'une finesse recherchée d'une parfaite blancheur, et plissé avec le plus grand soin. Lorsqu'il perd de sa fraicheur il doit être changé.

fermline, well washed, and the breast well plaited. When they get dirty, or, as the Frenchman says, stinking, after a week's wear, you should put on a clean one.

4. Stockings as thin as a cobweb, that the leg may be seen through them; therefore, discharge Sanguhars from this time forth. I do not observe that holes in them are recommended. (P. 77.)

5. Gloves should be clean, provided always that you wear such articles. In the forest, I believe, mittens have a preference. (P. 78.)

6. Never wear boots or shoes thrice too large for you.

7. Never go to the Border games in an old bonnet. (P. 78.)

8. LFT YOUR DRESS BE DECENT. Corollary, forswear the Celtic. (P. 80.)

9. And to conclude, never stare at your silk stockings, as if surprised how you got into them.

Then follows a good deal touching walk and conversation.—Don't be alarmed, James; I use not those words in the sense they are employed by the minister, when rebuking for skuldud-dery.—But first, a few words would not be amiss, touching your carriage in company. (P. 84.) You should sit on your chair, douce like, and not swing about. You should not keep rubbing the calves of your legs—nor pulling up your breeches—nor scratching your head—nor twitching your nose like Brougham—nor putting your hand on your mouth like Kempferhausen. You should neither look stupid nor gaping like the Stot—nor gleg and impudent like your friend wee Francie, but pleasant and pretty as I do.

"One, two, three—

"Shuffle, and puffle, shuffle;—

"Look genteel like me.

"Shuffle! shuffle! shuffle!!!"

as old M'Capser our dancing master used to say.

As for walking, "you ought neither to trot like a Highland caddy,

nor waddle with pomp and circumstance, like an Edinburgh bailie, but cultivate an easy, grave, and dignified demeanour, like the Usher of the White Rod. Neither should you pop your nose under every lass's bonnet, nor halloo to folk at a street's length from you, as my friend the bailie did to you, on the first day the Queen's Wake saw the light. Nor run bump against the lieges, when you're glowering up at a lass in the fifteenth story." When you have a lady on your arm, (particularly in the old town,) you must keep a sharp look-out a-head, and not lead her against the tail of a cod, in a fish-woman's creel.

It farther appears that you should not take two ladies, one on each arm at once.⁸ Also, that you should never take hold of a gentleman's arm; but why, I can't tell.⁹

When at table, you should not be solely occupied with filling your own kite, but take care of the lady who sits next you—help her to little bits at a time, and see that she wants for nothing. You must carve neatly, and not splash all the folks about you.¹⁰ But all this is not to prevent you eating with a reasonable twist, for that implies a compliment to your host and his mutton. But by no means gobble your prog, with the avidity of a butcher's dog devouring tripe, for that's abominable.

¹¹ You must eat whatever a lady offers you, though it should choke you.

Never say a word at table, as long as you can get wherewithal to occupy your jaws to better purpose.

¹² Don't cut your bread, but break it, and above all, avoid taking a snap out of the centre of a round of a loaf, leaving a space the shape and size of a horse shoe, with a proof impression of every tusk in your head, in the vacuum caused by such an enormity.

¹³ Don't make a hog-like grunting as you drink, nor conclude your draught with a peg-like pavour.

⁸ On ne doit point donner le bras à deux femmes.

⁹ Il est mauvais ton lorsqu'on marche avec un homme de lui donner ou prendre le bras. p. 87.

¹⁰ Tous ces petits soins n'empêchent pas un homme de manger à son appetit; Il faut qu'il evite de paraître glouton; mais il doit faire honneur au repas qui lui est servi.

¹¹ Il ne doit point refuser ce qu'on lui offre, surtout lorsque c'est une femme qui le lui présente. Il faut peu parler à table excepté quand le service languit.

¹² On ne doit pas couper son pain mais le casser,

¹³ En buvant, on ne doit point faire du bruit, " " " "

¹⁴ Don't blow your kail to cool it, but first taste it, and if it is too warm, wait patiently till it cools.

¹⁵ You must not be in too great a hurry filling a glass, and it seems it is not right to fill a bumper every time. I look upon the propriety of this advice as problematical, but you can consult O'Doherty.

¹⁶ Don't lap the gravy out of a dish like Hector, when he was jealous of the cat; nor lay your lugs in your soup-plate like a hog in a trough—what's the use of spoons?

¹⁷ Sauces, I learn, should be taken with a sponge—it may be very pleasant, but I think it would look beastly.

Don't keep up an infernal clatter of glasses, plates, knives, forks, and spoons, all the time of dinner, for that deaves folk.

¹⁸ In France, it is not considered *haut ton* to eat hash or mince collops with a knife, though our author seems to think it is the mode in England. It is probable, that he may, by some accident, have been in company with Mullion, and knowing him to be a contributor to Ebony, must have considered him as the model of everything that was elegant and gentlemanly—How dangerous it is to generalize too rapidly! In every other instance but this he would have been right.

¹⁹ When you have finished your meat,

scrub your knife, fork, and spoon, on the edge of your plate, and then wipe them in your napkin. The beau monde of Ettrick would look upon this as but questionable practice, but it is manners in France.

²⁰ Never affect singularity, by devouring sallad or pancakes with your paws, nor by taking mustard to apple-pudding, or sugar to oysters; a well-bred man like you should conform to the manners of the people he is among, drinking cold punch at Glasgow or Greenock—grog made of Leeward Island rum in the town of the crooked steeple, and hot whisky-toddy in Ettrick or Yarrow.

²¹ THE MOMENT THE LADY OF THE HOUSE QUITS THE TABLE, YOU ARE TO BOLT ALSO !!!

O! James, much as I would sacrifice to be the pink of politeness, and much as I would wish to make you so, I cannot find it in my heart to insist on this harsh law. No! the very thought of it is agony—I feel sick, weak, depressed, dispirited, dejected, faint. It has jarred every fibre of my nervous system, and hurt all the finest feelings and sympathies of my soul. Oh!!!—(waiter, a half-pint glass of brandy.) I add no more, but pity your faithful and disconsolate friend,

COLIN BANNATYNE.

¹⁴ Il ne faut pas souffler dessus pour le refroidir.

¹⁵ Lorsqu'on verse à boire, il ne faut point verser precipitamment, afin d'éviter que les boissons en sortant des flacons qui les contiennent, ne fassent de bruit.

On ne doit point remplir trop les verres; il faut qu'il y ait toujours un travers de doigt de distance entre le bord du verre et la boisson qu'il contient.—[Stuff! M.OD.]

¹⁶ On doit se garder de porter une assiette ni un bol à la bouche pour prendre les potages, ni les sauces, ni les mets liquides sucrés, &c. &c.

¹⁷ Les sauces qui doivent être épongées avec les mets qu'elles accompagnent.—[Oh! Colin! Colin!! you know little about the matter. Our worthy friend L'Ami only recommends you to lick up the gravy with the beef, a sort of sponging which you practice in more senses than one.—M. OD.]

¹⁸ Il est des personnes qui à l'imitation des Anglais, s'aident, pour manger, d'un bout de couteau arrondi—cet usage est mauvais ton en France, où les couteaux de quelque forme qu'ils soient ne doivent servir mais pour couper.

¹⁹ Il faut avoir soin de tenir avec propreté la cuiller, la fourchette, et le couteau, lorsqu'une de ces pièces est graissée, ou retient de debris-d' aliments il faut l'essuyer sur le bord d' assiette et ensuite avec le bout de la serviette.

²⁰ Il y a des personnes qui croient se distinguer en mangeant différemment que les autres, en prenant avec les doigts de la salade ou des fritures; en mêlant à l'Allemande des aliments qu'on sert séparément, et qui ont des goûts tout-à-fait opposés. Il faut éviter ces bizarreries de mauvais genre, et en chaque pays se conformer entièrement aux usages reçus.

²¹ On quitte la table au moment où la maîtresse de maison se lève.

SPECULATIONS OF A TRAVELLER CONCERNING THE PEOPLE OF THE
UNITED STATES; WITH PARALLELS.

PERHAPS the best way, after all, of making any two people thoroughly acquainted with each other, is to run a fair parallel between them, wherever it can be done—with a firm hand, a clear head, and a steady eye. One simple fact, brought home upon us unexpectedly, will often do more than volumes of abstract propositions.

But, in running a parallel of this kind, one should be perpetually upon his guard, or he will wander into poetry and exaggeration. The desire of doing a clever or a brilliant thing—of being lively, smart; and entertaining, is exceedingly prone to interfere with plain matters of fact. But, where national fellowship is concerned, the simple truth is always better than pleasantries, and caricature, however rich and humorous it may be, is entirely out of place. Broad, absolute nature, although it may be, sometimes, offensive, is never so very offensive as affectation.

The language of an American will not often betray him; that of an Englishman will; so will that of a Scot, or an Irishman, unless he be of the highest class, when his English is often remarkable for purity.

But there are no provincials in the United States. The Yankees, who inhabit the New England States, (Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Maine,) differ, it is true, from the southern people; and the latter, in their turn, differ from the western people; but then it is only in a few words, the whole of which might be enumerated in half a minute; and in a strong nasal tone, common to a part of the New England population. But for these few words, and this tone, the people of any one state in the Union might become incorporated with the people of any other, five hundred or a thousand miles distant, without being known for strangers. And, as it is, the native of any one state can travel from one end of the Union to the other, thousands and thousands of miles, not only without an interpreter, but with a tolerable certainty, if he desire it, of passing, in every state, for a citizen of that state. An Englishman who has no strong provincial dialect, and no very peculiar

pronunciation, may pass in the same way, without suspicion, over the whole of the North American States.

A fact like this cannot but make a strong impression upon us. The best of English, we all know, will not carry a man far, in the British Empire. To a large proportion of the people, it would be wholly unintelligible; and to another large proportion, a sort of dialect.

He who would travel comfortably, for three or four hundred miles, in any direction, from London, should understand many languages and many dialects. But one language, if he speak it tolerably, will carry him all over the North American States; and, in some cases, without permitting him to be known for a stranger.

The country people of New England—the Virginians and the Kentuckians, who are the posterity of the New Englanders—have a disposition to sound the vowel *a*, like the Scotch and Irish; and, in some cases, like the Italians, without any variation of tone.

Thus, they say ⁴chamber, and even ²chamber. The first habit prevails among the Yankees; the latter, among the Virginians. So, too, the Virginian will say ²bar for bear; ²har for hair; ²stars for stairs.

A Yankee will say, I guess; or, sometimes, though very rarely, I calculate, but *never* I reckon. A Marylander and a Virginian will say, I reckon—sometimes very oddly, as thus: “Do you visit Mr Jefferson, before you leave the country?”—“I reckon.” But a Virginian was never known to say, I guess, or I calculate. A Tennessean or Kentuckian will generally say, I calculate; seldom, I guess; and hardly ever, I reckon. These words, in fact, are the distinguishing marks of three different divisions of the American people.

Hence the absurdity of those representations, however humorous they may be, which put all these phrases, and others that resemble them, into the same fellow’s mouth. And hence is it, that an American who goes to see Mr Matthews, although he may

laugh as heartily as another at his drollery, is laughing at a kind of drollery which our countrymen do not perceive. Mr M.'s Yankees come from no particular part of the confederacy; and are, evidently, "made up," at second hand, with two fine exceptions, of which I shall hereafter take some notice.

But how would a native of Great Britain relish a character that should come upon the stage kilted; with a shamrock in his hat, a shillelah in his hand, a leek in his button-hole, or a piece of toasted cheese and a red-herring in his pocket; swearing alternately by St Patrick, St Andrew, St David, and St George; and speaking a gibberish made up of Scotch, Irish, and Welch, interspersed with provincial and Cockney phrases?

And yet that is precisely what has been done by those who have been employed in getting up brother Jonathan for the English market. They have jumbled everything together, true and false—all the peculiarities of all the different people—and called the composition a Yankee.

In almost every book of travels, play, novel, and story, if a New Englander be introduced, he is generally made to do the most absurd things—for a New Englander; things that are hardly less absurd than it would be for an Irishman to wear a Scotch dress, talk Yorkshire, and swear by St David. The character of the American seems generally to have been manufactured at leisure, from the materials collected by other people, in any way, at any time. Thus, the dialogues of Mr Fearon—although there is a great deal of truth in his book, notwithstanding what the people of America may say to the contrary—are evidently made up from story-books and vocabularies. And the representations of Mr Matthews are so full of blundering, with two exceptions, that, had I not met him in America, I should, on seeing his performance, really doubt if he had ever been there; so little is there in his "trip to America," of that extraordinary truth and richness which characterize his trips to other parts of the world. He himself would seem to be aware of this, because he introduces, under one picture and another, three Frenchmen, one Irishman, one Dutchman, one Yorkshireman, and sundry

other second-hand characters, for which he had already been celebrated.

But there are two fine exceptions in the entertainment of Mr Matthews. The story of "Uncle Ben" is inimitable—and the sketch of the Kentuckian is masterly. They are two of the most legitimate pieces of sober humour in the world, for one that knows the American character. But then the first—the story about "that are trifle," is an American Joe Miller. Mr Jarvis, a portrait painter of New York—a man of remarkable power and drollery—is the person of whom Mr Matthews had it—as well as that story of General Jackson. The Review is an old story in this country; and the Dutch Judge is from Judge Breckenridge, originally one of the most "genuine" story-tellers that ever lived. His only son, Henry M. Breckenridge, a judge of Louisiana, and author of the "Views of Louisiana," inherits a large portion of his father's extraordinary talent; and has made this very story, which he tells better than Mr Matthews, as common in America, as any anecdote of Foote or Sheridan is in this country.

Nevertheless, the finest parts of the Kentuckian's character, and those which are the most severe, because they are the truest, may be safely put down to the credit of Mr Matthews himself. They must have been drawn from life. They were never made out at second hand; or got up, in a solitary chamber, out of novels, newspapers, and books of travels, as nine-tenths of the rest of his "trip to America" are.

Thus, nothing can be truer or bolder, than the canting of the Kentuckian about the "land of liberty—where every man has a right to speak his genuine sentiments"—and where, *therefore*, he is free to offer "fifty-five dollars for that are nigger"—being determined, beforehand, if he should be cheated, to "take the balance out of his hide." Nothing can be more resolute and cutting than this. The Americans deserve it; and I am exceedingly mistaken, if they would not immediately acknowledge the truth of it. The worst fault of Mr Matthews, apart from his absurd credulity—is the tameness of his caricatures.—They want spirit; but perhaps that is not wholly unaccountable, since it is believed that he intends to "settle" in

the United States. And yet, there is bad policy in such daintiness. The Americans would respect him a thousand times more, if his whole entertainment were as true—however severe it might be—as are the two sketches alluded to.

It is a common thing, in the United States, to hear a high-spirited Virginian, or Carolinian, declaiming about Liberty, as if he were inspired, in the presence of his own slaves, a part of whom bear an alarming resemblance to the white children of the same family, upon whom they are waiting, perhaps, at the time, in a state of the most abject and pitiable submissiveness—within hearing, it is ten to one, of the overseer's lash—or the cries of some poor fellow undergoing punishment—and the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, superbly framed, hanging up in front of him—while he is holding forth—wherein it is proclaimed to all the nations of the earth—that "*all men are born free and equal*!"

There is no exaggeration, therefore, in the character of the Kentuckian—boastful of Liberty; and speculating, at the same time, in the flesh of his fellow-men, with a heartless and abominable indifference, at which I, for one, cannot laugh, notwithstanding the drollery of the picture; because I know it to be true.

But, a word or two of Brother Jonathan's "lingo." We laugh at him for pronouncing genuine, as if it were written genu-wine, forgetful of the fact, that the common people of England very generally say appo-site, giving the same sound to the vowel *i*; and that our public speakers, perhaps without one exception, say hostile, instead of hostile. We wonder, also, at the absurdity of the Yankee "had ought, and hadn't ought," which, after all, are not only pure English, like 'I had rather,' but in common use here, particularly about Coventry; and, in strict analogy with every other language, wherein the verb *to owe* can be found.

We chuckle at his "I guess," "considerable," and "pretty particularly,"—overlooking the fact, that guess is true old-fashioned English, for which "I presume," "I fancy," "I imagine," "you know," &c. &c. are awkward and feeble substitutes; that "darn-nation" is common through Kent; that "guess" in America, is never used so absurdly

as people say, hardly ever at the end of a phrase; and that "pretty particularly damned," and all such phrases, are only a sort of Yankee, or Kentucky, flash language; so little known throughout the country, that multitudes in every direction have probably never heard, and would not understand it. It is, in fact, the slang of story-tellers.

We wonder, also, that the Yankees never give a direct answer; that they always reply to one question, by answering another; that they never say yes or no; and that they always begin their answer with some superfluous word.

But all these things, it should be remarked, are common to every people, polite or barbarous. Put what question you will, to a well-educated man or woman; and, whatever people may say to the contrary, you will rarely get a direct answer; and never, unless they are angry, or in haste, as direct an answer as might have been given. Ask a well-bred Englishman, if you shall help him from a dish before you; and what will be his reply? Will it be yes or no?—or, will it, in truth, be capable of any grammatical interpretation, as a reply? Is it not—"I thank you"—"much obliged to you," or something of the same sort? So, a Frenchman will say, "*bien obligé*," or "*mercie, monsieur*;" a German, "*Ich danke ihnen*," each and all seeking to avoid the rudeness of saying, directly, yes or no.

Ask an Irishman the way to St Paul's, and his reply will be, "Is it St Paul's ye'd have?" Put the same question to a Scot, and his reply will begin with, "Aweel?"—accompanied with a look, or word, or tone of shrewd interrogation. And so it is, in fact, with every people, particularly if they are sagacious, social, or situated in a part of the country where a stranger is rarely seen. Every one will have his money's worth. If he give information, he will have information in return.

As a people, take them altogether, the Americans talk a purer English than we—as a people. But then, there are not many Americans, who either speak or write so good and pure English, as multitudes of our countrymen do.

Let us not arrogate too much, however, our speakers are far from being scrupulously correct, either in lan-

guage or pronunciation, let them take what authority they will. They, like our writers, are in the habit of coining and manufacturing words at pleasure; and some of our critics have more than once mistaken for Americanisms, pure old English, or English that had been sanctioned by our poets, (the worst authority, by the way, in the world, because the poets are, by inclination, habit, and necessity, the most licentious in the use of words;) and omitted by Dr Johnson, or forgotten by ourselves.

Thus, they have quizzed the Americans over and over again, for using the verb *to improve* (as it is the fashion to call such combinations,) in the sense of the words *to use*. It sounds very oddly to our ears, when we hear a New Englander talk about improving a house, when he only means to occupy it. But the New Englander has a higher authority than is generally known, for this—no less than that of Alexander Pope himself, who says, while speaking of a lady at a theatre, that—

“Not a fan went *unimproved* away.”

Let us farther recollect, that our spoken language, and our written language, are two different things. Our English, when written, is the same, throughout the whole British empire; but, when spoken, it varies at almost every furlong. In America, it is not so. The same language is both written and spoken, in the same way, by the same people.

I shall now run a short parallel between the Americans and the English. We are an old people. The Americans are a new people. We value ourselves on our ancestry—on what we have done; they, on their posterity, and on what they mean to do. They look to the future; we to the past. They are proud of Old England as the home of their forefathers; we, of America, as the abiding place of western Englishmen.

They are but of yesterday as a people. They are descended from those, whose burial places are yet to be seen: we, from those, whose burial-places have been successively invaded by the Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, until they are no longer to be distinguished from the everlasting hills.

As a whole people, the Americans talk a better English than we do; but

then, there are many individuals among us who speak better English than any American, unless we except, here and there, a well-educated New Englander; and a few eminent public speakers, like the late Mr Pinkney, who was minister to this Court; and Mr Wirt, the present attorney-general of the United States, who will probably succeed Mr Rush in the same capacity; and, then, there are a multitude among us who speak a better English than is common among the well-educated men of America, although they do not speak the best English, such as the few among us do.

I have heard a great deal said about the habits of cleanliness in England and America; and I have sometimes laughed very heartily at the reciprocal prejudices of the English and American women.

I have heard an English woman complain of a beastly American for spitting into the fire: and I have heard an American woman express the greatest abhorrence of an Englishman, for spitting in his pocket-handkerchief;—or, for not spitting at all, when he happened to mention that well-bred men swallowed their saliva. A spitting-box is a part of the regular furniture of every room in America, although smoking is now entirely out of fashion there.

An American will not scruple to pick his teeth or clean his nails, if he should think it necessary—anywhere, at any time—before a lady. An Englishman would sooner let them go dirty.

An American never brushes his hat—very rarely his coat; and his hair, not once a-week. An Englishman will brush the first with his coat sleeve, or a silk handkerchief, whenever he puts it on or off: and the two latter, every time that he goes out. The American is laughed at for his personal slovenliness, in England, and the Englishman for his absurd anxiety, in America. Such is national prejudice.

The Englishman is more of a Roman; the American more of a Greek, in the physiognomy of his face and mind; in temper, and in constitution. The American is the vainer; the Englishman, the prouder man of the two. The American is volatile, adventurous, talkative, and chivalrous. The Englishman is thoughtful; determined, very brave, and a little sullen. The

Englishman has more courage ; the American more spirit. The former would be better in defence, the latter in attack. A beaten Englishman is formidable still—A beaten American is good for nothing, for a time.

The countenance of the Englishman is florid: not sharply, but strongly marked ; and full of amplitude, gravity, and breadth ; that of an American has less breadth, less gravity, less amplitude, but more vivacity, and a more lively character. The expression of an Englishman's face is greater ; that of the American, more intense.

In the self-satisfied, honest, hearty, and rather pious expression of an English face, you will find, when it is not caricatured, a true indication of his character. Other people call him boastful, but he is not. He only shews, in every look and attitude, that he is an Englishman, one of that extraordinary people, who help to make up an empire that never had—has not, and never will have, a parallel upon earth. But then, he never tells other men so, except in the way of a speech, or a patriotic newspaper essay.

And so, in the keen, spirited, sharp, intelligent, variable countenance of an American, you will find a correspondent indication of what he is. He is exceedingly vain, rash, and sensitive: he has not a higher opinion of his country, than the Englishman has of his ; but then, he is less discreet—more talkative, and more presumptuous: less assured of the superiority, which he claims for his country ; more watchful and jealous ; and, of course, more waspish and quarrelsome, like diminutive men, who, if they pretend to be magnanimous, only make themselves ridiculous ; and being aware of this, become the most techy and peevish creatures in the world.

The Englishman shews his high opinion of his country by silence ; the American his, by talking: one, by his conduct ; the other by words: one by arrogance, the other by superciliousness.

The Englishman is, generally, a better, braver, and a nobler minded fellow, than you might be led to believe from his appearance. The face of an American, on the contrary, induces you to believe him, generally, a better man than you will find him.

But then, they are so much alike ;

or rather there are individuals of both countries, so like each other, that I know many Americans who would pass everywhere for Englishmen ; and many Englishmen who would pass anywhere for Americans. In heart and head, they are much more alike, than in appearance or manners.

An Englishman, when abroad, is reserved, cautious, often quite insupportable, and, when frank, hardly ever talkative ; not very hasty, but a little quarrelsome nevertheless: turbulent, and rather overbearing, particularly upon the continent. At home, he is hospitable, frank, generous, overflowing with honesty and cordiality, and given to a sort of substantial parade—a kind of old-fashioned family ostentation.

But the American is quite the reverse. Abroad, he is talkative, noisy, imperious ; often excessively impertinent, capricious, troublesome, either in his familiarity, or in his untimely reserve ; not quarrelsome,—but so hasty, nevertheless, that he is eternally in hot water. At home, he is more reserved ; and, with all his hospitality, much given to ostentation of a lighter sort ; substitute—finery and show.

An American is easily excited ; and of course, easily quieted. An Englishman is neither easily quieted, nor easily excited. It is harder to move the latter ; but once in motion, it is harder to stop him.

One has more strength and substance ; the other more activity and spirit. One has more mind, more wisdom, more judgment, and more perseverance, the other more genius, more quickness of perception, more adventurousness.

The Englishman's temper is more hardy and resolute ; that of the American more intrepid and fiery. The former has more patience and fortitude, the latter more ardour. The Englishman is never discouraged, though without resources: the American is never without resources, but is often disheartened. Just so is it with the female character.

An American woman is more childish, more attractive, and more perishable: the English woman is of a healthier mind, more dignified, and more durable. The former is a flower—the latter a plant. One sheds perfume ; the

other sustenance. The Englishwoman is better fitted for a friend, a counselor, and a companion—for the mother of many children, and for the partnership of a long life. But the American woman, particularly of the south, is better fitted for love than counsel:—child-bearing soon destroys her. A few summers, and she appears to have been born a whole generation before her husband. An Englishwoman has more wisdom; an American more wit. One has more good sense; the other more enthusiasm. Either would go to the scaffold with a beloved one: but the female American would go there in a delirium; the Englishwoman deliberately, like a martyr.

And so, too, is the American to be distinguished from the Irishman. The Irish are a gallant, warm-hearted, headlong people; eloquent, feeling, hasty, and thoughtful; great dealers in the superfluous. So are the Americans. But, then, the feeling of the Irish, like their eloquence, is rich, riotous, and florid; while that of the Americans is more vehement, argumentative, and concentrated. The declamation of the American is often solemn and affecting—often too dry for endurance; generally too cold and chaste for enthusiasm; and sometimes exquisitely extravagant.

The Irishman is a hurrying, careless, open-hearted fellow, as likely to do wrong as right, in a moment of exultation. But nothing can be more tiresome than the pleasantries of an American, when he feels disposed to be very facetious. There is nothing of that voluble drollery, that uninterrupted flow of sentiment, fun, whim, and nonsense, in his talking, which we find in that of an Irishman at such a time.

The chivalry of an Irishman has a headlong fury in it which is irresistible. It is partly constitutional, and often miraculous. But it differs about as much from the chivalry of an American, as that does from the deep, constitutional, collected bravery of the Englishman, or the profound strange fervour of the Scot.

An American would make a dozen fortunes while a Scot was making one; but then the American would often die a poor man, over head and ears in debt—the Scot never. An American finds it harder to keep a fortune, a Scot harder to make one.

A Scot would do the same thing over and over again all his life long, to obtain a competency for his children. An Irishman would sooner be shot at once a-week at the distance of ten paces. An American would do neither; but, if there were any new worlds to explore, or serpents to catch, that would 'pay well' he would go to the bottom of the ocean after them in a contrivance of his own.

Everybody has read of Smollet's Irishman, who desired his companion, while he knelt down, and hammered the flint of his pistol, which had missed fire, to "fire away, and not be losing time;" and everybody has acknowledged, that, whether true or false, it was perfectly natural; but could only be believed of an Irishman.

So, too, it is told of an Englishman, that his house having taken fire—containing all that he was worth—finding that he could be of no use in putting it out; he went, and sat down upon a neighbouring hill, and took a drawing of it. Such a story would never have been invented of an American.

And so, too, the well-known anecdote of the young Scot, whose coolness in such an emergency, is a capital specimen of the moral sublime.—"Where are ye gangin, lad?"—"Back again." Nothing can be more absolutely Scotch. I would trust to it in the hottest fire of another Waterloo.

But I know something of an American quite as characteristic.—"Can you carry that battery, sir?" said an American general to Colonel Millar, in the heat of battle.—"I'll try—" and the battery was immediately carried at the point of the bayonet.

But, in this answer, there was not a little of that affectation of Spartan dryness which I have often met with in the Americans. Commodore Perry and Macdonough gave a fine specimen of it in their official communications; probably thinking of Lord Nelson's dispatch from Trafalgar.

Not long since, I met with an amusing example of this national vanity of which I have been speaking in the Americans. General Jackson was one of the candidates for the presidency. The papers were ringing with his name; and, go where I would, in some parts of the country, I could hear nothing but what related to the "hero of New Orleans."

Among others, a German undertook

to convince me, that, if General Jackson should become President of the United States, his name alone was so terrible to the rest of the world, that they would have nothing to fear in America. I remember his very words. "So gross," said he, "ist der Ruf seines namens, durch die ganze zivilisirte welt, dass keine nation es wagen würde uns

zu beleidigen, wenn er am Ruder des staats stünde!"

Let it be remembered, that, in drawing this parallel, I have only given the general character of an Englishman and American. Exceptions, of course, continually occur.

X. Y. Z.

London, July 1, 1824.

CAPTAIN ROCK DETECTED.

WE have heard it made frequently a matter of serious complaint, that Ireland has of late become a sort of standing dish in all our periodical works, on which we compel our readers to gorge themselves *usque ad nauseam*. The same complaint is heard regularly in Parliament, and, in truth, we do not wonder at it. Yet what does it, after all, prove, but that there must be something so out of joint in the affairs of that province, that men's minds are drawn from the consideration of the easy working of the machines of government in every other district of the country, to consider what can be the reason of so notorious an irregularity in that quarter. In truth, we have discovered that it is the *opprobrium regni*—the hair-suspended scimitar which troubles us in the else uninterrupted enjoyment of the fullest feast of prosperity ever vouchsafed to a nation.

Our Whig ancestors governed Ireland with the sword, and enforced peace and tranquillity by the severity of penal laws. In those days Ireland was no trouble to us. We never heard of its existence as a region of turbulence. The storm of the Pretender never disturbed the political atmosphere of the island; and the only precautions deemed necessary to keep her quiet during that hurricane was to send the legislator of bows and curtsies, the Prince of Carpet-knights, my Lord of Chesterfield, to do the amenities at the Castle of Dublin. Other times, however, soon came, and other agents, till then unheard of, were called into action. The fear of the Pretender vanished; and the revolution of the Ame-

rican colonies called up new ideas of provincial importance. The question now was, not whether the sister kingdoms were to be united under the regal sceptre of a Stuart or of a Guelph, but whether they were to be united at all.

They, who first agitated political matters under the new views opened to party, disclaimed, no doubt, such an intention. They clamoured but for free trade, which *must* have come when commercial principles were better understood in England—and coming spontaneously, would of course have been of more substantial benefit than when wrung from a reluctant and pluckless cabinet, by noisy defiance and irritating oratory. They, seated for rotten boroughs, and the creatures of a proud aristocracy, made tumultuous appeals for Parliamentary reform—not that they cared a farthing about it, but because it was at that time one of the most popular engines of discontent. They organized under false pretences, an armed force called the Volunteers, and summoned meetings of military delegates to bully Parliament with documents under the title of petitions, but in the tone and spirit of manifestoes. It is in vain to deny it, that many of the leaders of that day aimed at the then fresh glories of George Washington.

Their wishes were not destined to be gratified, but their intrigues had created a new power in Ireland. They mooted, among other topics, the question of Catholic Emancipation. Their education and political views are sufficient to convince us, that they had no affection for the dogmata of that reli-

* Captain Rock Detected: or, the Origin and Character of the Recent Disturbances, and the Causes, both Moral and Political, of the present Alarming Condition of the South and West of Ireland, fully and fairly Considered and Exposed. By a Munster Farmer. London: Printed for T. Cadell, in the Strand; R. Milliken, Bookseller to the University, &c. Dublin; and W. Blackwood, Edinburgh. 1824.

glory, or any desire to extend the empire of the priesthood. No,—but they flattered themselves, that when their own objects were accomplished, when they had set up a republic of their own, under whatever livery of motley it might please them to decorate it, they would be able to quell superstition in all the phases of the Christian worship. The prominent object of their hatred was of course the Established Church, and they cared not with what auxiliaries they linked themselves, so as to work it harm and overthrow. Hence, and hence only, were the Irish told of the majority which the Roman Catholics had in Ireland—of the vile monopoly of the church—of the hideous oppression of tythes—and the lower orders, who had formerly remained quiescent under the now so much stigmatized severity of the Whig Penal Code, were stimulated into murderous action against the clergy, their agents, and their friends. It required no ghost to tell us that a mob of savages let loose would not stop at the point desired by the original agitators. From waging war against tythes, they soon came to a resolution to wage war against the state; and the Whiteboys, Rightboys, Levellers, Defenders, &c. &c., were agents ready prepared for the actual insurgents of 1798.

In the midst of these events came the French Revolution; and with it, the principles which we can now so well appreciate. The hideous countenance of Jacobinism had not yet glowered out; and the future murderers, with a thirst of blood raging in their hearts, wore the mask of universal benevolence. Their fraternal offers found ready listeners in Ireland. The Whigs, it is true, recoiled terrified at "the sound *themselves* had made;" but their pupils were now trained and ready to spurn their former tutors. Theobald Wolfe Tone, who was afterwards one of the most sanguine and sanguinary rebel chiefs, in his very curious autobiography (which is the only readable article in Colburn's late New Monthly, a periodical which we perceive Mr Campbell's Irish correspondents have made the regular Whiteboy Gazette of London inform us, that he was much assisted in his traitorous views by "one of the very few honest men in the Irish House of Commons."

[A pious M.P.] "It was he who

first turned my attention to this great question"—[that of separating Ireland from England] "but I very soon ran far a-head of my master."—[N. M. Magazine, No. XLIII. p. 10.] The new leaders called on the unhappy demi-civilized rabble of the country, and they plunged into war with all the improvidence of savages, and the diabolical zeal of intolerant fanatics. The result was of course what might have been expected. Had the rebellion succeeded, it would have been not more *ex victis*, than *ex victoribus*. It would have been followed by the extirpation of heresy by sword and faggot. To use the words of a noted leader to one of the original Presbyterian United Irishmen in the north—"When the men of the Church had been gorged for dinner, the men of the Presbytery should serve for the next morning's breakfast." The Jacobins looked for democracy—their savage allies for what they would have called a theocracy—and, as one of the disappointed aspirants for the independence of Ireland was afterwards in the habit of saying, in either case, the proper appellation for the government which must have resulted, would have been, whatever Greekish compound is used to express a government of the Devil.

The Union followed the Rebellion. No measure could be more necessary in every point of view. We certainly shall not stop to discuss the policy or the impolicy of such a measure now, with such a reasoner as Mr Thomas Moore, the biographer of Captain Rock. It is open to the same obloquy as the Union with Scotland formerly was, and from the same class of people. Local importance was affronted—day-dreams of imperial independence marred for ever. Is it wonderful that people, whose arena for political discussion, which was at the same time the passport to political importance, was taken away, should feel sore at the dissolution of the Irish Parliament—that most intolerable of nuisances?—Is it wonderful that the *canaille*, full of the recollection of the misty grandeur, cast over the aboriginal savages who held their sceptres by lying chroniclers, and also taught by the successors of the said chroniclers to look forward in abounding hope to the day when the total separation of the insular governments should restore not only the natural splendour,

but the cherished faith of her "millions"—should look with jealousy or indignation on a measure which put a final extinguisher on such hopes?—Nor shall we omit, in forming a catalogue of the reasons which continue the sorrow for the Union through Ireland—the patriotic exertions of such eminent and respectable characters as the poet of the Fudge family, and the novelist of the Wild Irish Girl—to pass by some score less noted, though not less active, poisoners of the public mind.

As long as the war, and the high prices consequent on it, continued, the flame of discontent did not blaze forth. When Ireland, in common with all the empire, felt the depression arising from the change of war to peace, then it was visible. Ireland could bear depression worse than any part of the empire. The improvidence of her gentry had made them imagine that the war would last for ever, and on the strength of this, they had plunged themselves into contracts, impossible to perform without ruin. The lower orders, dependant on the lowest quality of food, could not descend in the scale without starvation. Hence followed bankruptcy of the upper classes—famine among the lower—and thence arose Captain Rock. His name marks the feeling with which the insurrection originated. Moore, with that bad faith which has at all times characterized him, pretends to be dubious as to its derivation. He well knows that the class of people from whose ranks the Captain is drawn, look on the Roman Catholic Church, as the Rock of the Christian faith, and set up their leader as its champion. With the ignorance of poor deluded peasants, they attributed their actual depression to the tythes, well remembering the lessons taught them by their old Whig landlords, and the false and intemperate speeches of Mr Grattan and his associates. By attacking the property of the clergy, they were not only ministering to their own wants, as they imagined, but doing something vastly heroic towards extirpating heresy.

Behind the curtain were, and are, some men of higher rank than the miserable agents who spread brutal and unmanly murder over some of the fairest provinces of Ireland: but the mere Captain Rock is as unpoetical a

savage as can be conceived. A low, skulking, cowardly, and sanguinary vagabond,—crouching from the gallows, and flying at the presence of an armed policeman, unless backed in something of the ratio of a hundred to one. They are poor wretches, on whom the soldiery, when called out against them, deem it a pity to waste powder, and whom the magistrates who try them endeavour to save from the punishment due to their crimes by law, by taking hold of every quirk in their power, out of sheer compassion. Such, however, are the heroes of Mr Moore; and for the tremendous heartlessness with which he advocates their cause, he gets deserved and heightened rebuke in one of the most excellent works that we have ever seen on the subject of the unhappy disturbances of Ireland—we mean "Captain Rock detected by a Munster Farmer." We copy from his eleventh chapter—headed, Amusements of the Irish Peasants—

Through Connaught, Leinster, Munster,
Ulster,

Rock's the boy to make the fun stir.—

Thomas Moore.

"There is, I am told, a genius for happiness; and there are men who can find satisfaction even in the atrocities at which the generality of mankind are grievously shocked. One writer of our days, in stately phrase and philosophical calmness of temperament, pronounces our disturbances to be a war! and invests pillage, and treachery, and murder, in the dignity of military stratagem and martial achievement. Another writer, the missionary, finds Captain Rock and his followers to be men after his own heart, and over their glorious exploits—the prudence of their retreats where they are opposed, and the heroism with which they massacre the unarmed and unresisting—has sported amiably. Bless his merry heart, it fits him well for his employment. The missionary is Captain Rock's favoured laureat. I have not the genius, or the kindred spirit by which one must qualify for such a post. I am but the humble and faithful historian; and as such, I am to describe the character of the exploits which have animated the missionary into such an enthusiasm of admiration.

"I will not dwell upon such glorious feats as were performed in my neighbourhood the other day, when a daring multitude seized upon an individual whose cousin had offended, and slew him in fair fight; and when, before life was quite extinct, one of the dauntless train lifted the body from the earth, carried it to a little distance,

and placed the uncovered head carefully on a stone, that it might be the more convenient mark for his blows—"Rock is the boy to make the fun stir." I pass by, however, such trifling amusements as these; it is only in his hours of dalliance that he is to be found engaged in these light sports, or, as has been said elsewhere, "ridiculously tossing children on the point of a pike." I come to a nobler exploit, such as will more faithfully characterize the gallant captain, and more effectually justify the seeming extravagance of the missionary's praises.

"There lived in the county of Waterford, a gentleman of small property, but of a family, which, independent of its antiquity, was venerable in the minds of the people, for having suffered in their cause.* He was a Roman Catholic; he was a man of the kindest manners, a most humane and indulgent landlord, even to his own detriment, and from his earliest youth he had never forsaken the popular side. If such men are regarded as the enemies of the people, I could wish to know, who they consider their friends? This gentleman was a tenant to Lord Middleton, a nobleman of whom it is little to say, that he is a munificent and benevolent landlord, and who has the rare advantage of having his good intentions not marred, but carried into perfect execution by intelligent and upright agents. It will readily be understood, that there may have been an anxiety generally felt to be the tenant of such a nobleman, and to be under the direction of such agents. Mr Sheehy, the tenant of whom I speak, held under Lord Middleton, on a lease for his own life; and (the lease of one of the persons to whom he had re-let the ground having expired) he gave a farm, containing about thirty acres, to his son, whom he wished to leave in possession of so much on his own demise. The tenants began to think, that if Mr Sheehy died while they were in possession, they might have their leases continued under Lord Middleton, as their immediate landlord: and the resolution was adopted to murder an innocent kind-hearted old man, who had been living for the greater part of sixty years with the old people and their children, on terms of the most affectionate intercourse; and who had been indulgent to all his tenants at personal losses, and at the expense of suffering such inconvenience in

his family as made his indulgence a fault. He had been walking on a winter evening towards his home—a home, from which, while Sheehy had means to be generous, no poor man was ever sent empty away. He was, with his usual open-hearted and benevolent hilarity, conversing with a young peasant about his approaching marriage, and assisting him with his counsel on the arrangements he should make. The young man entered into the house where his mistress lived, and Mr Sheehy pursued his way, unacquainted with fear, and imagining that there was not perhaps in existence a being who could entertain a hostile feeling against him. In the meantime, the young man from whom he had parted with a blessing, had armed himself, and gone in pursuit of his unsuspecting victim; and while his mind was, perhaps, occupied with benevolent projects for his murderer—the murderer stood silently at his back, and with the heavy coulter of a plough, beat in his skull, and repeated his blows until his benefactor was lying a mangled corpse upon the snow.—"Rock is the boy to make the fun stir!!!"

This may be "fun" to Mr Moore, and to the people of equally refined sensibility, who can groan over the evils of Ireland while they consist of keeping a factious barrister out of a silk gown, and laugh loud, and make merry and conceited jests, over the exploits of cannibal assassins.

It may be fun to such people as these: but what is it but a subject of the most serious, the most awful solemnity, in the eyes of every one who deserves the name either of good subject, or good Christian, or good man. With sorrow, with bitter sorrow and indignation, has it been contemplated by the author of the volume before us; and the way in which he has taken up the Rocks and the Moores, the ragamuffins and the sycophants, by whose exertions, so beautifully combined, Ireland is ruined, and Britain endangered, entitles him not merely to the praise of cleverness, eloquence, and so forth: it does a great deal more: his book pleads him—we have no hesitation in speaking it clearly and broad-

* "He was a nephew of that Mr Sheehy, the Roman Catholic priest, who was hanged in the town of Clonmel. At this distance of time, the name of 'Father Sheehy' is a convenient topic for abuse against the memories of the men who condemned him. It is supposed, I know, that very equivocal evidence was admitted against him; but whatever were the merits of the case on which he suffered, it is certain that he was mainly instrumental in exciting the Whiteboy disturbances. I knew an old gentleman, a Roman Catholic, whom he laboured to reduce into a participation of his designs, and to whom he directly proposed, that he should submit to be sworn in as a member of the Whiteboy fraternity. The opinion entertained of Mr Sheehy's case, by those who are the most competent judges, is, that no man merited his death more thoroughly; even although of the specific charge upon which he was convicted he might have been innocent. His connection with the insurrectionary system was perfectly well known, although no legal evidence could be procured except from persons of doubtful character."

ly—his book places him on a level with the very first political writers of our time.

The book is far from being a mere answer to Tommy Moore: an answer to him it is, and that with a vengeance: but it is easy to see, that the respondent feels himself too immeasurably above the petty assailant. A single blow every now and then lays the flattering puuster and versifier on his back, and then, scarcely deigning to observe his demolition, the man of Munster plunges into the warfare, not of witticisms, but of principles: he corrects Moore's false statements in a style of the most painful pungency; but he does not stop there. He attacks the principles which the author of Fanny of Timmol dared no more than to insinuate: he cuts up root and branch the tree of prejudice and assumption, under the shade of which, the great absentee landlords of Ireland (Moore's masters) hope to continue *their own enjoyments*—no matter what be the scape-goat. He, in one word, shews the real root of the evils of Ireland—and he dares, what no one before has done, to lay before the world a scheme for its eradication,—a scheme which may or may not be the right and the practicable one, but which has, at all events, the merits of being distinct, clear, intelligible; and which the author of it expounds, illustrates, and enforces, in a style of firm, manly, and philosophical disquisition, second, certainly, to nothing that has appeared since the death of his illustrious countryman—Burke.

This praise, which at first sight must appear extravagant, could not perhaps be completely justified to our readers, without a greater mass of quotation than we can at present conveniently find room for. We shall try, however, what may be done in the way of *ex pede Herculem*, and we shall endeavour to quote one specimen at least, of each of the various, but all excellent styles, in which this author destroys Moore, and discusses Ireland.

His great and standard position is: that the rapacity of the Irish landlords is the real and fundamental source of all the miseries of the Irish population. That misery, as was shewn at length in a late number of this Magazine, by Y. Y. Y., is confined to the agricultural population alone—the people in the towns are all

well off—the manufacturing poor are happy—the peasantry only are in want, and disaffection with them alone, can plead the agony of hunger for its excuse.—So much is written on this topic in the volume before us, that we do not very well know where to choose; but, to begin, turn to p. 327, where, in the course of discussing the Societies lately established in Ireland for fisheries, agricultural improvements, &c., our Farmer has these observations:—

“These societies proceed, with respect to the poor, on the same principles which guide a speculative neighbour of mine in the management of his horses. He holds, that corn is an unnecessary luxury for them, and that good grooming will keep them sleek and healthy; and, although their coats are staring and their strength declining, he still maintains, that his failure is owing to *some occult and undiscoverable cause*, and will rather, I believe, keep the poor animals in a state in which they are quite unprofitable, than accommodate himself to the vulgar notion, that they should be fed as well as curried. Everybody knows, that the best way to improve the condition of the poor, is to *give effect, as Malthus says, to the desire of improvement*; and how to do this *without letting in some hope upon them, I am utterly unable to comprehend*. The society says, ‘white-wash your house, plant a garden around it, get bee-hives, have your children taught to spin, &c. &c.’ and we will encourage and reward you;’ and perhaps the individuals who constitute the society, may be among the persons who say, in the form of an exorbitant rent, *All your improvements are for my advantage, and even the prizes by which you may be rewarded shall surely be mine*. The grand argument which I have heard put forward to gain over the support of the gentry to these various societies is, *that they may be instrumental in enabling the tenantry to pay their rents*; that is, to pay higher rents than they are at present able to make of the ground. I know a case where a high-minded and very intelligent man ventured to move, as an amendment to some resolution by which a premium was offered, *that the premium should not be granted to any tenant who was subject to an exorbitant rent*. ‘We all know,’ said he, ‘that in such a case, the tenant will derive no benefit, as the prize will become part of the rent; and that the landlord will thus have his rapacity rewarded and encouraged by a bounty intended for the benefit of the poor.’ It will be easy,’ he added, ‘to ascertain the cases, in which it may be advisable to extend this encouragement. Being, as we are, an agricultural body, we

can have no difficulty in pronouncing, from our knowledge of any farm, whether the rent demanded for it be excessive or not; and if it be, I think we are called upon, by a regard for the real interests of the poor and of the country, to refuse our sanction to the exercise of a rapacious spirit, which such premiums as you are offering may have a tendency to increase and to perpetuate. It is perhaps unnecessary to state, that the amendment was negatived.* *It was considered monstrous to extend the inquiries of the society into any consideration of landlords' oppressions, and the interests of the poor were to be no farther regarded, than was compatible with the untrodden aggregations of the privileged orders.*

"Another instance of the same reverence for the higher classes, I cannot pass unnoticed. One of these societies, taking into account the demand which corn buyers made for what they called 'beamage,' (although they gave the seller the benefit of it in a higher price,) determined to put a stop to it, as an illegal exaction, and, I believe, succeeded, with great eclat. This was all right; it simplified the business of buying and selling. But in the town where this society held its meetings, there were charges made by the corporation which every one knew to be illegal, and which were urged *to the real loss of the poor*—not as in the case of the beamage—and yet no one member of this association would attempt—I believe I am wrong—I believe a member shewed how easily they could succeed—but certainly the association would not put one finger to the sore part of the 'head of the corporation;' and he, in consequence, derives the benefit of his illegal exactions, which are levied upon the poor, day after day, in the presence of an association instituted for their protection and improvement.

"I speak here of no other societies than those of which merits a farmer may be competent to judge. There are societies for the encouragement of fisheries, &c. &c. and all of these may, perhaps, serve the country, not only by introducing new wealth amongst us, but by lightening the pressure of the population on agricultural employment. There are others for the cultivation of waste lands; and of the propriety of their objects, I have great doubts. *If there could be any assurance given that the tongs of these waste lands should grow so familiar with comforts, that they would feel a dread and a shame of bringing chil-*

dren into a world where their portion is likely to be wretchedness, the lands might be turned to good account; but if the population of them is to be of the same kind with that from which the principal evils of the present day arise, then, I think wise men should hesitate long before they would, in order to procure a slight temporary relief, lend themselves to a measure which would be silently, but certainly, accumulating the materials for future convulsions. But as to the agricultural societies for improving the condition of the poor, *they must fail, and they ought to fail; because, while the rents continue what they are at present, the people distinctly understand, that for every new power developed in them, an additional burden will be imposed upon them.* When Sampson ground in the mill for the Philistines, *he was blind;* and if the associations could deprive our people of understanding, perhaps they might succeed in strengthening them for their lord's advantage; but so long as they see that their increased skill can add little or nothing to their comforts, they will remain indocile and discontented, and will not think it a sufficient reward for their toils, that they have been the means of sending a new aspirant for the dignity of absenteeism to the luxury for which he pines, and that they have procured for themselves the power to run to the apertures of their miserable hovels, and stare at the splendid equipage in which a new agent is glancing gloriously by.

"I do not mean to say, that these associations, frivolous as their objects are, may not be of some random utility to the country; but I own my spirit has sometimes been grievously stirred when I have seen the manner in which they have been converted into a means of misleading public opinion as to the causes of Irish wretchedness. I have heard landlords and ladies, *who, if they thought for an instant, must have known that they were themselves the real cause why the people suffered,* direct the attention of the members of the associations to matters totally unconnected with the general distress. 'Now, don't you think, that the Church establishment is a horrid bore? Don't you think, that three thousand a-year is a great deal too much for any pair of lawn sleeves; and could not the parsons live a very comfortable life, and keep good wives, that would nurse their pigs, and wash their children's faces very well, if we allowed them three hundred pounds?' And who are the people who

* Captain Rock, or the missionary, has alluded to the very clever letters in the Southern Reporter, containing instructions how to give tithes in kind. It is a curious fact, that the writer of these letters, though it is a very proper object for the various agricultural societies, to extend the operation of Mr. Cobden's bill. He is a man who will not gratify his hostility to the church establishment at the expense of the poor creatures whom the missionary and his associates will have to bear the evils of their wars, and as soon as he had an opportunity to join for himself that Mr. Cobden's bill is really good, he at once gave up all opposition to it, and cordially gave to the destruction of his talents, and of more earnestness of equal importance, the strong sanction of his approval.

thus dogmatize, with such a flippant and pragmatical philosophy? Frequently they are persons who have strained the exertions of their wretched tenantry until the instruments of torture have snapped; who have been maintaining a shadowy affectation of finery in circles where they were admitted to a kind of scornful toleration, and, in order to sustain the appearance which procured for them permission thus to attend at the threshold of honour, have been wringing from the hearts of their forlorn dependants the humble comforts which had been so hardly earned; and who, when oppression could procure no more, returned with the stern grasp of necessity upon them, and imported themselves, with their poverty and their peevishness, in return for the large revenue they send annually away for the satisfaction of their creditors in England. Oh, this dreadful absenteeism! Who has ever looked upon a group of the peasantry of Ireland, and has not mourned for their desertion? And to think of the love and the homage from which our absentees fly away! I well remember when the name of ——— would have sent a trumpet tone into all hearts within the limits of an extensive county. I remember well, when there needed but that name to rouse, into any action of labour or of peril, as fearless and as gallant a host as ever the sun looked down upon. And he who could thus 'wield at will' the energies of a fine people, before whom, I am convinced, if danger assailed him, ten thousand men would have made a wall of their dead bodies, rejected the god-like office, to which he seemed called, of being the benefactor of such multitudes, for the effeminate and debasing pleasures that alienated him from all good; and now, even in the neighbourhood of his magnificent but desolate mansion, his name is associated with evil, and pronounced in a tone that seems the very echo of disappointed hopes and affections. Oh! miserable, miserable Ireland! when will thy children cease to leave thy distresses unknown, that they may furnish weapons for purposes of vulgar hostility? When will those persons whose names could stamp truth with authority, desist from attempts at misdirecting public opinion, and state honestly and fully what they know to be the causes of your distress? When shall your people be rescued from the oppressions and extortions that have made them wicked and miserable, and that keep them desperate and unimprovable? I cannot speak with authority. I can gain for my assertions no passport to public favour; and therefore they may pass into oblivion unregarded; but still, I will perform my duty faithfully, and state what I consider as one of the greatest evils, arising out of absenteeism, by which our peasantry and our country are afflicted.

"When I mentioned the grievance of excessive rents, I did not mean to say, that

every landlord was an oppressor. Many landlords there are who have entitled themselves to all praise; but their efforts are rendered comparatively useless by the greater number of those who are the devourers of their people. In the same manner, I do not mean to say that all agents are to be condemned; but that the conduct of the great majority (at least the majority of such as I have known) is in the highest degree to be reprobated. In some instances, the agency system is to blame for the evils which originate in it; in others, the agents are the causes of evil. It needs no sagacity to discern, that, in those cases where the agents live at a considerable distance from the estates they are to manage, the evils of their non-residence must be sensibly felt. These gentlemen appoint a particular day on which they will attend to receive the rents; and it is not to be expected that persons who never visit the property (as is frequently the case) can be acquainted with the proper objects for indulgence, and can know in what cases they should press their demands. Englishmen can hardly appreciate the importance of a little judicious indulgence to an Irish tenantry, and may not readily comprehend how many a poor man is ruined for the want of a resident agent, of a better order than the bailiffs usually employed, to receive his rent in small portions, as he gathers it at the various markets.

"But, passing by this misfortune, an evil owing principally to the exorbitancy of the rents, which leave so little means for procuring comforts to the peasantry, that they may be continually under the temptation of appropriating to their own use some of that income which is the landlord's due; omitting altogether the grievance which arises from their not being well watched, I have a heavier charge against the agents. The grievance attending the collection of rents is light, in comparison with those which arise out of the mode of letting farms. If the agents were persons unacquainted with the value of lands, (*and no such persons ought to be agents*), and if this were a country in which there was no more than a fair competition for land, it might be said that the mode of setting, by advertising for proposals, needed not to be changed. But here, the agents know perfectly well what the rents ought to be, and they know equally well that the peasantry are disposed to offer more. Why then is it, that they require private proposals? Is it that their employers doubt their integrity, and leave a hapless peasantry exposed to the speculation of men whom they would not depend on where they are themselves directly concerned? Or have the landlords confidence in them, and is it at the suggestion of the agents the mode of accepting proposals is adopted? I do not know,—but I know what the consequences have been.

I know that a peasant never thinks of making his approach to an agent without a bribe in his hand; I know that honest agents are shocked, and the great mass of agents enriched by this nefarious traffic; I know that peasants consult their friends about the amount of the bribe to be offered, as well as about the rent to be proposed; and I know that bribes more than equivalent to the abatements desired have been offered and accepted by the agents who procured them; I know, too, that more than a due proportion of oppression falls on the peasantry from these trading agents; they receive bribes from wealthy middlemen as well as from the poor, but they are obliged to give full value to the farmer, who might tell disagreeable tales; and they make the poor wretches, whose complaints they hold lightly, suffer for the indulgences which they must grant to those whose stories might be credited.

"These oppressions I do not hesitate to say, are main causes of the misery, and powerful excitements of the discontented spirit which reigns amongst our people; and while they continue, I am sure there can be no comfort; and, but for the immorality of the desire, I could wish that there might not be tranquillity in Ireland."

The following is from an earlier part of the volume; but may be considered here with considerable effect. It is but an *echantillon*, however.

"The people of England have a ready mode of judging whether the Irish gentry are proper protectors of the poor, or serviceable interyenients between the monarch and the mass of his subjects—such interyenients as may be most likely to link the people with the laws. Let them judge from this;—at a former period, it was in the power of the gentry to free the lower orders from the tithe-proctor's vexations, and, by suffering the tithe of agistment to continue, they might have had a system free from all the objections that may fairly be urged against having the impost principally levied upon the poor. The gentry saved themselves, and left the poor and the proctor to settle matters by law or by agreement, or by blood, just as their mutual interests or their mutual animosities prompted. In the year 1824 they have the power, without increasing the amount of taxation on the land, to rescue the poor from those vampires (as they are called) to whom they had formerly abandoned them; and, instead of adopting this salutary measure, or shewing by fair arguments why they do not, they have the provisions of the act for composition misrepresented, and a clamour raised against it, as if its object were to in-

crease the income of the Church, and to reimpose the tithe of agistment. I have not time here to enlarge upon the nature or provisions of the tithe composition act: one word, however, concerning the principles on which the gentry oppose it. 'Why,' (asks the writer of the letter to Mr Abercrombie,) 'should the gentry surrender their legal rights, where the people obtain no equivalent advantages?' I can see no reason why they should; and I have no doubt that there are cases in which the amount of composition is so high, as that the adoption of the measure could not serve the people. But, if the amount be such as to allow a considerable reduction in the rate which the people must otherwise pay, then I believe it will be admitted, that the gentry might abate something of their legal claims for their own profit, and for the benefit of the people whose protectors they style themselves. That this is the case over the greater part of Munster, it is not difficult to shew.

"It is to be observed, that, in the charge for tithe, there is, generally speaking, a division adopted, according to which there are three rates of payment. I have never known tithe of the best quality pay more than 12s., and I have frequently known the charge for the third quality to be so low as 4s.; and, on the whole, as well as I could form a judgment, the average of payments," during the seven years ending in 1821, was less than nine shillings to the acre. During this period, according to the average of prices, wheat, the article (the tithe of which I am considering) sold for L.1, 18s. 8d. the barrel; and, allowing the average produce to be, what we stated before, 7½ barrels, the return of an acre would exceed fourteen pounds ten shillings, and the market price of the tithe would be one pound nine; allow 2s. for the difference between the market and the field price, and the value of the tithe would be twenty-seven shillings; that is, would amount to three times the parson's charge! Should it not, then, be reasonable to expect, that the gentry would give up something, in order that, for eighteen years, it might be secured to them by law, that the charge for tithe should be equal to less than the thirtieth part of the produce? Supposing that, for three years, the parson was paid more than he should have, according to the old system, might not this over-payment be regarded as the fair purchase of the eighteen years which were to follow? Even on a supposition, that, for the twenty-one years, the prices of grain were to remain what they were last year, when wheat brought not more than L.1 a-barrel, the parish, by allowing the parson nine shillings an acre

"I leave out of this calculation a few parishes in the county of Cork, where the charge for tithe amounted to something nearer the legal right than in the greater part of the south is usual; and I repeat the title of one kind of grain for no other reason than that of consulting brevity."

for the first three years—a sum, be it remembered, little more than half his legal right—would have secured to themselves, that, for the eighteen years which were to follow, the clergyman could recover a sum which supposed that his tithe, originally, was only four shillings and sixpence.

“There certainly are cases, in which the parish ought not to adopt the provisions of this Act: for instance, tithe has, in some instances, been charged at so high a rate, that the parishioners would have no benefit from their three years’ purchase, and, in some places, the proportion of grass land is too small to afford any considerable relief, while the arable land has been so long under tillage, that much of it may be exhausted before the term of composition has expired. But from the nature of the reasoning by which the *very principle* of the tithe-bill is sometimes opposed, I am inclined to believe that the real grounds of opposition are not such as an advocate for the gentry would be authorized on their part to express. The gentry remember what they gained in the agistment business; they had hoped, that the church establishment would be annihilated, and that they might seize upon its wealth; and they fear that Mr Goulburn’s bill, by giving it a basis as broad as all Ireland, will secure it against the assaults by which, at a future time, they might aggrandize themselves.

“It is not my intention to occupy my pages with any account of the Castlehaven transaction—much might perhaps be said, in the defence of a stranger’s conduct, who felt himself opposed by the gentry, and worried by the people, and who, finding no disposition to assist him in those who might have weight with his parishioners, was obliged, or thought himself obliged, to resort to the severest measures of the law, from precisely the same causes which induced the people to resist it. My business, however, is not with individuals, and I cannot but think that the conduct of the gentry furnishes the best commentary on their clamours. We may judge about the interest they take in the concerns of the poor, from the complacency with which they give them up to the tithe proctor’s speculations; and the vulture-like ferocity with which they scream around any unsoundness in the Church establishment, ought to give a timely warning to those who are not of the privileged orders, that, al-

though they are permitted to run down the prey, they must not expect to banquet upon it.

“And yet, strange to say, the landlords contrive, in some way or other, to identify their cause with that of the nation, at least, if we are to depend on such writers as Mr Abercrombie’s correspondent.

“This gentleman is so enamoured with everything belonging to the aristocratic party, that he can even eulogise the vote of the Irish commons against the tithe of agistment, as if it emanated in a prophetic spirit, by which, in spite of all the disadvantages of the climate, they foresaw, at a distant day, crops which nature denied to their own times, and shifting the burden of the Church from their own shoulders, enacted a law, or rather passed a vote, by which, even from their graves, they could inflict a new persecution on the poor papists. Admirable sagacity, no doubt! First, to prevent the Church from growing rich, they take away the tithe of agistment, and so discourage agriculture; next, to preclude all chance that the Church should continue poor, they offer an enormous bounty on the growth, or (which is the same

the clergy in possession of their entire income, they might become too rich at the end of fifty years, and therefore they take away one part of their income. This might have been applied to the education of the poor, or the providing for the Romish clergy. *It was not so applied*; it was seized, and made private property by the gentry who dispossessed the Church of it; and this proceeding is praised by Mr Abercrombie’s correspondent, as an act performed by the Irish Parliament in one of its rare ‘moments of wisdom and virtue!’ I have sometimes laughed at the idea of men, like Cromwell’s followers, pillaging for themselves, and ‘all for the glory of God!’ but to think of the supreme council of a nation seizing upon the revenues of any set of men, and appropriating the spoil, not to any national purpose, but to their own private uses—and to hear this spoken of as an act of *wisdom and virtue*—I am a plain man,—in comparison with the polished avower of this sentiment,—an unlettered man, and yet, I protest to God, I would not accept his talents, and the celebrity they may procure him, if they were to be

“A farmer’s library is generally very limited, and his means of consulting better ones not extensive. I cannot, therefore, pronounce with any greater degree of certainty than I have derived from reflection and from long intercourse with persons who remember the events of many years; but I am strongly inclined to think, that as far as tithes were influential in disturbing the country, they derived their mischievous power from this vote respecting agistment. At the time of the vote, the principal kind of farming was by tillage; for it was very generally thought that the climate was too humid for corn; and the incomes of the clergy were accordingly so reduced by the vote, as that they were unable to continue their accustomed indulgence to the poor, who in consequence felt, or thought they felt, a new pressure. Perhaps the decline of the Protestant religion may be ascribed in part to the same cause; bishops finding it necessary to counterbalance the diminution of tithes, by making large unions, which at first allowed no more than a moderate subsistence, but in process of time became the wealthy benefices of modern times.”

accompanied by the corrupt and servile spirit which could dictate so unworthy a declaration. How debased must be the moral sense—how faded even the memory of all nobleness, before such a thought could be suffered to escape beyond the heart where it originated, and before a sentiment could be expressed, in a correspondence with a gentleman of high reputation, which should make a man of honour blush to be found standing by the side of one who had shamelessly avowed it!

"Something too much of this. It is easy to judge, that with such notions of virtue, the enemies of the Church are little impeded in their operations by the checks of conscience. No wonder, therefore, if, being free from all moral restraint, they succeeded in persuading many respectable farmers, and deluding the great mass of cottier tenants, and even their great protector, Captain Rock, into a notion, that the Church establishment was inimical to the welfare of the people. The poor peasantry were in that state of general debility which made them feel an oppression at any part of the frame to which their attention was directed. I remember reading, in an account of the sensations of some person who had been put to the torture inflicted on culprits who refuse to plead; that, after some time, he became unconscious of the pressure on his breast, but, with a diseased irritability, felt intolerable anguish from the weight of a cambric handkerchief which was laid gently on his face. It was thus that the people suffered; they had lost all consciousness of the burden which the landlords laid upon them; they knew that they were miserable; and when they were directed to the tithe, as the cause of their wretchedness, they were, and it is no wonder that they were, prompt to believe. But they are not void of understanding, and if only those persons whose interest it is to set them right, would honestly endeavour to instruct them upon the subject, we might soon have a peasantry with different notions concerning the causes of their grievances.

"I will take leave, here, to recount a short dialogue which I held with a poor neighbour at the close of the last summer. He called on me to settle an account for the rent of his little farm; and, in the course of conversation, I inquired whether he had paid his tithe. I perceived that he hesitated a little, and wished to evade all discussion on this obnoxious topic, and I applied myself to the source, which, all writers agree, has the power to open man's

heart. The application was not without effect; my gigantic tenant shook his hyacinthine curls, and pronounced it to be 'the right thing,' and prayed 'that my honour might have long life and prosperity,' &c. &c. On repeating my inquiry about the tithe, he became more communicative. 'Why, then,' said he, 'I will tell you all about it, and why shouldn't I—may be you'd think worse (Anglice better) of me than them that wouldn't let me tell you. I *didn't*, then, pay the minister, and I don't know when I will pay him.'—'And why will you not; his charge is very reasonable?'—'Oh, it is not that at all; it isn't for the lucre of the money, but I wouldn't wish to set a bad pattern in the country—and that's it all out now.' I endeavoured to convince him, that paying a man's debts could hardly be called a bad pattern anywhere, not even in Ireland; but he did not relish the notion of calling tithe a debt. 'I'd pay my debts,' said he, 'again any man in the parish, little or great, and my father and mother know, that's their souls that's in purgatory, God be merciful to 'em, know well enough that I'm a good warrant to pay for my seed, breed, and generation; but sure tithes is not in that way; sure nobody ever thought it was a sin not to pay tithes and taxes, and the likes of them things.' I asked him what he meant by debts, if he did not allow tithes to be such; his answer was prompt: 'Anything that I got value for, and sure the minister never gave me value for the tithe.'—'Don't you know that if you were not to pay tithe, you should pay me a higher rent than you do?'

"Oh, then, God bless your honour, and it's I that would, and glad I'd be to do it, and my blessing along wid it."

"But I should have no benefit from it; I should pay it to the head landlord; so that if you were not to pay the tithe, you should pay the same amount, as rent, to Lord—"

"Is it he the negur?—bad luck to him night and morning; I'd rather pay the minister itself than he to get it, the dirty miser,* that took his scrapers when he heard that his tenants were coming to see him, and all the boys with the cockades bought to put in their hats, and would not let the great poet stay behind, that makes the songs about the grand old times—and two of the gentlemen down on their knees to axe leave for him to stay, and the ladies running mad after him, and the dinner bought and all—O! devil a bit of the ugly

* The Missionary may perhaps have heard how a peer and a poet made rather a hasty exit from Killybeg last year; it can do no harm to give the commentary of my poor friend upon it. At the same time that this peer withdrew himself so suddenly, without seeing his tenants, Mr Stanley was on the estates of his noble grandfather, visiting in person and alone the cabins of the tenantry; seeing with his own eyes their condition, and leaving behind him a remembrance that will make his generosity and benevolence, and encouraging condensation, well known, and loved with enthusiasm by the grandchildren of the men, to whose hearts he imparted a hope to which they had long been strangers.—Oh! that he were imitated!

negur would give him lave to stay, but hoised him off body and bones, and my curse, and the curse of all the tinants along with him. If it's he that's to get the tithe, I'll go this minite, and I'll not stop nor stay till I take the minister the money; and I'll be bail, 'tis long again till I'll let any one put me astray, without coming to your own honour.' Thus ended our dialogue; and I had soon the satisfaction of learning, that one of the best and most amiable men of the country was relieved from considerable embarrassment, in consequence of the pattern which my convert had set, and which was very generally followed.

"I have now completed the task which I imposed upon myself, that of laying before the public the sentiments of an Irish farmer, on the manner in which the Church establishment affects the interests of those who cultivate the soil. The landlords cry out, abolish the tithe, that you may give the peasantry an opportunity to breathe; and it is by those very landlords that the power to breathe has been taken from them. The landlords, who extricated themselves from tithe, and left the people fettered, call upon the English nation to do what they themselves have left undone. If it be the intention of the ministry or the nation to accede to their wishes, let them, in God's name, overturn the Church establishment, but let them not confound the names of things by a hypocritical pretence that they intend to benefit the poor. If there be unsoundness in your Church, cut it off; if the gentry have overawed you, give it up to their rapacity; but do not profess to imagine that the peasantry will be suffered to have a share in the spoil. No; the gentry will for a short time silently and fiercely revel in Church possessions, and, when they have glutted themselves to the full, they will turn again to their sure resource—the miserable tenantry of Ireland; and they will cry out with as fell an eagerness then as they do now—like the horse-leeches' three daughters,—'more! more! more!'"

The Church and tithes are the great objects of Captain Rock's hostility, more particularly, because of more immediate importance, the latter. He gets terribly mauled by the defender of both, now before us—One specimen of this also:—

"The expediency of an establishment, abstractedly considered, is a subject with which I have nothing to do. Let the church fight her own battles. As to whether the Roman Catholics of Ireland have or have not good reason to be indignant at seeing the wealth of the country possessed by people of a different religion from their own, let the Protestant clergy and laity consult together, if it so please them, and give their answer. With such

considerations I have no direct concern. My object is simple; to inquire whether the allegations contained in the Memoirs are true—that the riches of the Protestant church are the cause of that misery under which the Irish Roman Catholics are suffering. I am not to inquire whether Captain Rock shoots proctors and burns churches, because he *hates* the clergy; for this, let the offenders, and those who stimulate them to violence, answer to God and their own consciences; but as it is stated, that Captain Rock, or the poor tenantry whom he represents, not only hate the church, but are impoverished by it, I shall take upon me to shew, by a plain statement, that, if the person who makes such an allegation is as well acquainted with the present state of the country as he is with the history of past times,—he is not an honest man.

"It is now, I believe, pretty generally acknowledged, that the pressure of tithe does not bear on the tenant, and that, as the landlord came into possession of his estate subject to such a charge, he is in no other way affected by it, than by any of the incumbrances, such as mortgages or annuities, to which he has become subject. This position is clearly laid down in an article which appeared in the Quarterly Review for December last; but, as the writer of the Memoirs insists very strongly on the omission of any reference to Ireland in that article, as though it indicated a weakness to the Irish claim, I am glad that he has himself furnished the means of proving, that the claim of the Irish church is actually stronger than that of the Church of England. I believe the only point not established with perfect clearness in the article, or, as Captain Rock calls it, the ecclesiastical manifesto contained in the Review, is, the priority of the claim of tithe to the title of any lay proprietor. It was shewn, I believe very convincingly, that the claim for tithe was older, in almost every instance, than any claim which a lay proprietor could set up; but still, it was not possible to say, 'at such a time titles to lay property were given; and, so many years before that time, it was settled that the tenth of the produce should be appropriated to a particular class of men, and should descend according to a certain established order.' What it is difficult to settle with respect to the claims of the English clergy, Captain Rock has kindly arranged for the benefit of the Irish.

"The right to tithes he dates from the reign of Henry VIII., and even states the acts of parliament out of which it arises. According to Captain Rock, therefore,

the clergyman who now demands tithe, claims by a title as old as the time of Henry VIII., and which, of course, is not to be disputed by those, whose titles, being of later date, recognize the clergyman's right; and such, we are given to understand, are the titles of all the lay landlords of Ireland. But it is better to let Captain Rock speak for himself:—"So little was common sense consulted, or the mere decency of forms observed by that rapacious spirit, which nothing less than the confiscation of the whole island could satisfy; and which having, in the reign of James I. and at the Restoration, despoiled the natives of no less than ten millions six hundred and thirty-six thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven acres; now added to its plunder one million sixty thousand seven hundred and ninety-two acres more, being the amount (according to Lord Clare's calculation) of the whole superficial contents of the island."

"If this be a fair statement, why is Captain Rock so wrathful against the clergy? The gentry, he says, have derived their titles from the most indecent spoliation; and what is it to the Captain, if an antecedent spoliation may have diminished a little the value of their possessions? I am quite at a loss to comprehend why the gallant Captain should so detest the poor churchmen, as that he cannot, (as his biographer observes,) even rob them in a gentlemanlike style. He has found them, (at least as far as my experience instructs me,) equally amenable to his behests as the lay gentry; why should he not give them an equal share of his countenance and protection? Indeed I am strongly inclined to think, but it is with great caution I venture to express such an opinion; that the honest missionary was imposed upon, and that, instead of the wild and warlike chieftain,—the impartial queller of all sons of oppression,—the unostentatious redresser of all kinds of wrong,—who retires from the notoriety which the broad day-light would fling upon him, to dwell with the innocent things that browse upon the mountains, and rushes forth in the darkness, when his actions may escape from fame, to rule unrivalled in his own domain, where he has won from the sheeted ghosts of night their terrors and their power;—I should be inclined to suppose, that, instead of that awful and impartial being, some hunger-on upon a bloated aristocrat, some creature who had forfeited the dignity of a man, that he might crawl in the liberty of a nobleman, some echoer of his lord's phrases, some solitary applauder of his lord's jests, who had forgotten his own existence, except as an appendage to the great man in

whose train he is found, who had lost all sense of his own rights, except as they are doled out to him from above, and who, 'if master desired him to eat straw, would eat straw;'—I should imagine that some such creature as this, having stolen a plume from my lady's waiting maid, went masquerading on a summer night, that he might have a tale for his lord's table, how he had made a missionary stare, and imposed upon him the articles of an aristocrat's creed, as the genuine memoirs of the real Captain Rock.

"It is indeed almost sickening to listen to the fulsome tirade, which superficial and designing men are so prompt to utter against the severity of tithe. 'What!' they say, 'make the Catholics pay for the support of Protestant clergy, and the expenses attending Protestant worship?' and then they run through all the notes of commiseration for the poor oppressed cottier tenantry, as if they believed, themselves, or wished the public to believe, that the people will become contented and happy as soon as this evil has been removed. If these gentlemen would condescend to state some important facts, the question of dispute would be greatly simplified. And, first, as they say that it is wrong to make the Catholics pay tithe, on the principle that it is taking away a part of their property to support a clergy which is not their clergy, it would seem no more than reasonable, that they should tell us who the Roman Catholics are, whose property is so taken away. For this purpose, they should name to us some person, whose titles give him the possession of the entire produce of the land, and from whom the right to the tenth part of that produce has, since the date of his titles, been forcibly taken away;—let any such person be named, and neither law nor justice can resist the obvious propriety of restoring him to his violated right. But if, in all cases where tithe is paid, they can name none but persons whose titles give them no exemption from such a demand; if the clergyman's right is established by the acts of Henry VIII.; and if the grants made in subsequent reigns do not supersede it, then how is the question to be stated as between the church and the people? This is the case with respect (let us say) to the oldest titles now existing. James I. granted to a lay proprietor, nine-tenths of the issues arising out of some forfeited estate; the remaining tenth he did not grant, because it had not been forfeited; and so far have the clergy been from encroaching on the layman's possessions, that they have, generally, conceded to him a large portion of their own! It is not long since a very litigious man waited on a friend of mine,

(an old gentleman who still retains the primitive simplicity of past days,) in order to adjust some business relative to the rent of a farm which he held under him. He complained bitterly that the rent was excessive, and that he must be ruined if it were not considerably lowered. 'We shall see,' said the old gentleman, 'what reason you have to complain.—Is this account between us correct?' The litigious tenant inspected the books, and declared all right. And what was the state of the account? It was this—the tenant was indebted for the rent of *five successive years*, and there appeared in the books *but one item in his favour*, which I copy for the reader's perusal.

"Per contra, Cr.

"By abatement granted for } L. 100.
the years 1821 and 1822, }

"There is not, I believe, a landlord in Ireland, who has not been a great gainer by the tithe system; for, in order to convey to a proprietor the benefit of nine hundred acres, the government, reserving the tenth of all produce for the Church, made a grant of one thousand; and of their tenth, the clergy, by an act of the Legislature, have been deprived of one part, and by their own moderation, or in consequence of the difficulty of collecting it, they have conceded another, so that it is not going too far to affirm, that the landlords provide by 20 acres for the claims which the government granted them one hundred to discharge, and thus are indebted to the tithe system for the remaining eighty;* and yet they cry out, that the demand for tithe is an infringement upon their rights. When such clamours are raised, Foigard's complaint seems no longer uncasonable, 'He has taken away a hundred pounds of mine.'—'Of yours?—' Yes! money I owed him.' The question is not, why a Protestant monarch took away from his Roman Catholic subjects, *one-tenth* of a property which was his, but why he granted him *nine-tenths* of a property which was not his?

"Ay! but, says Captain Rock, the monarch who made grants of the properties now held, had no just authority to make them. It was granting, not what was his by right, but what he made his own by the most scandalous rapacity and spoliation!!!—There is not in Ireland a person who will be happier to give weight to this declaration, than the writer of these pages. Let it be established and acted upon, and I at least shall have no

reason to complain; and although I could be well satisfied with resting at the reign of James I., yet I see no reason why we should not lay down a nobler principle, and restore to the rightful owner, *all lands, whenever granted, to which the title was founded in injustice*. I will make a fair bargain with the Captain—no purchase, no pay. If he will engage to establish me in *only one of my rights*, I will engage to pay him, on the day when I take quiet possession of my estate, five thousand pounds of good coined money, such as no christian can refuse; and I will undertake, previously, to satisfy the Captain, that my claim is unquestionable. The lands of which I am now most anxious to possess myself, are, for the present, in the possession of the most noble the Marquis of Lansdowne, who is an absentee; and as I will bind myself to reside, I trust that the Captain, who has the interest of his country at heart, will shew himself more than ordinarily zealous to enforce my demands.—More on this subject, by and by.—I may dismiss the charge of cruelty for making Catholic landlords pay tithe, by asserting, that they cannot maintain it, without denying the right of James and his successors to make grants of lands, and thus invalidating their own titles."

We have quoted little: but enough, we should hope, to make every reader of ours wish to read the whole volume now before us. In truth, there is little doubt that this book will create a sensation on both sides of St George's channel, too great to allow any man who does read anything, to remain in ignorance of it. What must be the effect of a work which attacks, and for the first time, the whole landed interest of a British kingdom (exceptions of course) as the *sole authors* of their country's misery—which says (we had almost said which proves, but from this we for the present abstain) that Castle Rackrent is the only and undoubted birth-place of Captain Rock?—Will it do after this, for the Irish M. P.'s—all of them members of this interest—to sit quietly together, giving the go-by to every subject in which the real grievances of Ireland are concerned, and clamouring, or listening to clamour, about things entirely alien from the true question—the great question—the *one* question,

* I state these proportions loosely, because I intend them only as illustrations of my argument. The clergy were entitled to the tenth of the produce, which included the tenth of labour, profits, &c.

that demands an answer, and that ere long must and will have an answer? No, we prophesy distinctly, that the event will shew the great, the tremendous power, embodied in the facts of the volume on our table. We prophesy that the sensation excited by Captain Rock, compared with that excited by the Munster Farmer, will be the flash of a rocket to the thunder of a battery. We prophesy that of all the works connected with the British politics, which came from the British press, in 1824, this will be the most powerful in its effects *now*: and we also prophesy, that it will be the longest remembered, not merely on account of the direct influence it must have on statesmen, and statesmanship, and on the feeling of all respectable classes of society, both here and elsewhere,—but also for the rare and remarkable merits of its style and manner, the keenness of its urbane wit, the scornful vehemence of its invective, the manly decision of its reasonings, and the beautiful propriety in every different vein of its language.

But to proceed—we confess that for the present we are not a little weary of the mere political squabbles connected with Irish subjects. For us,

'Is your hand on your blade? cries the angry Star of the night,
'Is your heart in the cause where the hearts of the brave unite?
But the slave said no! for my masters' hands are strong,
And the pride of my heart is low, and my strength is gone.

"Are your masters strong when their cheeks grow pale with dread,
At the distant sound of my champion's hurrying tread?
Are they strong, when the shrieks of my perishing victims rise,
And my banners of flame stream forth on the mid-night skies?

"Are your masters strong, when from ghastly visions they start,
And a never shout sends despair to their sinking heart?
Are they strong in their need, when the cloven gateway falls,
And the conqueror's steps rush fierce through their coward halls?

"The singer was proceeding in the song, and had commenced another stanza—

"They are strong while their chains,—

but ceased abruptly as a shrill whistle rung out from the archway. The two men halted. Seemingly from the same direction as before, a whistle was repeated twice, and then Ormsby heard some words which he could not distinguish, from the men he had been observing. They then passed on, and turned round towards the principal entrance, through which he must pass in attempting to make his escape? What was he to do? There were evidently at least three men, for the one to whose signal they had attended, must be of their party. There were perhaps many more. He now remembered various noises which had in the course of the evening disturbed his reveries. Then he had disregarded them, or thought them occasioned by the returning of the rooks to their nests. Now he

and for the many who must participate in our feelings as to this, there is one delightful *morceau* near the beginning of this book, in the shape of an Irish story of the present day. It consists of the adventures of a young gentleman, on a visit, in a part of Ireland sadly infested by Whiteboys. He being a stranger, is unwilling to credit the stories told him by his host, and carelessly wanders out by night into an interesting district. After gazing sufficiently on the beauties of nature,

"Ormsby turned to depart, but suddenly halted; for, almost directly under the tower where he stood, he heard a hoarse voice singing a wild and impassioned air, of which he had sometimes before heard snatches from the labourers, as they returned at evening from the field. Cautiously drawing himself back from the small window of the tower, he looked out, and, although the moon was still behind the cloud, yet there was light enough to enable him to discern two figures moving round the outer walls of the ruin, and, as well as he could judge, both armed. The song was continued, and the words so distinctly, although coarsely, pronounced, (each syllable occupying but a single note in the music,) that Ormsby could hear, and succeeded in keeping almost accurately in his memory, the entire song:—

imagined that they might have intimated the arrival of some fierce plunderer at the place of meeting. Now also he remembered the sleeper whom he had seen in the evening, and who was, it might be, a sentinel to keep the place clear; and he prayed that his sleep was not feigned. The place where he stood could not afford him a view of the inside of the ruin; but near him there was a breach in the inner wall, over which, too, some ivy was partially hanging; and here he thought he could (himself unseen) behold the interior.

"He was disappointed; for, although the aperture commanded the place he wished to see, yet the darkness was so great, that he could not distinguish any object whatever. He, however, remained at his post, silent and watchful, listening for any sound; but he heard nothing, except a slight rustle below him, which might indicate the restless movements of a number of persons in a constrained silence, or might

be nothing more than the effect of a rising breeze, which was rustling in the long grass. Conjecture was soon at an end; the moon which had, behind the cloud, ascended to a height whence it could overlook the ruin, now emerged, and shone with full lustre above the roofless walls, pouring a flood of light into the central hall, and disclosing to Ormsby a scene which might fill a stout heart with astonishment at least.

"The last instant he was alone, surrounded by night and thick darkness; and now the darkness is rolled away, and he is looking upon the faces of a multitude of armed men thronging the silent hall before him; he is so near as to be almost in their presence, and feels, that, if they seek him, escape is impossible. It was certainly a moment full of alarm. They were scattered among the huge fragments, in various attitudes, and variously armed; some had pikes on which they leaned, and pistols stuck in rude belts which were fastened around them; some were reclined with their faces turned up towards the moon, and looking so ghastly in the pale light, that, but for their opened eyes, they might appear to be corpses. There were two or three kneeling before a recess where an altar had stood, and some were standing near the archway with muskets shouldered, and more regularly accoutred than their fellows. Their dress was also various; some wore coats with green on the collars and the wrists; some wore the loose great coat, to which the Irish poor are accustomed; some had procured military caps; some were with bare heads, or with broken hats, through which their wild hair had thrust itself; but all were perfectly silent, and almost motionless; and there was something unusually dreadful in the circumstance, that every one of these grim savage-looking beings, who had assembled together for some common purpose, remained occupied by his own sensations, and did not relax the stern ferocity of his countenance or his purpose, by even a whispered communication with his fellows. They remained, each one confined to himself alone, and seemed less disposed to interchange of thought or sentiment, than a horde of wolves who have made their league of blood, but can hold no converse together.

"As he looked with wonder and alarm on this agitating scene, he heard again the whistle. It now, from the ringing sound, appeared to proceed from under the archway; again the words were repeated, and instantly the entire multitude sprang upon their feet and seized their arms. 'The General!' cried a voice from the entrance, and the musketeers lowered their arms, and formed a kind of guard of honour to the person who entered, with whom they advanced farther into the hall, while all the wild multitude within, arranged themselves into a semicircle before him. For

a short time the silence continued; the General and his party stood at the centre of the circle: the surrounding multitude saluted by lowering of arms, but there was no noisy demonstration of attachment, not even the low murmur that might be supposed to creep along the lines. Various persons at intervals, in the lines, who were, each of them, distinguished by a cross belt and sword, beginning at the right, and proceeding along to the other extremity, in their turns came forward, and retired after having conversed apart with the General, who paused after each conference, as if he were comparing the accounts he received with the state of the party he was inspecting. After some time spent in this manner, the persons around him fell back; and he stood full in Ormsby's view, though with his face partially averted. As he took off his hat, his profile became visible, and his head and face seemed to denote him a person of higher consideration than might be supposed connected with such confederates. He was now about to speak, as the slight bustle among the troops seemed to promise, and Ormsby held his breath, lest he should lose a word of the General's address. He found, however, that he could with ease hear every word, so articulate was the utterance of the speaker, and so hushed the attention of his hearers."

This leader makes an impassioned speech, but recommends another year's delay: this occasions a tumult, the whole course of which is most graphically described; but he succeeds in appeasing it. Ormsby is in imminent danger of discovery, when an alarm draws off the banditti elsewhere, on various errands, leaving the General with but a single companion. Their conversation is characteristic.

"The General and one companion were below him, looking on the various groups as they departed. 'There they go,' said the General, 'ruffians! who are towards without the love of life. There is not a single body of these villains, which would not scatter at the resistance of three brave men; and there is not a man, perhaps, in the whole multitude we have seen, who would not afterwards die with an indifference, which would do honour to an ancient stoic.'

"The reply was, 'They seem to be impatient for a general rising, which does not indicate anything cowardly in their disposition.'

"Yes, yes; they will have an explosion; they little care or think whether it is their cause or their enemy they blow up. They think they would have freer licence; that it should be everywhere plunder and licentiousness; but I know them well, wretches!"

"And is there no intention of having a general rising?"

"My good friend, can you think that, with instruments like these, anything can be gained in open war? With you I can have no secrets. Our whole plans I will unfold to you fully this night. Indeed, I am directed so to do; but it is only by the promise of boundless success we can act upon these clods. They must be our instruments; but they shall not know our designs. They shall serve us to agitate the country, and to make the privileged orders feel their insignificance, and wither in our sight; but they shall not seem important to the government; it is sleeping, and we will not disturb it."

"But you will find it a difficult matter to reconcile these fierce men to such repeated postponements of your enterprise."

"Yes, I began to feel a little alarmed about it to-night; that old father clamouring about his sons was confusing, but we have got through the difficulty; and I am strongly of opinion, that I will not tempt fortune by trying another. I was well pleased to-night that they cannot penetrate my disguises; I would not depend on one of them, they would all betray me. You are wise to keep yourself concealed; put yourself once in their power, and you are their slave or their victim. But come, where are the horses? We have a long way to ride; and if these ruffians perform well the business of this and the next night, we may leave the country to themselves for months to come."

"This conversation took place nearly under the widow of the tower where Ormsby was listening; the speakers left the place; it seemed as if they had waited until the marauding parties left the vicinity of the abbey; and soon after, he heard the retreating tramp of horses moving rapidly over the sod. He then ventured to leave his concealment, and proceeded cautiously home, where he found that the family had retired to rest, and left a message for him, to request that he would be ready at an early hour in the morning, to accompany them to breakfast at the house of Mr Hewson, a friend of Mr G—'s, who lived at a few miles distance."

"The next day, he visits this gentleman accordingly, and is witness of a different kind of Irish life."

"The old gentleman, as I said, was walking in his yard, inquiring about some horses which were at grass, and examining the state of those in his stables. At some distance, there was a row of wretched-looking peasants, who seemed as if they were on the watch for some encouragement, without which they dared not to venture to approach Mr Hewson. At last one of them, Ormsby came up, advanced, and taking off his hat, held out a paper—'Pase your honour, a little bit of a bill—we're striving to make up the rent for the potatoes.'"

"Mr Hewson (Ormsby knew from his

manner) had seen the man approaching; and while returning Ormsby's salute, had turned his back upon the poor petitioner. The poor man, however, seemed not to despair—'It's what I was making bould to spake to your honour about, is a little bill of mine your honour—for work I gave last year, please your honour.'

"Ryan!" said Mr Hewson, without seeming to notice or even to hear the poor man's request—"open the kennel."

"Yes, sir," said Ryan, a wicked, roguish-looking fellow with one eye, who had been attending on his master, and who now lounged carelessly towards the kennel, singing as he went—

"This is the sport,
To which we do resort."

"Oh, for the love of God, your honour," cried the poor man, 'don't let him let out the dogs, or they'll tare me to pieces. Let me go away this wonst, and God bless your honour—and I'll take my oath on all the books that ever was shut and open, that I'll never come troubling your honour again.'

"Ryan!" said Mr Hewson, without looking towards the poor wretch who was supplicating for mercy, 'reason with this man.'

"'Twas all one to Ryan—he came back with the same careless air as that with which he was going to unkenel some very fierce hounds, and perhaps halloo them on the unfortunate being. His reasoning, too, was short; it was simply the procuring a book and compelling the poor man to swear that he would never again come to demand his debt. Still the poor creature (after having sworn) was casting a longing look toward Mr Hewson. 'Ah! if your honour would look upon my case, and the agent going to drive me for the rent.'—'Whisht, you spalpeen,' cried Ryan—'Don't vex the master—isn't it an honour for you, and sure it's little the likes of you—or the father before you, could ever expect such a commendation, to have a gentleman owing you money?'—'Oh, then, that's true enough, Mr Ryan, and it's little trouble I'd give his honour, only the times are so hard; and if your honour,' said he, raising his voice a little, 'would spake a word for me to the agent.'—'Didn't I tell you,' said Ryan, 'not to be troubling his honour? don't you think we have something else to mind, than to hear your petitions? go home, I tell you, or may be it's a word to the magistrate you'll get for yourself, to send you where the blacks will ate you worse than the hounds.'—'It's little matter where I go—I get no right here,' muttered the poor fellow, as he walked slowly out of the yard."

"Mr Ormsby," said Mr Hewson, 'if ever you come to live in the country, by all means get a pack of hounds—I am going now to look at my kennel, and I think

I can shew you some of the best bred, and best toned hounds that our country possesses.'—'But, sir, it may not be altogether safe for a stranger to visit them—I heard a poor man imploring you not to unkennel them.'—'Oh, ay—ha, ha, ha! but you need not fear, they have a keen scent—I can tell you that foxes are not the only vermin a pack of hounds can keep away from you—Ryan undertakes that my hounds shall, out of twenty persons collected in my yard, scent out a single dun—and that was the predicament in which the poor devil stood who was so frightened; he might as well be smeared in fox's blood—you look grave, sir; but I can tell you, when you know the world as well as I do, you will understand how necessary it is to keep these fellows in due subordination: if you gave them a habit of being attended to, you should be constantly pestered, and there is no knowing where it would end.'—'But, sir, this poor man said something about last-year, as if'—Ormsby paused, ashamed to speak what he supposed would provoke a person so much his senior; but he was mistaken.—'As if he had been so long seeking his money. Yes, so he was, as I remember, but now I think he will seek it no longer—the seekers are an unfortunate sect here—so I dare say he will wait now for my good pleasure: but come—now for the ladies—I suppose you think me an old fellow, but you'll find yourself devilishly mistaken, when you see me securing the prettiest girl of your whole party as my portion of the spoil; so come on—I'll shew you the kennel some other time: Ryan, send these fellows about their business, and see that the horses are well taken care of.'

Ormsby found that Mr Hewson was determined not to be considered 'an old fellow.' There was a vivacity about him, which, as it was the result only of animal spirits, was perhaps more suitable to the companies in which he generally found himself, than if it had derived its origin or its ornaments from the excursions of a lively fancy. He conducted himself as a man who was accustomed to consider himself, and to feel himself considered, the principal person in every society, and romped and rioted like one who had not experienced, or at least felt a rebuff; perhaps within the circle of good manners, but at its extremest verge. Ormsby, who had learned to bear all parts in society, who could preserve his respectability as a fourth, or quietly assume the first place, and do its honours, if it was his right to claim it, was well pleased to be freed from all necessity for exertion during the day, by Mr Hewson's obstinate resolution not to be an old man. He could not help, several times, contrasting the appearance of good humour in his present manner, with the unmoved gravity of that in which he dismissed the poor dun; and sometimes he was disposed

to smile at the ludicrous appearance of the morning scene, the master and man so perfectly cool and indifferent, and the wretched peasant in such a panic; but more often he thought with indignation on the conduct of one who ought to be a protector and a guide to the poor, and who exhibited, in his own person, a cruel disregard to their wants, and an example of gross injustice."

The company arrived; and among them, to Ormsby's consternation, in a Mr Stock, he discovers the General of the last night; but nothing to corroborate such suspicion transpires in his conversation. On the contrary, he argues vehemently in favour of the clergy against Mr Hewson, who, though a violent aristocrat, has no fancy for tythe paying, when the following scene occurs.

"During the whole of this conversation, Mr Hewson, who felt himself overmatched, made many attempts to have a new subject called; he praised his wines, and told their age; he spoke of the illicit distillation, and endeavoured to make a diversion into the distillery laws; but the company were so well pleased to have such topics as Mr Stock introduced displayed before them, that however they might, for an instant, comply with Mr Hewson, and turn aside, they immediately came back to the subject in which they felt most interested.

The conversation was at its highest animation; the company strongly excited, and Mr Hewson on the verge of taking shelter, from the arguments with which Mr Stock continued to persecute him, under violent and intemperate language, when the door was thrown open, and a servant rushed into the room, pale and disordered in appearance. 'Colonel Raymond, sir!' said he, 'Colonel Raymond!' said Mr Hewson; 'where is he? show the Colonel in. D—n you, you rascal, why don't you speak? Is Colonel Raymond here?'—'He's shot, sir! Murdered outside his demesne wall!' All the company started up, speechless with horror and amazement; and now, for the first time, Ormsby thought his suspicions confirmed. He was sitting opposite Mr Stock, and felt, when he looked at him, as if a sudden light had arisen, which shone through all his disguises, and manifested him as he was. Violent emotion was, for a moment, marked in his appearance and manner, his countenance was flushed; and a new spirit flashed in his eyes, and, as Ormsby thought, a momentary expression of triumph brightened around him; but there was nothing of astonishment—nothing of horror; it was the expression of one who had laid a train and watched the explosion; there was agitation in it, but not astonishment. As his eye caught Ormsby's, who, through all his horror, kept viewing this man, he almost started, and, with some confusion, spoke about

ordering out their horses; but Ormsby cried out vehemently, 'Seize him!—seize that man, that murderer, Stock!—I denounce you as a murderer, a traitor, an assassin!—I saw you!—I know you!—The ruin! the ruin!—Ha, General!—I know you!'

"New amazement spread through the whole company; every man looked at Ormsby, gasping out vehemently and unconnectedly, his charge against Mr Stock, who had now completely recovered himself, and was listening with composure, but with an appearance of astonishment, and with something of pity in his manner, to the young man, who was almost like a maniac giving utterance to some horrible fancy.

"When Ormsby had ended his wild and seemingly frantic accusation, and while the guests were looking on in a state of amazement, and hesitating what was to be done, Mr Stock turned round to Mr Hewson, and said, with the calmest air, as if of condolence, 'Poor young man! I feel no kind of anger against him. Mr Craven, you know that I spent the entire of last night with you, and you can answer for the visionary nature of this poor young gentleman's accusation.' Mr Craven instantly undertook to answer for his friend, that the charges made by Mr Ormsby were totally unfounded; and all the company became firmly convinced, that in consequence of over excitement and visionary habits, some temporary derangement had taken place in the young man's intellects, in consequence of which he mistook, for reality, the fantastic images of an over-heated imagination. 'Come,' said Mr Hewson, 'this is no time to think of dreams and fancies; bring out horses—quick—saddle and lead out horses! Put my pistols in the holsters; let every gentleman arm himself!' The horses were quickly ready; and as all gentlemen were armed wherever they went, there soon was mounted a well prepared party of ten persons, who set off at a very rapid pace toward the place where the murder had been committed. As they rode on they could hear shots fired at different distances, as if conveying intelligence of the murder to a very remote extent; and at intervals, upon the mountain-side, they could see persons start out in the hedges, and sometimes ascend on the house-tops, and shout and wave their hats, and then spring rapidly forward and disappear in a thick wood which spread along half-way up the hill. As they approached the place where the murder was committed, and where the body was still lying, they saw a large party of dragoons, and some gentlemen galloping towards them from a contrary direction, and nearly at the same time both parties arrived at the

here so horrid a spectacle awaited

The body was literally, in every perforated with bullets, and dreadfully angled; the head had been severed,

and was placed on a stake which had been driven through the breast, and fixed firmly in the ground; and although some few persons had collected on the spot, yet, so terrible was the vengeance of the murderers considered, that no one ventured to pay to the corpse a respect which, in Ireland particularly, it is thought almost unhallowed to neglect. The reason assigned for the extreme barbarity with which the insensible remains were treated, was, that Colonel Raymond had suggested the expediency of having two malefactors, much admired amongst their associates, hanged in chains in a populous part of the country.

"The only account that could be obtained of the horrid business, was given by a gentleman who rode in with the dragoons. He had been riding past Colonel Raymond's demesne, and, at the extremity of the wall, he perceived, at an angle on the brow of the hill, some men who were armed, and who were lying concealed from all who came in an opposite direction. They challenged this gentleman when he came near, and insisted on his retracing his steps, which he accordingly did. He had not proceeded far, when he heard the report of a shot, and stopping for a moment to look back, he heard a kind of loose hedge-firing commenced and kept up for some time; and during the firing, the furious galloping of a horse up the hill which concealed all objects from his view. As the sound of the galloping seemed to advance nearer to the summit, a horse and rider appeared; the rider apparently covered with blood; but before he could turn the brow of the hill, (just when his own lawn had spread vividly before him,) he had fallen off, and a number of persons, with the most hideous yells, rushed forward and surrounded him. At sight of this, the gentleman rode on rapidly to the barracks in the neighbourhood, and conducted the dragoons to the place. The narrative proceeds to relate the conduct of Ormsby and his companions, and their success in arresting a large party of insurgents, supposed to be the murderers of Colonel Raymond. What follows is a description of the peril to which he was exposed, in consequence of his exertions."

Here, however, want of room compels us to break off. The specimens we have quoted shew that if our author took up his pen as a novelist instead of a political polemic—a character which, however, he admirably and triumphantly sustains—he would be to Ireland, not exactly perhaps what the Author of *Waverley* is to this country, for that would be at least premature praise to so young a writer, but something which would make us forget the existence even of Miss Edgeworth.

LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ. TO EMINENT LITERARY CHARACTERS.

No. XVI.

To the Editor of the John Bull Magazine,

ON AN ARTICLE IN HIS FIRST NUMBER.

Who you are, I don't know, Mister T'other John Bull,
 But your horns seem as sharp as the first's to the full ;
 If his prick like a rapier, yours tear like a hanger ;
 Heaven knows which is Medardus, and which Döppel-ganger.

One calm word with you, lad : you well know I'm an old one
 And I think you'll admit, both a big and a bold one—
 And I tell you, young man, 'tis abundantly clear,
 That two months at this rate will complete your career.

III.

That a man should be all over boldness is fit
 In the great cause of Loyalty, Wisdom, and Wit ;—
 But I hold it mere folly, that you should go down
 In a cause that's unworthy the commonest clown.

IV.

I perceive you have learning—I trace in your style
 The precision and polish of Attica's file—
 O shame ! that your weapons, so terse and so trim,
 Should be poison'd with venom, not pointed with whim.

Byron's CHAPTER proclaims him the Worst of the Bad—
 Unless Charity whisper, most wild of the mad.
 I confess the alternative vexes me sadly ;
 And I envy no eyes can contemplate it gladly.

VI.

That for tickling the vein of some vile heartless flirt
 The Genius of Harold could stoop to such dirt—
 That a POET like this could be less than a MAN,
 I loathe the conviction :—go hug it who can !

VII.

But that you, sir,—a wit, and a scholar like you,
 Should not blush to produce what he blush'd not to do—
 Take your compliment, youngster—this doubles (almost)
 The sorrow that rose when *his* Honour was lost.

VIII.

Was it generous, Bull—nay, *sans phrase*, was it just,
 When, whatever he had been, he slept in the dust—
 To go barter and truck with betrayers of trust,
 For a sop to the Cerberus-jowler of Lust?

IX.

Was it spleen against him?—Then you warr'd with the dead :—
 Was it pelf?—No,—whatever you want, 'tis not Bread—
 Was it fun?—Oh how merry to trample and tear
 The heart that was bruised through the breast that was bare!

X.

Leave this work to the Whigs :—'tis their old favourite game.
 MOORE did this and was damn'd : the vile stink of his name
 Will offend people's nostrils a hundred years hence,
 For he warr'd against women, and pocketed pence.

XI.

But you!—well, you're young, and were probably drunk,
 I won't think you (for once) irreclaimably sunk ;
 Drop this vice—that, depend on't, won't injure your spunk—
 So says one that you won't call or Bigot or Monk.

XII.

Fie, fie! Mister John, I am sorry to think
 You could do such a Whig-looking thing, even in drink ;—
 —You may turn up your nose and cry, " He turned a Stickler !"
 I do stickle for some things,

Quoth

TIMOTHY TICKLER.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Mr Moore, it is confidently said, will set about a Biography of Lord Byron, as soon as he has finished that of Sheridan.

Lord Byron's new poem, *The Triumph of Hellas*, has been translated into Greek.

A Life of Rafaele D'Urbino, is preparing for the press, drawn from authentic sources, together with an enumeration of his most celebrated Works in different Collections, and Remarks upon his Powers as an Artist.

Mr Basil Montague intends publishing a complete and correct edition of the Works of Lord Bacon.

Letters on the Character and Poetical Genius of Lord Byron. By Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart.

The Remains of Robert Bloomfield, consisting of unpublished Pieces in Prose and Verse, will soon appear.

Sylvan Sketches. By the author of *Flora Domestica*.

Patimos, and other Poems. By James Edmeston.

The Marquis de Salvo's work upon the late Events in Europe, is nearly ready for publication, in English and French editions.

An Inquiry into the Duties and Perplexities of Medical Men as Witnesses in Courts of Justice, with Cautions and Directions for their Guidance. By J. G. Smith, M.D.

A Novel is in the press, entitled, *Owen Glendower*. By Mr Reginald Morrice.

Lord Byron's Private Correspondence, including his Letters to his Mother, written from Portugal, Spain, Greece, and other parts of the Mediterranean. Published from the Originals, with Notes and Observations. By R. C. Dallas, Esq.

The Rev. Dr Evans is about to publish a volume, entitled *Richmond and its Vicinity*, with a glance at Twickenham, Strawberry-Hill, and Hampton-Court.

A new Work on the Discoveries of the Portuguese in Angola and Mosambique. By the late Mr Bowdich, with some geographical corrections in Mungo Park's last Travels in Africa, is about to be published.

Mr Swainson has in the press a small Work on the Zoology of Mexico, containing Descriptions of the Animals collected there by Mr Bullock, and intended as an appendix to the Travels of Mr Bullock in that country.

A series of lithographic prints of Scenery in Egypt and Nubia, from drawings by Bossi, a Roman artist, are about to appear in Numbers.

Grandeur and Meanness, or Domestic Persecution. By Mary Charlton, Author

of the Wife and the Mistress, *Rosella*, Pirate of Naples, &c.

Part I. A Selection of Ancient Coins, chiefly of Magna Græcia and Sicily, from the Cabinet of the Right Hon. the Lord Northwick, engraved by Henry Moses, from highly finished drawings by Del Frate, a distinguished Pupil of Antonio Canova. The descriptions by George Henry Noehden, LL.D. of the British Museum, F.R.S. F.A.S. &c. This work will be published in 8 parts, of the size of imperial quarto, each part will contain 5 highly finished engravings, with letter-press descriptions. A part will be published the 10th of every alternate month until completed. Only 250 copies, including 25 on India paper, with the first impressions of the plates, will be struck off, after which the copper plates will be destroyed.

The Mechanic's Oracle; or, Artisan's Complete Laboratory Workshop, Explaining, in an easy and familiar manner, the General and Particular Application of Practical Knowledge, to the different departments of Science and Art. Illustrated by appropriate Engravings, executed by the first Artists.

The Rev. T. Arnold, M.A. late of Oriel College, Oxford, has been for many years employed in writing a History of Rome, from the earliest times to the death of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. The first volume, from the Rise of the Roman State, to the Formation of the Second Triumvirate, A. U. C. 710. B. C. 44, will soon be published.

A Chronological History of the West Indies, by Captain Thomas Southey, will soon appear.

Cain and Lamech; or, the comparative numbers of Seven, and Seventy-times Seven, illustrative of the 15th, the 23d, and 24th verses of the fourth chapter of Genesis: a dissertation. By the Rev. W. Vansittart, M.A.

The Rev. Mr Powlett will shortly publish, *Christian Truth*, in a Series of Letters on the Trinity, the Atonement, Regeneration, Predestination, and on the Indifference to Religion, embracing the material points of the Tenets of the Church of England.

Mr Lambert, Vice-President of the Linnean Society, has been a long time engaged on the second volume of his *Splendid Work*, a Description of the Genus *Pinus*, which is expected to appear in the course of this month.

This Work consists of Plates and Descriptions of Specimens of the Genus en-

tirely new, and the most magnificent hitherto discovered; which, as they will bear the climate of this country, they cannot fail to be an important acquisition to the Parks and Plantations, both in usefulness and ornament. Besides the Genus Pinus, it includes likewise descriptions of many other new Species of the Family of Coniferae.

Dr Forbes of Chichester will very shortly publish his translation of Avenbrugger, and

a series of Original Cases and Dissections, illustrating the utility of the Stethoscope and Percussion.

M. Lænnec is preparing for publication a new Edition of his celebrated Treatise on *Mediate Auscultation*, with considerable Alterations and Improvements. In consequence, Dr Forbes has postponed, till after the appearance of this, the second edition of his Translation.

EDINBURGH.

Speedily will be published, Rotheman, a Tale of the English Histories, in 3 vols. 12mo, by the author of "Ringan Gilhaize;" "The Spawwife," &c. &c.

Nearly ready, in one-volume post 8vo, A Practical Guide to English Composition; or, a comprehensive System of English Grammar, Criticism, and Logic; arranged and illustrated upon a new and improved Plan; containing apposite Principles, Rules, and Examples, for writing correctly and elegantly on every subject; adapted to the use of Schools and of Private Students. By the Rev. Peter Smith, A.M.

In a few weeks will be published, 8vo, Mathematical Tables; containing improved Tables of Logarithms of Numbers, Logarithmic Sines, Tangents, and Secants, together with a number of others, useful in Practical Mathematics, Astronomy, Navigation, Engineering, and Business; preceded by a copious Introduction, embracing their Explanation, and Rules and Formulæ for their application, with a Collection of appropriate Exercises. By William Galbraith, A.M. Lecturer on Mathematics, Edinburgh.

Nearly ready, in post 8vo, a second series of the Scrap Book. By John M'Diarmid.

Mr John Malcolm, late of the 42d Regiment, has nearly ready for publication, a volume of Poems in foolscap 8vo, entitled "The Buccaneer and other Poems."

Shortly will be published, in post 8vo, The Life and Administration of Cardinal Wolsey. By John Galt, Esq. Third Edition, greatly improved.

Preparing for publication, A Guide to the Lord's Table, in the Cathetical Form; to which are added, An Address to Applicants for Admission to it, and some Meditations to assist their Devotions. By the Rev. Henry Belfrage, D. D.

Shortly will be published, Illustrations of Acoustic Surgery; in 8vo, with plates. In which will be introduced, a New Remedy in the Treatment of Purulent Discharge from the Meatus or Tympanum, accompanied with Diminution of Hearing. By T. Buchanan, C.M., Licentiate of the University of Glasgow, Corresponding Member of the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh, and Surgeon to the Hull Dispensary for Diseases of the Eye and Ear, and author of the Guide to Acoustic Surgery.

A Stereotype Edition of Sallust, for the use of Schools, with English Notes at the foot of the page, and a Historical and Geographical Index at the end of the volume, by Mr Dymock, Glasgow, will be published in a few days.

Mr J. P. Wood has nearly ready for the press a Life of Law of Lawriston, projector of the Mississippi Scheme, containing a detailed Account of the Nature, Rise, and Progress of this extraordinary Joint-Stock Company, with many curious Anecdotes of the Rage for Speculating in its Funds, &c. &c. &c.

The Second Number of Mr Williams' Scenery of Greece, containing Views of Corinth, Thebes, Mount Parnassus, Temple of Jupiter Panphellenius, the Acropolis, and Athens, will be published in a few days.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ARCHITECTURE.

Specimens of Gothic Architecture, and Ancient Buildings in England, in 4 volumes, with 120 views, drawn and engraved by John Carter, Esq. F.S.A. Draughtsman to the Antiquarian Society; Author of Specimens of Ancient Sculpture and Painting in England, English Architecture, Ecclesiastical Costume, &c. 2l. 2s.

ANTIQUITIES.

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1st... 36s. 0d.	1st... 28s. 0d.	1st... 26s. 0d.	1st... 26s. 0d.
2d... 30s. 0d.	2d... 24s. 0d.	2d... 24s. 0d.	2d... 24s. 0d.
3d... 22s. 0d.	3d... s. 0d.	3d... 20s. 0d.	3d... 20s. 0d.

Average £1, 10s. 7d. 6-12ths.

Tuesday, July 13.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.) 0s. 4d. to 0s. 6d.	Quartern Loaf . . . 0s. 9d. to 0s. 10d.
Mutton 0s. 4½d. to 0s. 6d.	Potatoes (28 lb.) . . 1s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal 0s. 6d. to 0s. 9d.	Fresh Butter, per lb. 1s. 4d. to 0s. 0d.
Pork 0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.	Salt ditto, per stone 16s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
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Tallow, per stone . 5s. 0d. to 6s. 6d.	Eggs, per dozen . . 0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.

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Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, 34s. 0d.	1st, ... 31s. 0d.	1st, ... 26s. 0d.	1st, 25s. 0d.	1st, 24s. 0d.
2d, 22s. 0d.	2d, ... 28s. 0d.	2d, 24s. 0d.	2d, 23s. 0d.	2d, 22s. 0d.
3d, 24s. 0d.	3d, ... 25s. 0d.	3d, 22s. 0d.	3d, 21s. 0d.	3d, ... 20s. 0d.

Average £1, 9s. 1d. 5-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended July 3.

Wheat, 61s. 6d.—Barley, 35s. 8d.—Oats, 26s. 7d.—Rye, 40s. 8d.—Beans, 38s. 7d.—Pease, 58s. 2d.

London, Corn Exchange, July 5.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat, red, old	62	to 70	Maple, new	57	to 40
Fine ditto . .	50	to 56	White pease .	41	to 44
Superfine ditto	62	to 64	Ditto, boilers .	40	to 44
Ditto, new . .	42	to 48	Small Beans, new	40	to 44
White, old . .	70	to 76	Ditto, old . .	42	to 47
Fine ditto . .	54	to 62	Tick ditto, new	53	to 58
Superfine ditto	66	to 70	Ditto, old . .	58	to 47
Ditto, new . .	48	to 52	Feed oats . .	21	to 24
Rye	34	to 40	Fine ditto . .	25	to 27
Barley, new . .	51	to 53	Poland ditto .	23	to 24
Fine ditto . .	31	to 36	Fine ditto . .	26	to 29
Superfine ditto	37	to 39	Potato ditto .	25	to 28
Malt	53	to 56	Fine ditto . .	21	to 31
Fine	58	to 62	Scotch	32	to 33
Hog Pease . .	35	to 37	Flour, per sack	55	to 60
Maple	38	to 40	Ditto, seconds	50	to 53

Seeds, &c.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Must. White, . .	7	to 12	Hempseed . .	—	to —
— Brown, new 10	16	0	Linseed, crush.	38	to 48
Tares, per bush.	3	to 4	— Ditto, Feed	47	to 51
Sanfoin, per qr.	42	to 46	Rye Grass, . .	22	to 37
Turnips, bah. .	6	to 10	— Ribgrass, . .	40	to 60
— Red & green —	to —	0	Clover, red cwt.	30	to 98
— Yellow, . . .	0	to 0	— White . . .	57	to 94
Caraway, cwt.	42	to 50	— Coriander .	7	to 10
Canary, per qr.	58	to 65	— Trefoil . . .	6	to 22

Rape Seed, per last, £21 to £24, 0s.

Liverpool, July 6.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.	9	to 10	Amer. p. 1961b.	—	to —
Eng. new . . .	9	to 10	Sweet U.S. 22	0	to 25
Old	9	to 10	Do. in bond —	0	to —
Waterford 7	6	to 8	Sour free . .	—	to —
Drogheda 7	9	to 8	Oatmeal, per 210 lb.	—	to —
Dublin 7	6	to 8	English . . .	35	to 58
Scotch old 8	6	to 10	Scotch . . .	29	to 58
Irish old . .	7	to 8	Irish	29	to 58
Bonded . . .	4	to 5	Do. p. 211b.	1	to 15
Barley, per 60 lbs.	—	to —	Butter, Beef, &c.	—	to —
Eng. new 5	1	to 5	Butter, p. cwt. s. d.	—	to —
Scotch . . .	4	to 5	Belfast, new 91	0	to 92
Irish	4	to 10	Newry . . .	87	to 88
Oats, per 45 lb.	—	to —	Waterford . 81	0	to 82
Eng. new 5	10	to 4	Cork, pie 24, 80	8	to —
Irish do. . .	3	to 5	— 3d dry 72	0	to —
Scotch pots 3	9	to 4	Beef, p. tierce.	—	to —
Rye, per qr. 12	0	to 44	— Mess 65	0	to 72
Malt per b. 8	0	to 8	— p. barrel 46	0	to 50
— Middling 8	0	to 8	Pork, p. bl.	—	to —
Beans, per q.	—	to —	— Mess 70	0	to 75
English . 42	0	to 46	— Middl. 66	0	to 68
Irish . . . 38	0	to 42	Bacon, p. cwt.	—	to —
Rapeseed, p. l.	40	to 40	Short mids. 52	0	to 54
Pease, grey 32	0	to 40	Sides . . .	48	to 50
— White . 40	0	to 42	— Hams, dry, 50	0	to 56
Flour, English,	—	to —	— Green . .	38	to 42
p. 24 lb. fine 30	0	to 52	Lard, rd. p. c.	42	0 to —
Irish, 24s 46	0	to 50			

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d June 1824.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	229½ 233	237½ 8½	237½ 8	237½
3 per cent. reduced,	93½ 4	94½	94½	94½ 7
3 per cent. consols,	93½ 4½	—	—	—
3½ per cent. consols,	100½ 3½	101½ 8	101	101½ 3
4 per cent. consols,	100½ 3½	108½	100½ 101	101½ 101
New 4 per cent. consols,	106½ 7½	—	—	—
India stock,	294½ 5½	—	—	—
— bonds,	69 74 pr.	72 73 pr.	77 79 pr.	82 80 pr.
Exchequer bills,	19 27 pr.	35 31 pr.	30 36 pr.	27 19 pr.
Exchequer bills, am.	—	33	33 38 26	—
Consols for acc.	94½ 5½ pr.	95½ 4	95½ 4	95½ 4
Long Annuities,	22 3-10	—	22½	22½
French 5 per cents.	103f. 50c.	104f.	106f.	103f. 40c.

Course of Exchange, July 6.—Amsterdam, 12 : 1. C. F. Ditto at sight, 11 : 18. Rotterdam, 12 : 2. Antwerp, 12 : 4. Hamburg, 37 : 3. Altona, 37 : 4. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 50. Ditto 25 : 80. Bourdeaux, 25 : 80. Frankfort on the Maine, 155½. Petersburg, per rble. 9 : 3. U. S. Berlin, 7 : 10. Vienna, 10 : 5. Eff. flo. Trieste, 10 : 5. Eff. flo. Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 35½. Bilbao, 35½. Barcelona, 35½. Seville, 35½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, 44. Venice, 27 : 0. Naples, 38. Palermo, 115½. Lisbon, 50½. Oporto, 50½. Rio Janeiro, 48½. Bahia, 49½. Dublin, 9½. per cent. Cork, 9½ per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 6d. New Doubloons, £3 : 14 : 9d. New Dollars, 4s. 9½d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11½d.

PRICES CURRENT, July 10.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Musc.	57	to 60	54	56	52	53	53	54
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	61	64	60	62	58	63	55	61
Mid. good, and fine mid.	74	80	—	—	70	72	67	71
Fine and very fine, . .	102	115	—	—	—	—	80	90
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Powder ditto, . . .	90	104	87	100	—	—	—	—
Single ditto, . . .	84	88	82	84	—	—	—	—
Small Lumps, . . .	82	—	78	80	—	—	—	—
Large ditto, . . .	33	38	—	—	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lump, . . .	25	25 6	23 9	24	25	26	26	27
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	50	60	—	—	40	60	50	54
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.	60	80	59	76	57	72	55	59
Ord. good, and fine ord.	80	100	80	95	73	96	75	101
Mid. good, and fine mid.	—	—	—	—	50	66	—	—
Dutch Trade and very ord.	—	—	59	76	67	78	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	—	—	—	—	80	97	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	122	126	—	—	60	62	61	64
St Domingo, . . .	9	10	7½	8	7	7	—	—
Pimento (in Bond), . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
SPIRITS,	2s 0	—	1s 11d	2s 0	1s 11d	2s 0d	1s 7d	1s 10
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	3 0	3 6	—	—	—	—	2 0	2 9
Brandy,	2 0	2 3	—	—	—	—	1 9	0 0
Geneva,	4 6	4 9	—	—	—	—	—	—
Grain Whisky, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,	40	55	—	—	—	—	£48	£50
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	32	44	—	—	—	—	—	—
Portugal Red, pipe,	31	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
Spanish White, butt,	27	29	—	—	—	—	22	28
Teneriffe, pipe,	40	0	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madeira,	£10	0	8 0	8 10	£8 5	8 15	£7 10	8 0
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton,	—	—	—	—	8 10	9 0	7 15	8 5
Honduras,	8	—	—	—	9 5	9 10	9 0	10 0
Campeachy,	7	8	—	—	8 10	8 15	6 0	8 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . .	9	11	—	—	10 0	10 10	9	10 0
Cuba,	10s	11s 6	—	—	9s 0	10s 6	12 0	15 0
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	2 4	2 6	—	—	—	—	—	—
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 9	3 3	—	—	—	—	—	—
White Oak,	2 3	2 7	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (duty paid)	1 0	1 6	1 3	1 4	0 11	1 2	0 10	1 0
Honduras Mahogany, .	1 6	3 8	1 6	3 0	1 7	2 10	1 9	2 0
St Domingo, ditto, . .	19	20	—	—	15 0	16 0	13 0	14 0
TAR, American, brl.	17 0	17 6	—	—	—	—	16 6	18 0
Archangel,	10	11	—	—	—	—	11 0	—
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	35 6	—	37	—	36 6	—	34 9	—
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	36	—	—	—	—	—	29 0	—
Home melted,	41	—	—	—	—	—	£38 0	40
HEMP, Polish Rhine, ton,	37	—	38	—	39	40	35 0	35 10
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
FLAX,	50	51	—	—	—	—	£51	53
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	50	75	—	—	—	—	46	54
Dutch,	35	50	—	—	—	—	—	—
Irish,	—	105	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
BRISTLES,	17	—	—	—	—	—	14	—
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	40	—	—	—	—	—	38	—
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	41	—	40	41	38 6	39	41 6	42
Montreal, ditto, . . .	36	—	36	—	34 6	—	41	42
Pot,	20	—	21	22	—	—	20	20 10
OIL, Whale, tun,	—	—	—	—	—	—	19	—
Cod,	7	7½	7½	7½	0 5½	0 8	0 7	0
TOBACCO, Virgin, fine, lb.	5½	6½	5½	6½	0 3½	0 5	4	5
Middling,	4	5	4	4½	0 2	0 2½	0 2½	2½
Inferior,	—	—	0 7½	0 9½	0 8	0 9½	8	9
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	—	1 4	1 6	1 3	1 5	1 0	1 9
Sea Island, fine, . . .	—	—	1 2	1 5	1 0½	1 2	—	—
Good,	—	—	1 1	1 1½	1 0½	1 2	—	—
Middling,	—	—	0 10	1 0	0 10½	1 0½	—	—
Demerara and Barbice,	—	—	0 9	0 10	0 7½	10	0 8	10
West India,	—	—	0 10½	0 11½	0 11½	1 0	0 11	—
Pernambuco,	—	—	0 10½	0 11	0 10½	0 11½	—	—
Maranham,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
June 1	A. 42 M. 55	29.890 30.103	A. 58 M. 59	SW.	Fair, sunsh. and warm.	June 16	A. 44 M. 52	29.587 .603	A. 57 M. 56	E.	Dull, and cold.
2	A. 45 M. 55	.225 .151	A. 63 M. 63	Cble.	Fair, sunsh. very warm.	17	A. 43 M. 48	.769 .794	A. 54 M. 57	E.	Foren. dull, sunsh. aftern.
3	A. 39 M. 60	.142 .176	A. 65 M. 67	NW.	Fair, dull mid. of day.	18	A. 39 M. 53	.810 .450	A. 6 M. 60	NE.	Morn. dull, day sunsh.
4	A. 49 M. 62	.252 .229	A. 69 M. 64	Cble.	Ditto.	19	A. 38 M. 54	.450 .503	A. 62 M. 58	E.	Foren. sunsh. dull aftern.
5	A. 41 M. 5	.22 .225	A. 62 M. 60	E.	Morn. foggy, day sunsh.	20	A. 45 M. 52	.503 .285	A. 58 M. 55	E.	Rather cold and dull.
6	A. 43 M. 49	.142 29.965	A. 58 M. 59	Cble.	Foren. sunsh. even. foggy.	21	A. 42 M. 52	.502 .538	A. 55 M. 57	E.	Dull, with slight shrs.
7	A. 42 M. 53	.907 .907	A. 64 M. 66	W.	Morn. foggy, day sunsh.	22	A. 45 M. 55	.389 .408	A. 60 M. 56	E.	Dull morn. day sunsh.
8	A. 48 M. 59	.910 .910	A. 70 M. 65	Cble.	Sunsh. foren. dull aft. cold.	23	A. 41 M. 54	.572 .510	A. 58 M. 56	NE.	Dull, but fair.
9	A. 43 M. 51	.850 .880	A. 60 M. 69	E.	Morn. cold, day sunsh.	24	A. 45 M. 51	.525 .575	A. 51 M. 57	NE.	Morn. h. rain, day fair.
10	A. 44 M. 49	.880 .932	A. 56 M. 55	E.	Rather dull, very cold.	25	A. 46 M. 52	.583 .529	A. 61 M. 61	Cble.	Day fair, dull rain evening.
11	A. 39 M. 49	.968 .985	A. 56 M. 55	NE.	Day cold and dull.	26	A. 45 M. 58	.692 .699	A. 62 M. 63	Cble.	Itain morn. and aftern.
12	A. 39 M. 52	.925 .872	A. 59 M. 58	Cble.	Fair, with sunshine.	27	A. 45 M. 60	.715 .628	A. 61 M. 61	SE.	Warm, with showers rain.
13	A. 39 M. 54	.812 .560	A. 59 M. 61	Cble.	Foren. suns. dull aftern.	28	A. 49 M. 60	.602 .5	A. 64 0	SE.	Morn. rain, sunsh. aftern.
14	A. 45 M. 50	.57 .256	A. 58 M. 33	E.	Rain morn. and aftern.	29	A. 0 M. 6	.429 .275	A. 62 M. 64	SE.	Showers rain during day.
15	A. 37 M. 51	.279 .475	A. 53 M. 53	E.	Dull morn. sh. rain after.	30	A. 17 M. 61	.517 .512	A. 61 M. 61	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.

Average of Rain, 2.169 Inches.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of May, and 20th of June, 1824; extracted from the London Gazette.

- Ashbon, T. Canton-place, Poplar, underwriter.
 Auston, C. Luton, Bedfordshire, banker.
 Austin, J. R. Cheapside, druggist.
 Beare, C. Salisbury, oilman.
 Bird, W. Liverpool, merchant.
 Bliss, E. Freeman's-court, Cornhill, scrivener.
 Booth, P. Gee Cross, Cheshire, cotton-spinner.
 Bulmer, G. D. Liverpool, money-servener.
 Campion, R. Horsleydown, cooper.
 Castell, J. Blackman-street, Newington, wire-worker.
 Claudfield, P. Monckton, Pembrokeshire, auctioneer.
 Clark, R. and J. Jobling, jun. Trinity-square, coal-factor.
 Courteen, R. Size-lane, dealer.
 Courthorpe, T. Rotherhithe, boat-builder.
 Crooke, W. Burnley, Lancashire, iron-merchant.
 Drabwell, J. Great Russell-street, victualler.
 Drew, T. Exeter, linen-draper.
 Duke, J. Basinghall-street, warehouseman.
 Edwards, G. and T. Hoggart, St John's-street, West Smithfield, stationers.
 Edwards, W. Bleinham-street, merchant.
 Evans, W. Albany-terrace, Old Kent-road, merchant.
 Everitt, J. Stamford Baron, horse-dealer.
 Fairman, J. Alfred-mews, Tottenham-court road, horse-dealer.
 Fattou, F. Maddox-street, Bond-street, watch-maker.
 Finch, R. and J. Ensham, Oxfordshire, gloves.
 Fishwick, W. Habergham, Eves, Lancashire, timber-merchant.
 Gaskell, F. Glossip, Derbyshire, cotton-spinner.
 Giani, A. New Cavendish-street, music-publisher.
 Gibson, R. J. P. Great Bell Alley, merchant.
 Griffiths, W. Beahmaris, currier.
 Hale, W. Church-street, Spitalfields, cabinet-maker.
 Hall, W. Layton's-building, Southwark, merchant.
 Halliwell, W. Dunhill-row, hatter.
 Harrison, S. New Sleaford, Lincolnshire, mercer.
 Hiffman, J. N. Alington, Devonshire, starch-manufacturer.
 Hill, J. Carlisle, mercer.
 Filder, J. Lime-street, victualler.
 Holmes, T. Nottingham, corn-factor.
 Hooman, J. Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-Inn-fields, carpet-manufacturer.
 Humble, J. Manchester, shopkeeper.
 Huntris, W. Northwram, Yorkshire, cotton-spinner.
 Jackson, E. York, goldsmith.
 James, Cath. Horsham, innkeeper.
 Jameson, W. Pancras-lane, provision-merchant.
 Joyce, H. S. and J. Frowford, Somersetshire, and T. Joyce, Bucklersbury, clothiers.
 Kain, F. Fore-street, Limehouse, coal-merchant.
 Lewis, J. Bristol, grocer.
 McCarthy, D. Shadwell, coal-merchant.
 McKenzie, A. Lime-street, merchant.
 Makepeace, H. Bristol, coach-maker.
 Marshman, M. Trowbridge, clothier.
 Meybruch, F. Old Cavendish-street, tailor.
 Moore, J. Bristol, timber-merchant.
 Moore, J. sen. Burnley, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
 Nash, J. Bristol, auctioneer.

Noyes, J. Tooley-street, oilman.
 Pacey, T. Lincoln, mariner.
 Parke, J. Liverpool, druggist.
 Pine, T. and E. Davis, Maidstone, millers.
 Pomeroy, R. jun. Brixham, Devonshire, banker.
 Prestwidge, S. Drury-lane, grocer.
 Purchass, S. Yeovil, draper.
 Raney, S. Whitehaven, banker.
 Rawlings, R. and J. Frome Selwood, Somerset-shire, card-makers.
 Roberts, J. Cheltenham, coal-merchant.
 Rossiter, T. Bristol, bottle-liquor merchant.
 Sanders, T. A. Penkridge, surgeon.
 Sherwin, J. and J. Drapne, Gould-square, Crutched Friars, comb-makers.
 Sheriff, W. Liverpool, dealer.
 Skaffe, J. S. Tokenhouse-yard, hatter.
 Smith, J. Church-passage, Fenchurch-street, money-scrivener.
 Smith, T. Chesham, cabinet-maker.
 Smith, F. B. A. and D. Old Trinity-house, corn-factors.

Smyth, T. Exeter, bookseller.
 Spofforth, R. jun. Howden, Yorkshire, scrivener.
 Stephenson, C. V. Liverpool, linen-draper.
 Symond's, N. W. Crutched Friars, merchant.
 Thompson, J. Birmingham, victualler.
 Thropp, J. Tooley-street, victualler.
 Todd, E. Charleton, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
 Tode, C. P. Regent-street, St James's, watch-maker.
 Vankampen, P. Wapping-wall, brewer.
 Warnford, F. Wakefield, tea-dealer.
 Waterhouse, C. Bridgnorth, druggist.
 Wells, T. Union-street, Southwark, hat-manufacturer.
 Whitaker, J. St Paul's Church-yard, music-seller.
 Whitbread, W. South-end, linen-draper.
 White, W. B. Strand, linen-draper.
 Wilcox, O. Tottenham court-road, butcher.
 Williams, E. Fenchurch-street, wine-merchant.
 Wilson, R. Turnham green, draper.
 Wilson, R. Tooley-street, victualler.
 Wyld, J. Macclesfield, victualler.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 31st of June, 1824, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Air, William, merchant in Coldstream.
 Bell, James, fish-merchant in Perth.
 Grant, Lewis, bookseller in Inverness.
 Gray, John, grain-merchant, coal-merchant, and miller, at present residing at Comedy, in the Barony parish of Glasgow.
 Gutzmer, Anthony Henry, founder, Leith Walk.
 Harper, Alexander, shawl-manufacturers in Kil-marnock.
 Hule, James Leith, bookseller and publisher in Edinburgh.
 Lee and Myers, jewellers, auctioneers, and general agents in Glasgow.
 Macdonald, John Hall, merchant in Falkirk.
 McLean, William and Son, late merchants in Edinburgh.
 Paul, James and William, distillers and merchants in Stirling.
 Taylor, Patrick, spirit-dealer in Auchtermuchty.

Thomson and Goodsir, muslin and lace-merchants in Edinburgh.
 Urquhart, George, brewer, distiller, and general dealer, Inverness.
 Wilson, Thomas, vintner at Beattock Bridge.

DIVIDENDS.

Finlay, Thomas, late builder in Elie; Fife; a dividend after 11th July.
 Knox, John, and Sons, cotton-yarn merchants in Glasgow; a final dividend after 12th July.
 M'Lachlan, George, shoe-maker in Edinburgh; a dividend after 8th July.
 Ramsay, Smith, Graham, and Company, merchants in Glasgow; a final dividend 22d June.
 Watt, Thomas, and Company, merchants and warehousemen in Glasgow; a dividend after 6th July.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet. Capt. Colthurst, 97 F. Maj. in the Army 12 Aug. 1819.
 R. H. Gds. Hon. G. W. Forester, Cor. by p. vice Sir R. Hill, ret. 27 May, 1824.
 2 Dr. Gds. F. C. Griffiths, Cor. by p. vice Duncombe, Gren. Gds. 17 June
 6 Lt. Hume, from 15 Dr. Capt. by p. vice Langley, ret. 10 do.
 7 Dr. Ens. Edwards, from 46 F. Cor. vice Aird, h. p. 10 F. do.
 Capt. Shixley, Maj. by p. vice Keane, prom. 17 do.
 Lt. Williams, Capt. do.
 Cornet Pringle, Lt. do.
 15 Cor. Garnet, Lt. by p. vice Hume, 6 Dr. C. 17 June, 1824.
 H. T. Lord Pelham, Cor. do.
 Gren. Gds. Cor. Duncombe, from 2 Dr. Gds. Ens. and Lt. by p. vice Douglas, prom. do.
 1 F. Lt. Smith, from h. p. 27 F. Lt. vice Rafter cancelled 27 May.
 4 Lt. Irving, Capt. by p. v. Spink, 92 F. 3 June.
 Ens. Heedly, Lt. do.
 D. W. I. L. Ardy do.
 10 Capt. Vandeleur from 3 Vet. Bn. Capt. vice Blane, 90 F. do.
 11 Ass. Surg. Chermade, from h. p. Vet. Bn. Ass. Surg. vice Stewart, Afr. Corps do.
 Capt. Kemp, from 55 F. Capt. vice Straker, h. p. York Chms. 27 May.

18 Bt. Lt. Col. Gorrequer, Maj. by p. vice Percival, ret. 10 June
 Lt. French, Capt. do.
 21 Hosp. As. Ewing, As. Surg. vice Freer, removed from the Service 5 do.
 27 Lt. M'Pherson, Capt. vice Waldron, dead 25 Mar.
 Ens. Carrol, Lt. do.
 J. F. Lonsdale, Ens. 27 May.
 37 Lt. Dyer, Adj. vice Lange, res. Adj. do.
 40 Capt. Moore, from h. p. 40 F. Paym. vice Phillips, dismissed 10 June.
 46 W. Edwards, Ens. vice Swetonham, res. 5 do.
 Ens. Kelley, from h. p. 10 F. Ens. vice Edwards, 7 Dr. 10 do.
 48 Ens. M'Kenzie, from h. p. Afr. Corps, Ens. vice Grant, 58 F. 27 May.
 51 Lt. Moore, from h. p. 71 F. Lt. vice Hawkins, 91 F. 20 do.
 53 Capt. Verity, from h. p. York Chms. Capt. vice Kemp, 16 F. 27 do.
 58 Ens. Grant, from 48 F. Ens. vice Lett, h. p. Afr. Corps do.
 60 Hosp. As. Lamond, As. Surg. vice Melvin, prom. do.
 Lt. Tempest, from 98 F. Lt. vice Cornwall, 76 F. 19 June.
 62 Ens. Lane, Lt. by p. vice Butler, ret. 27 May.
 J. W. Fisher, Ens. do.

- 63 Capt. Hill, from h. p. 28 F. Capt. vice Lynch, 5 Vet. Bt. 3 June.
Lt. Jordan, Adj. vice Duport, res. Adj. 20 May.
Surg. Bohan, from h. p. 25 F. Surg. vice Macnish, h. p. do.
Lt. Forster, from h. p. Rifle Br. Paymaster, vice Jones, dismissed 10 June.
- 71 Lt. Pennington, from late 5 Vet. Bn. Paym. vice Mackenzie, h. p. 20 May.
Qua. Mast. Serj. Agnew, Qua. Mast. vice Herring, ret. on full pay 17 June.
- 76 Lt. Cornwall, from 60 F. Lt. vice Grubbe, h. p. 74 F. 10 do.
- 90 Capt. Blane, from 10 F. Capt. vice Bt. Maj. Williamson, h. p. 23 F. 3 do.
Ass. Surg. Whitney, from 85 F. Surg. vice Morrison, dead 17 do.
- 91 Lt. Hawkins, from 54 F. Lt. vice Berkeley, h. p. 71 F. 20 May.
- 97 Surg. Conolly, from h. p. 5 W. I. R. Surg. 17 June.
- 98 Capt. D. Campbell, from h. p. 94 F. Capt. vice Fox, cancelled 27 do.
Lt. Freebrain, from h. p. 74 F. Lt. vice Tempest, 60 F. 10 June.
Lt. Dunlevie, from h. p. 65 F. Paym. do.
- 99 Surg. Hilbert, from h. p. York L. I. V. Surg. 17 do.
- Rifle Brig. 1st Lt. Felix, Capt. by p. vice Travers, ret. 20 May.
2d Lt. Irton, 1st Lt. do.
H. F. Beckwith, 2d Lt. do.
- 1 Vet. Bn. Capt. Scott, from h. p. 26 F. Capt. vice Strangeways, ret. list. 27 do.
- 3 Bt. Maj. Lynch, from 65 F. Capt. vice Vandeleur, 10 F. 3 June.
Ens. Douglas, from h. p. 2 Gar. Bn. Ens. vice Borcham, ret. list do.

Unattached.

- Maj. Keane from 7 Dr. Lt. Col. of Inf. by p. Lt. Gen. Stovin, ret. 17 do.

Staff.

- Lt. Nun, from 59 F. Staff Adj. vice Gourlay, dead 27 May, 1824.

Hospital Staff.

- Ass. Surg. Stewart, from h. p. 38 F. Ass. Surg. vice Hosp. Ass. Chambers, 64 F. 20 May, 1824.
— M'Leod, from h. p. 78 F. do. vice Hosp. Ass. M'Niece, dead 25 do.
— Caldwell, from h. p. 51 F. do. vice Lamond, 60 F. 25 June.
Hosp. Ass. Morgan, do. do.
J. Young, Hosp. Ass. vice Blair, dead 18 do.

Exchanges.

- Lt. Col. Str. T. N. Hill, KCB. from Gren. Gds. with Lt. Col. Ellison, h. p. Unatt.
— Cassidy, from 1 W. I. R. with Lt. Col. Browne, h. p. 6 W. I. R.
Major Swency, from 1 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Major Delaney, h. p. 2 Ceylon Regt.
— Nicolls, from 96 F. with Major White, h. p. 24 F.
Bt. Lt. Col. Str. T. Reade, from 27 F. with Capt. Franklyn, h. p. 24 F.
Capt. Paterson, from 8 Dr. with Capt. Knight, 63 F.
— Dashwood, from Gren. Gds. with Capt. Douglas, h. p. Unatt.
Lieut. Deacon, from 16 F. with Lieut. Murray, Ceylon Regt.
— Warren, from 41 F. with Lieut. Logan, Rifle Brig.
— Ashe, from 41 F. with Lieut. Barnes, 65 F.
— Giffard, from 92 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Forbes, h. p. 13 F.

- Capt. Harvey, from Cape Corps (Inf.) with Lieut. Ross, h. p. 60 F.
Ensign Nixon, from 44 F. with Ensign Dodgins, 66 F.
— Kellet from 18 F. with Ensign Smith, h. p. 24 F.
Paym. Chitty, from 2 Dr. G. with Capt. Hay, h. p. 43 F.
Surg. Shorland, from 31 F. with Surg. Callow, 96 F.
— Jones, from 44 F. with Surg. Daut, 58 F.
Assist. Surg. Campbell, from Rifle Brig. with Assist. Surg. Armstrong, h. p.
Hosp. Assist. Farmer, with Hosp. Assist. Blackwood, h. p.

Resignations and Retirements.

- Lieut. Gen. Slovins, from 17 F.
Maj. Percival, 18 F.
Capt. Langley, 6 Dr. G.
— Travers, Rifle Brig.
Lieut. Butler, 62 F.
Capt. Str. R. Hill, R. Horse Gds.
Ens. Sweetenham, 46 F.

Appointments Cancelled.

- Capt. Fox, 98 F.
Lieut. Rafter 1 F.
— Lieut. Ker, 30 F.

Removed from the Service.

- Assist. Surg. Freer, 21 F.

Deaths.

- Gen. J. Murray, of late 96 F. Paris.
Lieut. Gen. Farley, late of 68 F.
Major Gen. Du Plat, h. p. late Germ. Leg. Hanover, 19 March, 24.
Lieut. Col. Johnston, h. p. Corsican Ra. 24.
— Lee, Roy, Mar. Chatham, May.
Capt. Mackay, 48 F. Sydney, New South Wales, 2 Dec. 27.
— L'Estrange, R. Af. Col. Corps, in Africa, from excessive fatigue, 24 March, 1824.
— Quentin, h. p. 2 Dr. Germ. Leg. Hanover, 20 May, 1824.
Lieut. Bourke, 7 F. 7 June, 1824.
— Cuthbertson, 48 F. drowned at Macquarrie Harbour, Van. Dieman's Land, 24 Dec. 1823.
— Roy, 69 F. Wallajahbad, Madras, 24 Jan. 1824.
— Mallet, late Invalids, Plymouth, 1 June.
— Watt, late 3 Vet. Bn. Jersey, 4 do.
— Ingleby, h. p. 1 Dr. Lancaster, 10 April, 1824.
— K. Campbell, h. p. 74 F. Inverness, 29 March, 1824.
Pyne, h. p. 2 Gar. Bn. Dublin, 22 Jan.
Noble, h. p. 95 F. Rothsay, 24 April.
Cauchi, h. p. R. Reg. of Malta, France, 15 Jan.
Ordioni, h. p. Corsican Regt. Corsica, 23 Sept. 1823.
De Vaux, h. p. Chass. Britan. Nantes, 23 Feb. 1824.
Mackenzie, h. p. 1 Lt. Dr. Ger. Legion, drowned at Hanover, 9 June, 1824.
Ensign Woodburn, 65 F. 1 Feb. 1824.
— Lisle, 43 F. Trincomalee, Ceylon, 26 Nov. 1823.
— Cumming, late 3 Vet. Bn. Edinburgh, 23 May, 1821.
— Macpherson, do. Stromness, Orkney, 2 June.
— Newman, h. p. 40 F. 22 Feb. 1822.
Bornemann, h. p. 8 Line Germ. Leg. Frankfurt, 15 April, 1824.
Adjutant Perry, h. p. 21. Dr. 22 May.
Quar.-Mast. Paul, 87 F. on board the Abberton Indianan, 14 Feb. 1824.
— Holmes, late of Coldst. Gds. Holleway, 18 April.
— Coleman, h. p. 4 Dr. Gds. Carlow, 5 do.
— Hill, h. p. Depots, 23 Feb.

Medical Department.

- Staff Surg. M'Glashan, h. p. Glasgow, May, 1824.
— Power, h. p. Berr Island, 18 April.
— Surg. Dr. Wharrie, Ceylon, 8 Jan.
— Hoatson, Ceylon Regt. Ceylon, 7 Nov. 1823.

Staff Surg. Dr Menzies, h. p. 21 Dr. India,

25 Dec.

— Meyer, h. p. For. Vet. Bn. France,

5 Nov.

Apoth. Fox, h. p.

May, 1824.

— Price, h. p. London,

do.

Hosp. Assist. Pictou, Africa,

5 March.

Chaplains Department.

Rev. Archdeacon Gwen, Chaplain General to the Forces,

4 June 1824.

Killed, Wounded, and Missing of the Regular Force in Action with the Ashan-

tees on 21st January, 1824, in the West Wassaw Country, Cape Coast Castle, West Coast of Africa.

KILLED.

Brig. Gen. Sir Charles M'Carthy, wounded, taken prisoner, and afterwards killed.

WOUNDED (slightly.)

Captain Ricketts, 2 W. I. R. Maj. of Brig.

Ensign Erskine, R. African Colonial Corps.

MISSING, and supposed to have been afterwards

killed.

Ensign Wetherell, 2 W. I. R.

Dr Beresford Tedlie, Surg. of 2 W. I. R.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

June 2, At Queen Street, the lady of E. W. H. Schenley, Esq. of a daughter.

5. At Portobello, the Countess of Kintore, of a daughter.

— At Grandholm Cottage, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel Lindsay, 78th Highlanders, of a daughter.

7. At Edinburgh, the lady of John Hay, Esq. of the East India Company's service, of a daughter.

— At Craigie Manse, Mrs Dr Stirling, of a daughter.

9. At Links Place, Leith, Mrs Donaldson, of a son.

10. The lady of Warren Hastings Sands, Esq. writer to the signet, of a son.

— Mrs Jolly, 20, Windsor Street, of a daughter.

11. At Greenhead, Glasgow, the lady of Captain T. D. Stewart of the Bengal Cavalry, of a son.

12. At Edinburgh, Mrs Johnstone, Albany Street, of a son.

13. At Park House, Kent, the lady of Sir Henry R. Calder, Bart. of a son.

15. In Lower Mount Street, Dublin, the Hon. Mrs James Caulfield, royal navy, of a son.

16. Mrs Northwick, 85, George Street, of a son.

17. At Edinburgh, Mrs Snells, of a daughter.

19. At Rufford Manse, Mrs Mackay, of a daughter.

20. At North Berwick, Mrs Hawthorn, of a son.

— In Hill Street, Mrs William Colin Clarke, of a daughter.

— At Park Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Grant of Congalton, of a son and heir.

— Mrs Richard Mackenzie, Abercromby Place, of a daughter.

22. Mrs Cook, Northumberland Street, of a son.

23. In Charlotte Square, the Hon. Mrs Duncan, of a son.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Stewart, of Glenormiston, of a son.

24. At his house, at the Admiralty, the lady of Sir George Clerk, Bart. M.P. of a son.

25. At Finlrasse House, Mrs Leslie, of Finlrasse, of a son.

26. At Dundee, Mrs Mylne, of Mylnefield, of a daughter.

27. At Portobello, the lady of Donald Charles Cameron, Esq. of a son.

28. At Logie, the lady of the Hon. Donald Ogilvy, of Clova, of a son.

— Mrs Dr Christie, 13, Calton Street, of a son.

30. In Northumberland Street, the lady of George Brodie, Esq. advocate, of a son.

— Mrs Lang of Broomhall, of a son.

— At the Upper Lodge, Bushy Park, the lady of Colonel Fitzclarence, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

1824. At Masulipatam, Captain Kyd,

to Mary Anne European regiment, to Mary Anne,

daughter of George Rose, Esq. of Crookham,

Newbury.

Dec. 22. At Nusseerabad, William Seton Charters, Esq. M.D. of the Bengal Medical Establishment, to Louisa Scott, youngest daughter of the late George Smith, Esq. of Canton.

March 29, 1821, At the Cape of Good Hope, Major Thomas Webster, of Balgarvie, in the service of the Hon. East India Company, to Agnes, daughter of the late John Ross, Esq. Meadow Place, Edinburgh.

May 31. Philip Ahglin, Esq. M. D. of the island of Jamaica, to Catharine Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Col. John Robertson.

23. In the Isle of Wight, John George Campbell, Esq. lieutenant in the 53d regiment of foot, and youngest son of the late Colonel John Campbell of Shawfield, to Ellen, fourth daughter of Sir Fitzwilliam Barrington, Bart. of Swanston, in the Isle of Wight.

25. At Banff, George Craigie, Esq. M. D. of the Bengal medical service, to Jane, only daughter of John Wilson, Esq.

June 1. At Burntsfield Place, William Bowden, Esq. of Hull, to Margaret Sowers, eldest daughter of Archibald Anderson, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Dr James Kellie, physician in Dunbar, to Mary, second daughter of the late Mr George Wauchope.

— At Libberton Place, Mr Thomas Torrance, farmer, Meadow Head, to Margaret, daughter of Mr Bagrie, farmer, Miller Hill.

— At Craighead, James Chrystal, Esq. jun. writer in Stirling, to Patricia Bennet, daughter of Robert Banks, Esq. of Craighead.

— At Drumpeller, Lieutenant John Hay, R.N. to Marion, eldest daughter of David Carrick Buchannan, Esq. of Drumpeller.

2. In Gayfield Square, David Arthur Davies, Esq. surgeon, Llanally, to Spencer Boyd, eldest daughter of Andrew Sievwright, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh.

4. At Edinburgh, Mr John Waddell, Shoemaker, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Mr Lauchlan Wilkie, fletcher, Musselburgh.

7. At Tunbridge Wells, William Thomas Thornton, Esq. to Hannah Isabella Cornelia, eldest daughter of the late Colonel Halket Craigie, of Hallhill in the county of Fife.

8. At No. 10, Dublin Street, Mr Alexander Huie, to Eliza Gordon, second daughter of John Edgar, Esq. surgeon, Berwick-upon-Tweed.

— At Haddington, Mr John Richardson, writer, to Margaret, second daughter of the late Mr Hay Walker, Haddington.

— At Perth, Mr Henry Russell, merchant, Dunfermline, to Margaret, fourth daughter of the late Mr George Gray.

— At Glasgow, Mr John Honeyman, merchant, to Isabella, eldest daughter of the late Mr Patrick Smith.

9. At Windset Street, Leith Walk, Mr John Connell, merchant, to Miss Elizabeth Johnson.

11. At Warriston Crescent, David Cannan, Esq. surgeon, to Mary Stewart, eldest daughter of John Ross, Esq.

12. At Edinburgh, A. T. Smith, Esq. surgeon,

Kirkaldy to Mary Anne, daughter of James Burn, Esq. manufacturer, Edinburgh.

13. At Pilrig Street, Robert Blackie, Esq. to Eliza, daughter of the late Burridge Purvis, Esq. of Glassmount.

— At Summerfield, Leith, Mr William Nelson, merchant, Leith, to Jane, second daughter of Mr James Tait, merchant there.

— At Liverpool, William Blair M'Kean, Esq. merchant, Leith, to Marianne, daughter of John M'ulloch, Esq. M.D. Liverpool.

16. At Craighead, Archibald Smith, merchant, Glasgow, to Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas M'Call, Esq. of Craighead.

18. Mr Robert Dempster, druggist, to Janet, youngest daughter of Mr William Stark, builder.

— At Leith, Mr Alexander S. Bisset, to Frances, eldest daughter of Mr A. Thom, Brechin.

— At St George's, Hanover Square, London, Samuel Whitbread, Esq. M. P. to Julia, daughter of Major General the Hon. Henry Brand.

19. At St George's Church, Hanover Square, London, Captain Fox, son of Lord Holland, to Miss Mary Fitzclarence. The amiable bride was given away by his Royal Highness the Duke of York and Sir Charles Poole.

21. At Edinburgh, Munro Ross, Esq. of Rosshill, to Grace, youngest daughter of the late John Cumming, Esq.

— At Park Place, Edinburgh, the Right Hon. the Earl of Leven and Melville, to Elizabeth Anne Campbell, second daughter of the Hon. Lord Succoth.

22. At Glasgow, Thomas Campbell, Esq. to Agnes, second daughter of Kirkman Finlay, Esq. of Castle Toward.

— At Cliftonhall Mains, Mr George Lindsay, merchant, Edinburgh, to Agnes, daughter of the late Mr Wm. Thomson, farmer.

24. At Dairsie, Dr James Spence, physician, Cupar, to Robina, daughter of the late Rev. Robert Coutts, one of the ministers of Brechin.

28. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Andrew Kennedy, of Keith, to Miss Mary Mutter.

21. At Maybole Castle, James Dow, Esq. of Montrose, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late William Douglas, Esq. merchant, Leith.

Lately, At St George's Hanover Square, London, the Hon. Captain W. L. Fitzgerald de Roos, of the 1st regiment of Life Guards, to Lady Georgiana Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond.

DEATHS.

Oct. 23, 1823. At Benecoolen, James Patrick Drummond, eldest son of the late James Drummond, Esq. of Comrie, Perthshire.

Jan. 2, 1824. At Madras, John Fraser Lane, Esq. Collector of Masulipatan, Hon. East India Company's service.

8. At Ceylon, Dr Thomas J. Wharrie.

12. At Madras, J. Waddell, Esq.

19. At Batavia, Henry Band, son of the late Mr Henry Band, merchant, Leith.

24. At Montreal, suddenly, of asphyxia, the Rev. T. Hill.

March 25. At St Andrews, Jamaica, at Islington Pen, at an advanced age, the Hon. James Stewart, custos, and late one of the representatives in the Hon. House of Assembly for that parish.

April 23. In Virginia, Dr James Murray Brown.

May 19. At Bervie, Dr Robert Napier, deeply regretted.

22. At Leith, Mr Alexander Paterson, ironmonger (late of Stirling); and on the 8th June, Alexander, his second son, in his 14th year.

— At Bedford Place, Allos, Captain Robert Henderson.

— At Florence, William Crosbie, Esq. his Majesty's Secretary of Legation at the Court of Tuscany.

25. At Ditton Common, Surrey, David Stewart, Esq. shipowner, St Andrews, Fifeshire.

26. At Montcaillier, near Turin, Capel Loft, Esq. an author of great celebrity.

28. At Banff, Mrs Gordon, widow of the Rev. Abercromby Gordon, minister of Banff.

— At London, John Locke, M. D. late of Glasgow.

28. At his seat, Hawkstone, Salop, Sir John

Hill, Bart. in the 84th year of his age. Sir John is succeeded in the baronetcy and in his extensive estates by his grandson, Rowland, one of the representatives in Parliament for the county of Salop.

28. At Bourdeaux, Charlotte, youngest daughter of Alexander Maclean, Esq. of Ardgour.

29. At Hastings, in Sussex, Robert Alexander Paterson Wallace, Esq. only son of the deceased Major Robert Wallace of the 17th foot, and grandson of the late Alexander Wallace, Esq. banker in Edinburgh.

30. At Kirkaldy, Mr Douglas Morrison, merchant.

— At Torquay, Devonshire, Miss Euphemia Ballantine, daughter of the late Patrick Ballantine, Esq. of Orchard.

30. At Square Point of Crossmichael, William Rae, Esq. late of Dunjarg.

31. At Bath, the lady of Sir George Abercromby Robinson, Bart.

June 1. At Musselburgh Mrs Charles Stewart, Jun.

— At St Andrews, David Meldrum, Esq. of Dron.

— At his house in Queen Street, Edinburgh, Alexander Wylie, Doctor of Medicine.

2. At Edinburgh, Samuel Watson, Esq. solicitor-at-law.

— At Pintry, Stirlingshire, Janet Waters, aged 100. She had 13 children, 53 grand-children, and 40 great-grand-children; total 16.

— At Dysart, Mrs Grace Reddie, relict of Lieutenant James Black, Royal Navy.

3. At Heatherwick-house, Margaret Milnes, youngest daughter of the late James Milnes, Esq.

— At Fyvie, the Hon. Mrs Gordon, relict of General the Hon. William Gordon of Fyvie.

— At London, Miss Crachami, the celebrated Sicilian dwarf, (only 19 inches high,) after a short illness, produced by the late changes in the weather. She was a most interesting child.

2. At Edinburgh, Daniel Ramsay of Falla, aged 64.

4. At Dalzell house, William, infant son of A. J. Hamilton, Esq. of Dalzell.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Helen Murray, spouse of Mr James Callender, Parliament Stairs.

— At Edinburgh, Francis, son of Mr John Howden, jeweller.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Abercrombie, widow of the Rev. George Abercrombie, one of the ministers of Aberdeen.

5. At Bogton, Cathcart, Miss Pagan of Bogton.

— At Laurier, Alex. Dawson, Esq. Chief Magistrate of the burgh.

6. At Edinburgh, Mrs Jean Johnston, wife of William Johnston, Esq. of Lathrisk.

7. At View Fort, John Henry Thin, son of Mr Thin, architect.

— At his house, York Place, John Blackwell, Esq. Advocate.

8. At Malvern, Lieut.-Colonel Hugh Hous-
toun.

9. Suddenly, at his house, in Drury Lane, Mr Oxberry, the comedian.

— At Kirkwall, in Orkney, the Rev. Robert Yule, Minister of the Gospel there.

— In South Audley Street, London, Thomas Chevallier, Esq. Surgeon Extraordinary to the King, and Professor of Anatomy and Surgery to the Royal College of Surgeons in London.

10. At Rankellour House, Mrs Mary Maitland, widow of Charles Maitland, Esq. younger of Rankellour.

11. Mrs Mary Gordon Porteous, wife of Mr Alex. Callender, surgeon.

— At Stirling, the Rev. Archibald Bruce, one of the ministers of that parish.

— At Edinburgh, Thomas Fergusson, Esq. of Baledmund.

13. At his house, Blythswood Place, Glasgow, William Moneth, Esq.

— At Canonmills, Margaret, only surviving daughter of Mr Alexander Ritchie.

14. At Thurso, Mrs Pringle, wife of Mr Robert Pringle, Collector of Excise.

— At Waukmills of Letham, on the 14th instant, Mr Patrick Stirling, aged 82 years.

15. At Stirling, on the 15th ult. Mrs Gleig, wife of the Right Rev. Bishop Gleig.

16. At No 2, Arniston Place, Major Colin Campbell, of Strachur.

— At St John's Hill, Robert Home, youngest son of Mr Robert Armstrong, jun. brass-founder.

— At Weymouth, George Melis, Esq. of Perthshire.

— At Paisley, in the 77th year of his age, John Orr, Esq. formerly Provost of the burgh.

— After a few days illness, at his residence in Lower Grosvenor Street, London, the Right Hon. Lord Henry Thomas Howard Molyneux Howard, Deputy Earl-Marshal of England, and brother to his Grace the Duke of Norfolk. His Lordship represented the city of Gloucester in several Parliaments, and sat in the present Parliament for Steyning.

— In Parliament Street, Dublin, Walter Thom, Esq. of Aberdeen, formerly Editor of the Correspondent, and, for the last few years, joint Proprietor and Editor of the Dublin Journal.

19. At his house in Welbeck Street, London, in the 51st year of his age, the Right Hon. Alexander Wentworth, Lord Macdonald, the representative of the ancient Lords of the Isles in Scotland, leaving no family. He is succeeded in his title and estates, by his next brother, the Hon. Major-General Godfrey Bosville.

— At her residence, No 13, Seymour Place, Little Chelsea, Donna Maria Theresa del Riego y Riego, widow of General Don Rafael del Riego y Riego.

20. At Bath, the Hon. Alexina Duncan, the eldest daughter of Viscount Duncan.

— At Edinburgh, Lieut. John Fraser, formerly of the 71st, thereafter of the 87th regiment of foot. He entered the 71st regiment at the youthful age of sixteen. He passed with approbation through the grades from private to officer in the short space of eight years. His signal bravery at the taking of the Cape of Good Hope induced the

Commanding Officer to report him for an officer's commission; for he was one of a party of thirty, who, on that occasion, volunteered to storm a battery, and the only one of the party who survived (but not unwounded) the capture of it.

— At Colinton Manse, James, son of the Rev. Lewis Balfour, minister of Colinton.

21. At Scotstown, Alexander Moir, of Scotstown, Esq.

22. At Edinburgh, Mrs Christian Henderson Grandison, widow of the Rev. Joseph Johnston, minister of Innerleithen, Peebles-shire.

23. At Warriston House, Miss Mary Brown, eldest daughter of the late Captain Robert Brown, Leith.

25. At his house, Charlotte Street, Leith, Mr Peter Scott.

— At Currie, Mr Thomas Hamilton, sen., late builder in Edinburgh.

26. At Ruchill, Miss Dreghorn, daughter of the late Robert Dreghorn, of Bloehairn.

— At Stranraer, Provost Kerr, of Stranraer.

— At Heatherwick-house, East-Lothian, George, eldest son of Captain W. H. Hardyman, Hon. East India Company's naval service.

30. At Edinburgh, John, youngest son of Mr William Boyd, W. S.

— At Burrowmuirhead, Mrs Jane Spottiswood, spouse of Mr John Robertson of Lawhead.

Lately. At Paris, General John Murray, aged 85. He had served his Majesty sixty years in different parts of the world, and was twelve years a prisoner in France, under Napoleon's government. His eldest son, Major-General Murray, was late Governor of Demerara.

— At No. 1, Salisbury Road, Erskine, R. C. youngest son of John Gordon, Esq.

— At Plymouth, Rear-Admiral William Cunningham, C. B.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XVI.

NORTH AMERICA.

- Peculiarities. State of the Fine Arts. Painting.

THERE is one quality in the North American character which is generally overlooked, and which I have never perceived in that of any other people to the same degree. It is a sort of serious versatility. The French have a greater, or rather a pleasanter sort, and accommodate themselves more readily to circumstances; and the ancient Greek had an excess of what we call versatility in his temper and power. But, in the Frenchman, it is more of a constitutional habit, a more trivial and less respectable property, than it is in the American; although, to my notion, a thousand-fold more agreeable. And, in the versatility of the Greek, there was always more of the bright, changeable caprice of genius—more of the spiritual, more of heroic audacity, and less of steady, invincible determination, than in that of the North American.

The Frenchman is never without resources, but then his resources are always of a light and brilliant character. It is the smallest coinage that *can* be made use of, which a Frenchman will contrive to disburse in any extremity. He would maintain himself, though he had been a general officer, or peer of the realm, at home, if he were shipwrecked upon a foreign shore, by expedients of which none but a Frenchman would ever dream; nay, give him but one of the silver pennies which are distributed here on

his Majesty's birth-day, and I would answer for him, in a strange country, if there were no other way, he would maintain himself by making plaster medallions of that little coin.

Throw him among savages, and he will teach them to dance, (not that I believe the story of Chateaubriand;) among wild beasts, and he will find some way of reconciling them to his presence, (where another man would make war upon them outright,) either by pulling thorns out of their feet, or dressing their manes; upon a desolate island, and he will grow old in carving "L'Empereur" upon a cocoa nut, arranging coloured sea-shells into flowers, and birds, with wings like butterflies; or in making clay models of everything upon the island. The basket-maker in the fable was undoubtedly a Frenchman, and the spider that Robert Bruce beheld in the barn, was *as* undoubtedly a French spider; no other would ever have repeated the same experiment, precisely over and over again, so often.

We all know what the versatility of a Frenchman is; and when I call to mind what I have actually seen, nothing that could be said of their power to employ or maintain themselves would seem to be extravagant.

I have known a French prisoner spend every leisure hour, for many years, in manufacturing a line-of-battle ship, out of the little splinters of

bone which he found in the soup. I have known another, who began by planting coffee trees, in St Domingo, with his own hand—realized a princely fortune—lost it during some insurrection; began again—became very wealthy—lost that in the same way; narrowly escaped with his life, and a few dollars, to America; began to teach French, while he was precisely in the situation of George, in the Vicar of Wakefield, who set off to teach the Dutchmen English, and never recollected, until he had arrived in Holland, that, to teach them English, he himself should know something of Dutch—realized a little money, and laid it out in a law-suit—in the purchase of claims, which he spent about eighteen or twenty years in bringing to a determination—himself, a great part of the time, upon the water between America and France, with testimony which never failed, for many years, to be informal, inadequate, or inapplicable. But he prevailed after all, and is now independent. This was, perhaps, the most extraordinary case of what I have called serious versatility, in a Frenchman, that was ever known. That a French prisoner of war, a good scaman, (for a Frenchman,) should employ himself, year after year, in miniature ship-building; substituting beef bone for oak timber, and converting what other men would hardly have had the patience or the power to make a tooth-pick of, into accurate and beautiful machinery, is no very surprising matter. There is a sort of serious pleasantry—a kind of busy, industrious trifling in it, altogether French; and very like what one would look for in the occupation of any Frenchman, after the quicksilver of his blood was precipitated by misfortune. It was only the mimicry of naval architecture. But that a West Indian—a planter—and, above all, a Frenchman, should venture to lay out the wreck of his whole fortune upon American justice, without understanding one word of American law; and before he could say in English, so as to be understood, "Your humble servant, sir," is a thing so incredible, that, if I did not know the story to be true, I would not repeat it. Yet, such a speculation would have been quite in character for an American; perfectly reconcilable to the presumptuous versatility of his temper; for, when

the spirit of adventure is disturbed in a genuine American, he appears to reckon upon miracles and phenomena, as other men do upon chances.

Thus, I have known two American partners in a large mercantile house. One had been educated for the bar; had practised at the bar; and was believed to be in the way to great authority in his profession, when he married, fell sick, consumed all his property, and went into business with another adventurer, who had made and lost, already, about half a dozen fortunes: The other (of the two first named) had no education at all; had been put apprentice to a retail shop-keeper, at the age of twelve; and had grown up to manhood, in a course of adventure, that, in any country but this, would have been thought romantic and wonderful—as well as a complete disqualification for every kind of serious business.

These two, as I have said, were partners in the same house. They soon extended their operations all over the United States; made money—speculated—and failed. A council was held between them. The younger of the two—he who had no education—spent several hours in determining whether he should become a soldier, (for he was weary of mercantile affairs)—go to India, and upset the British power there; or to South America, and help to revolutionize two or three empires in that quarter: A clergyman; (but upon that profession he hardly bestowed a second thought, after the reflection occurred, that, in America, there was neither rank, revenue, nor dominion, for the clergy;) a physician; a lawyer; an actor; an auctioneer; or a politician. The result was, that he concluded to become a lawyer—the law in America being the highway to the highest honours of the government—while his partner, at the same time, resolved to become a divine.

The first went forthwith to his room—laboured night and day for several years (supporting himself, in the meantime, by what nobody but an American, in such a situation, would have thought of—in America—his pen;) became distinguished; and is now a counsellor-at-law in the Supreme Court of the United States. And yet—hardly eight years have passed since he was a broken mer-

chant, wholly uneducated, and apparently helpless.

In the meantime, his partner pursued his own studies in his own way; and is now one of the most distinguished clergymen of the United States.

These are not solitary examples. If they were, they would not be worth mentioning. They are, in reality, things of common occurrence. Most of the distinguished men of the United States have gone through a "course of education," more or less, of the same kind. I could mention several, in various professions, at this moment; but, as my object is only to shew what others have never seen, or not mentioned, in the character of our Transatlantic brethren, I shall only record one more, while giving a brief account of the present state of the FINE ARTS in America, and particularly of PAINTING.

The FINE ARTS, generally, are neglected by the Americans. By this I mean, that they, the Americans, do not themselves cultivate them. They have foreign musical composers, and sculptors, among them—(most of whom are indigent, or starving,) but none of their own. Capellano, the first sculptor of the King of Spain; and Causici, one of Canova's finest, and most gifted pupils, both men of high talent, are actually in a state of abject dependance, now in America. Architecture is hardly in a better state. I know of no capital American architect; and the foreigners, who are unfortunately driven to America, in the hope of legislating for palaces, are, without one exception, in a very precarious and unpleasant condition.

In fact—for we must deal plainly in these matters, whatever may be our partialities—I do not scruple to say, that the North American republic is one of the last countries in the world for refuge to a devotee of the fine arts, who may be, no matter for what reason, weary of the old world—particularly if he be a man of extraordinary power. A second or third-rate musical composer, performer, architect, sculptor, &c. &c. if he cannot get bread at home, will be able to get bread—but nothing more—in America. By bread, I mean, such a provision as will keep him alive, dependant, and wretched. If he be of the anointed few—the exalted—he will probably starve, die of a broken heart,

or destroy himself; for such men will not barter their inspiration for bread; their immortality for a mess of pottage.

But enough of this for the present. Hereafter, there may be found a better occasion for dwelling on these points. I shall pass them over now, together with all that relates to the fine arts, except in the department of painting. In this the Americans have made a surprising proficiency; surprising, not only by comparison with what they have done in every other department; but surprising, (if we consider their numbers, infancy, and want of encouragement,) when compared with what we ourselves have done, or any other people, during the same period.

But then, the most celebrated of these *American painters* have been *educated* in this country; and some of them have been *born* here.

The following are the names of those, who have been, at one time or another, known in Great Britain or France, with a brief criticism on each.

COPLEY—HISTORICAL AND PORTRAIT PAINTER. He was an American by birth; a capital portrait painter, for the time; and, if I may judge by a small but very good picture, in the Blue-Coat School here, which I am told was painted by him, endowed with a decided and vigorous talent for historical composition.

WEST—HISTORICAL PAINTER, and late President of the Academy:—An American by birth; studied at Rome, and in London. He had great power; and a reputation much greater than he deserved. His fame will not increase; it will diminish. His composition is, generally speaking, confused—difficult of comprehension—and compounded, about in equal proportions, of the sublime and ordinary. He was prone to exaggeration; a slave to classical shapes; and greatly addicted to repetition. His capital pictures are often deficient in drawing; and yet, extraordinary as it may appear, his drawings are generally fine, and, in some cases, wonderful. His execution seldom equalled his conception. The first hurried, bold, hazardous drawing of his thought, was generally the best; in its progress, through every successive stage of improvement, there was a continual falling off, from the original character, in the most material parts—so that what it gained in finish,

it lost in grandeur; and what it gained in parts, it lost in the whole.

Compare his drawing of "DEATH UPON THE PALE HORSE," with his painting of the same subject. The first was exhibited in France many years ago; and was the astonishment of everybody. The latter, I should be sorry to see exhibited anywhere. The drawing is worth a hundred of the painting. The group under the feet of the pale horse, and that of the lion and the horse at the left, are all that is worth preserving in the latter. The rest is feeble—common-place, or absolutely wretched. The fore-legs of the *pale horse*, like the fore-legs of almost every other horse that Mr West ever painted, are too short. The character and position of the head, though altered from the drawing, are altered for the worse. The introduction of another figure, so important as the "*Gospel*," (I believe that is the one,) is injudicious, and the group at the extreme left, representing animal courage in a young man, is an unparalleled falling off, from the original drawing.

And so with several other pictures by this extraordinary man. The drawing of "CHRIST HEALING THE SICK," is worth all the painted copies together—including that purchased by the Academy, and that in America.

By the way, it is not very judicious to exhibit such pictures, as are exhibited in the gallery of Mr West,—for his first essays in the art. It is not judicious—because nobody can believe that they are what they are called; and because there are others much worse in existence, (and shewn, too, in Philadelphia, America,) which were much more, probably, among the first of his essays. These things always do harm. Great pretension is quite sure to provoke severe examination. When Mr Galt, in his "LIFE OF WEST," had the courage to say, no matter on what authority, that the *first* essay of Master Benjamin was in painting the portrait of a child asleep, and smiling; and that he succeeded in making a likeness, he did more to injure the substantial, fair reputation of Mr West, than his bitterest enemy (if Mr West ever had an enemy) could have done.

TRUMBULL—HISTORICAL AND PORTRAIT PAINTER. Mr Trumbull is an American. He studied, however, and pursued his profession for a long time,

in this country. He is now President of the New York Academy; and is the person whom Congress have employed to paint a series of pictures connected with certain events of the American Revolution, at (if I recollect rightly) nine thousand dollars a-piece, (about two thousand pounds.) Three of these are completed; and, unless I except the first, (prints of which are now in this country,) called the "Signing of the Declaration," and which is only a respectable picture, they are among the greatest and most unaccountable failures of the age. The President may not be superannuated, but these pictures are. In fact, not to disguise the matter at all, one out of the three is contemptible; one tolerable; the other nothing extraordinary; and valuable only as a collection of tolerably well-arranged portraits. It is a great pity; every lover of the art must grieve to see the first efforts of a young country so unhappily misdirected. There were several painters in America, who would have made a magnificent affair of that which is handled like a tapestry-weaver by Mr Trumbull.

Yet Mr Trumbull *was* a man of considerable power. His well-known "Sortie of Gibraltar," the original sketch of which has lately been exhibited at the Suffolk Street Exhibition, was a very fine picture; but worth, it is true, everything else that he has ever done. His portraits are no great things. They are bold and strong, but all of a family—all alike. And so are his historical pictures. His "Battle of Lexington" is partly stolen; his "Death of Montgomery," and "Sortie of Gibraltar," are only variations; and I remember one of his pictures, "the Surrender of Cornwallis," where a whole rank of infantry are so exceedingly alike, that you would suppose them to have been born at the same time, of the same parents.

REMBRANDT PEALE—HISTORICAL AND PORTRAIT PAINTER. Mr Peale is an American. He studied and pursued the business of portrait painting in France. There are several painters in America of this name and family, but Mr R. Peale is altogether superior to the others. One of his portraits attracted a good deal of admiration some years ago, at Paris; and another (of Mr Matthews the comedian) was lately exhibited in London. I have never seen it, but am told that it was a mas-

terly thing. His portraits are beautifully painted, but rather cold, formal, and, until very lately, wanting in fleshiness. He has changed his manner, however, of late, and is now a very fine portrait painter.

His essays in historical painting are numerous, and quite wonderful, when we consider the disadvantages under which he must have laboured in America; with no models, no academy figures, no fellow-labourers, to consult; nobody even to mould a hand for him in plaster, and few to hold one, long enough for him to copy it, of flesh and blood. His "COURT OF DEATH," it is probable, will pay a visit here. It is a very large picture, and has parts of extraordinary power.

ALSTON—HISTORICAL PAINTER. Mr Alston is an American; studied in London—at Rome; and is undoubtedly at the head of the historical department in America. He is well understood, and very highly appreciated, in this country, and should lose no time in returning to it. His "JACOB'S VISION" has established his reputation; but he owes to this country a debt which he will never pay if he remain at home. We have claims upon him here, for

"He is, as it were, a child of us;" and his countrymen will never give him that opportunity which we would, if he were here.

Mr Alston's faculties are a very uncommon union of the bold and beautiful; and yet, there is a sort of artificial heat in some of his doings, much as if it were latent, elaborated with great care, and much difficulty; not that sort of inward fervour which flashes into spontaneous combustion, whenever it is excited or exasperated.

MORSE—HISTORICAL AND PORTRAIT PAINTER. Mr Morse is an American; studied in the Academy, in some degree, under Mr West. His model of the dying Hercules obtained the medal here. His portraits are powerful, free, and distinguished by masterly handling. He has done but little in history.

SULLY—PORTRAIT AND HISTORY.* Mr Sully, who is the "Sir Thomas Lawrence" of America, is an English-

man, born, I believe, in London. His father, when Master Sully was about five, went over to America with his whole family. Many years after, the son returned, and continued in London for a considerable time, pursuing the study of his art, and copying some fine old pictures for his friends in America. That over, he returned, and, after years of great assiduity, has become, without any question, one of the most beautiful portrait painters in the world.

His general style is like that of Sir Thomas Lawrence, by whom he has profited greatly; in fact, his composition, sentiment, and manner, are so much of the same character, now and then, that were it not for the touch, some of his portraits could not be distinguished from those of Sir Thomas. He is remarkably happy in his women. They have not so much of that elegant foppery which characterizes most of Sir Thomas Lawrence's females, but, then, they are not heroic, and, perhaps, not quite so attractive, or, if as attractive, for that were a hard question to settle, there is not that exquisite flattery in his pencil that we see in the pencil of Sir Thomas Lawrence, which, while it preserves the likeness, will make a heroine, or an intellectual woman, of anything; and yet there is flattery enough in the pencil of Mr Sully to satisfy any reasonable creature. Nobody can feel more astonishment or pleasure than I do at the address and power of Sir Thomas Lawrence, in transforming the most absolute, and, I should think, sometimes the most unmanageable corporeal beings, into spiritualities; but, I confess, at the same time, that I cannot bear to meet any of his originals, after I have been looking at their pictures by him. My emotion, whenever I do, is unqualified astonishment,—astonishment, first, at the likeness; and astonishment, secondly, that there should be a likeness between things that are so unlike when compared. How he contrives it I cannot imagine. I have seen a picture of his, indicating a fine, bold, poetical temperament; a handsome and expressive counte-

* The "PASSAGE OF THE DELAWARE," a copy of which is now in Scotland,) on a smaller scale,) is by Mr Sully. It is a remarkably spirited picture.

nance, a frame above the middle size, and, altogether, a princely fellow. I have met the original, whom I had never seen before; been struck instantaneously by the resemblance, and yet the original was a paltry, diminutive, sordid-looking chap, with no more soul in his face than —, nay, nor half so much as I have seen in a fine Irish potato.

By the way—a remark occurs to me here, which may explain this phenomenon. A stranger will see a resemblance where a friend would not. The more intimate one is with any object, the less easily satisfied will he be with a drawing of it. Anybody may see a resemblance in a caricature, an outline, or a profile, while he who is familiar with the original, will see nothing in the same caricature, profile, or outline, but a want of resemblance. This would seem to explain a common occurrence in portrait-painting. Strangers know the picture immediately, perhaps, or the original, (having seen the picture,) wherever they may happen to encounter it; mere acquaintances burst into continual exclamation at the sight of it, while the intimate friends of the original are dissatisfied, exactly in proportion to that intimacy. Painters attribute this to the foolish partiality of affection, or friendship; the multitude, perhaps, to affectation, blindness, or want of judgment. "What!" they say, "when we, who are strangers, know the portrait at a glance, how is it possible that it cannot be a likeness!" They do not know that, because they are strangers, they cannot perceive the ten thousand deficiencies, or the innumerable delicacies of hue and expression, which go to make up a likeness to the eyes of love or veneration. The world see only the whole; the intimate friends love to look at the parts, at the miniature. It must be for the world, then, that a man has painted, if his pictures are such startling resemblances, that while we are ready to cry out with pleasure at the likeness, we are ready to cry out yet louder with astonishment, if we see the originals, that there should be any likeness.

STEWART — PORTRAIT PAINTER. Mr Stewart is an American. He was a long time in this country, many years ago,—painted the principal nobility, and ranked, even then, among

the first masters. He is old now, but unquestionably at the head of American painters. In fact, they all bow to his opinion as authority. Some notion of his prodigious power may be gained from this fact. The best portrait in the Somerset Exhibition, this year, that of Sir William Curtis by Sir T. Lawrence, and that which is least after his own style, is exceedingly like the pictures of Stewart, so much so, indeed, that I should have thought it a Stewart, but for two or three passages, and the peculiar touch of the artist. There is, however, more breadth in Mr Stewart's pictures than in those of Sir T. Lawrence, but much less brilliancy and gracefulness. Mr Stewart hardly ever painted a tolerable woman. His women are as much inferior to those of Mr Sully, and, of course, to those of Sir T. Lawrence, as his men are superior to the men of almost any other painter. His manner is dignified, simple, thoughtful, and calm. There is no splendour,—nothing flashy or rich in the painting of Stewart, but whatever he puts down upon canvass is like a record upon oath, plain, unequivocal, and solid.

LESLIE—HISTORICAL AND PORTRAIT PAINTER. Mr Leslie was born in this country, (a circumstance not generally known;) went to America in his childhood; attracted some attention there, while he was a clerk in a book-store, by a few spirited sketches of George Frederick Cooke, and some other actors; was persuaded to return to this country and study this art of painting as a profession. He has been here twice, (in the whole, from ten to a dozen years,) and has now a reputation of which we, his countrymen, as well as the Americans, have reason to be proud. His portraits are beautiful, rich, and peculiar; his compositions in history, graceful, chaste, and full of subdued pleasantry. There is nothing overcharged in the work of Mr Leslie. If anything, there is too strict an adherence to propriety. His last picture, "SANCIO BEFORE THE DUCHESS," though very beautiful, is, nevertheless, rather tame as a whole. This, of course, proceeds from his constitutional fear of extravagance and caricature, which is evident in almost everything that he has done, or, perhaps it would be better to say, from

his exceedingly delicate sense of what is classical. But that must be got over. A classical taste is a bad one, where men are much in earnest, or disposed to humour. Whatever is classical, is artificial, and, of course, opposed to what is natural. One is marble, the other, flesh; one, statuary, the other, painting. No great man was ever satisfied with what is classical.

NEWTON—PORTRAIT AND HISTORICAL PAINTER.—Mr Newton is an American, but born within our Canadas; a nephew of Mr Stewart, (already mentioned,) and a man of singular and showy talent. He has been pursuing his professional studies in London for several years, and begins to be regarded as he deserves. His portraits are bold and well coloured, but not remarkable for strength of resemblance, or individuality of expression. But, then, they are good pictures, and, of the two, it is higher praise even for a portrait-painter, to allow that he makes good pictures, than that he makes good likenesses. It is easy (comparatively) to make a resemblance, but very difficult for any man to make a picture which deserves to be called good. All portrait-painters begin with getting likenesses. Every touch is anxious, particular, and painfully exact; and it is a general truth, I believe, that as they improve in the art, they become less anxious about the likeness, and more about the composition, colouring, and effect. Thus, the early pictures of every great artist will be found remarkable for their accurate resemblance, and the later ones remarkable for everything else rather than for that quality. Their likenesses fall off as their painting improves.

Still, however, (the last remarks have no especial application to Mr Newton,) some of this gentleman's portraits are not only good pictures, but striking likenesses.

In history, it is hardly fair to judge of him; for what he has done, though admirable on many accounts, are rather indications of a temper and feeling which are not yet fully disclosed, than fair specimens of what he could produce, were he warmly encouraged. His "author and auditor" is the best that I know of his productions; and a capital thing it is. The last, which was lately exhibited at Somerset House,

is rather a fine sketch, than a finished picture. It is loose, rich, and showy; wanting in firmness and significance; and verging a little on the caricature of broad farce;—broad, pencil farce, I mean. For this, of course, he is excusable, with Moliere for his authority. It is a very good picture, to be sure, but not such a picture as Mr Newton could have produced; and, therefore, not such a picture as he should have produced for the annual exhibition. He did himself injustice by it.

C. HARDING—PORTRAIT PAINTING. This extraordinary man is a fair specimen of the American character. About six years ago, he was living in the wilds of Kentucky, had never seen a decent picture in his life; and spent most of his leisure time, such as could be spared from the more laborious occupations of life, in drumming for a Militia company, and in fitting axes-helves to axes; in which two things he soon became distinguished. By and by, some revolution took place in his affairs; a new ambition sprang up within him; and, being in a strange place, (without friends and without money—and *with* a family of his own) at a tavern, the landlord of which had been disappointed by a sign painter, Mr H. undertook the sign, apparently out of compassion to the landlord; but in reality to pay his bill, and provide bread for his children. He succeeded, had plenty of employment in the "profession" of sign-painting; took heart, and ventured a step higher—first, in painting chairs; and then portraits. Laughable as this may seem, it is, nevertheless, entirely and strictly true. I could mention several instances of a like nature; one of a tinman, who is now a very good portrait-painter in Philadelphia, U. S. A. (named EICKHAULT); another of a silversmith, named WOOD, whose miniatures and small portraits are masterly; and another of a portrait painter named JARVIS, whose paintings, if they were known here, would be regarded with astonishment—All of whom are Americans. But, as they are not known here, and have not been here, to my knowledge, I shall pass them over, and return, for a minute or two, to Mr Harding.

Mr H. is now in London; has painted some remarkably good portraits (not pictures); among others,

one of Mr John D. Hunter, (the hero of Hunter's Narrative,) which is decidedly the best of a multitude; one or two of H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, the head of which is capital: one of Mr Owen, of Lanark; a portrait of extraordinary plainness, power, and sobriety; and some others, which were shewn at Somerset House, and Suffolk Street.

Mr H. is ignorant of drawing. It is completely evident, that he draws only with a full brush, correcting the parts by comparison with one another. Hence it is, that his heads and bodies appear to be the work of two different persons—a master and a bungler. His hands are very bad; his composition, generally, quite after the fashion of a beginner; and his drapery very like block-tin; or rather, I should say,

that this *was* the case; for there is a very visible improvement in his late works.

Thus much to shew what kind of men our American relations are, when fairly put forward. There is hardly one among the number of painters, above-mentioned; whose life, if it were sketched, as that of Mr H. is, would not appear quite as extraordinary; and as truly American, in that property which I have chosen to call a serious versatility.

I would have made the paper shorter, but the information that I have given, was wanted; does not exist in any accessible shape to any other man living, perhaps; and may be depended upon. Let that excuse the length of my communication.

A. B.

MEMORY—SUGGESTIONS AGAINST THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF IT.

"Refricare obductam cicatricem!"

CICERO.

* MR EDITOR,

THE attention with which you have been pleased to favour one or two slight communications of mine, and the avowed hostility of your Magazine to humbug, in whatever shape it presents itself, encourages me to trespass once more, just for the twenty-thousandth part of a minute, upon your attention.

Sir, in looking over the *Times* newspaper at breakfast yesterday morning, I found among the advertisements, which are commonly the most entertaining articles in that journal—Sir, among medicines puffed for curing peoples' colds, and long bills, asking them to Vauxhall Gardens—eulogies upon iron coffins, and verses in praise of the new fish-sauce—remarks upon the increased facility of going up in air-balloons, and tables (*raisonnée*) of the reduced rates of life insurance—I found staring me in the face from the very head of the paper, between a list of the prices of the Patent washing company, and a project for lighting the streets of Naples with natural gas from Mount Vesuvius, a new system advertised of mnemonics, calculated, "in a most extraordinary degree, to facilitate the operations of the human memory."

Now, really, sir, a proposal to increase the powers of memory, when all the

world stands agreed that there is nothing in the world worth remembering, does seem, upon the face of it, to be the absurdest speculation that ever idle capital and active cupidity gave rise to. Just like a long opposition speech made in Parliament—so much trouble taken for trouble's sake. But I will go farther still upon the question, and—setting aside Mr Rogers's poetry—and poetry, as somebody or other very justly observes somewhere, proves nothing on the way of principle—setting aside Samuel Rogers, and his seduction, I will put it to any man who is not a saint, and holds himself bound to speak the truth, whether his memory, nine times in ten that he employs it, is not a source of uneasiness to him, rather than of gratification?

For where, *par exemple*, can be the delight of a man's ascertaining (upon reflection) that he is an ass;—that is, becoming convinced, that (under given circumstances) he did something which nobody but a donkey could have thought of doing;—or that he omitted, on the other hand, to do something which no soul, with the brains even of a donkey, could have failed to do!

Who is there that would desire, two months after his marriage, to call to mind all the silly things which he

said and did in the two months before it; or what lawyer will wish to bethink him, three days after his client has been hanged, of a point which would (three days before) have put fifty more pounds in his pocket, by a motion in arrest of judgment!

Who cares to have his present poverty embittered by the recollection that he has been rich; or, *vice versa*, to remember, when he sits in a coach, that he once rode behind one? What boots it to have a very accurate perception that one is just fifty-three years of age? That it was in this or that particular *annum* that one got the wooden spoon at Oxford? Of the exact dress in which we were presented at court, when we took the footman for the lord in waiting? Of our being rejected by the famous Miss "Anybody,"—and of the pun against us that delighted "everybody" so much at the time?

Cultivate a memory—I say, cultivate a fiddlestick! Why should a man be unto himself an index of his past misfortunes? Why should he contumaciously recollect the sword that got between his legs in the day of the review—the nonsense that he talked "when he was so drunk on the night of Lord What's-his-name's election"—the mode (in detail) in which his mistress jilted him—the second occasion when he was bullied by a sharper—the nickname which he had at school—or the point at which he broke down on his first speech in Parliament?

And then, if this be all that can be gained from nursing our own memories,—how much less still can we benefit by assisting those of others! No one can ever have hoped, I presume, so to change the nature of the registering faculty, as to make it retentive of men's honours, rather than of their blunders and misdeeds; and on what principle, therefore, cherish that faculty in our neighbour, which, of all his personal attributes, is the most impertinent? Why bribe people, after we are lord-mayor, to point out the shop in which we lived "Porter" when we first came to town? Why help the man out who met us once dining at an eating-house; or the old woman who used to dun us for rent when we lodged in the garret? In fact—as a proof that I am right—with all the value that people pretend to set on this

quality, memory—buying up chronological tables, and taking notes and dates down in the Encyclopedia, or on the margin of the Family Bible—what is more usual, in every tolerable society, than to meet with the most direct and positive waivers of the faculty? How few of the unmarried ladies one meets with now-a-days can remember any occurrence prior to the year 1790, or 1792? A very large proportion omit (advisedly) that which passed in the last century altogether. What is more common than to find a Parliamentary leader, protesting on Tuesday morning that he never uttered a word of what everybody heard him say on Monday night; or to hear an orator at a Reform meeting vomiting follies (*verbatim*) for the ninety-ninth time, and fancying all the while that he is spitting them for the first?

Why, what is all this but giving the cut direct to memory?—and right and convenient enough too; but then people should be aware of what they are doing.

What could have been more ill-timed than that *souvenir* of the witness on the Northern Circuit the other day, about Mr Scarlett's father being a perfumer, and living in Red-lion passage? How constitutional would not the same gentleman's speech, and *petit* John Williams's too, have sounded against the "County Courts" Bill, but for our recollecting that the one was to lose two thousand a-year, and the other perhaps five hundred, by its success? I heard a literary man, the other day—very eminent—asked if he had read Lady Morgau's Italy;—the answer was—that he had not—"for fear he might recollect any portion of it."

Why, I might quote moral principle in support of my argument here, but that I think the case stands strong enough without it. For is it not written, that we shall "Forgive our injuries?" And has not that very mandate been generalised into the precept—"Forget and forgive"—simply because it was evident that a man could not "forgive" his injuries until after he had "forgot" them? And, moreover, does not the very original *dictum* itself inculcate the advantage of oblivion universally—because we all know that a man can't possibly forget his injuries, unless he first forgets everything else? Nay, I'll tickle ye for a

logician, Mr North, though you are at the head of the school, I confess.

All this, however, as I said just now, need not be said at all—(here's rhetoric for you as well as logic)—because enough can be said without it. The cause of oblivion—here I take my stand—is mine; and, if any man will deny it with me, “for a thousand marks,” “let him lend me the money, and—have at him!” How constantly we hear people complaining—“How old the jokes are,” &c.—every time that a new comedy comes out. Why, this is compound mischief (retrospective)—arising, first, out of their own unseasonable recollections, and, again, out of the too retentive disposition of the author.

Memory—nothing else—it is memory that does all the mischief in the world! The wandering Jew has been detected over and over again by his ill-timed accuracy about past events—as the colour of the small clothes which King Solomon wore on his coronation day—the way in which pigs were roasted in the kitchen of Pontius Pilate, &c. &c.—not recollecting the maxim—so true it is, as I observed in my beginning, that the best memories never recollect anything which ought to be recollected—not recollecting that admirable maxim—*non plus sapere quam oportet sapere*, which (especially in the front of all “witness boxes”) ought to be written in letters of gold. On the one hand, how often does the mere semi-recognition of a face draw one into accosting perhaps a tailor that one owes a hundred pounds to? On the other, how delightful it would be—not only if you could totally forget your Schneider—but if your Schneider could totally forget you?—The same advantage would apply to most of our acquaintance forgetting us—our friends always do, as it is.

Why should reminiscences continue to fleet across men's minds—like momentary aberrations of intellect, or mid-day night-mares—of things that one has read (by surprise) in the Examiner newspaper—or The Liberal—or the Liber Amoris—things that one would take such great care (if one could once get rid of the idea of them) never to read again? And, *per contra*, how delightful if one could forget all that has been done by Scott or Byron, [or in Blackwood's Magazine,] so that, as they can't publish fast enough

to content our appetite, we might read all they have published over again as new?

I must beg you to apply one moment's thought to this matter, Mr North—since I cannot presume myself to trouble you at much length upon it; for it seems to me that all the world (I don't exaggerate) stands interested in the discussion. Forget! what would not Mr Leigh Hunt give that your letters from Z, or from the “washerwoman,” could be forgotten? What sacrifice would not Lord Nugent make that we could cease to recollect Mr Canning, and the story of the Falmouth coach? What would not Lord John Russell give to forget having written, “Don Carlos!” What would not his friends give to forget having cut the book open!—What would not the *côté gauche*, as a body, give to forget all its own prophecies for the last ten years! And what would not people on all sides give to forget the right and left commendations, that they get, every time he rises, from that admirable lawyer and politician, Sir James Mackintosh!

Then, when I think what advantages, of another description still, might accrue to the public and to individuals from a ceasing to remember!—See how it would bar prosing—to begin with;—a man who has no memory can't bring his great uncles and grandfathers upon you.

One stands pretty safe against invention, because, even where it exists, it is slow in its operations; but can there be a sentence pronounced upon a sinner—what is the Tread Mill—what is a speech upon Parliamentary Reform, from such a man as Hobhouse—to the being shut up with a rogue who has the tales of other days upon his hands—recollects the American war—the French Revolution—or the riots of “Eighty!” I speak perhaps with some personal feeling upon this point, for I had an uncle once who could describe Garrick the actor! He had a friend, too, that had known Charles Fox, and another who had seen General Washington! And there was a third—this was the wretch of all!—who had almost fourteen of Sheridan's published jokes by heart, which he used to say over every day after dinner—and never miss one—as if he had laid a wager that he would drive me into a mad-house.

Here again, the uncertainty to

which I have before adverted of the best memories appears;—the very same man who most vigorously recollects any particular story, invariably forgets how often he has told it. But, by getting rid of the retentive faculty nearly, or altogether, see how much of this visitation would, of necessity, be escaped! Stories would be told but seldom:—here is Potosi gained in half a sentence. Such stories as were still told could hardly by possibility ever be told twice in the same way:—so, much of the *ennui* which, proverbially, attaches to second relations, would be got over.

Again, the explosion of mnemonics would go so very greatly to bring speaking the truth into fashion! Men must lie in the very teeth of the adage who lied with a consciousness of the weakness of their own memories—which would tend to a most important reform in the “memorials” of “ill-used persons,” as well as in the orations and appeals written and delivered to the world in their behalf. And this would not be an advantage confined, as some advantages (the advantage of a man being hanged, for instance) are, to the separate body of community, but it is one in which the individual himself would abundantly share; for the uncertainty of recollection, even under the most favourable circumstances, I think I have demonstrated; and there is no practice so apt as lying to induce men to trust his powers in the way of memory.

In brief, Mr Editor, I am induced to throw out these hints, (upon which, perhaps some of your other correspondents may think it worth while to improve,) because an individual of very considerable merit is about to bring

forward the question of memory, in a new way. This party is of opinion—as I am—that the world labours, under a decided misapprehension upon the subject;—that the advantages to be derived from recollecting matters bears no comparison to that which would result from losing sight of them; and that the same view of things might very properly be made general, which has denominated the highest act of Royal mercy and beneficence, an act “of Oblivion.” For the purpose of bringing this question fully forward, and to illustrate the possibility of what he wishes to accomplish, my friend proposes, in the course of the present summer, to make some very curious experiments upon his own memory. The Lyceum Theatre is engaged, and “due notice,” in the theatrical phrase, will be given of the time and nature of the performance, which is expected to carry the art of wanting recollection farther than it has ever gone before.

Among many extraordinary feats, too numerous to mention, the Professor will forget his own name—the place of his birth, and all the principal events of his life—with an almost unconceivable precision. He will afterwards declare three half-crowns to be fourteen and sixpence; and conclude by absolutely “forgetting” himself, and imagining that he is one of the company! To prevent all doubt as to the genuine character of the exhibition (as well as to warrant the public in giving him its support) the performer will declare, beforehand, that he is not a Whig; and the answers will be given upon oath.

T. S.

SIR ROBERT KER PORTER'S TRAVELS.

If we abstract from the two large volumes before us, all that is inaccurate, all that is uninteresting, and all that has been quite as well told by former travellers, the balance to be placed to the credit of Sir Robert Ker Porter might have been comprised in a slender octavo. It is much to be regretted that his literary friends had not induced him to compress his materials into a more available compass, for really few people have leisure to read so much about so little as we have here served up for our entertainment.

Though the author formally renounces all pretension to "style in writing," it is impossible to read half a dozen pages in any part of the book, without perceiving, that, notwithstanding the inodesty of the renunciation in the Preface, the pretension in the body of the work is very considerable, and that the style is generally much too laboured for the subjects.

Were this the only objection to the manner of our author, we should probably have passed it by untouched, but in his attempts to *work up* many passages to something much *finer* than was at all necessary or fitting—he has given not only very highly coloured, but even very inaccurate representations of the objects which he describes, and has cast over his whole production an air of fiction—of romance—from which there is not enough of sober truth to redeem it.

It is not our intention to complain of the Knight's want of information on the subjects connected with science, but we feel it our duty to state, that his map of Georgia, and part of Persia, is exceedingly inaccurate, and that if the *Depot Imperial des Cartes* at St Petersburg, cannot furnish better materials than Sir Robert would seem to have possessed, the Russian information regarding even their own countries, must be very meagre and erroneous, or what is correct must be carefully concealed. We are more at a loss to account for some of the errors into which the Knight has fallen in the geography of the northern parts of

Persia, as he acknowledges having made use of Major Monteith's very valuable surveys of that part of the country. Now, it has so happened, that, by the kindness of a friend, we have been enabled to compare the map which Sir Robert has given, with the source from which he derived much of his information, and are bound to declare that the deviations from the original are frequent and important, though not one of them, so far as we are aware, is a deviation for the sake of accuracy.

A correct map of the countries lying between the Caspian and Black Seas, the Caucasus and the Persian Gulf, was much wanted; but this does not supply the deficiency, and we therefore hope, that the intelligent officer who has been so long employed in Persia, will give the public the result of his observations.

What has been said of the text, and of the map, does not, however, apply to the drawings, at least not to all of them. Those which may be comprised under the general description of copies from bas-reliefs, are excellent in their kind, and we have no hesitation in saying, that they are not merely the best, but even the only good representations of these curious works which we have seen. The landscapes, on the contrary, are, for the most part, poor, and give no good idea of the general appearance of the country, or of the particular places they are intended to represent.

It is a pity that it should be so, but we regret the absence of better things the less, as we expect a series of Persian, and other Eastern landscapes, from the same hand, which gave us views in the Himalah; and if we may judge by some specimens which we have seen, there will be little cause to regret the omissions, in this department, of any previous traveller.

The murder which Sir Robert has committed on almost every Eastern word which has by any accident fallen into his hands, is more to be regretted than wondered at; but the

* Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylonia, &c. &c. During the years 1817-18-19 and 20. By Sir Robert Ker Porter, with Engravings, &c. In two vols. 4to. Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Browne, London, 1821-22.

use of one proper name for another, which so frequently occurs, is in no way excusable, and his confused and short notices of events in modern Persian history, are, by his total ignorance of the language, and the native orthography of the names, rendered almost unintelligible.

The preface would lead us to attribute the errors which have occurred in writing eastern names to the transcriber. But the author's own ignorance of Asiatic languages cannot be concealed, even at the expense of his penman, and ought in candour to have been frankly and openly avowed.

The Knight may claim praise for his extreme good nature, for he seems to be pleased with everybody he meets, and he half intimates that everybody is pleased with him. Indeed, the raptures in which he indulges whenever chance brings him in the way of a *great man*, are often very amusing, and the pains which he takes to exonerate them from charges to which they have been subjected are sometimes truly laborious.

Having thus given our general opinion of the work, we shall proceed to examine it more in detail, and in so doing we shall conform as much as possible to the author's wish, that he should be judged by what he calls his "pretensions," which are "truth in what he relates, and fidelity in what he copies."

The Knight left St Petersburg on the 6th of August (O. S.) 1817, and proceeded to Odessa, with the intention of passing through Constantinople on his route to Persia, but having heard that the plague was then raging in the Turkish capital, he changed his course, and determined to enter Asia by the way of New Tcherkask, the capital of the Don Cossacks, where he was received and entertained in a very edifying manner, by the Hetman Platoff. Our author passes a suitable encomium on the merits of the veteran soldier, and on the beauty of the new capital. But though we are inclined to give the Hetman credit for his military and social qualifications, it must be allowed that he shewed little judgment in the choice of a situation for his new city, and that the removal of so large a portion of the population from the vicinity of the navigable river, has been injurious to the country, by diminishing its trade, and de-

priving them of the advantage of supplying themselves with everything they imported by water.

From Tcherkask our author proceeds through endless perils across the Terik, where he buys a Circassian horse, and escaping dangers even more formidable than he had passed on his way to the river, arrives at Vlady Caucas, a considerable Russian military station, close to the foot of the mountains from which it takes its name. Shortly before his arrival at this station, he had a full view of the range of the Caucasus, which, our author informs us, "was a sight to make the senses pause; to oppress even respiration, by the weight of the impression on the mind, of such vast overpowering sublimity."

From Vlady Caucas, he advances to cross the mountains into Georgia, and on his way is again inclosed in a net of dangers, from all of which, however, he happily escapes unhurt. On his approach to Derial (a narrow pass in the mountains) the road, he says, "leads for a considerable way through a subterraneous passage cut in the solid rock." This passage, however, is subterraneous, in the usual acceptance of the word, only for the space of three or four feet.

We may here mention, that in a sketch, shewing the height of the Caucasus, which the Knight has copied from the work of Englehardt and Parrot, he has made an important error. He has placed the level of the Caspian considerably *above* that of the Black Sea, whereas, by the barometrical measurements of the German travellers, confirmed by subsequent observation, the Caspian is actually something more than fifty toises *below* the level of the Black Sea, and its shores may perhaps therefore be considered the lowest country in the globe.

Crossing the Caucasus seems (from our author's account) to be by no means an ordinary undertaking, and the picture he draws of the terrors of passing the Good Gara mountain, is really tremendous. His account is as follows:—

"Nothing can paint the terrific situation of the road which opened before us at Good Gara. It seemed little better than a scramble along the perpendicular face of a rock, whence a fall must be instant destruction. The path itself was, in fact, not more than ten or twelve feet wide, and this

wound round the mountain during the whole circuit, with a precipice at its side, of many hundred fathoms deep. While pursuing this perilous way, we saw the heads of high hills, villages, and spreading woods, at a depth so far beneath, the eye could not dwell on it for a moment, without dizziness ensuing. At the bottom of the green abyss, the Aragua appeared like a fine silver line. I dared not trust myself to gaze long on a scene, at once so sublime, and so painfully terrible. But leading my horse as near as I could, to that side of the road whence the Good Gara towered to the sky, and therefore opposite to that which edged the precipice, I looked with anxiety on my fellow-travellers, who were clinging to the stony projections, *in their advance up this horrid escalade.*"

Who would imagine that this "*horrid escalade*" is almost daily effected by carriages, nay, that the author's own calash mounted with himself—that for a hundred yards or more, immediately below the road, this "*green abyss*" is yearly mown for hay by the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages; and that a path leads almost directly down it, by which this hay is carried to the foot of the mountain, over the backs of asses?—Yet such is the fact.

The Knight having overcome the difficulties of the mountain road, and passed through the ruins of Mesket, (the ancient Harmastis,) where he saw some remains of a Roman wall, at length found himself safe at Tiflis, the capital of Georgia.

The most remarkable feature of this city is its castle, the ruins of which still stand on a hill above the tower; but our author was mistaken in supposing that he saw within its present lines the mosque mentioned by Chardin, for that still stands where Sir John saw it, near the river to which the walls of the lower works (where the mosque was situated) then extended. This lower fort no longer remains, and nothing is now left but that on the crown of the hill. Our author falls into another mistake, when he says that the river Koor, (Cyrus,) which runs through Tiflis, passes through Moghan to the north-west coast of the Caspian; whereas it divides Moghan from Sheerwan, and empties itself on the west coast of the Caspian, near its southern extremity.

From Tiflis Sir Robert proceeds towards Persia, and on his way visits the ruins of Anni, a deserted, but

scarcely ruinous Armenian city, within the Turkish frontier. From hence he journeys on to Etchmiatzin, (the three churches,) built by St Gregory, according to a plan shewn him in a vision, and on his road thither, the Knight has a view of the mountains of Ararat. He thus describes his feelings on beholding them:—

"But the feelings I experienced while looking on the mountain, are hardly to be described. My eye not able to rest for any length of time on the blinding glory of its summits, wandered down the apparently interminable sides, till I could no longer trace their vast lines in the mist of the horizon; when an irrepressible impulse, immediately carrying my eye upwards again, refixed my gaze upon the awful glare of Ararat; and this bewildered sensibility of sight being answered by a similar feeling in the mind, for some moments *I was lost in a strange suspension of the powers of thought.*"

This is rather too much of a good thing. We can allow a man to be much struck with the first view of a fine mountain, and we can admit of his describing the feelings which it excited within any natural or reasonable bounds; but the Knight has gone not only beyond every natural feeling, but even beyond common sense and possibility, and gives one the impression that he is describing what he supposed might be felt, rather than what he actually did feel, on the occasion.

From Etchmiatzin Sir Robert went to Erivan, near to which city is the lake of Sevan, which he supposes to be the Palus Lychnites of Ptolemy; but he seems to have a very inaccurate idea of its dimensions, for he states its circumference at thirty miles, while it is in fact something more than one hundred. He commits another error in enumerating amongst the districts of Erivan "*Sharagil*," (Shooragil,) which belongs to Russia. In his account of the value of the Persian toman, which he here first notices, he has not been more fortunate. He states it at half a guinea; but as its value is to that of the Dutch ducat as four to three, if we consider the ducat worth nine shillings, it will give twelve for the toman; and we believe it has not been beneath this price.

On his departure from Erivan, at about nine miles from that city, Sir Robert finds the ruins of Ardashir, and gives us a very pathetic account

of the deserted loneliness of the place. We were astonished, after this, to find that the ruins (which are not of great extent) contain no less than three villages.

Ardashir our author sets down, contrary to every evidence, as Artaxata, the city built by Hannibal when he sought refuge in Armenia. Artaxata is described by all the ancient authors who notice it, as situated on the banks of the river Araxes, (now Aras,)—as having a castle which stood on a high neck of land, washed on three sides by the river; and mention is also made of its bridge across the Araxes. Now Ardashir is situated, by the author's own account, six miles from the Aras, and the furthest limits of the present ruins on that side do not approach the river nearer than five miles. We have no castle washed by the river on three sides, no hill indeed on which it could have stood, (for that put down in the plan is a mere heap of ruin,) and we have no symptoms of a bridge. The level of Ardashir, too, is so much above that of the bed of the river, that we cannot suppose the Aras to have run near it at any time; and, in short, we have not between Ardashir and Artaxata one single point of resemblance.

Morrier mentions, on the information of Major Monteith, a place which corresponds much more nearly with the accounts which have reached us of the "modern Carthage;" and the subsequent observations of that officer seem to have established their identity. This place is situated close to the river, has its castle washed on three sides by the stream, and still can shew the ruins of a noble bridge, as well as the scattered fragments of what appear to have been dwellings on both sides of the water. Almost all the stones to be found there are of basalt or trap, hewn with much care; but the bridge has the peculiarity of having been built of a compact lime-stone, which must have been brought from a distance.

From Ardashir Sir Robert pursued his journey to Nukshivan, (which he believes to be the Naxuana of Ptolemy,) and laments over the fall of its vineyards, once so famous,—of which he says, "nothing more are (is) now to be seen beyond a few old walls of two or three gardens, where a remnant of grapes may yet be found, to mark perhaps the spot of some old wine-press." It is rather unfortunate for the accu-

rary of our Knight, that Nukshivan is still famous for its vineyards, and that the chief supports of the place are wine, prepared grape-juice, and raisins.

From Nukshivan the Knight makes his way to Tabreez, and not far from that city passes over what he imagines may be the plain of Kalderan, (correctly, Chalderan,) where Shah Ismael, the founder of the Sophy (Suffoveeah) dynasty of Persia, was defeated by the Turks. But Chalderan is as well known as Tabreez, and lies at least a hundred miles from where the Knight supposes he may have found it. It is close to the Turkish frontier, on the side of Bayazede.

Tabreez (the ancient Gaza) is the capital of the province of Azerbyjan, (Atropatia,) and is the seat of government of his Royal Highness Abbas Meerza, the viceroy of the province, and elected heir-apparent to the throne of Persia. When Sir Robert arrived, the Prince was absent at Khöy, and our Knight employed himself in *seeing the lions*, which were not many. He finds occasion, however, in describing them, to make some mistakes. He talks of a ruined mosque, called Allee Shah, which does not exist, and adorns it with painted tiles. There is a building called Allee Shah, but it is not a mosque, neither has it any ornament; and there is an ornamented ruined mosque, but it is not called Allee Shah, neither is it within the present line of fortification, which the Knight tells us his ornamented mosque is.

It is seldom that Sir Robert ventures to trouble us with anything like statistical information; but when he does, his calculations are curious. We give the following as a specimen:—

"Chardin mentions, that, in his time, the capital of Azerbaijan contained half a million of people. The consequence which had been attached to maintaining its military strength, under Abbas the Great, must, of course, have increased the inhabitants of the city. But, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, we find its population so wonderfully reduced, that, at the earthquake of 1727, which demolished the chief part of the town, *not more than seventy thousand persons were victims; an incredible disproportion to the rate of its inhabitants just before.* And at the succeeding shock, which happened sixty years afterwards, *only thirty thousand remained to be swallowed up in the second gulph.* If the vast number reported by Chardin as the

population of Tabreez, in the year 1686, were the real fact, how terrible must have been the events of war, and its attendant evils, famine and pestilence, which must have swept the province of Azerbaijan, and reduced its capital city, in the course of little more than forty years, (from the time of his calculation to the first earthquake,) from half a million of souls, to hardly more than one-fifth of that multitude."

Here Sir Robert sets out with half a million, and at the end of a little more than forty years finds that only one hundred and ten thousand were left, because the earthquake which occurred in 1727 destroyed only seventy thousand. Whatever he may think of the number, we think it a very fair proportion of the original population to be destroyed by the falling of their houses upon them. This earthquake, however, was a reasonable and well-behaved one compared with that which followed; for whereas this first left, by the knight's calculation, forty thousand inhabitants still in the city, the second left not even one to tell the story. He says, "only forty thousand remained to be swallowed up in the second gulph." What he means by a gulph, we are at a loss to comprehend. If he means that the earth opened and received the unfortunate forty thousand who had escaped the first *gulph*, we can assure him that nothing of this kind occurred. But we rather imagine it is only the Knight's mode of speaking.

While at Tabreez the Knight visited the palace of the Prince, and the females being absent, was admitted to view the Underoon, or Haram Khouah, which presented nothing remarkable. He had an audience of Malik Kossim Meerza, a fine boy of thirteen, with the deportment of a man. This leads our author to descant largely on the improvement which has taken place in the mode of educating princes in Persia, which we have not room to insert, but which gives him occasion to extol the powers that be, at the expense of all their predecessors since the days of Cyrus.

Some of Sir Robert's observations on the habits of the Persians are rather remarkable. He observes, that few of them increase their clothing during the winter, which is the more extraordinary, as it is well known that they pass much of their time, even in the most inclement seasons, in rooms

without fires, and often sitting close to an open window. We are at a loss to conjecture what the Persians make of the great quantities of furs which are sent into their country, and of the endless supplies of sheep-skin coverings called Poosteens, Oimas, &c. which are sold in such numbers in every bazar in Persia.

The cold at Tabreez is very intense, and its effects appear to be appalling, for the Knight informs us, that from the practice of closing the city-gates at night, and not opening them till morning, travellers who arrive too late to be admitted are frequently destroyed by the cold. His words are, "And during the inclement season, at opening the gates, *very often* a terrible scene of death unfolds itself close to the threshold. Old and young, animals and children, lying one lifeless heap!" This account is not *entirely* without foundation, for we believe that there is one instance on record, or at *least* told, of some persons having been frozen to death at the gates of Tabreez. But we will venture to assert, that nothing at all resembling Sir Robert's description has occurred more than once within the memory of man. This is what Sir Robert understands by *very often*.

At Tabreez he has occasion to give us some farther account of Persian coins, which he does with his usual accuracy. He informs us that one real is equal to twenty-four copper "shys," (shahces,) but we have it from better authority that the real is equal to twenty-five.

Sir Robert having been invited by the Prince Royal to accompany him to Teheran, whither his royal highness was going to assist at the festival of the Nowroze, prepared for his journey. He gives rather a lively description of the group which was formed at starting. Not far from Oujan, (a summer palace at which the Prince rested,) is a cave containing a vapour destructive to animal life, and it seems to excite the Knight's no small wonder, that the top of the cave is free from the fatal gas. He does not seem to have even conjectured, that the specific gravity of the deadly exhalation, (as he calls it,) may have been greater than that of atmospheric air. We have no doubt that this excavation, like hundreds of others, contains carbonic acid gas.

The next place of any importance to which we come is Miana, famous for its bug, of which so many stories are told, all of which our Knight seems to have swallowed implicitly. His alarm for these bugs was such, that he even forgot himself so far as to beat the man whom the Prince had sent to entertain him on the road. The bite of this formidable bug, our Knight assures us, is fatal, producing death at the expiration of *eight or nine months*. The people of the village, however, experience no inconvenience from it.

From Miana Sir Robert proceeded across the Koflan Kooh, (where Mr Browne was mysteriously murdered,) to Teheran, where the Knight was present at the celebration of the festival of the Nowroze. As this is a remarkable part of the court proceedings in Persia, we shall notice some errors into which he has fallen in describing what occurred; and first, we must say, that wherever Sir Robert got the king's speech which he has given us, it is entirely fictitious, and such as the King of Persia would not (we will venture to say) repeat on such an occasion for almost any bribe. The Nowroze, (New Day,) though it is called so from its having been the first day of the year amongst the ancient Persians, is not the first day of the Mahomedan year, and has nothing to do with the regulation of the days of any month; it therefore must seldom happen that this day falls on the first of a month. The love of unity with his subjects which the king is here made to express, is a sentiment which it would be thought quite beneath the dignity of majesty to utter, and never was uttered by the Shah at such a time.

Sir Robert mentions a bird-headed staff which was carried before the master of the ceremonies, and, supposing it to represent the ancient Persian eagle-standard, moralizes "in good set terms" on its degradation. But he might have reserved his sorrow for a more fitting occasion, as we can assure him that the carrying of a staff before the master of the ceremonies must have been accidental, and that the wand which that august personage usually bears in his own hand, has a bird or beast, or anything else, or nothing at all, on the top of it, just as to his excellency may seem right.

Our author states that his majesty

the Shah wore the two famous diamonds, the Mountain and the Sea of Splendour. But his majesty has only the latter. The former (if we mistake not) was last heard of amongst the Afghans.

The Knight was very much startled by a sudden burst of sounds from the Moolahs, who, he informs us, were sounding the king's praises. Now it happens that the speech in praise of the king, which also implores a blessing upon him, is always read by one person. At the conclusion the Moolahs draw out *Ameen*, (*Amen*), which is the whole sum of their vociferations.

Something induced the Knight to suppose, that he saw under a shed at the gate of the ark or inner fort which contains the palace, "the ruinous brass cannon which Chardin mentions having seen in the Maydan i Shah at Ispahan." In this, however, he was mistaken, for the "ruinous cannon" was taken from Looft Allee Khan, whose name was erased to make room for that of Futteh Allee Shah.

After having witnessed the celebration of the festival of the Nowroze, Sir Robert extended his researches beyond the city walls. Nothing seems to have captivated him so much as the palace and garden of the Negaristan, (Place of Paintings,) which he thus describes:

"One of the delicious spots to which I paid the most frequent visits after the commencement of the genial weather I speak of, was the garden of Negaristan, another garden of the king's, in the same direction as the one just described, but only half a mile from the city."

And then he goes on to say,—

"Narrow secluded walks, shaded above, and enamelled with flowers below, with cuts of clear and sparkling water, silvering the ground, and cooling the air, vary the scene, from parts which the hand of neglect, (or taste assuming graceful negligence,) has left in a state of romantic wilderness."

And again,—

"On my first entering this bower of fairy land, (indeed, I may call it the very garden of Beauty and the Beast,)"

(No reference, we hope, to Futteh Allee Shah.)

"I was struck with the appearance of two rose trees full fourteen feet high, laden with thousands of flowers in every degree

of expansion, and of a bloom and delicacy of scent that sweetened the whole atmosphere with the most exquisite perfume, &c." "But in this delicious garden of Negaristan, the eye and the smell were not the only senses regaled by the rose. The ear was enchanted by the wild and beautiful notes of multitudes of nightingales, whose warblings seem to increase in melody and softness with the unfolding of their favourite flowers, &c.

"At the upper end of the garden is a small and fantastically built palace, inclosed in a little paradise of sweets. The Shah often retires thither for days together at the beginning of summer, before he removes to more distant and temperate regions; and accompanied by the softer sex of his family, forgets, for a while, that life or the world have other seasons than the gay and lovely spring. This building was of a light architecture, and, with its secluded garden, presented altogether a scene more congenial to the ideas I had conceived of one of those earthly imitations of the Houris' abodes, than any I had yet met in the east.

"The palace was nearly circular, full of elegant apartments, brilliantly adorned with gilding, arabesque, looking-glasses, and flowers, natural and painted, in every quarter. Some of the largest saloons were additionally ornamented with pictures; portraits of the Shah and his sons; of the chief personages at court; also of foreign ministers; and amongst the rest were General Sir John Malcolm, Sir Hartford Jones, Sir Gore Ouseley, Monsieur Gardanne, &c. &c. &c. all portrayed in high costume, and all like one and the same original. The carpets and mummuds of these apartments were of the most delicate fabric, and literally as we moved we felt treading on velvet. But the place of greatest attraction to an Oriental taste certainly was the summer-bath. It seemed to comprise everything of seclusion, elegance, and that luxurious enjoyment which has too often been the chief occupation of some Asiatic princes, and perhaps will ever be the favourite recreation with them all. This bath saloon, or court, (for it is difficult to give it an exactly appropriate name,) is circular, with a vast basin in its centre of pure white marble, of the same shape, and about sixty or seventy feet in diameter. This is filled with the clearest water, sparkling in the sun, for its only canopy is the vault of heaven; but rose-trees, with other pendant shrubs bearing flowers, cluster near it, and at times their waving branches throw a beautifully quivering shade over the excessive brightness of the water. Round the sides are two ranges, one above the other, of little chambers looking towards the bath, and furnished with every refinement of the Harem. These are for the accommodation of the

ladies, who accompany the Shah during his occasional sojourns at the Negaristan. They undress or repose in these, before or after the delight of bathing; for so fond are they of this luxury, they remain in the water for hours, and sometimes, when the heat is very relaxing, come out more dead than alive. But in the delightful recess, the waters flow through the basin by a constant spring, thus renewing the body's vigour by their bracing coolness, and enchantingly refreshing the air, which the sun's influence and the thousand flowers breathing around might otherwise render oppressive with their incense. The royal master of this HORTI *Adonis* frequently takes his noon-day repose in one of the upper chambers which encircle the saloon of the bath, and, if he be inclined, he has only to turn his eyes to the scene below, to see the loveliest objects of his tenderness sporting like Naiads amidst the crystal stream, and glowing with all the bloom and brilliancy which belongs to Asiatic youth. In such a bath court, it is probable that Bathsheba was seen by the enamoured king of Israel. As he was walking at evening tide on the roof of his palace, he might undesignedly have strolled far enough to overlook the Underoon of his women, where the beautiful wife of Uriah, visiting the royal wives, might have joined them, as was often the custom in those countries, in the delights of the bath."

Of all the instances of excessive embellishment (and these are not a few) with which our author has favoured us, none surpasses this absurdly exaggerated description; for besides giving a most inaccurate impression of the whole, he describes things which do not exist. We shall only notice one or two of them.

The bath saloon, or court, which he describes as circular, is an octagon, and the basin, instead of being of pure white marble, is of good brick and lime, with an edging only of marble, and that all above water. So far from being surrounded by "rose-trees and other pendant shrubs bearing flowers," the basin extends to the walls of the surrounding buildings, between which and the water there is nothing but stone. It does not, therefore, and cannot by possibility, contain a single shrub.

The garden is extensive, but miserably kept, and laid out without taste, more for profit than for beauty. The trees are so close together that it is impossible, with any comfort, to go amongst them, and there are no walks except the two avenues which divide each other at right angles in the cen-

tre of the place. The fruit-trees are almost entirely hid by ranges of tall poplars, which are set in straight lines so close that their stems almost touch. The palace is a poor building, constructed partly of brick and partly of mud. The small apartments round the bath saloon are much out of repair; indeed, have never been quite finished, and more resemble the cells of anchorites than the habitations of queens. The great chamber or hall which contains the curious painting representing almost every variety of Eastern costume, is dark and dingy, and the whole place, though probably a comfortable spring residence, has little to boast beyond its clear water and its nightingales.

"It is a rarity in these times," says the Knight, "to see a Persian of any class intoxicated with drink." That he should have passed through the country without having seen any of these scenes of drunkenness which so constantly occur, is no bad evidence of the very superficial manner in which he has observed the habits and occupations of the people.

Amongst our author's foibles, none is more remarkable than his desire to add to his own importance by letting us know how much he has been honoured by every great man with whom he comes in contact. A ludicrous instance of this weakness occurs in the account which he gives of taking the Shah's portrait. "His majesty," says Sir Robert, "entered on that which was the object of the morning, and desired me to draw as near him as I should deem necessary, and *to be seated*. This command was considered the highest personal honour he could confer on any man." Sir Robert's vanity and ignorance of Eastern manners induced him to consider it as such; but had he known more of the matter, he would have discovered, that this is an honour which many professional gentlemen share with him, and amongst others that respectable personage the king's barber, who, when in the exercise of his calling, whether cutting his majesty's toe-nails, or shaving his kingly scalp, invariably receives the same order, *to be seated*. His majesty knows well that the barber cannot perform the duties of his office without being permitted to squat, and he justly concluded that our Knight could not so readily transfer his royal phy-

siognomy to paper or canvass unless he was allowed a similar privilege.

About three miles from Tcheran are the ruins of the city of Rhey Rhages, of which Sir Robert has given us a plan. Though not by any means an accurate one, it may still serve to give some idea of the place.

From Tcheran he proceeded towards Ispahan, by the way of Koom, (a city held sacred by the Persians from its containing the tomb of Fatima, the daughter of Mahommed,) where, he mentions, many Persians purchase themselves graves at a considerable cost, though those who can afford a still greater expenditure obtain a participation in the sanctity of Hoossein, Kerbela, or Allee, at Mesched. This is another blunder. The tomb of Allee is at Nujjif, near Kerbela, not far from Bagdad, whereas Mesched is the capital of Khorassan, quite in the opposite direction, and is the burying-place of another martyred saint named Imaum Reza.

Passing from Koom through Kashan, (famous for its silk and velvet manufactures,) our Knight arrives at Kohrood, after having been again put in bodily fear by the difficulties of the road. Here he discovers an old tombstone, which moved him to much admiration; and being told that it covered the remains of some *Pelhivea*, (Peilhevan,) and that this word means a warrior, his imagination connects it with Pelhavce, (the ancient language of Persia,) and immediately puts before his "mind's eye" a warrior of the days of Cyrus. *Peilhevan* did, and still does mean a warrior, but has been extended by courtesy, and is now generally applied to wrestlers, and other gymnastic performers; in short, a *Peilhevan* of the present day in Persia is pretty nearly what our Gentleman of the Fancy is in England.

Crossing a range of lofty mountains, (which, by the by, is omitted in the map,) Sir Robert journeys on, through heat and direful thirst, to Ispahan. Here he finds the Nizam ud Dowlut, son of the Ameen ud Dowlut governor. This is a mistake which has been continued throughout the work. The Nizam ud Dowlut is the father, not the son of the Ameen ud Dowlut. At Ispahan, the Knight gives us a description of the *Chehel Seitoon*, (a palace of the Suffooveh Kings,) which is cast in the same mould as that of the Ne-

garistan at Teheran, but is scarcely so preposterous, for the Chekel Seitoun does possess some merit. He assures us that the country round Ispahan is "capable of the most productive cultivation;" but unfortunately it is quite the reverse—it is even unusually sterile and unfruitful, and but for the immediate vicinity of so large a city, could not possibly pay the expense of tillage.

But Sir Robert has fallen into another and a more important error, (as it affects the character of a considerable body, already sufficiently depressed and reviled,) in the account which he gives of the morals of the Armenian population of Julpha. That small remnant of a scattered Christian people, ground by their rulers, and bearing the weight of insult and contempt, as well as of grievous political oppression, have certainly deviated much from the rules of their religion, and fallen from the character which they held in better times. But amongst all the evils by which they have been surrounded, they have at least maintained their character for one virtue, and it ill became an Englishman to tread under foot those of his own faith, who are already at the mercy of every ruffian, and to seek to deprive them of the merit of retaining one of a few virtues, to which they may fairly and honestly lay claim. The charge against the Armenian females of Julpha is unfounded; and we wonder the more to find it here, as the "young Persian,"* Sedak Beg, who accompanied Sir Robert, (and through whom he must have procured almost all his information,) is himself an Armenian in the Persian service, and though not a native of Julpha, might be supposed to have some natural regard for the character of the people of whom he was one.

From Ispahan the Knight proceeded through a country abounding in bands of robbers and assassins, and mountain precipices and trackless ways, towards Persopolis. On his journey he chanced to see a wild ass, which he pursued, but did not kill. "A few days after this," says the Knight, "we saw another of these animals, and pursuing it determinately, had the

good fortune, after a hard chase, to kill it, and bring it to our quarters. From it I completed my sketch."

We believe this is the first instance upon record of the wild ass having been run down in such a manner. We beg leave to extract a few lines from Mr Morier's account of this animal, and of the mode of hunting it.

"On the desert, before we reached Casvin, in the grey of the morning, we gave chase to two wild asses, which the Persians call *gour khur*, but which had so much the speed of our horses, that when they had got at some distance, they stood still, and looked behind at us, snorting with their noses in the air, as if in contempt of our endeavours to catch them. The Persians sometimes succeed in killing them, but not without great dexterity and knowledge of their haunts. To effect this they place relays of horsemen and dogs upon the track which they are known to pursue, and then hunt them towards the relays, when fresh dogs and horses are started upon the half-exhausted animal. The whole of this account agrees with Xenophon, who says, that their horsemen had no other means of catching them, than by dividing themselves into relays, and succeeding one another in the chase."

From these accounts—from what is generally known of the fleetness of the wild ass, as well as from our own more minute information, we have no hesitation in saying that it was not a wild ass which our Knight describes himself to have slain. It must therefore have been a tame one; and probably some poor villager, who had to bewail the loss which he sustained, has, from that time to this, been wondering by what mysterious hand his ass had been carried from his pastures, little suspecting that the plunderer was no other than a Christian Knight. We really think that Sir Robert would do well to find out the unfortunate man whom he thus deprived of his property, and reimburse him in the full value of the animal.

If any evidence were wanting to prove that it was not a wild ass, we might find it in the description and the drawing of the animal. For we are told that it had no dark line running down its back, which the wild ass invariably has, though it has no bar across the shoulder; and certain we

* This Sedak Beg is the same of whom an account is given in John Bull— and who was in company with the Duke of Sussex on some public occasion.

are, that no wild ass ever carried such a head on such a neck as is here represented.

At one of the stages between Ispahan and Persepolis, Sir Robert stumbled upon a very liberal-minded Moolah, which gives him occasion to make some remarks on the feelings of Persians towards Europeans, arising from the difference of their religions; and as some of his observations are calculated to mislead persons not well informed on these matters, we shall notice one of them, which is more particularly erroneous. He assures us, that few Persians in the northern parts of the country would have any objection to eat out of the same tray with an European. It is impossible to imagine anything much more inaccurate than this statement. We venture to assert that scarcely any Persian in north or south, who has not emancipated himself from the restraints imposed by his religion, will dip his hand into the dish with an European. We are aware that some remarkable exceptions to this assertion might be quoted, but we say that these have only occurred where the Persian was willing to purchase some considerable advantage by doing what was disagreeable to himself, and what he conceived to be high honour to the infidel with whom he deigned to eat out of the same dish.

In speaking of the *Eelcaut*, (the wandering tribes of Persia,) Sir Robert displays an ignorance which is quite inexcusable in a man who pretends to give an account of the country. He imagines that all the *Eelcaut* are of Tartar origin, with the single exception of the Bukhtiarrees, whereas nearly one-half of their number belongs to neither the one nor the other, and are probably older inhabitants of the country than the divisions which he has mentioned.

The wandering tribes of Persia, comprised under the general term *Eel*, (of which *Eelcaut* is the plural,) are usually divided into four nations, viz. The Lacks, who believe themselves to be aborigines of Persia—The Koords, (Carducians,) who have migrated from their own country, or been removed by conquerors—The Toorks, who are of Tartar origin, and most of whom came into these parts with Chengis Khan, or with Timoorlung, (Tamerlane;) and the Arabs, who probably came to Persia soon after the Mahom-

edan Conquest. The Bukhtiarrees are generally considered as a tribe of the Lack nation, or division; and they speak a dialect of the same language. The language of the Lacks is said to have a near affinity to the Pelhavee, as has also that of the Koords; and a Lack can make himself understood even now in Koordistan. It is therefore not improbable that they may be of the same stock, and that the mountainous parts of Persia and Koordistan may have originally been inhabited by the same people.

The Bukhtiarrees (though considered as a tribe of Lacks, from speaking nearly the same language) do not believe themselves to have at all times resided in Persia, but think that they have come from the westward, and are, therefore, not improbably of Koordish origin. It has been suggested that the Bukhtiarrees may be a portion of the Greek colony from Baktria, but this is contradicted by their own tradition that they came from the west.

Each of the four nations above enumerated is divided into numerous tribes, and these tribes subdivided into clans, and even the clans into smaller parts. Of these tribes some have almost entirely abandoned their wandering life, and have settled themselves in fixed habitations. Others are in progress towards the same change, having built houses, which they inhabit in the winter; but many spend the whole year in their tents, and have places of encampment for the winter, in some warm spots, and ranges of mountain pastures for the summer.

That Sir Robert should have fallen into so great an error regarding the most interesting portion of the population of Persia, is the more remarkable, as Kerream Khan, one of the worthiest in the list of Persian monarchs, was himself a Lack, of the tribe Zund, and no more descended from Tartars than from Celts.

The Knight represents this wandering population as living under tents made of horse hair—a singular supposition, as in that case a man would require the tails of nearly a hundred horses to complete the most ordinary habitation; and as the Persians have a great aversion to cutting their horses' tails, we must imagine each of the individuals who possesses a tent the master of more than a hundred horses. The tents are made of a cloth

manufactured from goats' hair, with sometimes a mixture of coarse wool.

At Moorghaub (Passargardæ,) the Knight finds the remains which were described by Morier, and to satisfy us that the tomb given by the country people to the mother of Sokomon, and believed by Morier to be the tomb of Cyrus, is actually the place of rest of that monarch, he quotes a passage from Arrian, which, had he given it rightly, would have gone to prove quite the reverse. He professes to give the words of Arrian, and gives them thus—

“ ‘ The tomb of Cyrus was in the royal paradise of Passargadæ, round which a grove of various trees was planted. It was supplied with water, and its fields were covered with high grass. The tomb was, below, of a quadrangular shape, built of freestone; above, was a house of stone, with a roof. The door that leads into it is so very narrow that a man, not very tall, with difficulty can get in.’ ”

Let us see what Arrian says, in Rooke's translation.

“ The tomb was placed in the Royal gardens at Passargadæ, and round it was planted a grove of all kinds of trees: the place also was well watered, and the surface of the earth all round clothed with a beautiful verdure. The basis thereof consisted of one large stone, of a quadrangular form. Above, was a small edifice, with an *arched* roof of stone, and a door, or entrance, so very narrow, that the slenderest man could scarcely pass through.”

Here we have a remarkable difference between the two translations; the one stating that the base was built of freestone; the other, that it was of one stone. The one, that it was a house of stone, with a roof; the other, that it was a small edifice, with an arched roof of stone. The one, that a man not very tall, with difficulty can get in; the other, that the slenderest man could scarcely pass through. Now this tomb has not a basis of one quadrangular stone, neither has it an arched roof, neither is the door so narrow, that the slenderest man could scarcely pass through.

Notwithstanding these things, however, we are still inclined to believe that this edifice is the tomb of Cyrus, and, consequently, that Mooghaub is Passagardæ, or Passargadæ, as Arrian writes it. At all events, it corresponds much more nearly with the descriptions which have reached us, than any other place which has been pointed out.

From Passagardæ our author proceeded to Nakshæ Roostam, where he found ample occupation for his pencil in copying the bas-reliefs sculptured on its rocks, to which he has done great justice in his drawings. He then went to Persepolis, whence he has brought another set of drawings, which form the most valuable part of his work.

He endeavours to prove that Persepolis owes its ornaments to Darius. Hydaspes, but unless we put our faith in Professor Grotefeud's skill to decipher the arrow-headed or Persepolitan character, and to translate the language which it is used to represent, we have not before us evidence sufficient to establish the era to which these truly magnificent ruins belong; and we are sorry to find, that some of the first Orientalists in Europe are very doubtful of the efficacy of Professor Grotefeud's system to bring us to a right understanding of these inscriptions.

At Persepolis, Sir Robert was taken ill, and left something undone which he intended to have done. If he has left any bas-reliefs uncopied, his having been obliged to leave the ruins is much to be regretted. From Persepolis he proceeded to Sheeraz, the city of Hafiz and of Saadee. Here he was for a considerable time in bad health, and was prevented by his indisposition, and the heat of the weather, from descending into the low country. We have lost something by his not having been able to visit Shahpor, for though Morier's drawings of the sculptures there are tolerable, there is a mighty difference between them and those which Sir Robert would have given.

Not far from Sheeraz the Knight saw, on a hill, the ruins of an edifice, on the remaining parts of which (the four doorways) he observed some sculptures, resembling those of Persepolis, but rejects the idea that these have been brought from the great ruin, and states that they must have been executed for their present situation. In this he is certainly mistaken. The lintel of one, at least, of the door-ways is sculptured on the lower side, and so placed that the head and feet of the figure represented upon it rest on the pillars which form the door-posts, and are thereby hid—which could not have been the case, had the stones been originally intended for their present situation. Moreover, the foundations of the walls, which have connected these

door-ways, (and which may still be seen by clearing away a little earth and rubbish,) are, in part, composed of fragments of sculptured stones, and of pillars corresponding, in the mode of fluting, with those still standing at Persepolis. We may also remark that the proper name of this ruin is not Mesched Mader i Sooliman, as Sir Robert supposes, but Kasr Aboo Nasr.

Before we take leave of the first volume, we must state that the Knight has throughout called the Prince Governor of Sheeraz, not Hoossein Allee Meerza, which is his name, but Hassan Allee Meerza, which is the name of another son of the King, who has never been Governor of Sheeraz. But this Sir Robert no doubt considers a trifle, as he has given us several specimens of the same sort of inaccuracy.

At Sheeraz, Sir Robert is joined by Dr Sharpe, who is proceeding to Teheran, and who advises the Knight to return northward. They accordingly set out together, and on their third day's march from Sheeraz, they enter a narrow valley, bounded on the right by a mountain, which their guide informs them is Istakhr; but the information is immediately rejected as inaccurate, because, from the form of the mountain, our author imagines that no fort or city could have stood on or beneath it. Yet the guide was right; it was even Istakhr which he pointed out; just there it stands, with its crown of rock, like a huge column rising from the centre of the mountain; and with all due deference to the Knight's knowledge of military matters, we must differ from him in opinion regarding the possibility of constructing a fort on the top; for had he ascended, he would there have found the remains of a considerable fortification.

During this day's march too, near Mayen, our author might have examined the ground on which Aga Mahommed Khan was encamped when Lootf Allee Khan made his famous night-attack on the lines of his rival, and nearly succeeded, with a handful of men, in excluding the Kajars (the present Royal family) from the throne of Persia. But Sir Robert was probably ignorant even of the event which gave interest to the ground over which he was passing.

At Imaum Zada Ismael, (a village so called from its being the burying-place of Ismael, a descendant from

some one of the Mahommedan saints of the line of their prophet,) Dr Sharpe was taken ill, and they were forced to remain there for some days. Our author admires the domestic policy of his host, who, like the other inhabitants of the sanctified village, was a seyud, or descendant of the prophet, and particularly commends his judgment for dividing his attentions equally amongst his wives. Sir Robert does not seem to be aware that such a division is particularly enjoined by his host's ancestor in the Koran.

From this village the travellers proceeded towards Ispahan; and we have again all the horrors of break-neck roads, beset by merciless banditti, depicted by the Knight in gloomy colours. From Asspass, (the district once governed by one of the Shirleys,) they proceed on their journey; but, before reaching the ancient capital, were destined to sustain a most formidable attack from a party of mounted Bukhtiarees, whom, however, they succeeded in repulsing after a sharp affair, in which the robbers came off second best. We trust the Knight himself saw these Bukhtiarees, otherwise we should be inclined to suspect that the whole affair was a trick of his guards.

At Ispahan, our Knight thought himself sufficiently acquainted with the Persian character to give us a full-length portrait of it. His account certainly has the merit of novelty. We cannot give it a place here; but we will beg any one who may be desirous to know more about it, to compare it with what he will find on the same subject in the works of Purchas, Chardin, Fryer, Hanway, Colonel Johnstone, and Elphinstone, in his account of Cabul, which, though very short, is perhaps the most accurate of the whole. We will also beg leave to contrast Sir Robert's confidence of his own capability to draw this picture, with what Morier says at the close of his first journal; and take the liberty of mentioning, that Morier had over Sir Robert a signal advantage, in being able to speak a language which is known to almost all the inhabitants of the northern parts of Persia, whereas it is but too obvious that Sir Robert knows nothing of even the colloquial part of any language spoken in Persia; at least of any language of which he has had occasion to use one word. Of the comparative merits of the works of the

two authors, we think it unnecessary to offer any opinion. It will be sufficiently obvious to any one who will take the trouble to read them.

From Ispahan, Sir Robert betook himself to Hamadan, (Ecbatana,) the ancient capital of Media, and visited the sculptured tablet of arrow-headed writing, which is still to be found in the mountain of Alwend, (Orontes,) above the town. In giving an account of Ecbatana, professedly from Herodotus, our author mis-states, or misunderstands, what has been said regarding it by the historian. On his authority, he gives us the distance of the city from Mount Orontes, which we have not been able to find that he anywhere mentions; and he assures us, that the city had no outer or surrounding wall, which the ancient author certainly affirms that it had; and farther states, that the outer wall was nearly equal in extent to the circumference of Athens. He says that Deioces commanded the body of the people to fix their habitations beyond the walls which protected his residence, by which is to be understood, we presume, that he did not permit them to fix their habitations within the inner walls, which *immediately* surrounded the Palace and Royal Treasury. This he might very well do (as there were seven lines of walls, one within another) without driving them beyond the last or seventh line.

There are one or two objects of interest at Hamadan, which our Knight has not noticed—though, amongst so much uninteresting matter, a place might have been made for them with advantage. The one is the tomb of Avicenna, (here called Aboo Allee Ebn Senna,) which is venerated by all classes of natives, and in which offerings are made by all the sick people of the vicinity. It is a mean building, with a low dome-shaped roof, and contains an humble tomb, void of any ornament. It is curious to observe how confidently the Persians look for medical assistance from the manes of the departed physician. Another object worthy of remark, is a colossal representation of a lion cut from one great stone. It is now much mutilated and injured by exposure; but it is probably of Greek workmanship, and some mysterious sanctity is attached to it. When the peasants want rain or wind, they are in the habit of sacrificing a lamb or kid at the foot of this lion; and those

who are too poor to afford either of these animals, sacrifice a fowl. The stone is encrusted with the blood of the victims. This practice looks very like something which had been taught by the Greeks.

The country about Hamadan is inhabited chiefly by the Karagoostoo, or black-eyed tribe of Toork (Tartar) Ecseaut, who have almost all settled themselves in villages, and betaken themselves to agriculture. Their Chief, Sir Robert calls Hagee Mahmoud Khan; but his name is Mahommed Hoossein Khan. We may here mention, that Mahmoud and Mahommed are names as distinct and unconnected as John and James; and that the name which our Knight has given the chief is as different from his real name as Sir Robert Ker Porter is from Sir Rowland.

From Hamadan, the Knight passes towards Kermanshah, and having copied some remarkable sculptures at Tukht i Bostan, proceeds to those of Beersitoon. While he is busily occupied at the latter place, he is visited by one of the ministers of the Prince Governor of Kermanshah; the oldest son of the Shah, and the only one who had avowed his intention to oppose the succession of his brother Abbas Meerza. The Knight insists upon calling the Prince of Kermanshah Mahmoud Allee Meerza, though his name is Mahommed Allee Meerza; and in the same way misnames almost every Prince whom he has occasion to mention. But to return to the minister. It would appear that he was sent to invite Sir Robert, in the name of his master, to his capital; and to request an opportunity of shewing him the attentions which he was desirous to pay to every British Gentleman. This condescending and truly polite invitation, the Knight not very politely declines, because he had received attentions from Abbas Meerza, and chose to arrogate to himself a right to mix most indelicately in the politics of a country through which he was passing a mere travelling stranger, and to act as if an open and avowed quarrel existed between the two brothers, whereas they at all times appeared publicly on good terms. They had the good sense to cast a veil of politeness and reserve over their inward feelings, which Sir Robert had the want of delicacy and perception to put aside, and considered

himself the enemy of the one, because he had been politely treated by the other. It was a poor compliment to Abbas Meerza, to suppose him capable of being gratified by so petty a display of party spirit in an unknown and unimportant individual, who, entering the country as he did, was bound by every proper feeling to consider himself totally unconnected with its parties and its politics, and to receive, as an act of hospitality and condescension, by which he was highly honoured, the invitation he thus rudely rejected. But the whole is related with an affectation of importance which belongs to Sir Robert; and his whole object appears to be, to make us think himself a person of such consequence, that his visiting, or not visiting, Mahommed Allee Meerza, was likely to be considered a matter of moment by the Prince Royal.—Poor Sir Robert!

In mentioning the extreme cheapness of living in the vicinity of Kermanshah, our author falls, as usual, into an error, in stating the value of coins. He says, three reals (his daily expenditure for ten persons and twelve horses, with mules in proportion) are equal to about two shillings and sixpence of our money; but as six reals are equal to one Dutch ducat, and the ducat is worth more than nine shillings, the three reals must be estimated at not less than four shillings and sixpence sterling—a sum certainly small enough.

From Kermanshah, Sir Robert pursued his journey towards Bagdad, for the purpose of exploring the ruins of Babylon. On the way we have an account of another gallant action, in which our Knight seems, by his firmness, to have preserved the whole caravan, consisting of nearly a thousand pilgrims. Before his arrival at Bagdad, his servants got sick, and he finds himself under the necessity of sending a man in advance to Mr Rich, the East India Company's Resident, to get a supply of money. The keeper of the caravansary, however, having discovered the state of his finances, supplies him liberally, and affords a most gratifying instance of the confidence with which our public agents in the East have inspired all classes of people in British integrity and honour. Sir Robert remarks how necessary it is, that our Residents and diplomatic agents in those remote countries should be libe-

ral-minded men, who will supply the pecuniary wants of a traveller without hesitating about "the why or the wherefore;" and pays a just tribute to the character of Sir Robert Liston and Mr Rich, who have not failed, on emergency, to administer to the wants of their countrymen. But we think these demands on persons in remote situations may be carried too far; and we deeply lament to state, that the undoubting kindness of one at least, if not of both of these gentlemen, has more than once been abused, and that even they are not the only persons who have paid for such liberality.

Our author arrives in Bagdad, with high ideas of the city, borrowed from the Arabian Nights; but finds that the capital of Haroun al Rasheed has changed monstrously since the days of the facetious caliph. In fact, it appears to be a filthy place, and one which no man can enter without sacrificing the splendid associations which these tales had led him to connect with the name of Bagdad.

From hence our author proceeded to the ruins of Babylon, which consist of mounds of various sizes, containing the remains of brick masonry, fragments of tiles and pottery, and one of them at least dead bodies. The Birs i Nimrood is the most remarkable remnant, and is supposed to be a remnant of the tower of Babel or Belus. The mound called the Kasr is believed to have been the palace near which Nebuchadnezzar constructed the famous terrace gardens for his Median queen. Regarding the former condition or purpose of the numerous edifices, the sites of which are marked by other mounds of smaller dimensions, no probable conjecture has been formed.

In giving an account of the importance of Babylon in former times, our author has again misquoted Herodotus more than once. He makes that historian say, that the revenues of Babylon constituted *half* the income of the Kings of Persia; now Herodotus distinctly says *one-third*, and not one-half. He attributes to Nebuchadnezzar, the facing of the bank of the river with brick, and the turning of the river's course to facilitate its accomplishment. Herodotus says, that the river was turned, and the embankment of brick, as well as the bridge, completed by Netocris, queen of Babylon, whose son enjoyed the empire when Cyrus

attacked it. Sir Robert farther states, that Babylon had three walls, of which Cyrus destroyed the first, and Darius lowered the second. Herodotus says, "As soon as Darius became master of the place, he levelled the walls, and took away the gates, *neither of which things Cyrus had done before.*" After this, it is as difficult to trust to our author's quotations, or his borrowed information, as to his original descriptions.

We may also mention, that Sir Robert has mis-stated another passage in Herodotus. On one of the Babylonian cylinders; he imagines to be represented some of the females dedicated to the worship of the moon.

"*These dedicated females,* (says the Knight,) we are told by Herodotus, once in their lives, sat at the shrine of Venus, their heads bound with garlands, and their bodies with cords. Thus exposed, if any stranger threw *gold* into her lap, she was obliged to retire with him *into the temple*, where her charms became the victim of its impure rites. The money was then laid upon the altar to be consecrated to the goddess."

Herodotus does not state this of any particular class of females, but distinctly of "every woman who is a native of the country." He does not state that they were led into the temple, but to a distance from the temple, and makes no mention of gold, but particularly asserts that the money, however small, could not be refused.

The disturbed state of the country having put it out of the Knight's power to visit the ruins of Susa, he gives us a short account of it from Major Monteith, with drawings of two sculptured stones, which the Major had seen there. One of them had on one face figures resembling Egyptian hieroglyphics, on another arrow-headed writing. The second had on it a representation of a man lying under the raised paw of a lion. We must exclaim against Sir Robert's drawings of these stones as being antiquarianized to an inadmissible extent. Major Monteith's sketches, which have been sent to this country, represent the stones with their sculptures, as in the highest preservation, their corners still retaining all their original sharpness. The second stone was found near the tomb of the prophet Daniel.

From Babylon, Sir Robert returned to Bagdad, and entered Koordistan

(Carducia) on his way back to Persia. He is here again in the most imminent danger, from banditti and dreadful mountain roads—two perils of which he does not fail to give us ample details wherever he is in want of other matter. In Koordistan, he passes through Sooltanceah, the ancient Siozurus. The district is even now called Shehr i Zoor, (the city of strength,) of which the ancient name seems to have been a corruption, but Sir Robert writes it Shehr i Zool.

Amongst the marvellous stories which our author has collected, is the account which he gives of the Yezzee-dee tribe of Koords, called also Zeezee-dees, whose character he paints in the most terrific colours. He represents them as taking a singular and savage delight in murdering any unfortunate Turk, Persian, Jew, or Christian, on whom they can lay their hands; and concludes by stating, that, "of all the lawless tribes he has ever heard of in the East, this appears the most detestable." Let us compare this with the account given of the same people, by Macdonald Kinnear, who, by some miracle, succeeded in passing through this country without being martyred. He says,

"They (the Zeezee-dees) are also scattered over this part of Koordistan, and entertain a hereditary antipathy to the Mussulmen, by whom their sect has suffered many bloody persecutions; they are a brave and active race of men, drink wine and other strong liquors; and although cruel from education and principle, *yet more tolerant on points of religion*, and free from many of the narrow prejudices of their neighbours."

We do not see anything very detestable in this; they are cruel, it is true; but a sect which has suffered many bloody persecutions, may be forgiven for being so; and for the rest, they appear to be really very good fellows. They are brave and active—drink wine, which is much in their favour; and are more tolerant on points of religion, and more free from narrow prejudice, than their neighbours. In short, they seem to be the best people going in that part of the world.

Regarding the modern history of Persia, Sir Robert seems to be nearly as accurately informed as he is on everything else. On his way from Koordistan to Tabreez, he meets a man named Boodah Khan, whom he calls Bondah

Khan, and who he states was blinded by the governor of Maragha for his adherence to the present royal family, when that governor was a competitor for the throne. Now the governor of Maragha was himself one of the firmest adherents of the present royal family; and, after the murder of Aga

Mohammed Khan, preserved the crown jewels for the present king.

Another instance of our traveller's extraordinary inaccuracy, occurs in his list of the governments of the royal princes of Persia. We subjoin it with one corrected from better authority.

Sir Robert's List.

- * " Mahmoud Allee Meerza, governor of Kermanshah.
- Abbas Meerza, - - - Azerbaijan.
- Abdoolah Meerza, - - - Zenjan.
- Hoossein Allee Meerza, - - - Sheeraz.
- Allee Nakee Meerza, - - - Casvin.
- * Hassan Allee Meerza, - - - Ghilan.*
- * Mahmoud Koolee Meersa, - - - Khorassan.
- * Mahmoud Tukeh Meerza, - - - Boorjird.
- Allee Shah Meerza, - - - Teheran.
- Sheik Allee Meerza, - - - Chumcen."

Corrected List.

- * Mahommed Allee Meerza, governor of Kermanshah.
- Abbas Meerza, - - - Azerbyjan.
- Abdoolah Meerza, - - - Zenjan.
- Hoossein Allee Meerza, - - - Sheeraz.
- Allee Nakee Meerza, - - - Casvin.
- * Hassan Allee Meerza, - - - Khorassan.
- * Mahommed Koolee Meerza, - - - Mazanderan.*
- * Mahommed Tukeh Meerza, - - - Boorjird.
- Allee Shah Meerza, - - - Teheran.
- Sheik Allee Meerza, - - - Chumcen.

By comparing these it will be found, that in a list of ten governments, with the names of their governors, there are no less than six errors. Three princes are misnamed; one government (Mazanderan) is entirely omitted, and one (Ghilan) is put in its place, which was not governed by a prince; while the prince who actually governs Mazanderan is made to govern Khorassan.

Sir Robert seems reluctant to touch anything like statistical information, and certainly not without reason, if we may judge from the few specimens he has given us. We may notice his account of the state of trade between Russia and Persia, which, he assures us, shews a balance much in favour of the former. But, in his calculation, he seems to have entirely omitted the most important of the Persian exports, the silk of Ghilan, a large proportion of which is taken to Russia, and paid for chiefly in cash. In the year 1821, the Georgian merchants from Tiflis brought into Persia 600,000 Dutch ducats, nearly L.300,000 sterling, independent of the sums paid for silk by the merchants of Astrakan, which may

be estimated at not less than 200,000 ducats, or L.100,000; giving in favour of Persia a balance of about L.400,000 sterling for the year 1821, the year after Sir Robert left Persia.

From Tabreez Sir Robert went again to Teheran, to take his leave of the Shah, and presented his majesty, "as a token of gratitude," a portrait, finished from the sketch which he had made. His majesty received it graciously, and lost no time in sending presents to the artist. This is all very fine; and looks well for Sir Robert, and not amiss for the Shah. But what shall we say when we are informed, that our Knight was much mortified to find his presents only amount to about 200 tomans, and fought a good battle to get a larger value placed on his "token of gratitude?" Nor was he entirely unsuccessful; for the order of the Lion and the Sun was added to what had originally been contemplated, that the Knight might not go away discontented.

On an excursion which Sir Robert made to the lake of Oroomia, after his return from the capital to Tabreez, he

saw an encampment of a fierce and lawless tribe, called by the formidable name of "Shassivannees," of whom he gives us some account; but he does not seem once to have imagined, that these dreadful Shassivannees are in truth no other than his old friends the Shah Sevunds; of whose origin he gives us a true account (taken from Malcolm's History of Persia) in the first volume, and whose name being interpreted signifies King's friends.

On the same excursion, he also visited a sort of military colony, established by the Prince Royal for his artillery-men, and thence called Tope-Killah; Tope signifying a cannon, and Killah a fort. It is situated, he informs us, in the district of Ramatabad, so called in honour of the commandant of artillery, Ramat Allee Khan. But we find the district called Marhamatabad, (the dwelling of kindness,) long before the Topchee Bashee (head artillery-man) was born.

In our author's remarks on this colony we find some curious observations. His system of political economy is somewhat startling. He is of opinion, that in a country situated as Persia is under an absolute monarchy, the most certain way to obtain for the population the blessings of liberty is to raise a regular army. The Knight, we much fear, has been too long residing under a military despotism to retain any accurate notions of liberty, or of the measures by which its progress is to be advanced or retarded.

Sir Robert is of opinion, that fifty thousand Persians, fully organized and officered by Europeans, "would prove more formidable during a campaign in the East than four times the number of the best European veterans!!"—This comes of Sir Robert's knowledge of military matters.

During his visit to the lake of Oroomia, Sir Robert saw Goorehin Killah, (correctly, Googoorchin Killah, the fort of pigeons;) but the most remarkable circumstance connected with this rock has escaped his observation. It contains numerous fossil shells, of species not now to be found within many hundreds of miles of the place, if, indeed, they exist at all.

Sir Robert at last sets out from Tabreez on his return to Europe; and, on his way to Erivan, again visits Ardashair, which he confidently calls Artaxata; and, to give a colour of proba-

bility to his position, finds the river Guerne running close to the ruins. But this river runs several miles distant; and what he mistook for it, was nothing more than a canal cut for the purposes of husbandry. He visited also the ruins of the city of Guerne, which are situated on the bank of the mountain valley, or rather chasm, through which the river flows. There he found the ruins described by Morier, which are supposed to be those of a building erected by Tiridates in honour of his sister, to which Sir Robert gives the name of Takht i Tiridate, a name applied by the natives not to that ruin, but to the ruins of Ardashair.

Proceeding farther up the valley to Keghort, he sees what he calls the Birs; but it was not the Birs, for that ruin is situated far amongst the mountains, and is not visible from any point of the road which the Knight travelled. He next gives us an account of the church and excavations of Keghort, but omits the most remarkable object to be found there, viz. the inscription given by Morier, which commemorates the plunder of the place by Tymoorlung, (Tamerlane).

On his entering Erivan, Sir Robert found the *Soonehs* making bitter lamentations over the sons of Allee, Hoossein and Hassan, who were martyred. This festival is called the Mohurum, and is held in Persia with much pomp, solemnity, and mourning. But our author has, in his account, made the trifling mistake, of attributing the whole to the *Soonehs*; whereas they are known, in some places, to hold the same festival with rejoicing: and it is the Sheeahs who, from their veneration of Allee, and everything that is his, make much lamentation over the death of his sons. The whole may be found in Morier.

At Erivan a report is spread, that the plague is prevailing at Kars, a Turkish town and district; but, on his arrival at that place, our author discovers that it was all a trick of the governor of Erivan, to prevent the cotton and grain of Kars from being brought into his province, where he has a monopoly of these articles. This is an error; Kars is too cold to produce cotton, and is supplied with that article almost exclusively from Erivan.

Sir Robert is monstrously offended with Asiatic dirt, and complains, that

to have any idea of filth in a superlative degree a man must visit Asia. We would ask whether he has forgotten Russia; which, if report does not much belie it, surpasses, in the loathsomeness of its uncleanness and impurity, all that is most offensive in the countries of Asia. It is truly an excellent joke to hear a man, who has resided and travelled in Russia, speak of the intolerable filth of any other country.

Our author, amongst other flatteries, flatters himself, that he has found out the precise spot on the mountains of Ararat on which Noah's ark rested after the flood. As a specimen of his mode of reasoning, we shall state the process by which he arrives at this interesting conclusion. He imagines, that, as the ark had a window on the top, no mountains could have been seen from it unless they were much higher than the situation of the vessel; and that, as the ark is said to have rested on the *mountains* of Ararat, it must have been so placed as to rest partly on each, which would bring it into the valley between the two peaks.

Let us see how far this reasoning corresponds with the account given in the book of Genesis, chap. viii. ver. 4. and 5. There we find, "And the ark rested on the *seventh* month, on the seventeenth day of the month, upon the mountains of Ararat. And the waters decreased continually until the tenth month. In the *tenth* month, on the first day of the month, were the tops of the mountains seen."

Here we have nearly two months and a half between the time when the ark rested, and that at which the tops of the mountains were seen. But if the ark had rested where he supposes, the tops of Ararat must have been dry even long before it rested, and might have been seen as well on the first day thereafter, as at the end of two months and a half. It is therefore obvious, that what is meant by "the tops of the mountains," is the tops of other mountains, which, being much lower than Ararat, were so much longer of presenting themselves above water.—Sir Robert should not meddle with these things.

Our author proceeded through Arzeroom to Constantinople; and, as usual, entertains us with dreadful stories of robbers and murderers, who seem to have haunted the Knight almost continually. After a journey full of danger,

he at last relieves us from infinite anxiety by announcing, that he has once more set his foot on the soil of Europe. A dozen times, during the perusal of his work, did we think ourselves on the brink of something dreadful. Plunder, and wounds, and captivity, have been continually in our minds; every new excursion threatened to verify our fears; and we trembled whenever we found his road leading amongst mountains.

Before taking our leave of the knight-errant, we must make a few observations on his map; but they shall be very few.

In Georgia, he has made the province of Kartalinia include the greater part of the province of Samhetia, so that the whole of the name of the former province, as it stands in this map, is within the limits of the latter, which he has omitted altogether. He has omitted the great range of mountains which divide Georgia from the Turkish province of Akhiska. He has omitted the large village of Shoolaver, *one of the places at which he himself halted*. He has attached the mountain of Aleghuz to a range from which it is completely detached; and has detached the mountain of Sevelan from a range, of which it is a part. He has made the river Augce fall into the lake of Oroonia, to the north of the island of Shahee, whereas it falls in to the south. He has omitted the part of the high range of Koflan Kooh, which lies between Miana and the river Kizil Ozun; and has made the road from Zenjan to Sooltaneeah cross a range of mountains which does not exist. He has nearly omitted the very lofty range south of Kohrood, and that between Imaun Zada Ismael and the plain of Oojan. We could easily enumerate fifty such errors, and some even more important than most of these; but we have chosen to give only some of those which have attracted our attention in places *where he has himself been*, and where consequently no one else can be answerable for his errors.

On the whole we are free to declare, that we have never seen so large a book so meagre and wanting in useful information,—so full of extravagance and romance,—so inaccurate in everything,—and altogether so likely to give the most erroneous ideas of the countries, nations, tribes, and persons, of which and of whom it professes to give an account. A love of exciting wonder, and

a love of great events, seem to be its chief characteristics. To represent as great and formidable the difficulties of a journey which would have been easy to every one else ;—to raise his own importance, by attaching motives and a consequence which did not belong to them to the conduct of others towards himself ;—in short, to make himself the knight-errant hero of a romantic story, rather than the narrator of sober facts, seems to have been his object.

Nothing can be more in point than the account which he has given of his travels. *We* should scarcely have ventured so to describe him, had *he* not chosen the likeness. "Therefore, (says

the knight-errant,) in the language of some doughty follower of that renowned Arab, Cid Hamet Benengeli, I may report myself as once more collecting my horses, mules, and trusty squire, and one fine morning, towards the close of April, (it should have been the first,) *like the Knight of La Mancha, sallying forth over mountain, dale, and desert, in search of fame and honours at the court of a great king of the east."*

It is strange how people sometimes catch a glimpse of their own follies sufficient to expose them, and single out for themselves likenesses equally ridiculous and fitting.

THE SUICIDE.

BASTA.—I'll think no more about it. I have closed the accounts, and bring myself in debtor to death. All that remains to be considered is, how I am to do the business. I have been reading all the suicides I could gather, during the last week, and I do not find one exactly conformable to my ideas on the subject.

Shall I blow my brains out ?—It is well my uncle Nicholas is not present, for the old rogue used always to say that I had none ; but he was ever a calumniator. No, I shall not blow my brains out, even supposing I have any. It is a dirty way : a man's collar is quite disarranged, and his shirt most disagreeably stained with batter and blood. Then you are quite a disgusting-looking devil, actually a bore to a sensitive coroner and a sympathetic court of pie-powder. Besides, after all, you are not sure. Robespierre, for instance, as we all know, disfigured himself awfully, and yet lived long enough to gratify the kind people of Paris with a guillotine exhibition, *al fresco*, at his expense. If you miss, the cursed report of the pistol calls up the household, and you are restrained by their civil interference from committing the "rash act ;" and in any case, you fill the room with a filthy smoke, smelling most diabolically of sulphur. There is not a cook-maid in my kitchen but would say, "Ay, ay, poor master was wanted, sure enough—the old 'un was looking for him. When *he* called, he could not help coming, poor gentleman ! there was a smell of brimstone, my dear, in the room, that would knock down a horse." On which coachee would re-

mark, "No doubt on't, Molly ; he has gone bang, four-in-hand, to where he will get enough of that 'ere commodity."

It is then a ruled point that I shall not blow my brains out.—Cut my throat ? No bad notion. Yet stop a while. Does not the objection of be-daubing myself hold here also ? O surely, and in a tenfold degree : you must, besides, give yourself the trouble of taking off your cravat ; and you may miss *there* too. I have known people to slit the weasand, and yet have the wound cobbled up by some tailoring surgeon, and live, as the newspapers have it, respectable members of society. I never could hit the carotid, for I do not know where it is ; and if I did, there would be some cit lying perdu with his jest, ready to call me "Carotid-artery cutting so-and-so." I am, moreover, of opinion that it must hurt a man sadly to cut his throat. I remember once upon a time how a barber cut me into the bone while shaving me, and I was so stung with the pain that I knocked him down. Should not I then be a jackass of the first ear to hurt myself ten times worse than the knight of the pole ? Just think of a jagged razor going through your windpipe ! The mere thought is hideous. Razor, avaunt ! I'd not cut my throat for a thousand pounds.

Shall I poison myself ? What ! die the death of a rat ? Not I, I thank you. That were descending in the scale of creation most scandalously. Then what a pretty account of my personal appearance there would be in the reports ! "The body of the un-

fortunate gentleman was blown up like a tun, and there were livid and pea-green spots all over his countenance. His right eye was drawn down to his mouth, and his left twisted up over his eyebrow."—A pretty picture, in truth! And just take up a sheet medically descriptive of poisons, with their effects, symptoms, &c. Gripping of the guts, burning of the stomach, parching of the throat, shivering of the sides, lolling out of the tongue, twisting of the mouth, and ten thousand other disagreeable abominations. Besides, you would, during the time of the operation, be wishing yourself all manner of ill wishes for being so great a goose, and praying the deed undone. Believe me, you would repent it sadly. If you were discovered, what a tumult there would be, and what a vehicle for all kind of uncleanly draughts your unfortunate wind-pipe would be made. "Pour down a tureenful of melted butter," one fellow would exclaim,—"pour it down without a moment's delay."—"If it be an alkali poison he has swallowed," another would put in his word, "neutralize it with an acid."—All my life long I hated the jargon of the chemists. "Give him tartarized antimony," would be the cry of a third. "Nothing in the whole world is so efficacious in such misfortunes," a fourth would exclaim, "as the tincture of poluphloisbois." [N.B. This fellow would be a quack doctor, who had taken out a patent for the tincture—a composition of brandy and tobacco water.]

In Japan, a gentleman, when he falls into disgrace at court, has the privilege of taking a sword and ripping out his bowels. What is to be thought of that? Cato of Utica did the same.

"What Cato did, and Addison approved, Cannot be wrong!" said Eustace Budgell, and flung himself over the side of a wherry into the Thames, with a couple of nine-pound balls in his coat pockets. It was rather a queer way, after all, of imitating Cato. If I had written these lines, I should have done what the old Uticanian did *au pied de la lettre*. But, in good truth, I have no such notion. Faugh! a man to die with his puddings out, like the foolish two-headed giant deluded by Jack-the-giant-killer. I never approved of Cato's principles, having been all my life a Tory, who, if I had breathed the vital air in

the days of Julius Cæsar, would have voted for him through thick and thin. I therefore do not find myself at all bound to follow Cato's practice. As for the Japanese, there is nobody in these parts of the world that I know of bound to follow their example, except Robert Warren, of No. 30, Strand. *He* may embowel himself, if he likes—I shall not.

Hanging is obviously not even to be named. It does not accord with a gentleman's ideas. I have always lived independent, and have no fancy for dying dependant on anything. A man is a long time in suspense. I hate your *pas seul* upon nothing, and never should wish to earn thirteen pence halfpenny by such a plebeian occupation, particularly when executed upon myself. I do not see, moreover, but it would be an unfair and poaching kind of intrusion on the office of the King's final magistrate. Sheriff Laurie—I beg his pardon—Sir Peter Laurie would have just cause of indignation against me, if I were to cheat his new drop of its legal right to turn off all pensile people within his bailiwicks of London and Middlesex.—There must be a great many disagreeable sensations about being hanged. I knew a man once, who had escaped the gallows after having been turned off, and he told me that you felt as if a lump of something edible stuck in your gullet, while you were at the same time knocked with a chuck down an interminable precipice. Then you saw all kind of flashing fires before your eyes; and after you were at rest, a flapping bolt appeared to enter each of the soles of your feet, and to make way up rapidly, but gradually, to your pericranium. Who could feel pleasure in a posture of this kind? Your neck-attitude, too, is mighty unseemly. Look at the picture of Lord Coleraine—heretofore George Hanger—in the second page of his Memoirs, or of old Izaak Walton, in the present exhibition at Somerset-House, and you will see how awkward a crick-in-th'-neck-like position it is. Why Wainwright thought proper to exhibit old Izaak as just after being hanged, I do not know, and firmly believe that he has no warrant for it in any biography of the old piscator; but look at No. 268, in the above exhibition, and you will see him there evidently with the wry-neck twist of the gallows about him.

In a word, I do not choose to be strung up. Hang puppies and highwaymen with all my heart.

Drown myself? The sun is shining bright on the Thames, as I see it from one of my windows in the Temple. It looks tempting.

"Says she, my dear, the wind sets fair,
And you may have the tide."

So sung Katharine Hayes a hundred years ago—but so sing not I. There are many grave objections to drowning a man's self. First, you are choked with water, and I never could prevail on myself to swallow as much as a half pint of that liquid.

"Had Neptune, when first he took
charge of the sea,
Been as wise, or at least been as merry
as we,
He'd have thought better on't, and instead
of his brine,
Would have filled the vast ocean with
generous wine."

In that case there might have been a difference in my ideas; but water—and Thames water too—the thought is intolerable. If you succeed, what a neat article you are when you are found! In nine days, I am told, a body inevitably rises—and *how* does it rise? A colony of prawns and shrimps have fastened themselves on you, and are making free with your person, in the most gourmand fashion. A crab has eaten out your eyes—a cod is fattening his sounds on the drums of your ears—and a turbot has revenged himself for all the liberties you have taken with his tribe, by making your face as flat as his own spine. As one of our poets—I forget his name—says on a similar occasion—

"The perch did perch between his ribs;
the sole,
Sole reveller, feasted on his nibbled
jowl;
The plaise was placed where'er he
pleased; the pike
Shouldered itself, yet lay levelled in act
to strike.
A maiden sought his hand, but sooth to
say,
That amorous maiden was a maiden
ray," &c.

I never could agree with old Demonax in Lucian, that it is merely an act of gratitude to the fishes to let them eat you, after you have eaten so many of them. Then, too, there are many chances of your *not* succeeding. There is the whole body of the Humane So-

ciety, including Alexander of Russia, regularly leagued and bonded to pull people out of the vast deep volentes volentes. How awkward you would look on awaking, to find yourself stretched out upon a table, with a fellow puffing a bellows into your very nostrils, or rubbing you with a hot cloth!

As for jumping off the Monument, "like Levi the Jew," (Rejected Addresses, hem!) or any other height, *that* is quite out of the question. I get giddy even looking out of a three pair of stairs window; how odious to my nerves it must be, therefore, to jump from one! Poor Levi, I understand, after he was fairly off, made a grasp with his hand back again at the balustrade of the Monument. How he must have felt during that second, when perfectly conscious of the entire desperation of his case! I shudder to think of it just now, and am obliged to shut the window through mere nervousness. And when you are down, what a pretty looking lump of smash and abomination! You are lying on the ground like a lump of bloody mortar, prepared for dashing the front of the house of some Ogre-like King of Dahomey.

Nor would starvation at all agree with me. I fasted one day on a pound of beef and a half quartern, and I could have cried when evening came on. Oh, no! whenever or however I die, let me go out of the world with a full stomach. When a man is hungry, hideous and beggarly ideas are apt to get into his head, and he cannot see his way clearly before him. A windy vapour rises from the stomach, which fills the brain with odious chimeras. I never could stand it. All my firmly fixed resolves on death, if I were to attempt it that way, would be knocked up by the smell of the first cook's shop, or the distant prospect of an Alderman waddling up Fleet Street. It is impossible.

Well, then, shall I stab myself *more majorum*? Die in a Roman fashion, sheathing a dagger in my bosom like Lucretia, or falling on my sword like Brutus. It would be something pathetic and romantic. I am afraid, however, that the days of pathos and romance are most considerably gone by. To confess the fact honestly, I do not think I could ever muster up courage to drive a long spit of cold steel into my breast; and as to falling

on my sword, in the first place I have not a sword to fall on, and it would be quite absurd to buy one for such a purpose; and, in the second place, if I had one, I am perfectly certain that I should miss it, or make some other fatal blunder—or rather some blunder which would not be fatal—if I attempted to fling myself on it. Then how like an unfortunate gaby I should look!

Let me cogitate for a short while. I have dismissed, as unpracticable, shooting, throat-cutting, poisoning, unbowelling, hanging, drowning, tumbling, starving, stabbing. What remains? Softly a while. My uncle Nicholas used always to say, that many a man killed himself by drinking—and my uncle Nicholas was a man of observation. Perhaps that would be an easy, comfortable, cosey kind of way of doing the business, after all, without tumult or stuff. However, I have no idea of doing it at a glass, and going before a coroner stretched upon a door, smelling like a rum-cask, and open to the opprobrious verdict of “Died by excessive drinking.” That

is evidently low. I, on the contrary, shall try if my uncle’s prediction of such suicide being slow but sure, were right, and if it poisons me, let it operate on me like a slow poison—

“So glides the meteor through the sky,
And spreads along a gilded train,
But when its short-lived beauties die,
Dissolves to common air again.”

Is not that very pretty and very poetic? Here, then, Anthony, get you down to the Rainbow, and fetch me a stoup of liquor, as the Gravedigger in Hamlet has it. I am bent on death.

“Come fill me a glass, fill it high,
A bumper, a bumper, I’ll have—
He’s a fool that will flinch,
I’ll not bate him an inch,
Though I drink myself into the grave.”

I am bent on death. Perhaps, too, I may have the good luck to go off in a flash of flame, or be burnt to death by voluntary combustion, thereby to afford a subject for a new novel by a new Brockden Brown. So now

“Farewell, fair world! and light of day,
farewell!”

For I have closed the shutters.

SONNET TO A CHILD.

THOU darling child! When I behold the smile
Over thy rosy features brightly stray,
(Its light unrivall’d by the morning ray,) Thy fair and open brow upraised the while,
With an appealing glance so void of guile,
(Untaught the trusting bosom to betray;) Thy sinless graces win my soul away
From dreams and thoughts, that darken and defile!—
Scion of beauty! If a stranger’s eye
Thus dwell upon thee; if his bosom’s pain,
Charm’d by thine holy smile, forget to smart,
Oh! how unutterably sweet her joy!
Oh! how indissolubly firm the chain,
Whose links of love entwine a *Mother’s heart*!

L. D.

SONNET.

THE Summer sun had set!—The blue mist sail’d
Along the twilight lake,—no sounds arose,
Save such as hallow Nature’s sweet repose,
And charm the ear of Peace! Young Zephyr hail’d
In vain the slumbering Echo!—In the grove
The song of night’s lone bard, sweet Philomel,
Broke not the holy calm; the soft notes fell
Like the low whisper’d vows of timid love!
I paused in adoration,—and such dreams
As haunt the pensive soul, intensely fraught
With silent incommunicable thought,
And sympathy profound, with fitful gleams,
Caught from the memory of departed years,
Flash’d on my mind, and woke luxurious tears!

L. D.

CELEBRATED FEMALE WRITERS.

No. I.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

WHEN we resolved on presenting our readers with a succession of Essays on the works and talents of the most distinguished female authors, we did not for a moment hesitate in deciding to whom the right of precedence was due. The name of Joanna Baillie instantly suggested itself to our minds. We were delighted with the opportunity afforded us of offering our tribute of admiration to one, who, in point of genius, is inferior to no individual on the rolls of modern celebrity—whose labours have given a tone and character to the poetic literature of our nation—whose works were the manuals of our earliest years, and were carried by us, in our school-boy days, to shady nooks, and unfrequented paths, and our most favourite solitudes—whose touching portraiture of the workings of the human soul awakened in us an enthusiasm, to the full as ardent as that which is only inspired in our present youth by the effeminizing sensuality of Moore, or the gloomy and bewildering fascinations of Lord Byron—whose deep and affecting morals, illustrated by the moving examples of her scenes, touched the heart and nerved the mind, and improved the understanding by the delightful means of an excited imagination—and whose pages we have never returned to, in our days of more matured judgment, without reviving the fading tints of admiration, and justifying our early estimate of her high intellectual superiority.

We have attributed to Joanna Baillie a strong influence in operating the change that has taken place in our poetic literature. We are aware that this is a supposition which will be considered as humiliating to the pretensions of the stronger sex; that it supposes the distinguished fraternity of hardy, of whom our country is so justly proud, and who have united in forming the reigns of George the Third and Fourth another Age of Genius, only second to that of Elizabeth; we have laboured in a region which was opened to them by the hand of a woman. But however startling this assertion may sound, or however repulsive it may appear to our

male prejudices and our tenacious love of superiority, we make the assertion without the slightest fear of contradiction, for it is supported by the incontrovertible testimony of facts. The evidence to substantiate its truth is seen in the state of our national poetry before the publication of the principles laid down by our authoress in her preliminary Essay, and of the Tragedies that exemplified and illustrated her principles; and in the state of our present national poetry, of which every one of the master spirits, who have arisen into subsequent celebrity, have received, almost as boys, the impressions of her genius, and have either avowedly or unconsciously followed in the track marked out by her example.

When the first volume of Plays on the Passions was presented to the public, nothing could be much more degraded than the state of our poetic literature. Beattie was the man of highest and of most deserved reputation. The Minstrel has perhaps been over-rated, and a few stanzas of a most rare perfection have given currency to a work which is, for the most part, heavy and uninteresting; which so evidently betrays the labour of the author, that the reader suffers a sympathetic fatigue from his exertions; which is occasionally tainted by a morbid or affected sentimentality—as when the old hermit wreathes flowers round the antlers of the stag; and which is not a little disfigured by the verbose and cumbrous circumlocution, to which the author was constrained by want of dexterity in the management of the Spenser stanza. With all these imperfections to detract from the merit of an incomplete production, the Minstrel was, at the time Joanna Baillie's Tragedies appeared, incomparably the best work from the hand of any living writer; and the rest followed—*longo intervallo*—by name, Dr Darwin, Mr Hayley, Mr Pye, Miss Seward, Mrs Barbauld, Charlotte Smith, Mr Roscoe, Mr Bowles, *cum multis aliis quos nunc præscribere longum est*; while all our stock of dramatic literature, that was not utterly contemptible, was comprised in the productions of Cumberland and Mur-

phy. There was a crew inferior to these, whom Mr Gifford had levelled to the earth, as they were starting into sudden notoriety, by the force of his just and inimitable satire; and he, indeed, by the exquisite truth and tenderness of his elegy, "*I wish I was where Anna lies*," had proved himself as capable of setting an example of excellence, as of apportioning the just chastisements of folly; but he chose to dedicate the treasure of his days to illuminating the works of others, rather than improving as by his own; and for the rest of the then flourishing and thriving poets, they were the imitators of imitations—the third pressing of an exhausted wine-press—the ninth and dwindled farrow of the school of Pope and Addison. Poetry had degenerated into a trick and knack of verse-making, with which it had become synonymous. It had lost all the variety and elasticity of nature. A certain set of words, combinations, and images, had become conventionally agreed upon, as the common stock and joint property of the rhyming world—the sonnet of Mr B. was elegant, and round and smooth as the elegy of Mr C.; and in every man or woman of moderate education, nothing more was wanting to qualify the individual for a poet of distinction, than a recollection of the authorised epithets, a fund of accredited expressions, a tolerable ear for rhyme, a sufficient acquaintance with *Tooke's Pantheon*, and the ordinary quantity of fingers to facilitate the computation of the syllables!

The heavy and dull monotony that ensued was universally felt. The children of art themselves were perfectly conscious of the evil of the school they had adopted. They became as wearied as their readers and their auditors; and they attempted to revive the faded attention of the public, and to relieve that formal sameness and rigid mannerism, which is inseparable from works of art, the moment the study and the imitation of nature is deserted, by change of subject—by new artifices of style—and by elaborate and unusual modes of expression. They sought in affectation the diversity which is only to be found in truth. Thus perceiving that the old ground was exhausted; aware that no interest could any longer be awakened for Epistles to a Friend, and Odes

to the Moon—for Monodies on Parrots, and Elegies on Lap-dogs—for Lines to May—and Stanzas to Delia; conscious that the opening a new volume of poems, was always accompanied by a yawn, prognosticative of the soporific nature of its contents, Dr Darwin turned aside from the ordinary topics treated by his contemporaries, to indite indecent cantos, in pedantic and scarcely intelligible language, on subjects that are only interesting in the plain and homely prose of the lecture-room; while the insect tribe of the *soi disant* della Cruscan school—a race now only remembered in the existence of the splendid weapon by which they were destroyed—endeavoured to moan and insinuate themselves into celebrity, by an absurd pretension to *Italianism*, which caricatured refinement, and surpassed Keats in folly, and Shelley in obscurity, and was not inferior to Leigh Hunt himself in vulgarity and affectation.—A better state of things might reasonably have been anticipated, as the result of those diligent labours among the glorious company of Elizabethan writers, which had occupied the learned in their united efforts for the restoration of the pure text of Shakspeare. But the reform had not ensued. The public taste had been awakened a moment to the tones of nature; but it was too weak and enervated to sustain the excitement, and fell back exhausted into its habitual slumbers in the arms of art.

In this calm and listless moment—in this be-darkened hour of our poetic literature, the deep tones of Joanna Baillie's genius struck upon the ear with a thrilling sublimity, like the voice of her own De Montford, amid the silence of the midnight forests.—She penetrated the real cause of the evil, and she meditated its cure. She saw that poetry—of which the themes are as copious as the streams of human thought and feeling, and as various as the beauties and wonders of Creation, had appeared to languish in exhaustion, because it had been charged with burthens that were not its own, and urged to repugnant efforts, among scenes that were foreign to its character, and in an atmosphere that oppressed its aspirations. She endeavoured to correct this melancholy perversion; she sought to direct the taste of the nation, and the exertions of its authors, to the legitimate objects of

poetry; she brought to the task her counsel and her example. The first volume of her plays was preceded by an introductory Essay, in which she traced the pleasures that we receive from the higher works of the imagination to their true source,—to that sympathetic interest, with which we are affected under every circumstance that is affecting to the individuals of our species; and which attaches the mind with fixed and immovable curiosity on the progress of every action in which the workings of human passion, and the varieties of human character, are laid open to our contemplation. In this preliminary essay, our authoress appeared as the advocate of nature; against the false refinements and exaggerations of art; and exhibiting her own peculiar and highly philosophical views of the scope of Tragedy, and the means by which its purposes might be best accomplished, she asserted the reformation, which her works were calculated to achieve, with a masterly force and distinctness of conception, with a nervous eloquence of style, with a brilliant copiousness of expression, and an aptness and beauty of illustration, which must for ever rank her name among the classics of English prose composition. All those gorgeous monsters of virtue and of vice, which had been imported with the hoop petticoats and flowing wigs of Paris, and which we had cherished as the heroes and heroines of our plays and poems, from a vague conception of reaching an ideal beauty independent of the imitation, and superior to the realities of ordinary existence, were for ever set aside as objects of admiration, by the complete exposure which she entered into, of their inability to influence the affections, and of the consequent folly of continually multiplying copies of such shadowy and uninteresting chimeras. This portion of her splendid preface is too long for insertion; and it were unfair to mar it by extracts and curtailment. It is continued from the 13th to the 36th page of the first volume of her Plays on the Passions; and, if sound sense and persuasive eloquence are capable of operating a change in public opinion, we are certainly justified in pointing out those pages as the instruments of the reform that has been effected in the taste and literature of our nation. The facts speak for them-

selves. We have seen what was the state of the poetic press when this powerful appeal in favour of the truth and simplicity of nature was thought necessary. We only need remind our readers of the excellence which it has since attained under the auspices of men, all cordially agreeing with Sir Walter Scott, in their enthusiastic admiration of the genius of Joanna Baillie; all avoiding in their writings the quicksands she had warned them to avoid, and all so evidently persuaded by her arguments to return to the more diligent study and closer imitation of man, in his real and essential attributes, that the very fault objected to them by the few lingering advocates of the antiquated and more ambitious manner, is the too servile resemblance of their portraits.

It may be objected, perhaps, that her observations and her example, being restricted to dramatic poetry, could have no sensible effect beyond the particular style of composition to which she had dedicated her talents. This cavil, a moment's reflection must prove to be without foundation. There is always a certain harmony in contemporary works of the imagination, however diversified in their kinds. If affectation struts the hero, and mounds it as a remorseless tyrant on the stage, the romances will be of invincible knights and peerless virgins; the odes will hold parley with the clouds, and swell into turgid common-places; every rhymester, wooing his love under the plaintive *ulula* of Strephon, or of Corydon, will receive the responses to his vows, adorned by the masquerade signature of Nerissa, or of Delia; and the elegies, by which affection endeavours to embalm the memory of the dead, instead of dwelling on their peculiar virtues, and offering an intelligible picture of the survivors' sorrow, will lament their absence from the charge of visionary flocks and herds, and mourn the breaking of imaginary sheep-hooks, and feign the sympathetic fading of non-existent flowers. The first who is awakened to the evil of such a state of exaggeration and absurdity, and, on the sound principles of good sense and cultivated taste, communicates his conviction to his countrymen, as by his failure he would incur the penalty of ignorant vituperation, so by his success does he deserve the honours which are due to the

accomplishment of a meritorious reformation. It matters not in what particular department of the art the improvement was begun. Touch any single note of the Diapason with a master's hand; and, if the sound be not overpowered by the jests of folly, and the clamour of prejudice, the others will be gradually tuned in harmony with the string that has been struck.

That Joanna Baillie produced the change which has been wrought in the public taste by the instrumentality of the drama, may account for the peculiarly dramatic character which is perceptible in nearly all the most favourite productions of our time. And this, in connexion with the other proofs, not only establishes that the reformation, and the merit of the reformation, is hers, but, if we are not much deceived, the most popular authors of our time manifest in their writings other glimpses of the light by which their talents were directed. We conceive that it were no difficult task to point out, in the poems of Sir Walter Scott, and in the works of the Author of *Waverley*, several characters, of which the prototypes exist in different tragedies of our authoress; and however Lord Byron may endeavour to mislead the judgment, by referring the public to Miss Leigh's *Kruitzner*, as the source of his inspiration, there are few persons intimate with modern literature, who will fail perceiving that the dark shadows of his Lordship's imagination have received a deeper gloom from his early acquaintance with those wild and midnight forests, in which the passion of De Montford consummated its dreadful purpose, and the dim aisles in which it met its retribution.

That an individual to whom literature is so deeply indebted, should have her reputation so little bruited by the public voice, may appear somewhat extraordinary. Her works have never yet obtained a success proportioned to their merits. The celebrity of Joanna Baillie has been of a most peculiar nature—her fame has had about it a kind of virgin purity. It has been the unparticipated treasure of the world of taste and intellect. The admiration of her lofty talents never made itself heard in the loud huzzas of the Theatre, or in those unmeaning expressions of approval, which are generated by the reading

public, in the words of their several and respective Magazines, with the docility and the intelligence of the mocking-bird. She was never *written up*, to use the modern technical expression, in the Reviews and Magazines. She was placed, both by her station in society, and by her independence of character, above any communication with those mere drudges and mercenaries of literature, into whose hands the fame of our living authors is entrusted, and by whose daring pens and uncultivated opinions the public taste is so very generally directed. These she was naturally unknown to, and was too proud to court; they were too busied in celebrating each other, to raise their eyes to the contemplation of any higher object: while, just as her works were slowly and certainly advancing to their justly merited distinction, without any factitious aids to prosper them, an impediment was cast in the way of their success, by the malignant observations of the *Edinburgh Review*, which had burst into sudden popularity, and which, with an unaccountable and unwarrantable aversion to all female authorship, after exhibiting the indications of its monstrous propensities, in one of its earliest numbers, by an ineffectual blow at the fame of Madame de Staël, commenced the next by a more elaborate, and a far more skilfully directed article, against the rising celebrity of Joanna Baillie.

This paper, the production of the editor himself, followed up as it was with a perseverance quite unparalleled in the annals of literary hostility, effected an injury to the general success of her publications, from which their intrinsic merits have never been able to deliver them; and perhaps it would be impossible to produce a more striking instance of the facility by which the just admiration of the public may be diverted from its objects, than the article* in which this wrong to genius was committed. With an air of metaphysical and philosophical acuteness, it uttered a mass of paradoxical absurdities, that would have incurred the scorn and hissing of the dullest reader, but for the exquisite language with which they were communicated and disguised. Of the plays themselves scarcely anything was said;

and all that was said was contradicted by the very extracts, which, without forfeiting every pretension to fairness, it was found absolutely impossible to keep back. The whole brunt of the reviewer's eloquence was directed against the principles laid down by our authoress in her Preliminary Discourse—against the scheme which she had in view—and against the end which she proposed in its execution. As we have never heard the name of Joanna Baillie mentioned in society, without hearing the repetition of some of the objections that were then raised against her works, we will briefly suggest an answer to them.

The principle laid down by our authoress in her Preliminary Discourse is, that truth of character is the paramount source of the interest that we derive from dramatic compositions. This has been disputed. We will not enter upon the arguments of objection, because we conceive that a moment's consideration will prove to any unprejudiced reader that Johanna Baillie is right, without putting him to the intellectual trouble of deciding a controversy. It will not, we presume, be doubted, that true and fictitious narratives move us on the same principles. And, in the ordinary course of private life, why are we more pleased with the success of one man than another, but from our previous knowledge of their moral qualities. Why are we so differently affected by hearing of the reverses of the honest or the dishonest, of the prudent or the careless, but that in one case our natural sense of justice commiserates an undeserved affliction, and in the other calmly contemplates a well-merited punishment. Why, while we read with the most complete indifference of the death of the vicious, do we feel our souls awakened into immediate sympathy with the fate of the virtuous, but that character is the powerful instrument in acting on the affections. We place the principle insisted on in this form, because it has been asked, whether interest of situation is not an equally effective means of exciting the emotions of the heart? To this we unhesitatingly answer, that it certainly is not; that situation of itself is nothing; that the most complicated scene of distress only becomes interesting when we are informed of the dispositions and habits of the persons; and that its

effect is augmented or diminished, in proportion as their dispositions are amiable or repulsive, or as their previous habits have rendered them easily susceptible to the stings of sorrow, or have prepared them for contending with it. If it were not so—if it were not that the expression of character formed the main principle of the interest which we receive from the works of art, in every department of art—the living busts of Chantry would attract as little of our regard as the symmetrical heads in the windows of the perruquier,—the speaking portraits of Reynolds would fatigue the eye, like the flat delineations of Kneller,—and the finest scenes of Shakspeare would touch the heart as little as the gesticulations of a pantomime. But, according to Joanna Baillie, this principle extends still farther. It is not only that the just representation of character forms the soul of the drama, but it is also a propensity to investigate the workings of the human heart that conducts us to the theatre. Whether our greatest dramatic authors had each, for himself, discovered the truth of this theory, and concealed it as a mystery of art, or whether they acted upon it from an intuitive impulse of their talents, without entering into any philosophical consideration of the subject, it is now impossible to determine, but that they have written as if they entertained the same convictions with our great modern tragic writer, is perfectly undeniable. They have been so persuaded, that if they could present the audience with a strong and consistent portraiture of the workings of the human mind, they should have gratified the expectations by which they were collected within the walls of the theatre, that we find Ben Jonson, Massinger, Moliere, and Shakspeare,—not to mention a multitude of inferior names,—each founding the subject of many of their plays on the development of a single character; framing the plot so as more effectively to disclose the peculiar properties with which they had conceived it; setting aside all other means of interesting the affections; and confidently assured, that, if their task were adequately achieved, they might rely for the certain success of their production, on that “strong sympathy which most creatures, but the human above all, feel for others of their kind; and from

which nothing has become so much an object of man's curiosity as man himself."*

It is also a strong corroboration of Joanna Baillie's theory, that the plays so formed, though their respective authors may have written others infinitely more striking in dramatic effect, or pathetic situation, have been among the most popular of their works; and that audiences are as readily collected to contemplate the fraudulent machinations of Volpone—to detect the grasping passions that swayed in the bosom of Sir Giles Overreach—to survey the guilt, and await the unmasking of the Turtuffe—or to trace the ambitious cunning by which Richard of Gloucester raised himself to a tottering and a short-lived throne, as to assist at the exhibition of those pieces which are more intrinsically pathetic—which have a more powerful command over the light sensations and deep emotions of the soul; and which shake us with louder bursts of laughter, or swell the breast with stronger throes of sensibility. It certainly appears to us, that Joanna Baillie has discovered the true origin of our interest in the Drama. Plays seem to be effective, or otherwise, exactly in proportion as they have, or have not, been composed in coincidence with those principles to which she has recalled the observation of her cotemporaries, and by which her great predecessors appear to have been successively actuated. From admitting the truth of her principles, we must necessarily admit, that in making each passion the subject of a separate play, she has directed her talents to an object legitimately dramatic; for, if the development of a single character be sufficient to sustain the interest of an audience, with only such necessary circumstances as are required to excite and illustrate its qualities, there can be no doubt but such a character, displayed under the influence of a growing passion, by which all others are gradually over-mastered and absorbed, and which the author has placed in situations skilfully designed, to call forth its attributes, to show its extent and bearing, and to evince the malignity of its consequences, would be as much more powerful, as the means em-

ployed are of a more impressive and exciting nature. That the metaphysical exposure of the operations of a single passion in a course of dramatic action, is among the legitimate objects of dramatic talent, may be discovered by the very names which have been selected by some of our popular playwrights as attractive titles for their works. What other promise was held out to collect an audience when Young, and Fielding, and Coleridge, gave to their several productions the names of *The Revenge*—*The Miser*—and *The Remorse*?

We are almost afraid lest we may have made this part of the defence of Joanna Baillie against the objections of those who have sought to depreciate her labours too evident—we fear lest we should seem to be defending what none could have had the temerity to oppose; we can only say, that we should not have thought it necessary to fatigue our readers with the repetition of such truisms, if the attempt to diminish the celebrity of our authoress, had not been made by attacking those very principles which only require to be stated to be admitted as axioms in dramatic criticism. We shall say a very few words upon our authoress's scheme of composing a tragedy and comedy on each passion of the mind. It must be immediately perceived, that any objections against such a design, can have no real bearing on the plays themselves. It is like casting aside the pearls of price, to vent our spleen upon the petty thread that strings them. But, wholly irrelevant as the question is to the merits of the plays themselves, it does appear to us that such a collection would make a very valuable supplement to the library both of the moralist and the metaphysician—that it was one very likely to have been formed by selections from the works of various authors, and that it cannot possibly be the worse for being executed by the hand of an individual. All that really bears against the grand and extensive scheme of our authoress, would be just as appropriate to a work collected from those writings of our best dramatists, which most skilfully elucidate the operations of the different passions; and in which *Romeo and Juliet*, and

The Wonder, might have been given as exhibiting the force of love in its tragic and its comic situations; while *Othello* and *The Jealous Wife* were produced as exemplifying the mournful and the ridiculous effects of Jealousy. It has been said, that the scheme is impracticable. We have told of the absurdity of writing comedies on *Hope* and *Joy*, and Comedies on *Hatred* and *Revenge*.*

On *Joy*, there was no necessity to attempt a tragedy. It was only with the permanent dispositions of the mind that Joanna Baillie had proposed to occupy her talents, and she had expressly stated that *Joy* and *Anger* were excluded from her plan, as being the results of the gratification or the irritation of those deeper affections which her scheme was designed to embrace.

But why should any critic attempt to limit the powers of the human mind, or measure the extent of another man's capacities, by the narrow limits of his own imagination? On *Joy* a very powerful and affecting tragedy might be written. Under certain circumstances it is a passion eminently pathetic. The scene in *Douglas*, which discovers to Lady Randolph the existence of her lost child, might have formed a principal scene of such a drama. Would it be difficult to devise a tale of sorrow, leading on through deeper and more deep distresses, which the sufferer himself imagines to be inevitable; the agency of kind friends is secretly working for his deliverance—the spectator is interested in the uncertainty of the event—the good arrives; and the sudden revulsion from sorrow to unexpected joy, is the thrilling pang of death. With respect to a tragedy on *Hope*—which has also been declared impracticable—we can scarcely conceive a more exquisite subject for that sweet, and touching, and domestic interest, which was excited by the muse of Heywood, than the mild and gentle temperament of a hopeful man, bearing up against the accumulation of evil—wronged by those he trusted; but still unsuspecting of those who had not yet deceived him; injured in his most dear affections, but only attaching himself with a closer love and more reposing confidence to those that remained;—and,

when fortune and fame, and friendship and love, had left him, still wringing tears from the spectators, by the charm of his unmerited affliction—by the mild accents of his religious resignation, by the expressions of sincere forgiveness to the foes that had wronged and the friends that had deserted him, and with the native spirit of his soul enduring to the last, sinking into the arms of death, amid the beatific visions of religious hope. We are aware that such a drama would afford no opportunity for the starts and rants and melo-dramatic extravagancies of Messrs Kean and Macready; but it might make the subject of such a play as *The Woman killed with Kindness*—a play that was sufficiently effective to move the stoutest hearts of our ancestors, in those good old times when the theatres were small enough for the business of the scene to be heard and understood. It is said that comedies cannot be written on *Hatred* and *Revenge*—Nonsense! The bad and violent passions are only grand as long as they are terrific.—They are mean the moment their effects cease to be fearful, and when baffled; they evince their real littleness, and become ridiculous, the moment they fail of being sublime.

The end which Joanna Baillie proposed to herself in undertaking this laborious work, was to warn the mind against the access of passion—to disclose to our observation the progress of the enemy, and to point out those stages in his approach, where he might most successfully be combated, and where the suffering him to pass may be considered as occasioning all the misery that ensues.—This is an object worthy of the exalted talents which were dedicated to its accomplishment, and, if the moral influence attributed to theatrical representations be as powerful as has been ascribed to them by every individual who has treated of the subject from the days of Aristotle to our own, the object was rationally pursued. But, though it had always been conceived that the very object of the drama was to inform the public mind, by addressing its affections—though the instructions communicated from the stage have been always considered as so effective, that

* Edinburgh Review of Joanna Baillie's Third Volume.

every country has found it necessary to establish a controlling superintendence to regulate the exhibitions of the theatre, lest by their means the multitude should be imbued with injurious sentiments, or violently excited to sudden tumults and insurrections—yet, that a female's genius might be impugned, or an attractive article produced, or a paradox ingeniously defended, the authority of all preceding times, and the experience of all the nations of Europe, have been encountered by the bold assertion, that *plays have no moral effect at all*.* “They are seen and read,” says the reviewer of the *Plays on the Passions*, “for amusement or curiosity only; and the study of them forms so small a part of the occupation of any individual, that it is altogether fantastical to ascribe to them any sensible effect in the formation of character.” If this be true, under how strange a delusion has the world been labouring! The observation, of course, equally extends to all works of fiction that are designed to instruct the understanding, and to refine the heart, by the force of imaginary examples:—It extends, perhaps, even to history itself, which, according to Bolingbroke, is but *philosophy teaching by examples*.† But we cannot consent, on the mere unsupported assertion of any individual, to suppose that all former poets, and philosophers, and legislators, have been deceived—that so many highly gifted intellects have dissipated their faculties on superfluous efforts; and that there is no other result to be expected from witnessing *Macbeth*, or *Othello*, than the reproach of having misemployed the hours which were occupied by the performance.

Such plays as these address to the reflecting mind a grand and important moral. They appeal to us in the form by which mankind are most willingly instructed—*Pauci prudentia, honesta ab deterioribus, utilia ab noxiis, discernunt; plures aliorum eventus docentur*: Such was the opinion of Tacitus; and whether the example is contemplated in the events of real life, or the representations of the stage—in the page of biography, or of the moral tale, as far as our own observation and ex-

perience can be trusted on such a subject, we should say that it made very little difference in the strength or the permanency of the impression produced. All men willingly coincide in opinion with respect to the evil effected by the immoralities of the stage; because they come in a shape that cannot be contradicted. We acknowledge the force of its agency, when we hear of troops of young men forming themselves into bands of freebooters, seduced by the malignant influence of Schiller's *Robbers*—or of the night offences in our own streets being more than doubled during the representation of a late popular burletta at a minor theatre. These consequences are admitted, because they cannot be denied; and the conviction to be derived from them is this:—that the theatre is indeed a very powerful instrument both of evil and of good—of evil, when the exhibitions are of an immoral—of good, when the exhibitions are of a moral tendency; and from the evil which is seen, we may fairly presume the existence of that good, which, from the very circumstances of the case, must necessarily be concealed among the secrets of a man's own mind, and impervious to another's observation. We read the confessions of the man who is converted from honesty to vice by the gay profligacy of Macheath; but we never can be informed of the secret reformatations, and of the many families who have been saved from ruin by the timely admonition of the fate of Beverley. To say that “plays have no sensible effect, because they are only seen and read for amusement or curiosity”‡—is as perfect a *non sequitur* as ever disgraced the pages of criticism. It has always been considered as their highest recommendation, that they instruct by pleasing. The mind is, as it were, self-taught by the reflections awakened as the scene proceeds, without being wearied by the dry discussion of abstract questions of ethics; and the affections, deeply touched, retain an apprehension of the horrors and consequences of guilt, which could never have been inspired by the cold and systematic precepts of the moral philosopher.

The reflections into which we have

* Edinburgh Review, vol. II. p. 275.

† Letters on History.

‡ Edinburgh Review, vol. II. p. 275.

been led are absolutely due, as an act of justice, to the literary reputation of the distinguished writer, of whose works we shall now proceed to give some account, and lay some specimens before our readers.

The first of Joanna Baillie's productions was the tragedy of Basil. A young and victorious General, hastening to unite his forces to those of Francis the First, previous to the battle of Pavia, is detained by the artifices of the Duke of Mantua and his minister, who successfully work upon his passion for the Princess Victoria. While he is hesitating between his love and his duty, the news of the defeat of Francis arrives; and, overwhelmed by the sense of the calamity which the arrival of his reinforcements might have prevented, and by the recollection of the ignominious motives to which his absence might be attributed, he seeks from his own hand the conclusion of his life, his love, and his disgrace. The characters of this play are most skilfully delineated. The generous, the noble, and love-betrayed Basil;—the honest and good-natured Rosenberg;—the envious Frederic;—the mean spirit of the Machiavellian policy, exposed to deserved contempt, in the persons of the narrow-minded Duke of Mantua and his more crafty minister;—the high-principled Albini;—the petted cunning of the child Mirando; and above all, Victoria—the beautiful, vain, playful Princess Victoria, form altogether a group so forcibly depicted, and so skilfully assorted and diversified, that it is only in the volumes of Shakespeare that we could have any chance of discovering its equal. The charm of language which enriches this tragedy, may be estimated by the following sweetly modulated lines, which will remind the reader, who is familiar with our elder dramatists, of many passages of theirs, with which it may boldly challenge a comparison.

Victoria. Nay, speak not thus, Albini,
speak not thus

Of little, blue-eyed, sweet, fair-hair'd Mirando:—

He is the orphan of a hapless pair,
A loving, beautiful, but hapless pair,
Whose story is so pleasing and so sad,
The swains have turn'd it to a plaintive lay,

And sing it as they tend their mountain sheep.

Besides, I am the guardian of his choice;

When first I saw him in the public garden,
Perch'd in his nurse's arms, a roughsome
quean,

Ill suited to the lovely charge she bore,
All steadfastly he fix'd his looks upon
me,—

His dark eyes shining through forgotten
tears,—

Then stretch'd his little arms, and call'd me
mother!

What could I do? I took the bantling
home—

I could not tell the imp he had no mother.

We would observe, that the works of Joanna Baillie are full of such lines as the following.—

Time.

Time never bears such moments on his
wing,

As when he flies too swiftly to be marked.

A Summer Cloud.

As though an angel in his upward flight,
Had left his mantle floating in mid air.

Such are the inferior gems which are cast off involuntarily from her pen, and give a life and brightness to the progress of her story.

As it is our intention to give a series of scenes from *Ethwald*, which shall, at the same time, afford a just specimen of the talents of the author, and contain the interest of a dramatic story, we shall not be able to afford any room for extracts. But we would particularly direct the attention of the reader to the scene of the meeting, and to the scene between Basil and Victoria in the grove, in the fourth act. It has always astonished us, that Basil should never have been produced upon the stage. It is as striking in situation and character as any tragedy can possibly be, without forfeiting all pretensions to an imitation of nature, and degenerating into melo-drame. And if the authoress had anticipated that perfection in his art which has been achieved by the study and the talents of Charles Kemble, she could not have devised a part better calculated for the display of that manly tenderness and generous intrepidity which he so admirably personifies. By the by, the Edinburgh Reviewer has said, that there was nothing culpable in Basil's passion for the Princess Victoria. Surely this is bad morality. To a certain degree, vice and folly are commensurate, and he who surrenders up his heart to an attachment, which, from the very circumstances of his situation, must be hopeless, consents to all the evil to himself and others, which so unblest

an affection* calculated to produce, and is as guilty as imprudence and selfishness can render him.

Of De Montfort we shall not speak. It is too well known to require our recommendation. It has been twice produced upon the stage. It was, at its first representation, worthily supported by the finest performance that can be conceived, on the parts of Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble. It was subsequently caricatured at Drury Lane. In the course of a debate, originated by a petition for a new theatre, when the misapplication of the two great patent theatres to shows and pantomimes, was alleged as another motive for allowing such an infringement of their licensed monopoly—it was argued by the late Mr. Sheridan, that all sentiment for legitimate drama had perished in this country—that the proprietors had been unwillingly urged to this miserable degradation of the stage by the unanimous call of the public; and that the failure of De Montfort was a sufficient evidence of the corruption of the public taste.*

The two parts of Ethwald, are Tragedies on Ambition;—they form the history of an imaginary Sovereign, whose existence this great dramatist has feigned during the half-civilized, half-barbarous times of the Heptarchy, with such a persuasive truth of sentiment, of manners, and of character, as almost to induce the reader to seek in the pages of authentic history for the records of her hero's actions. From this play we shall make our extracts, and lay before our readers a selection of scenes from the first part of Ethwald, containing the fate of the gentle and guileless Bertha, the object of that love which Ethwald sacrificed to ambition.

Ethwald, a stripling, the younger son of an inferior Thane, is discovered leaning against a pillar, in a small apartment of his father's castle. After a pause, he comes forward.

Is it delusion this?

Or wears the mind of man within itself
A conscious feeling of its destination?
What say these suddenly imposed thoughts,
Which mark such deepen'd traces on the
brain,

Of vivid real persuasion, as do make
My nerved foot tread firmer on the earth,

And my dilating form tower on its way?
That I am born within these narrow walls,
The younger brother of a petty chief,
To live my term in dark obscurity,
Until some foul disease or bloody gash,
In low marauding strife, shall lay me low?
My spirit sickens at the hateful thought!
It hangs upon it with such thick oppres-
sion,

As doth the heavy, dense, sulphureous air
Upon the breath it stifles.

*(Pulling up the sleeve of his garment,
and baring his right arm from the
shoulder.)*

A firmer strung, a stronger arm than this,
Own'd ever valiant chief of ancient story?
And lacks my soul within, what should
impel it?

Ah! but occasion, like th' unveiling moon,
Which calls the advent'rer forth, did shine
on them!

I sit i' the shade! no star-beam falls on
me!

*(Bursts into tears and throws himself
back against the pillar. A pause—
He then starts forward full of ani-
mation, and tosses his arms high as
he speaks.)*

No! storms are hush'd within their silent
cave,

And unlesh'd lions slumber in the den.

But there doth come a time!—

*(Enter Bertha, stealing softly upon
him before he is aware.)*

What, Bertha, is it thee who steal'st upon
me?

Ber. I heard thee loud:

Conversest thou with spirits in the air?

Eth. With those whose answering voice
thou canst not hear.

Ber. Thou hast of late the friend of such
become,

And only *they*. Thou art indeed so strange,
Thy very dogs have ceased to follow thee;
For thou no more their fawning court re-
ceiv'st,

Nor callest to them with a master's voice.

What art thou grown, since thou hast loved
to pore

Upon those magic books?

Eth. No matter what! A hermit an
thou wilt.

Ber. Nay, rather, by thy high-assumed
gait

And lofty mien, which I have mark'd of
late,

Oftimes thou art, within thy own mind's
world,

Some king or mighty chief;

If so it be, tell me thine honour's pitch,

And I will tuck my regal mantle on,

And mate thy dignity.

(Assuming much staid.)

Eth. Out on thy foolery!

* Mr. Kemble always attributed this failure to the bad acting of the performer who played Rezenvelt.

Ber. Dost thou remember
How, on our throne of turf, with birchen
crowns,
And willow branches waving in our hands,
We shook our careless feet and caroll'd
out,
And call'd ourselves the King and 'Queen
of Kent?

Eth. Yes, children ever in their mimic
play
Such fairy state assume.

Ber. And bearded men
Do sometimes gild the dull enchanting face
Of sombre stilly life, with like conceits.
Come, an you will, we'll go to play again.

(Tripping gayly round him.)

Eth. Who sent thee here to gamble
round me thus?

Ber. Nay, fie upon thee! for thou
know'st right well
It is an errand of my own good will.
Know'st thou not the wand'ring clown is
here,
Who doth the ozier wands and rushes weave
Into all shapes who chaunts gay stories
too;
And who was wont to tell thee, when a
boy,
Of all the bloody wars of furious Penda?
E'en now he is at work before the gate,
With heaps of pliant rushes round him
strew'd;
In which birds, dogs, and children roll and
nestle,
Whilst, crouching by his side, with watch-
ful eye
The playful kitten marks each trembling
rush
As he entwists his many circling bands.
Nay, men and matrons, too, around him
flock,
And Ethelbert, low seated on a stone,
With arms thus cross'd, o'erlooks his cu-
rious craft.
Wilt thou not come?

Eth. Away! I care not for it.
Ber. Nay, do not shake thy head, for
thou must come.

This magic girdle will compel thy steps.
*(Throws a girdle round him playfully,
and pulls it till it breaks.)*

Eth. *(Smiling coldly.)* Thou see'st it
cannot hold me.

*(Bertha's face changes immediately;
she bursts into tears, and turns
away to conceal it.)*

Eth. *(Soothing her.)* My gentle Bertha!
Little foolish maid!

Why fall those tears? Wilt thou not look
on me?

Dost thou not know I am a wayward man,
Sullen by fits, but meaning no unkindness?

Ber. O, thou wert wont to make the
hall rejoice,

And clear the gloomy face of dark Decem-
ber!

Eth. And will, perhaps, again. Cheer
up, my love!

(Assuming a cheerful voice.)

And plies the wand'ring clown his pleasing
craft,

Whilst dogs, and men, and children round
him flock?

Come, let us join them too.

*(Holding out his hand to her, whilst
she smiles through her tears.)*

How course those glancing drops adown
thy cheeks,

Like to a whimp'ring child!—Fie on thee,
Bertha!

*(Wipes off her tears, and leads her out
affectionately.)*

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In defiance of every precaution,
Ethwald leaves his father's home, on
hearing the rumours of impending
war; recalls the flying troops to their
duty, and is highly honoured by his
sovereign, for the aid which he had af-
forded him in so desperate a moment.
The news of his exploit have arrived
at his father's castle, and Ethwald is
momentarily expected. Sigurtha and
Bertha are together.

Ber. Nay, mother, say not so. Was he
not wont,
If but returning from the daily chase,
To send an upward glance unto that tower?
There well he knew, or late or cold the
hour,
His eye should find me.

Sig. My gentle Bertha, be not thus dis-
turb'd.

Such busy scenes, such new, unlook'd-for
things

Ruffle the flowing stream of habit; men
Will then forgetful seem, though not un-
kind.

Ber. Think'st thou?

(Shaking her head.)

I saw him by his sovereign stand,
And O, how graceful! every eye to him
Was turn'd, and ev'ry face smiled honours
on him;

Yet his proud station quickly did he leave,
To greet his humbler friends who stood
aloof.

The meanest follower of these walls, al-
ready

Some mark of kind acknowledgment hath
had—

He look'd not up—I am alone forgotten!

Sig. Be patient, child: he will not long
delay

To seek thee in thy modest privacy;
Approving more to see thee here retired,
Than, boldly to the army's eye exposed,
Greeting his first approach. I, the mean-
while,

Intusted am with orders from the Thane,
Which must not be neglected. *(Exit.)*

*(Bertha, after waiting up and down,
agitated, and frequently stopping to
listen.)*

Ah no ! deceived again ! I need not listen !
No bounding steps approach.

(She sits down despondingly. Enter Ethwald behind, and steals softly up to her.)

Eth. Bertha !

Ber. *(Starting up.)* My Ethwald !

(He holds out his arms to her joyfully, and she bursts into tears.)

Eth. Thou dost not grieve that I am safe return'd ?

Ber. O no ! I do not grieve, yet I must weep.

Hast thou, in truth, been kind ? I will not chide :

I cannot do it now.

Eth. O fie upon thee ! like a wayward child

To look upon me thus ! cheer up, my love.

(He smiles upon her joyfully, and her countenance brightens. She then puts her hand upon his arm, and stepping back a little space, surveys him with delight.)

Ber. Thou man of mighty deeds !

Thou, whom the brave shall love, and princes honour !

Dost thou, in truth, return to me again,

Mine own, my very Ethwald ?

Eth. No, that were paltry : I return to thee

A thousandfold the lover thou hast known me.

I have, of late, been careless of thee, Bertha.

The hopeless calm of dull obscurity,

Like the thick vapours of a stagnant pool,

Oppress'd my heart, and smother'd kind affections ;

But now the enliv'ning breeze of fortune wakes

My torpid soul—When did I ever fold thee

To such a warm and bounding heart as this ? *(Embraces her.)*

The king has given me Mairneth's earldom—

Nay, smile, my Bertha !

Ber. So I do, my Ethwald.

Eth. The noble Ethling greatly honours me

With precious tokens : nay, the very soldiers

Do cock their pointed weapons as I pass ;

As though it were to say, " There goes the man

That we would cheerly follow."

Unto what end these fair beginnings point

I know not—but of this I am assured,

There is a course of honour lies before me

Be it with dangers, toil, or pain beset,

Which I will boldly tread. Smiles not my love ?

Ber. I should, in truth : but how is this ? methinks

Thou ever look'st upon the things to come I on the past. A great and honour'd man I know thou'lt be : but O, betlink thee then !

How once thou wert, within these happy walls,

A little cheerful boy, with curly pate,
Who led the infant Bertha by the hand,
Storing her lap with every gaudy flower ;
With speckled eggs stol'n from the hedge-ling's nest,

And berries from the tree : ay, think on this,

And then I know thou'lt love me !

(Trumpet sounds—catching hold of him eagerly.)

Hear'st thou that sound ? the blessed saints preserve thee !

Must thou depart so soon ?

Eth. Yes, of necessity : reasons of weight
Constrain the king ; and I, new in his service,

Must seem to follow him with willing steps.

But go thou with me to the castle gate,

We will not part until the latest moment.

Ber. Yet stop, I pray, thou must receive my pledge—

See'st thou this woven band of many dyes,

Like to a mottled snake ? its shiny woof

Was whiten'd in the pearly dew of eve,

Beneath the silver moon ; its varied warp

Was dyed with potent herbs, at midnight cull'd.

It hath a wond'rous charm : the breast that wears it

No change of soft affection ever knows.

Eth. *(Receiving it with a smile.)* I'll wear it, Bertha. *(Trumpet sounds.)*

Hark ! it calls me hence.

Ber. O, go not yet ! here is another gift.

This ring, enrich'd with stone of basilisk,
Whenever press'd by the kind wearer's

hand,

Presents the giver's image to his mind.

Wilt thou not wear it ?

Eth. *(Receiving it.)* Yes, and press it too.

Ber. And in this purse—

(Taking out a purse.)

Eth. What ! still another charm ?

(Laughing.)

Thou simple maid !

Dost thou believe that witch'd gear like this

Hath power a lover faithful to retain,

More than thy gentle self !

Ber. Nay, laugh, but wear them.

Eth. I will, my love, since thou wilt have it so.

(Putting them in his breast.)

Here are they lodged, and cursed be the hand

That plucks them forth ! And now receive my pledge.

It is a jewel of no vulgar worth :

(Ties it on her arm.)

Wear it, and think of me. But yet, belike,

It must be steep'd into some wizard's pot,

Or have some mystic rhyming mutter'd

o'er it,

Ere it will serve the turn.

Ber. *(Pressing the jewel on her arm.)*

O no ! right well I feel there is no need.

Eth. Come, let us go : we do not part,
thou know'st,
But at the castle gate. Cheer up, my Bertha !
I'll soon return, and oft return again.

(*Exeunt.*)

Vol. II. page 143 to 148.

But he does not return. Fortune smiles on the schemes of his ambition. The aged monarch dies ; the young Edward, the lawful heir to the crown, is artfully dispossessed of his right : Ethwald, having usurped his power, is united to the daughter of the deceased king, the cold, the imperious, the cheerless Elburga ; and it is not till she and her ladies are awaiting the approach of Ethwald to join in the coronation procession, that the tender and forgotten Bertha is again introduced.

A song heard without.

Ah, maiden ! hear the biting smart,
Nor thus thy loss deplore ;
Thethane's daughter has his heart,—
He will return no more.

1st Lady. 'Tis strangely melancholy.

Dwina. 'Tis like the mournful sounds
which oftentimes
The midnight watcher, in his lonely tower,
Hears, with the wailing blast most sweetly
mingled.

Elb. (*To attendant.*) Go thou and lead
her hither.

Att. I will, great queen ;—but here she
comes unbidden.

(*Enter Bertha, with a wild unsettled
air, and her hair scattered upon her
shoulders. The ladies gather about
her with curiosity.*)

1st Lady. How fair she is !

2d Lady. Her eyes of lovely blue,
Gentle but restless. Dost thou see that
glance? (*To 1st Lady.*)

I fear to look upon her.

Dwina. Fie, fie upon it ! press not near
her thus ;

She seems offended : I will speak to her.
(*To Bertha.*) Sweet lady, art thou sad ?

(*Bertha looks steadfastly at her, then
drops her head upon her breast and
makes no answer.*)

We would be kind to thee.

(*Bertha then looks more gently on her,
but is still silent.*)

1st Lady. Dost thou not speak, thou
who canst sing so well ?

Dwina. Who taught thee those sweet
notes ?

Ber. The night was dark. I met spirits
on my way.

They sung me sweet songs, but they were
sorrowful.

Dwina. Ah, woe is me ! and dost thou
wander, then,

In the dark night alone, no one to tend thee ?

Ber. When the moon's dark, I follow
the night bird's cry,

And it doth guide my way.—But he'll
return,

So do they tell me, when sweet violets blow,
And summer comes again.

Dwina. And who is he ?

Ber. List, and the winds will tell thee
as they pass :

The stilly air will whisper it. But softly !
Tell it to none again, they must not know
How stern he is, for he was gentle once.

Dwina. A cruel heart had he who could
forsake thee !

Ber. (*Putting her hand eagerly on Dwina's
mouth.*) Hush, hush ! we'll not offend
him. He is great,

And must not be offended.

Elb. (*Coming near her.*) What ! say'st
thou he is great ?

Rent are thy weeds, and thin thy ruffled
robe:—

Why didst thou leave thy home thus un-
protected ?

Ber. (*Turning hastily upon her.*) I saw
his banner streaming in the air,

And I did follow it.

Elb. His banner in the air !—What is
thy love ?

Ber. (*Looking fiercely at her.*) They say
he is a king.

Elb. (*Smiling.*) Poor maid !—'Tis ever
thus with such as she ;

They still believe themselves of some high
state,

And mimic greatness.

Ber. Thou art a fair dame and a gay—
but go ;

Take off thine eyes from me, I love thee
not.

(*Shrinks from Elburga, walking back-
wards and looking frowningly at her ;
then beckoning to Dwina, she speaks
in her ear.*)

They say a royal dame has won his faith,
Stately and proud. But in a gloomy dream
I heard it first, confuses and terrible ;
And oftentimes since the fiend of night re-
peats it,

As on my pressed breast he sits and groans.
I'll not believe it

Dwina. What is thy name, sweet lady ?

Ber. (*Rubbing her hand across her fore-
head as if trying to recollect.*)

I had a name that kind friends called me
by ;

And with a blessing did the holy man
Bestow it on me. But I've wander'd far
Through woods and wilds, and strangely
on my head

The numbing winds have beat, and I have
lost it.—

Be not offended with me ;

For, lady, thou art gentle, and I fear thee.
(*Bowing submissively to Dwina.*)

Enter ETHELBERT.

Eth. (*To Dwina, after looking at Ber-
tha.*)

What maid is that so haggard and so wild ?

Dwina. A wand'ring maniac, but so fair and gentle,
Thou needs must speak to her.

Eth. (*Going up to Bertha*) Fair lady,
wilt thou suffer—Gracious Heaven!
What see I here! the sweet and gentle
Bertha!

Ah, has it come to this? Alas, alas!—
Sweet maiden, dost thou know me?

Ber. (*After looking earnestly at him.*)
I know thee well enough. They call thee
mad;

Thy wild and raving words oft made the
ears

Of holy men to tingle.

Eth. She somewhat glances at the truth.
Alas!

I've seen her gay and blooming as the rose,
And cheerful, too, as song of early lark.
I've seen her prattle on her nurse's lap,
Innocent bud! and now I see her thus!

(*Weeps.*)

Ber. Ah! dost thou weep? are they un-
kind to thee? (*Shaking her head.*)
Yes, yes! from out the herd, like a mark'd
deer.

They drive the poor distraught. The storms
of heaven

Beat on him: gaping hinds stare at his
woe;

And no one stops to bid heav'n speed his
way.

Eth. (*Flourish of trumpets.*) Sweet
maid, retire.

Ber. Nay, nay! I will not go; there be
without

Those who will frown upon me.

Eth. (*Endeavouring to lead her off.*)
I pray thee be entreated!

(*Dwina takes hold of her also to lead
her off, but she breaks from them
furiously.*)

Ber. Ye shall not force me! Wist ye
who I am?

The whirlwind in its strength contends
with me,

And I o'ermaster it.

Eth. Stand round her then, I pray you,
gentle ladies!

The king must not behold her.

(*The ladies gather round Bertha and
conceal her.*)

*Enter ETHWALD, followed by Thanes and
Attendants.*

Ethw. (*After returning the obeisance of
the assembly.*)

This gay and fair attendance on our per-
son,

And on our queen, most honoured lords
and dames,

We much regard; and could my heart ex-
press—

(*Bertha hearing his voice, shrieks
out.*)

What cry is that?

Dwina. Regard it not; it is a wand'ring
maid,

Distracted in her mind, who is in search,
As she conceits it, of some faithless lover.
She sings sweet songs of wildest harmony,
And at the queen's command we led her in.

Ethw. Seeking her love! distracted in her
mind!

Have any of my followers wrong'd her?
Speak!

If it be so, by righteous heaven, I swear!
The man, whoe'er he be, shall dearly rue it.

(*Bertha shrieks again, and breaking
through the crowd, runs up to Eth-
wald. He starts back, and covers
his eyes with one hand, whilst she,
catching hold of the other, presses
it to her breast.*)

Ber. I've found thee now, and let the
black fiend growl,

I will not part with thee. I've follow'd thee
Through crag and moor and wild. I've
heard thy voice

Sound from the dark hill's side, and fol-
low'd thee.

I've seen thee on the gath'ring twilight
clouds,

Ride with the stately spirits of the storm.
But thou look'st sternly on me.

O be not angry! I will kneel to thee;
For thou art glorious now, as I am told,
And must have worship.

(*Kneeling and bowing her head meek-
ly to the ground.*)

Eth. (*Turning away.*) O God! O God!
where art thou, Ethelbert?

Thou might'st have saved me this.

(*Looking round and seeing that Eth-
elbert weeps, he also becomes soften-
ed, and turns to Bertha with great
emotion.*)

Ber. They say she's fair and glorious;
woe is me!

I am but form'd as simple maidens are,
But scorn me not: I have a powerful spell,
A Druid gave it me, which on mine arm
When once enclasp'd, will make me fair
as she;

So thou wilt turn to me.

Eth. O Ethelbert! I pray thee pity me!
This sight doth move me, e'en to agony.

Remove her hence; but O deal gently
with her!

(*Ethelbert endeavours again to lead
her off, and the ladies crowd about
her. She is then carried out, and is
heard to scream as they are carry-
ing her.*)

Vol. II. pp. 221-227.

We omit the splendid conclusion of
the first part of Ethwald, and many
passages of extraordinary beauty, to
present to our readers a short extract
from the concluding scene of the ty-
rant's life, descriptive of the jealous
apprehensions of his wakeful night.
It possesses an earnestness and a reali-
ty that we never remember to have
seen surpassed. The Queen is watch-

ing in the sick-chamber of Ethwald.
It is midnight.

Eth. Hark! some one comes.

(Listening with alarm.)

Queen. Be not disturb'd, it is your faithful groom

Who brings the watch-dog; all things are secure.

Eth. Nay, but I heard the sound of other feet.

(Running to the door, and pushing in a great bar.)

Say, who art thou without?

Voice without. Your groom, my lord, who brings your faithful dog.

Eth. *(To the Queen.)* Did'st thou not hear the sound of other feet?

Queen. No; only his. Your mind is too suspicious.

Eth. I, in his countenance, have mark'd of late

That which I like not: were this dreary night

But once o'er-master'd, he shall watch no more.

(Opens the door suspiciously, and enters an armed man leading in a great watch dog: the door is shut again hastily, and the bar replaced.)

(To the dog.) Come, rough and surly friend! Thou only dost remain on whom my mind Can surely trust. I'll have more dogs so train'd.

(Looking steadfastly at the groom.)

Thy face is pale; thou hast a haggard look; Where hast thou been?

(Seizing him by the neck.)

Answer me quickly! Say, where hast thou been?

Groom. Looking upon the broad and fearful sky.

Queen. What say'st thou?

Groom. The heavens are all a flaming o'er our heads,

And fiery spears are shiv'ring through the air.

Eth. Hast thou seen this?

Groom. Ay, by our holy saint!

Queen. It is some prodigy, dark and portentous.

Groom. A red and bloody mantle seems outstretch'd o'er the wide welkin, and——

Eth. Peace, damn'd fool!

Tell me no more: be to thy post withdrawn.

(Exit groom by a small side-door, leading the dog with him.)

Eth. *(To himself, after musing for some time.)*

Heaven warring o'er my head! there is in this

Some fearful thing betoken'd.

If that, in truth, the awful term is come;
The fearful bound'ry of my mortal reach;
O'er which I must into those regions pass
Of horror and despair, to take my place

With those, who do their blood-earn'd crowns exchange

For ruddy circles of devouring fire;

Where hopeless woe, and gnashing agony,
Writhe in the dens of torment; where things be,

Yet never imaged in the thoughts of man,
Dark, horrible, unknown——

I'll mantle o'er my head, and think no more.

(Covers his head with his cloak, and sinks down upon the couch.)

Queen. Nay, rather stretch you on this fleecy bed.

Eth. Rest if thou canst, I do not hinder thee.

Queen. Then, truly, I will lean my head a while;

I am o'erspent and weary.

(Leans on the couch.)

Eth. *(Hastily uncovering his face.)*

Thou must not sleep. Watch with me, and be silent;

It is an awful hour!

(A long pause; then Ethwald starting up from the couch with alarm.)

I hear strange sounds ascend the winding-stairs.

Queen. I hear them too.

Eth. Ha! dost thou also hear it?

Then it is real. *(Listening.)* I hear the clash of arms.

Ho, guard! come forth.

Re-enter GROOM.

Go rouse my faithful dog;

Dark treason is upon us.

Groom. *(Disappearing, and then re-entering.)*

He sleeps so sound, my lord, I cannot rouse him.

Eth. Then, villain, I'm betray'd! Thou hast betray'd me!

But set thy brawny strength against that door,

And bar them out. If thou but seem'st to flinch,

This sword is in thy heart.

Vol. II. page 354-356.

*Ha! dost thou also hear it?—Then it is real!—*What a distinct conception do these few words inspire of the constant agitation and feverish suspicion of the usurper's mind!

We have not left ourselves space to speak at length of the remaining plays.

The tragedy of Rayner is, though containing many beautiful passages, almost a failure. It was an early effort. The plot—to use a word of Garrick's—is ill concocted; the subject is unpleasing; and it is altogether a scrambling and uninteresting play.

Constantine Paleologus is perhaps

the very finest of our author's works. The taste which has given up the stage in our great national dramatic establishments, to the empty absurdities of French melo-dramas and equestrian spectacles, seems to have taken refuge in the minor theatres. Constantine, neglected by both Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden, was acted with the greatest applause for upwards of fifty nights in succession at the Circus.* The last scene of this play is peculiarly beautiful. "It has," says the Edinburgh Review, "all the truth and simplicity of nature, but no effect." If events so interesting and important as those occupying the concluding scene of Constantine, be indeed portrayed with "the truth and simplicity of nature," the want of effect cannot be ascribed to the imperfections of the author, but to the defective sensibilities of the critic.

Orra, notwithstanding the unpleasant vulgarity of one of the inferior characters, is a most exquisite and touching performance. It has been said, that the subject of this play is "A Young Lady who is afraid of Ghosts."† And, in the same manner, the subject of Othello is a black gentleman, whose wife had lost her pocket-handkerchief; but the shallow disseminators of such trumpery observations are beneath our contempt; they are not directed by a spirit of criticism, but of calumny; they sacrifice the just claims of talent, to the paltry vanity of uttering a smart and pert expression; and they can propose to themselves no imaginable result from their facetiousness, beyond that of arming the uninventive spleen of mediocrity, with a collection of ready-made insinuations against the exertions of superior genius.

The *Dream*, a prose tragedy, in three acts, we should class, with Rayner, in the inferior class of Joanna Baillie's writings; except that the opening and the concluding scenes are very far superior to anything contained in the earlier published play.

The beautiful little sketch, the *Beacon*, concludes her volumes:—and it is with difficulty that we refrain from offering another extract. The third scene of the second act is faultless. It

is the perfection of natural tenderness, of delicacy of thought and feeling, and of grace of expression. But we may quote no more from the dramatic works, or there would be no space allowed us, to afford a specimen of the lyric compositions of this various and delightful writer.

SONG FROM THE BEACON.

1.

Wish'd-for gales the light vane veering,
Better dreams the dull night cheering;
Lighter heart the morning greeting,
Things of better omen meeting;
Eyes each passing stranger watching,
Ears each feeble rumour catching,
Say he existeth still on earthly ground,
The absent will return, the long, long lost
be found.

2.

In the tower the ward-bell ringing,
In the court the carols singing;
Busy hands the gay board dressing,
Eager steps the threshold pressing;
Open'd arms in haste advancing,
Joyful looks through blind tears glancing;
The gladsome bounding of his aged hound,
Say he in truth is here, our long, long lost
is found.

Hymned thanks and bedesmen praying,
With sheathed sword the urchin playing;
Blazon'd hall with torches burning,
Gleeful morn in peace returning;
Converse sweet that strangely borrows
Present bliss from former sorrows—
O, who can tell each blessed sight and
sound,

That says, he with us bides, our long, long
lost is found!

SONG.

Oh, welcome, bat and owlet gray,
Thus winging low your airy way;
And welcome, moth and drowsy fly,
That to mine ear came humming by;
And welcome, shadows long and deep,
And stars that from the blue sky peep;
Oh, welcome all! to me ye say,
My woodland love is on her way.
Upon the soft wind floats her hair,
Her breath is in the dewy air,
Her steps are in the whisper'd sound
That steals along the stilly ground.
Oh, dawn of day, in rosy bower,
What art thou to this witching hour!
Oh, noon of day, in sunshine bright,
What art thou to this fall of night!

* The *Fazio* of Milman was also first played at this theatre.

† Edinburgh Review of Miss Baillie's Third Volume of *Plays on the Passions*.
Vol. XVI.

If the passages which we have here presented, do not fully justify the high admiration which we have expressed for the genius of the exalted woman whose works have formed the subject of the present observations ; we may have compromised our own reputation for discernment, but we have at least dealt fairly with our readers, and afforded them, by the copiousness of our extracts, the opportunity of judging and deciding for themselves.

We have not mentioned the Comedies of our authoress, because, though they are evidently the productions of a very clever woman, they are by no means entitled to the high distinction of being placed in contact with the more splendid efforts of Joanna Baillie's genius.—We wish they had not been published ; for, to have disappointed, in one branch of literature, the expectations which have been excited by an author's success in another, will always, to a certain degree, impair the lustre of any, even the brightest, reputation.

It is not given to the human foresight to divine which, among the many distinguished names of our cotemporaries, shall circulate in the conversations of posterity, and become illustrious among the generations that are yet unborn. Posthumous celebrity is not the certain recompense of superior genius. It is not pre-eminent abilities, and the worthy occupation of them alone, that are sufficient for the raising up a deathless name. Much of chance and accident is mingled in the preservation of the works, and in effecting the permanent renown of those who are emulous of literary distinction ; and in contemplating the labours of our living poets, no man can with any confidence decide which among them shall successfully float down upon the stream of time, or which shall be stranded by untoward circumstances on the banks and shoals of the current. But if the authoress of *Plays on the Passions* would consent to publish an edition of her collected works, omitting all the comedies and the few tragedies that are unworthy of her, and adding only such among her manuscripts as are equal to the best efforts of her pen—if she would alter such defective lines, as some judicious male friend would readily point out to her, which do not perhaps exceed a hundred in the whole aggregate of her works, and of

which some occur to impair the influence of her most exquisite passages—If she would thus remove the imperfections on the surface of her works, which, though they detract little from the admiration of the candid and the discerning, afford most admirable topics for the malignity of that multitude of readers, whose shallow talents are sufficient for the detection of a fault, but incapable of the apprehension of beauty, and who delight in discovering an opportunity of vindicating their intellectual inferiority by sarcasms on the exertions of the more endowed—if our authoress would consent to such a sacrifice, we should say that there were no productions of any living writer so certain of encountering few impediments to their progress, and securing the admiration of posterity, as those of Joanna Baillie. Her powers are not inferior to those of the most illustrious of her cotemporaries—to Southey—to Scott—or Byron. She is not a writer for any particular age or fashion, but trusts, like Shakspeare, for the success of her works to the general sympathies of our race, and appeals to those permanent affections which are common to us all. There is a peculiarity in her style and language, which casts over the moving picture of her scenes a sweet, autumnal hue, caught from the deep and mellow tints of our elder Dramatists ; but she is far superior to all that mannerism of thought and feeling which is engendered of narrow views of life, and of a poor and bounded imagination. We are aware that in entreating her to cast aside her comedies and a few other of her works, we call upon her to make an enormous sacrifice ; we feel it to be such ; we call on her to cast aside much that we should regret to lose, but this advice is given in a spirit of zealous admiration that cannot be distrusted. We wish her to cut away the weaker branches to secure the preservation of the thriving trunk ; the works already published cannot, perhaps, be totally recalled, but the world will think kinder of their errors when they are no longer sanctioned by the protection of so powerful a parent, and it must ever be remembered, that to have published less than our competitors, is one of the most certain means of outstripping them in the race of fame.

PROFLIGACY OF THE LONDON PERIODICAL PRESS.

IF there be one topic more than another on which we have especially enlightened the eyes of the public, it is the utter profligacy of the London periodical press. That there are many honourable and upright men connected with it, is, of course, quite true; but that the pervading spirit of those who are deep in its *arcana*, and occupied in directing its energies, is base and villainous, we are as clearly persuaded, as that there are stars in the sky.

The answer to us is, of course, easy and obvious. "Who expects that it should be otherwise—and again, of what sort of importance is it to anybody out of its immediate sphere, whether it is so or not? We read the *Times*, it will be said, without caring a farthing for the *canaille* engaged in conducting and writing for it.—We pore listlessly, in the beginning of a month, over the Magazines, &c. when they happen to lie on the table of our clubs or libraries without troubling our heads to inquire to whom it is that we are indebted for the volume of filth, stupidity, or ignorance, which they have catered for us." We admit the truth of this reply—but beg leave to rejoin, that there are classes of society, which do not look on the things in this light—which take their tone from these publications—which retail their opinions at second-hand—and are inclined to offer a tribute of respect to their conductors or contributors. It is to them that we mean to speak—not to those whose rank or education puts them entirely above the sphere of being in any way influenced by the pollution of those, whom one of the most pestilent of the crew has called by the happy and appropriate name of VERMIN.

Of late years, since the angry heats of politics have considerably cooled, and those wretches are not able to earn their unhappy bread by brawling against their country, they have taken a new direction, and intromitted with literature. Into this they have carried all the natural filthiness of their Whig spirit—(everything mean or degraded has a tendency to Whiggery, and may be safely classed under that great generic term for everything filthy) to which they have added the spiteful

feelings of personal envy. In politics, though they failed at the great and worthy, it was without this additional taint. They had curses on their lips, and venom in their hearts, against the Duke of Wellington, for having prostrated the implacable foe of England, but none of them was so Bedlamitish, as to fancy that he himself was *personally* aggrieved by the prominence of the Duke in military affairs. They uttered spiteful hissings at the Lord Chancellor, but except those whom that eminent and inflexible lawyer has most justly and firmly kept from undeserved honours in the profession which their participation in it tends to degrade, none of the scribblers looked with jealous leer malign on his occupancy of the Woolsack, as depressing them in the prosecution of their laudable callings. They hated them, and other such men, because they were great, and friends to the interests of England; but there did their hatred cease. When they turned from literature to politics, this new incentive to spite made its appearance. The great writers of the Tory party they hated for the same reason as they hated the great chiefs of the Tory party; but, moreover, every poor pen-dribbler of the set thought that their supremacy in literature cast a shadow over himself. A creature who was employed at a penny a-line to write a tale for an "Entertaining and Instructive Miscellany," felt sore at the talent of the author of *Waverley*. A three-penny critic foamed at the mouth, because his lucubrations remained unread by those who chuckled over the articles of John Wilson Croker. All the eminent gentlemen who write for the Sunday papers bellowed against the wit and poignancy of John Bull; and, assuming for granted that Theodore Hook was its writer, made him the butt for all the petty weapons of cowardly malignity. *We*, of course, in this order of affairs, came in for our share of the current abuse from the miserable things of other Magazines, and were rejoiced at the circumstance. We need hardly extend this catalogue any farther.

We said that *We* were rejoiced at being attacked by such people. We are so, because we can with truth sing

as Mars is made to do in Dibdin's dull burletta of Poor Vulcan :

—— You know *our* trade is WAR,
And what should we deny it for?—

and any hostilities against us have been in general provoked by our uncompromising tone, our open and never-ceasing display of contempt, and the fierce front that we have always shewn in defiance. *We*, therefore, complain not ; far from it indeed. We take admirable care that any antagonist deserving of our notice, shall rue the day that his evil fate led him to provoke an adversary, whose powers and inclination to smite the ungodly have never been denied or even doubted. For the same reason, we make no complaint over their attacks on John Bull. He destroyed those to whom he opposed himself, and is still in ever-restless activity in the same pursuit. That the Whigs in their desperation should have resorted to the till then unheard-of method of calumniating the supposed editor by name, is only in accordance with the usual shabbiness of their conduct. We should be ashamed, indeed, that any of our writers, turning away from the consideration of the *principles*, should abuse the *editors* of the Morning Chronicle and Times—Mr ——, or Mr ——, by allusion to their personal history, even if their lubrications happened by any rare chance to possess sufficient talent to call forth our anger.

But admitting, as we freely do, the propriety of attacking us, and others like us; we must add, that the literary scavengers who took up the trade of assassin, displayed a feeling of filthy malignity in their impotent attacks on the great writers of the party, which is laughable from its feebleness, while it disgusts by its baseness. Wordsworth is taunted in the Edinburgh Review, and a thousand minor puddles, with being a stamp-master, as if that had anything to do with the Excursion. Southey is abused for being Laureate, and his boyish extravagancies flung in his face—how Coleridge has been insulted, it is needless to recapitulate—and the amiable life, and undeviating kindness of Sir Walter Scott, cannot save him from venomous nibblings from people, whose exertions in this sort remind us of the achievements of the mouse in the *Batrachomyomachia*.

—— ἐπὶ λήκτρην ἰδὼν, ἄκρην δάκτυλον κατὰ δάκτυλον
καὶ σπέρτης λαβόμενον, καὶ οὐ πόνος ἔκρινεν

As they cannot understand what we have quoted, we may as well inform them, that in their attacks on the most eminent literary character of the country, in cowardice of manner, in skulkingness of operation, in imbecility of effect, and total want of impression on the object assailed, they may find their prototype in their brother VERMIN.

We shall give our readers one specimen of their attacks. In the London Magazine for February, 1823, it may perhaps be remembered by some few people, there was a review of Peveril of the Peak, marked by an insulting spirit. The Author of Waverley was compared to Cobbett, &c. All this is perhaps fair enough, and not more absurd than what is given us by the idiots of the New Monthly, who find evidences of a conspiracy against the liberties of the country in the Scotch Novels; but we distinctly recollect feeling a slight sensation of disgust on reading it. We did not at the time know, what has since come to our knowledge, that it had contained a passage of consummate blackguardism. Between the first and second paragraphs as they now stand, another was originally printed, and, good reader, here it is.—[Observe that the Vermin had attributed the Scotch Novels already by name to Sir Walter Scott—an assertion which he repeats immediately after.]

“There were two things that we used to admire of old in this author, and that we have had occasion to admire anew in the present instance,—the extreme life of mind or naturalness displayed in the descriptions, and the magnanimity and freedom from bigotry and prejudice shewn in the drawing of the characters. This last quality is the more remarkable, as the reputed author is accused of being a *thorough-paced partisan in his own person*,—*intolerant, MERCENARY, MEAN*; A PROFFERED TOAD-EATER, A STURDY HACK, A PITIFUL RETAILER OR SUBORNER OF INFAMOUS SLANDERS, A LITERARY JACK KETCH, *who would greedily sacrifice any one of another way of thinking as a victim to prejudice and power, and yet would do it by other hands, rather than appear in it himself.* Can this be all true of the Author of Waverley; and does he deal out such fine and heaped justice to all sects and parties in times past? Perhaps (if so) one of these extremes accounts for the other; and, as

‘he knows all qualities with a learned spirit,’ probably he may be aware of this practical defect in himself, and be determined to shew to posterity, that *when his own interest was not concerned, he was as free from that nauseous and pettifogging bigotry, as a mere matter of speculation, as any man could be.* As a novel-writer, he gives the devil his due, and he gives no more to a saint. He treats human nature scurvily; yet handsomely; that is, much as it deserves; and, if it is the same person who is the author of the Scotch Novels, and who has a secret moving hand in certain Scotch Newspapers and Magazines, we may fairly characterise him as

‘The wisest, meanest of mankind.’

“Among other characters in the work before us, is that of Ned Christian, A COLD-BLOODED HYPOCRITE, PANDER, AND INTRIGUER; yet a man of prodigious talent,—of great versatility,—of unalterable self-possession and good humour, and with a power to personate agreeably, and to the life, any character he pleased. Might not such a man have written the Scotch Novels?”

[*Sic in the first copies of the London Magazine for February 1823, p. 205-206. In the copies, as now published, it does not appear, and the space it occupied in the page is supplied by a piece of baluum, being an anecdote of Dr Franklin.*]

Well, reader, what do you think of that? Here is a wretch directly calling one of the greatest and best men of the country, a toad-eater, a hack, a suborner, a slanderer, a Jack Ketch,—a man intolerant, mercenary, and mean, and, by implication, a cold-blooded hypocrite, a pander, and an intriguer. Is it expected that we should say a word in answer? No, we leave you to decide on the construction of the head and heart of him who wrote it, without adding a word.

This man is, if we may trust the chatter of booksellers' shops, MR TAYLOR, senior partner of the house of Taylor and Hessey, 90, Fleet Street, and 13, Waterloo Place. We take a pleasure in hanging him upon a gibbet as a fit object for the slow-moving finger of scorn, with the appropriate label of, “This is Mr Taylor, who wrote the review of *Feveril* of the Peak for his Fleet Street Miscellany.” After it was printed, terror seized the cowardly spirit of the proprietor, and after having disposed of two or three hundred of them, they were called in with the most breathless rapidity.

Some, however, were out of their reach, and from one of them is printed the above. What a combination of filth there is in the whole transaction! The paltry motive, the direct falsehood, the low and ridiculous envy, the mean venom of the composition, well harmonize with the poor and snivelling poltroonery of its suppression. It says as plainly as a fact can speak, We would be assassins if we durst. Our cowardice, and not our will, prevents.

Enough of this. We have just one observation to make, and we conclude. The pretext alleged in the above extract for insulting Sir Walter Scott, is his connexion, his “secret moving hand in certain Scotch newspapers and magazines.” There is no need of blinking the question in mentioning his connexion with magazines. It is insinuated that Sir Walter writes for us; and that such a procedure, on his part, would be construed into a high crime by those whom we have demolished, is natural enough. They, however, who know Edinburgh society in almost any of its branches, know well, how little need we have of even his powerful assistance, and how completely free he has always stood from any connexion, real or suspected, with the various literary squabbles in which it has been our lot to have been implicated. The allusion to the newspaper is to the Beacon business, and there, too, it was evident as the sun at noon-day, that he had nothing whatever to do with that unfortunate paper. Chuckle-pated indeed must that critic be, who, after having perused a column of it, could have suspected such a man of dabbling in so feckless a concern.

This we know to be mere waste of words in Edinburgh, or for the decent circles of London. But let us for a moment conceive the possibility of Sir Walter Scott's having not merely a secret moving hand in certain obnoxious Scottish publications, but suppose him actually to have written the papers on the Cockney School of Poetry, the Letters on Professor Leslie's ignorance of Hebrew, the Pilgrimage to the Kirk of Shotts, the Sorrows of the Scot, the Chaldee MS., the Review of the Age of Bronze, the Hora Scandicæ,—in short, all the articles of this Magazine which crushed our enemies

to the earth; or to have been the author of the exposure of Lord Archibald Hamilton, which cost the proprietors of the *Beacon* the sum of twelve pence; or all and sundry, the pungent, or would-be-pungent articles in the *Beacon* and *Sentinel*, and any other newspaper which has given offence to those eminent friends of the liberty of the press, the Whigs of Scotland. Suppose him the very concentrated and embodied essence of all this; and then let us look at the different conduct of Whig and Tory, under the same circumstances. Had he done this, and more than this, he never would have been in any proportion so unsparing and so unfeeling a libeller of the Whigs, as Lord Byron or Mr Thomas Moore have been of the Tories. We put it out of the question, that all our Tory attacks on the Whigs were *TRUE*, while all their Whig attacks upon us have been false, wishing merely to measure the compositions of both parties, as nothing but emanations of party hostility; and to deny that all the papers above enumerated, and as many more of the same nature as the most eager investigator of such a subject can hunt up, amount in violence to the avowed publications of Moore and Byron. Have we insulted female character and outraged female feeling, as the author of the infamous *Twopenny Post-Bag*? have we ransacked all the rancorous records of political hate, to scrape up the vile personal attacks upon private life, which form the attraction of the equally infamous *Fudge Family*? have we, like the author of these books, made women the constant and never-failing butt for scurrilous and unmanly wit, as he has done in his "friend Mr Perry's" paper? for all which things—even now when they are forgotten, and their piquancy lost by the utter disapproval of all their slanders and insinuations—are praised as most admirable effusions by the Westminster Reviewers. Has any Tory writer insulted the memory of a man who perished in one of the most awful visitations which can befall humanity, as Lord Byron has done to Lord Castlereagh?—a piece of heartless rascality, rendered more hideous by the studied and cold-blooded defence set up for it by the nauseating creatures of the Liberal. When has there flowed from our pens such sarcastic pro-

ings into the domestic circumstances of family as displayed in *Don Juan*, wherever its author had to speak of Dr Southey, or his friends? In a word, is there anything that has ever been said or feigned of the atrocity and recklessness of uncalled-for libel which cannot be matched from the writings of the two most eminent of the Whig poets? Nothing.

Now, here is the contrast of Whig and Tory complete. Because Sir Walter Scott is *supposed* to have "*had a hand*" in writing attacks on Whigs for Tory Magazines or Newspapers—truly or falsely supposed—it happens to be falsely, but that does not at all affect the question under consideration—he is to be laid open to the unsparing calumny of the Whig press—and even a work of imagination attributed to his pen, cannot be reviewed without spiteful insinuations. On the contrary, the only men whom the Whig party can at all be conceived to put forward as his equals in talent, are *avowedly* the authors of most insolent and false libels on the Tory party; and when did that circumstance ever influence any of our critiques? No—everywhere due credit is given to the talent displayed by their productions—they are never made at all the objects of personal hostility. So far from having the circumstances of their private life looked into, their very peccadilloes (we use a light word designedly) are concealed from inspection; and when one of them, Moore, falls into difficulty, that very government and its supporters, whom he has been so long and so actively calumniating, come forward to give him every helping hand in their power, while, at the same time, a gentleman under similar misfortune, (but produced by far less blameable and injurious circumstances,) Mr Hook, is persecuted with a rabidity of hatred unparalleled in the annals of political hostility.

We have said, perhaps, more than enough on this subject, but it is one which cannot be too often inculcated on the minds of the Tory party. They may depend upon it, that the Whigs, particularly the low writers of the faction, *hate* them, and that no weapon is too dirty or too deadly, which will not be used by the faction. We have, besides, an underplot of our own, which we shall explain in a line. Let

our readers go back and see what has been said of Sir Walter Scott by this Whig Magazine*—and then let them listen to the peddling and pitiful out-

cries against what *we* have said about the Cockney creatures, with what appetite they may.

* "It differs from that noble master-piece in this, that Sir Walter," p. 205.—And again, "Now, Sir Walter Scott only recalls to us what we already knew," p. 206.—London Magazine for February 1823.

In a stupid attempt at wit in the same number, a poor devil, who signs himself Edward Herbert, calls Sir Walter Scott "*alias* the GREAT UNKNOWN, *alias* BILL BEACON, *alias* CUNNING WALTER."—London Magazine for February 1823, p. 160. Poor Driveller!

MUSIC, ▲ SATIRE.†

WHENEVER the word Music is mentioned, there comes into our mind a story of an old friend of ours, from about the Passes—"Aberdeen awa," who had not a small smatch of the hot Highland blood about him. He was a great pibroch-player; and of course as testy and bigoted about his country tunes as a Cameronian, who has lived fifty-five years upon oatmeal, can be about his religion. He had gone to the South of England upon some business, and unfortunately got engaged one day at the house of a Dilletante of the first water, who, as the devil would have it, had an Amateur Concert for that very evening. The instruments assembled accordingly, and the usual routine of overtures, quintetts, and concertos, went on. Our friend waxed more and more uneasy; he fidgetted mightily on his chair; applied ever and anon to his "mull," and took glass after glass of what the sideboard afforded. He was no quieter. His nether man still swayed uneasily about, and his face grew redder and redder. His deafness to all queries, as to "how he was entertained," evidently increased upon him; and his gruff replications became more and more unintelligible. At last the host, after some elaborate overture, put the question direct,—“Had he ever heard such music before?”—“Na; God be thankit,” was the gruff response. “What? wasn’t he musical? didn’t he like it?”—“Like it!” quoth he, taking the last violent pinch of sneesh, “Troth, it may be guid mathematics, nae doot; but I’ll be d—d if it be music!”

In our youth, to our shame be it spoken, *we* were something of a fiddler. We left it off because we thought

it not very creditable. We did not choose to run the risk, like Doctor Middleton, of being called “fiddling Kit.” Nay, we believe that at one time we were even a pipe-player, though we have always thought it best to keep that a secret; and as our *forte*, to confess a truth, lay less in execution than in pathos, we always had a sort of grudge at those coxcombs who found a sort of harlequin-like fame upon making slight-of-hand shifts upon the violin, or tonguing turkey-cock arpeggios on the German flute, to the utter discomfiture of all melody. We own that we once aided and abetted in scattering some white hellebore amongst a party of glee-singers, who made a sudden finale in a sneezing trio, and at another time lent Odoherty a box of lip salve, which we happened to have in our waistcoat pocket, to grease the fiddlestick of a deaf amateur, who shall be nameless. How we enjoyed his airs and flourishes, and “damnable faces,” whilst he imagined he was *leading* a noisy concertante with a fiddle all the while as *dumb* as old Luckie Wanless the spae-wife!

There surely is (more is the pity) a pleasure in the “lex talionis.” In our younger days we remember being *cut*, as the present fashionable phrase goes, by a man with red hair, harsh voice, disagreeable manners, no brains, and spectacles, who for some inexplicable reason suspected himself of being a man of consequence. This, no doubt, mortified us excessively. But we were amply repaid by seeing the cutter cut, the week after, by an officer of a crack regiment of dragoons. We shall not easily forget the satisfactory sardonic smile which we felt unctuously playing over our counte-

† Music, a Satire, by Simson Sharp, Esq. 12mo. pp. 348. 4s. 6d. Longman, London.

nance at that lucky minute. We never pass that corner of Prince's Street, without a feeling of the gratified. It was, we confess, with something of this feeling, with a touch of mischievous satisfaction, that we took up this little Brochure. In fact, it came over

us like a deviled gizzard upon a retiring nausea. But the reader must judge for himself. We shall not waste time in dilating upon the plan of a satire, the subject of which the title sufficiently elucidates. The author after some preliminary invocations—

O ye, if any such are to be found,
Who, Harmonists, yet leave not sense for sound ;
O ye, if any such are to be had
Who, Melodists, are not yet crotchet-mad,
List to my strain, &c.

dashes into his subject, flashing right and left, something after the manner of the —but comparisons are odious. The sacrifice of meaning to execution, is one of the great objects of his indignation.

When Casuists of Demosthenes inquired
That gift, by orators the most desired,
'Tis said the sage, to their full satisfaction,
Spoke in brief thunders, " Action ; Action ; Action !"
Strange freak of fate—The great Athenians' saw,
Forgot in pulpits, gives a fiddler law,
Calls down coy Fame, and regulates the doom
Of him who would enchant a concert-room.
What is yon puff-inspired coxcomb's boast ?
Not that his air, but elbow *moves* the most.
Talk of the raptured Minstrel, who can bring
The soul of pathos from the trembling string,
Can voice the swell of Patriot daring, high,
Or breathe at will the Lover's softest sigh ;
Talk of such aims, such requisites as these ?
Preach to the whirlwinds, or beseech the seas ?
In vain, fond fool, thine eloquence thou wastest,
He wins who jerks his fiddlestick the fastest ;
Great and more great his glory eye shall grow
Who skips from A in alt to B below ;
And hark ! the Dilletantis' general roar—
He shakes—as shake was never shook before !
* * * * *

To Stringo's feats I have no sort of grudge—
Fiddlers have taught him, and let fiddlers judge ;
Do but observe him scampering up amain
The ladder of the notes, then down again ;
He to the topmost step with ease can climb,
And mark—how true his stamping foot beats time.
See him at concerts, perking in the middle
Of horn and hautboy, great drum and great fiddle—
Like " the just man," his tone of truth is found
Still undismay'd amid the crash of sound,
When worlds of meeting quirks the mind appal,
Like the last day (oh ! were it so) of all.
I bear no grudge—yet who will not turn sick,
When he calls *music* what is only trick ;
Trick—that may serve to kill an idle hour,
And teach the ear, though not the soul, its power ?
Trick—that might to expression lend a grace,
But when she's banish'd, ill supplies her place,
I bear no grudge—it is my simple wish,
That shall not pass for flesh, which is but fish ;
Let but, hung out, a gilded board appear
With " *Slight of hand in harmony done here,*"

So it shall pass beneath its proper name,
And we shall cease to hope and cease to blame.

In days when true ambition had control,
The ear was but the entrance to the soul,
The ivory gate through which the minstrel's strain
Might a fit passage to her state obtain,
Stirring with tender, gay, or warlike calls,
The secret chamber or the lofty halls;
Sport saw the chase; Desire his mistress charms;
Hope bent to hear, and Courage grasp'd his arms;
Peace softer smiled; Grief raised her languid head;
And Care, as Joy tripp'd lightly forward, fled—
But now, too oft the strain, like humble Hodge,
Stops short, and revels in the porter's lodge,
There plays quaint tricks, stirs up a vulgar rout,
And getting tiresome, is at last kick'd out.

The next passage we would seriously recommend to the attention of the Amateurs of the Society for "Ancient Music." When they have fairly got through the anthems, and motets and fugues of Doctor Bull or Dr Blow, why not go back again? 'twould be variety. The idea is certainly new. It would be as good as a *double* in hare-hunt, with all the beagles in full cry, precisely over the ground they had just run—

Why—if in quav'ry labyrinths ye delight,
"Runs up," so high they're almost out of sight,
"Chords" that would puzzle e'en Apollo's art,
And "crashes" that might give the devil a start,
Why, if in these the real secret lies,
Not copy him, of old, who gain'd the prize
By driving slyly in the self-same track
Where he had driven before, his chariot, back?
If 'tis a feat to thread that mazy strain,
It must be worse to thread it back again;
Start at the end; and read, however crabby,
As 'twere the Talmud—you a Hebrew Rabbi;
Play on; nor doubt applauses shall pursue:
It must be *fine*—both *difficult* and *new*;
Play on; nor dread lest amateurs miscall ye,
I warrant *they'll* take prelude for finale!

The following shrewd rule is addressed to those who would shine as concert performers. We quote it for the benefit of those whom it may concern.

A concert? If in concerts thou would'st shine,
Take, once for all, this simple rule of mine—
He farthest in an exhibition tells
Who makes his instrument a *something else*.
'Tis Dragonetti's very pink of grace
To run a jig upon the double bass;
Whilst, hark! Clement might and main lays on
To make his keys out-rumble a Trombon;
If Puzzi came, they might as well be mute,
Unless their horns became a German flute;
Lo! Nicholson. Would'st thou escape his scorn,
Then let thy German flute become a horn.
Ask ye how Treble half of London drew?
Why, he could make one whistle sound like two;
Unequal'd Fame! which nothing shall resist
Until a fiddle turns ventriloquist.

Rule the second for vocalists, is equally to the purpose. Certain tragic performers, too, might profit by it.

Sense, poetry, and feeling—what are they?
Your true musician's key-note is *display*.
Hear *Madame*, in the intervals of song,
Lug in cadenzas, twenty minutes long;
See *Signor*, gaping in an endless swell,
To shew us that his lungs are like a bell;
Copy them, Kean. It cannot be a sin
In Hamlet's pauses to play harlequin;
Or, if the gods above thy fencing clap,
Embrace th' occasion—*thou* art up to trap,
And when thy foil Læertes shall subdue,
Tip 'em some more on't—pink Horatio too.

Our author's indignation next turns upon the absurdity which, in truth, is glaring enough, of people becoming composers upon the strength of their being performers, as if a quick hand argued a nimble wit, or a strong finger a powerful imagination.

Now novelty is in such high demand,
That every tasteless dabbler tries his hand;
Each pence-paid scraper must the public dare;
Each opera-singer must contrive an air;
To few, or none, the favouring heavens have lent
Voice to perform and genius to invent;
Yet see—how one the gaping town invades
With pining "Ellens" and "Bewilder'd Maids,"
And many a maudlin mawkish strain, that we,
For lack of better, call a melody,
Just as the flow'et which at Christmas blows,
Scentless and poor of hue, is term'd a Rose.
—Oh! potent reasoners, never to be shaken,
Unmatch'd from Aristotle down to Bacon.
Yes; with the chaplet be their logic graced,
Who from a windpipe argue to a taste.
Let "Nelson," murder'd, in your gizzard stick,
Or the "Bewilder'd Maiden" make you sick.
This is the clencher of the world polite,
The Jew can sing, and *therefore* he can write.
Contented not with praises justly due
For warbling airs, unless he makes them too.
He, with a wisdom somewhat of the frail,
Seeks both "the cod's head and the salmon's tail."
Thus false ambition cheats each class; the man
Who executes the work must also plan.
Play'rs will write dramas; druggists fix the dose;
Masons be architects, and B—in compose.

The stupid indifference of composers to the quality of the words they set, has been often exposed. Singers are just as bad. Burns and Moore have each written words for the air of Robin Adair, yet mark the trash which you still hear appended to it in public. However, hear Simeon Sharp, Esq.

If mid some goldsmiths gewgaws you behold
A brooch or bracelet glittering o'er with gold,
Would ye not startle to find nothing in't,
But some vile shard or despicable flint?
Surely but two conclusions could remain—
'Tis tinsell'd copper, or the man's insane.

Give *Breve* a peg to hang his notes upon,
 And be it brick or ruby, 'tis all one;
 The muse of Shakespeare, or the Bellman's stuff;
 Give *Breve* but syllables, and that's enough—
 —Say, gentle reader, and oblige the muse,
 Which horn of the dilemma would you choose?

The good musician is lastly summed up, something after the spirit of the "True-born Englishman." It is rather too savage—absolutely shocking; and would, we think, startle Dr Johnson himself, even upon his own definition of "a good hater."

Of men, if there's one class above the rest
 That from mine inmost nature I detest;
 One fellow-trav'ler on this common road,
 Whose company I loathe, above a toad:
 If from the herd one coxcomb I must pick,
 At whom my gorge heaves and my soul grows sick;
 Were I compell'd to doom him to perdition,
 That one should surely be "a good musician."
 Without a fancy, where shall we appeal?
 Without an eye to note, a heart to feel;
 Without or soul or sense to understand,
 Without—with nothing but a nimble hand!
 Since him his stars have not a tailor made,
 The pickpocket's were sure a better trade
 Than thus, sans passion, feeling, mind, or heart,
 To murder nature and dishonour art.

Let us take breath!—"A little civet, good apothecary." Marry—

"—Here's a stay
 That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
 Out of his rags."

Thank Heaven! the next page is of a milder character, and we hasten to quote it. To those who have ever had their hearts warmed, or the tears brought into their eyes, by the stirring and pathetic old melodies of Scotland or Ireland, we think it will give pleasure. We confess we ourselves like it well enough to wish there were more such in the book.

O! I have lived in many a snatch of song,
 Old as the mountains, as their breezes strong;
 In many a stirring, many a mournful lay,
 Of times gone by, preserved through many a day,
 Which, heard but once, the heart will ever keep,
 O'er which our grandsires wept—our sons shall weep,
 And felt them fall and soothe, when ill at ease,
 Like scatter'd oil upon the ruffled seas,
 Till all my nature bow'd to their control,
 And the sweet sounds dissolved my very soul.
 Who were the minstrels? How perverse their lot,
 Their lays surviving, and their names forgot;
 Unlike the eires of many a ponderous strain,
 Whose scores have moulder'd, but whose names remain.
 Where are the tomes of many to be found
 Who heretofore have fill'd the world with sound?
 Destroy'd, forgotten, heeded not—Oh, shame!
 Hath noisy counterpoint but deafen'd fame?
 Methinks I see th' indignant shade of Gluck,
 Piccini, still inclined to win a muck;
 And Frenchman Lulli, with his arms a-kimbo;
 Where are they now?—Forgotten—gone—in limbo;

Each in his day a star that never sets ;
Where are their works ?—" *With all the Capulets.*

Our author can be in a good humour when he pleases.

" Stephens, no doubt, is sweet, but you may hear
In many a theatre a voice as clear ;
And for her science, why, sir, I will stake
A sovereign, Hallande makes a better shake."—
" A sovereign ! nay, bet *something*."—" Sir, content ye,
If you think one too little, make 'em twenty.
And then, for flexibility of throats,
Let Stephens run the scale in quarter-notes !
No ; Catalani's is the pipe for *power*,
I do believe she'd '*hold*' a good half hour.
Ballads are Stephens' *forte* :—I can't endure a
Mere ballad-singer straining at bravura."—
" Sir, very probably ; and, with submission,
I'll take the *converse* of your proposition.
Still there's one gift, one charm, beyond all these"—
" A charm indeed, pray, name it, if you please."—
" Ay, sir, one grace beyond the reach of art."—
" And what is that, in God's name ?"

" Sir, a *heart* ;

That spell, that periapt, that master-zest,
Which, like Aladdin's lamp, dims all the rest."

Again, take his sketch of a modern concert.

The flippant *leader* seats him in the middle ;
The tenor grave, and pompous the great fiddle ;
The hautboy at his solo squints with pride ;
The simpering flute sits with his head aside ;
They tune ; the books are oped ; the master's bow
Lets fall the well-known tap, and off they go !
— Think ye, yond fashionables shall endure
To sit mumchance through a whole overture ?
No ; chitchat to the Aria lends a grace,
And whisper'd scandals help the thorough bass,
Till suddenly, perhaps, they're ta'en aback,
Caught by some "*pause*" in the full tide of clack.
— Another *crash*—bows, elbows jerk amain,
And tongues and faus arc at their work again.
Strange exhibition !—and is this the goal ;
The feast of sound ; the rapture of the soul ;
The treat where none can sympathy refuse,
The heights of art, and triumph of the muse ?

But we must have done ; and shall conclude with the following *encomiastic* passage, being addressed to certain bibliopoles, for whom (as Odoherty says) " we have a particular regard." We are sure our good friends, Messrs Boosey, Monzani, Goulding, &c. will take it as a compliment.

Farewell !—yet ere my wearied quill I raise,
Take from the satirist one drop of praise ;
I laud ye—if ye'll swallow laud of mine,
For never making your fine things too fine.
In sooth, your mystery would soon be past,
If these fine things were fine enough to—last ;
If every finest did not meet with finer ;
And every major dwindle to a minor ;
And 'tis the ne-plus-ultra of the art,
That still Rossini overcrows Mozart.

Oh! 'twere a grief for modern sons of song,
 If their huge tomes of crotchets lived too long;
 For who would be at charge to buy him new,
 With five score ancient folios to play through;
 Or who, that had immortals by the score,
 Could make him room for fifty folios more?
 Full many a sheet would due admirers lack,
 Did aught remain of Lulli, Bull, or Bach,
 And music-sellers feel a gap in nature,
 If great musicians did not yield to greater.
 If German fiddlers deathless rondeaus made,
 Why, what the vengeance would become of trade?
 This be your motto, be what will your crest,
 "What's best is newest, and what's newest best!"

"A perilous shot out of an elder-gun." Go thy ways, old Simeon.—Thou runnest, we conceit, no little risk of getting thy head broken with a Cremona, which, if it improved the harmony of thy verses, were a consummation to be wished. We think we could guess at thee through thy *nomme de guerre*,—but we refrain. *Vive la Bagatelle!* we believe we owed thee something of a review, and we are glad of so good an opportunity of quitting old scores.

MISS LONDON'S POETRY.*

As you travel from the great western boundary of the city of Westminster—namely Hyde Park Corner—and proceed gingerly and genteelly towards that divarication of the road which takes you off in one direction through Brompton, Fulham, Putney, Richmond, and thence into the country far away; and on the other, by Knightsbridge, where the Baron de Waithman

Urged his courser on,
 Without stop or stay,
 Down the powdery way,
 That leads to Kensington—

and thence to Hammersmith, and the village, the way to which is famous in the History of Punning, as the remedy for pens suffering under the yellowness of antiquity.

If you travel towards this fork, we say, you leave on your right hand the Cannon Brewery, and on the left, the youngest of the Hans towns. Concerning the Cannon Brewery, it is not our intention here to speak, save to say, that its porter is not equal by any means to champagne, and it is generally allowed to be the cause why so many eminent poets who live in that neighbourhood, and are from dire necessity compelled to drink it, have not that beautiful appearance which we see depicted in the countenances of the

Apollo Belvidere, and other illustrious lumps of marble. The physiological reasons for this would lead us too much into detail at the present moment, and would, besides, trench in upon an eminent work on porter drinking in general, which has been for several months engaging the pen of one of the first theologians in the country.

We therefore leave the Cannon Brewery to the right, and luff to the larboard. Here you find yourself at the *debouchement* of a wide street, flanked by a pair of gas lamps, at the base of one of which is an inscription in comely capitals, informing you that you are in one of the Hans towns; and, looking up, you will read—for *thou* can'st read, as Gray says, else you would not be perusing this article—that you have to walk down Sloane Street. If you be an antiquarian repository, you will then begin to think that you are in a region denominated after that illustrious native of the county of Down, in the province of Ulster, who founded the British Museum; or if you be not, in which case we shall think the better of you, you may proceed along, not troubling yourself with such reflections, but on the contrary whistling, like Dryden's Cymon, as you go, for want of thought,

* The Improvisatrice; and other Poems. By L. R. L. with embellishments. London: Printed for Hurst, Robinson and Co. 90, Cheapside, and 3, Pall-Mall, London; and Archibald Constable and Co., Edinburgh.

or flourishing your bamboo in the manner of Corporal Trim, when his master went courting the widow. Marching through this street, right shoulders forward, and we know nothing to stop you, except the Cadogan coffeehouse in the middle of the way, where, if you have taken nothing to signify since breakfast, you may stop for a whet, as nothing is so bad as suffering the body to pine for want of nutriment—you come into Sloane Square, which does not in any respect resemble the squares of Grosvenor or Russell. Through this you may, if you like, meander again townward through the Park, through streets of a raffish description; and emerging (for instance) at the Horse Guards, you may, if you have nothing better to do, go look at the new house Mr Murray of Albemarle Street has just taken in that quarter of the world; but if you do, you will decidedly have made a cursed round for nothing.

Good heaven! somebody will say, what is the meaning of this rigmarole cock-and-a-bull sort of nonsense? Do you take us for Peripatetics? By no means, my good friends, but there is no need for hurry. The day is young. Hooly and fairly goes far. Take the world easy. Blow not your horse in the morning, and you will be the farther on when night falls. We are now going on with the review of a book, though you may not perceive it, in the most orderly manner conceivable. We were formerly pupils of the illustrious Professor Von Feinagle, and recollect that he, like Cicero before him, insisted upon the application of Topics which the judicious reader will find that we have, in due order, brought to bear in this case.

For, to go without farther prelude to the matter in hand, in that very street down which we bade you shape your course, namely, Sloane Street, at the hundred and thirty-first number thereof, dwells Miss Letitia Elizabeth Landon, who has just published a very sweet volume of poetry under the signature of L. E. L. Now it is not because she is a very pretty girl, and a very good girl, that we are going to praise her poems, but because we like them. We are altogether, and by many years, too old,

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or in the tangles of Nereus's hair,

and, therefore, may be considered by many as equally incapacitated for admiring love-poetry, as we are avowedly from making love. But it by no means follows, *non sequitur*; as they have it in the schools—for he who cannot handle a pencil may admire Leslie,—the guileless even of gloves may delight in Spring, and he who never cracked a joke during his existence, may yet be able to pucker up his mouth in a shower of smiles at the facetiousness of some of our articles. So, though quite *hors de combat* in the fields of Cupid, we may yet give critical judgment on the productions of his favourite muses.

We have heard it said that in Miss Landon's volume there was too much love, and that it would be desirable if she would write on something else. We beg your pardon—it would not. If she could change her sex, and become a He, then, as the conundrum has it, the affair would be altered; but as things are, she is quite right. Nothing can be truer than that maxim of our MIGHTY MORALIST,* that woman equals man in that one glorious passion; and that one only; and, consequently; in it alone has she any chance of rivalling the bearded lords of creation. What a pretty botchery Mrs Hemans, clever and brilliant as indeed she is, has made of it, when she takes upon herself to depict the awful fall of the last of the Cæsars, in the breach of the last wall of Byzantium! Or who does not pity the delusion of Miss Porter, when she fancies that she is giving us the grim features of Sir William Wallace, with a white handkerchief to his face, and a bottle of aromatic vinegar under his nose? Again, what more odiously blue-stock-ing and blundering, than Madame de Stael's Germany. We should almost as soon read one of her beau Sir James M'Intosh's articles in the Edinburgh Review. What more vivid, more heart-stirring, than those parts of Corinne which have escaped the darts of shewing off literature? Miss Holford's Falkirk, Miss Mitford's Lyrics, Miss Porden's Mineralogy, &c. &c. &c. are all doomed, by the very principle of their existence, to a speedy dissolution, as rapid as Lady Morgan's politics. But on their own ground, Love, who doubts but that these ladies would be a model for the odious male crea-

tures who venture on it? Take our most eminent amorist, Lady Holland's little man, Tom Moore,—and see how cold, glittering, tinsel-like, nine-tenths of his poetry on the subject are, and how completely, how immeasurably under his model, Sappho, he sinks, even in his most elevated and successful efforts. Sappho! did we say? Why, he is inferior to many passages in the little volume before us, in real and true warmth and tenderness of delicate feeling.

The principal poem of Miss Landon's book, is entitled by a name most jaw-breakingly perplexing to the population of Cockaigne; particularly that portion of them who have an affection for lovely Italy,—the *Improvisatrice*. The idea is pretty; a young lady of great poetical powers falls in love, unhappily, as usual, and her adventures afford a thread on which to hang little poems of her composition. The opening is a very melodious piece of versification.

"I am a daughter of that land,
Where the poet's lip and the painter's
hand

Are most divine,—where earth and sky
Are picture both and poetry—

I am of Florence. 'Mid the chill
Of hope and feeling, oh! I still
Am proud to think to where I owe
My birth, though but the dawn of woe!

My childhood pass'd 'mid radiant things,
Glorious as Hope's imaginings;
Statues but known from shapes of the
earth,

By being too lovely for mortal birth;
Paintings whose colours of life were caught
From the fairy tints in the rainbow wrought;
Music whose sighs had a spell like those
That float on the sea at the evening's close;
Language so silvery, that every word
Was like the lute's awakening chord;
Skies half sunshine, and half starlight;
Flowers whose lives were a breath of de-
light;

Leaves whose green pomp knew no wither-
ing;

Fountains bright as the skies of our
Spring;

And songs whose wild and passionate line
Suted a soul of romance like mine."

There are many other as swelling and Coleridge-like passages through the poem—and some of the stories introduced are highly poetical—particularly the Moorish Romance. But we are puzzled how to make quotations. Somehow or other, the newspapers have got hold of this poem, and quoted from it so liberally, that they have

left nothing for the more slow moving critiques of Monthly reviewers. The *gens de plume* in London have pawed the book kindly, we doubt not, but clumsily, and we fear that there may be a reaction. The clever lads who write for Knight's Quarterly Magazine, have called Miss L. E. L. the "girl puffed in the newspapers," and though they hasten to do away the apparent unkindness by a civil and flattering notice, yet the very use of the phrase (not a very gallant one for you, young gentlemen) marks the nature of the impression likely to be made by panegyrics proceeding from such contraband, and indeed, we may safely add, incompetent dealers in criticism.

Miss L. has a good command of language, and a fair store of poetical ideas, with a great deal of taste in arrangement, and an ear tuned to the varied melodies of the language. She would do much better if she did not write after so many different models, and in so many distinct keys. But the lady is young, in her teens we are told, and, of course, will not listen to the voice of advisers like us powdered with the snow of years. We shall not therefore now trouble her with such unpalatable food, but, quoting a couple of specimens from her smaller poems, put an end to our article.—From "The Legend of the Rhine."

"Lord Herbert sat him in his hall; the
hearth

Was blazing as it mocked the storm with-
out

With its red cheerfulness; the dark hounds
lay

Around the fire; and the old knight had
doff'd

His hunting-cloak, and listen'd to the lute
And song of the fair girl who at his knee

Was seated. In the April hour of life,
When showers are led by rainbows, and the

heart
Is all bloom and green leaves, was Isa-
belle;

A band of pearls, white like the brow o'er
which

They past, kept the bright curls from off
the forehead; thence

They wander'd to her feet—a golden
shower.

She had that changing colour on the cheek
Which speaks the heart so well; those

deep-blue eyes,
Like summer's darkest sky, but not so

glad—
They were too passionate for happiness.

Light was within her eyes, bloom on her
cheek,

Her song had raised the spirit of her race
Upon her eloquent brow. She had just
told

Of the young Roland's deeds,—how he
had stood

Against a host and conquer'd; when there
came

A pilgrim to the hall—and never yet
Had stranger asked for shelter and in vain!

The board was spread, the Rhenish flask
was drain'd;

Again they gather'd round the hearth,
again

The maiden raised her song; and at its
close,—

'I would give worlds,' she said, 'to see
this chief,

This gallant Roland! I could deem him all
A man must honour and a woman love!'

'Lady, I pray thee not recall those words,
For I am Roland!' From his face he
threw

The hood and pilgrim's cloak,—and a
young knight

Kneelt before Isabelle!

*They loved;—they were beloved. Oh,
happiness!*

*I have said all that can be said of bliss,
In saying that they loved. The young
heart has*

*Such store of wealth in its own fresh wild
pulse;*

*And it is Love that works the mine, and
brings*

*Its treasure to the light. I did love once,
Loved as youth—woman—Genius loves;*

though now

*My heart is chill'd and sear'd, and taught
to wear*

*That falsest of false things—a mask of
smiles;*

*Yet every pulse throbs at the memory
Of that which has been! Love is like the*

glass,

*That throws its own rich colour over all,
And makes all beautiful. The morning
looks*

*Its very loveliest, when the fresh air
Has tinged the cheek we love with its glad*

red;

*And the hot noon flits by most rapidly,
When dearest eyes gaze with us on the*

page

*Bearing the poet's words of love: and then
The twilight walk, when the link'd arms
can feel*

*The beating of the heart; upon the air
There is a music never heard but once,—*

A light the eyes can never see again;

*Each star has its own prophecy of hope,
And every song and tale that breathe of
love*

Seem echoes of the heart.

And time past by—

*As time will ever pass, when love has lent
His rainbow plumes to aid his flight—and*

Spring

Had wedded with the Summer, when a
steed

Stood at Lord Herbert's gate,—and Isa-
belle

Had wept farewell to Roland, and had
given

Her blue scarf for his colours. He was
gone

To raise his vassals, for Lord Herbert's
towers

Were menaced with a siege; and he had
sworn

By Isabelle's white hand that he would
claim

Its beauty only as a conqueror's prize.
Autumn was on the woods, when the blue

Rhine

Grew red with blood:—Lord Herbert's
banner flies,

And gallant is the bearing of his ranks.
But where is he who said that he would
ride

At his right hand, to battle?—Roland?
where

Oh! where is Roland?

Isabelle has watched
Day after day, night after night, in vain,

Till she has wept in hopelessness, and
thought

Upon old histories, and said with them,
'There is no faith in man's fidelity!'

Isabelle stood upon her lonely tower;
And as the evening-star rose up, she saw

An armed train bearing her father's ban-
ner

In triumph to the castle. Down she flew
To greet the victors:—they had reached

the hall
Before herself. What saw the maiden
there?—

A bier!—her father laid upon the bier!
Roland was kneeling by the side, his face

Bowed on his hands and hid;—but Isa-
belle

Knew the dark curling hair and stately
form,

And threw her on his breast. He shrank
away

As she were death, or sickness, or despair.
'Isabelle! it was I who slew thy father!'

She fell almost a corpse upon the body.
It was too true! With all a lover's speed,

Roland had sought the thickest of the fight;
He gain'd the field just as the crush be-
gan;—

Unwitting of his colours, he had slain
The father of his worshipp'd Isabelle!

They met once more:—and Isabelle was
changed

As much as if a lapse of years had past:
She was so thin, so pale, and her dim eye

Had wept away its luxury of blue.
She had cut off her sunny hair, and wore

A robe of black, with a white crucifix:
It told her destiny—her youth was vowed

To Heaven. And in the convent of the
isle,

That day she was to enter, Roland stood
Like marble, cold, and pale, and motion-
less :

The heavy sweat upon his brow was all
His sign of life. At length he snatch'd the
scarf

That Isabelle had tied around his neck,
And gave it her,—and pray'd that she
would wave

Its white folds from the lattice of her cell
At each pale rising of the evening-star,
That he might know she lived. They part-
ed.—Never

Those lovers met again ! But Roland built
A tower beside the Rhine, and there he
dwelt,

And every evening saw the white scarf
waved,

And heard the vesper-hymn of Isabelle
Float in deep sweetness o'er the silent river.
One evening, and he did not see the scarf,
He watch'd and watch'd in vain ; at length
his hope

Grew desperate, and he pray'd his Isa-
belle

Might have forgotten him :—but midnight
came,

And with it came the convent's heavy bell,
Tolling for a departed soul ; and then
He knew that ISABELLE was dead ! Next
day

They laid her in her grave ;—and the moon
rose

Upon a mourner weeping there :—that
tomb

Was Roland's death-bed !”

We also insert the

BALLAD OF CRESENTIUS.

“ I look'd upon his brow,—no sign
Of guilt or fear was there,
He stood as proud by that death-shrine
As even o'er Despair

He had a power ; in his eye
There was a quenchless energy.

A spirit that could dare
The deadliest form that Death could take,
And dare it for the daring's sake.

He stood, the fetters on his hand,
He raised them haughtily ;
And had that grasp been on the brand,
It could not wave on high
With freer pride than it waved now.
Around he looked with changeless brow
On many a torture nigh :

The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,
And, worst of all, his own red steel.

I saw him once before ; he rode

Upon a coal-black steed,
And tens of thousands throng'd the road
And bade their warrior speed.

His helm, his breastplate, were of gold,
And graced with many a deed that told

Of many a soldier's deed ;
The sun shone on his sparkling mail,
And danced his snow-plume on the gale.

But now he stood chained and alone,
The headsman by his side,
The plume, the helm, the charger gone ;

The sword, which had defied
The mightiest, lay broken near ;
And yet no sign or sound of fear
Came from that lip of pride ;
And never king or conqueror's brow
Wore higher look than his did now.

He bent beneath the headsman's stroke
With an uncover'd eye ;

A wild shout from the numbers' broke
Who throng'd to see him die.

It was a people's loud acclaim,
The voice of anger and of shame,

A nation's funeral cry,
Rome's wail above her only son,
Her patriot and her latest one.”

So far for Miss Landon. We trust that she will continue sedulously to cultivate her powers, and that in due course of time we may be favoured by another effusion of her muse, when her mind is more matured by experience, and expanded by additional stores of knowledge. It is but a poor compliment that we pay her, when we tell her that she is the cleverest girl in print. It will be in her own power to arrive at more positive distinction. We hope that all the *bon-bons* which have been distributed to her with unwonted liberality by the stern censors of books, will not spoil her ; and that we shall have to greet her as cordially at her next appearance as we do now ; and, of course, Miss L., under a different name. Is not that a good wish to end with ?

HORÆ GERMANICÆ.

No. XVII.

SCHILLER'S FIESKO.

AMONG Schiller's plays, perhaps there is not any one that has more "capabilities" of being rendered effective and interesting in another language, than the "Conspiracy of Fiesko." From beginning to end it exhibits a bustle and variety of incident and situation, with a passionate liveliness of dialogue, and strength in the delineation of character, which are truly admirable. But it has been less noticed than the others, because, with much energy, it combines many faults, and because the catastrophe (especially the accidental death of the heroine, by the hand of her husband) seems exactly calculated to provoke the censures of minor critics. Nothing, however, could be more easy than to change the concluding scenes if requisite; nor would there be any difficulty in modifying the dialogues regarding the intended fate of Bertha, (part of the underplot,) in such manner that they would not prove offensive to the over-fastidious delicacy of an English reader or auditor, who cannot forgive in Schiller, that boldness which he approves, even in his own minor authors, provided time has given them a sanction.

As to the "Fiesko" being written, like the "Robbers," in prose, this objection has been obviated already by Dr Reinbeck, whose edition of the play (in very good blank verse) we shall have recourse to at this time. Indeed, there can be no good reason why the "Robbers" should not be treated in like manner. The fashion of writing tragedies in prose has long since gone by in Germany as well as here; and there can be little doubt, that a refacimento of the "Robbers," (for, in a country where Shakespeare is remodelled, so must Schiller be,) would obtain great applause, if properly condensed, and wrought down to that level, which is suited to the powers of English actors, and the so called refined taste of English audiences. With *Fiesko*, the difficulties would be greater, particularly because it could not be carried through by means of three or four good performers. Not only are the *dramatis personæ* numerous, but there are many characters, which must

be played with energy and skill, otherwise the effect would be lost; and where an author finds it difficult enough to obtain adequate representatives even for one hero, and one heroine—this obstacle is indeed almost insurmountable.

For the same reason (that is, because the characters are so numerous,) we shall not insist on analysing the complicated underplots, but set down only such notices as will render a few extracts intelligible. The less need be said, because bad translations (in prose) of the "Fiesko" have been already published, and the story (if nothing more) can be judged of by them.

Fiesko, Count of Levagna, who, at an early age, has obtained the highest distinction as a soldier, and has married a lady of very noble birth, entertains a mortal hatred towards the house of Doris, the then reigning Dukes of Genua, not, indeed, against the old Duke Andreas, but against his nephew, the Crown-Prince Giannettino, whose enormous wickedness renders the supreme power vested in his family highly dangerous and oppressive. Fiesko has already, at the commencement of the play, laid plans for a revolution, and in order to conceal those plans more effectually, he leads a life of seeming careless festivity, and even abandoned libertinism. Above all, he pretends to have fallen vehemently in love with the Princess Julia, the sister of Giannettino, a woman of great beauty, but of unbounded vanity, and almost fiendish wickedness.—[In this respect, her character, as Schiller, in one of his letters, confesses, rather "oversteps the immodesty of nature."]—Consequently, he neglects the society of his amiable wife, to whom he has not imparted his plans, their success depending wholly on his being able to keep up this assumed part, to which the distress suffered by his Countess obviously contributes. If he can but wait unsuspected, and delude the minds of persons in power, until his plans are fully ripened, that is, until the arrival of certain troops in the harbour of Genua, he can then throw aside the mask, and carry his great designs openly into execution.

The under-plot is made up by the proceedings of the Genoese nobility, who not being at first in the secret, imagine that Fiesko is really become indifferent to his duties, and to the public weal,—also, by the crimes of Prince Giannettino, and a certain negro, whom he has hired to assassinate Fiesko, but whom the latter discovers, pardons, (*pro tempore*,) and afterwards renders subservient to his own purposes. But by far the most interesting personages are Fiesko himself, and his countess. At the commencement of the play, the latter fully believing in the guilt of her husband as to his intrigue with the Princess Julia, enters pale and disordered, attended by two female friends. She has broken away, in her masquerade dress, from a grand entertainment given by Fiesko, in order to keep up his assumed character. At a distance are heard the loud sounds of music, and all the tumult of a large assembly.—

Leonora, (*tearing off her mask*.)

No more, I'll hear no more!
I am degraded,—lost!

Rosabella. Nay, dearest lady!

Leon. Before mine eyes, how shameful!—In the sight
Even of all Genua's nobility.

(*Much moved*.)

Before my weeping eyes, oh *Rosabella*!

Rosab. Yet, reckon this for what it was,
no more

Than playful gallantry!

Leon. How, gallantry?

Their shameless interchange of stolen
looks,

His anxious watching every glance of hers,
The long-protracted kiss, that, on her arm
Imprinted, left a flame-red spot,—nay,
more,

His mood of deep and rapturous thought,
as if

Th' external world had melted from around
him,

And in the realms of space he was alone,
With this dear Julia! Playful gallantry?
Go, go! Thou hast not loved. Dispute
not then

With me, what are love's tokens!

Sophia. Dearest countess,

Then be it so.—One husband lost, 'tis
said,

Is ten Cicebeos won.

Leon. A husband lost?

The current of his love but for a space
Hath wandered, and thou deem'st Fiesko
lost?

Away, away!—There's poison on thy
tongue,

'Twas guiltless badinage,—'twas mockery.
Say, *Rosabella*?

Rosab. Doubtless, 'twas no more.

Leon. (*Lost in thought*.)

But, that she dream'd of ruling in his heart,
That on his memory dwelt her form alone,
Of her alone all nature spoke with him!
Ha, whither am I wandering?—that the

world,
With all its bravery, were nothing more
Than the fine gem whereon her beauteous
form

For his delight was graven,—that he loved
her,

Loved Julia!—Here, your arm; I pray you,
child,

Support me!

(*Pause. The music is again heard
from within.*)

Hark! Was that Fiesko's voice,
That rose above the tumult? Can he
laugh,

When *Leonora* weeps in solitude?

But no,—'twas not his voice,—'twas
Giannettino's,

The rough tones of that clownish Doria.

Rosab. It was, signora. But, I pray
you, come.

In that chamber—

Leon. Bella, thou art pale,—

Thou liest! Even now I trace it in thine
eyes,

Even in the Genuesan countenance,
The looks of all I read a mystery.

(*Covering her face*.)

Enough—the habitants of Genua
Know more than to Fiesko's loving wife
May be disclosed.

Soph. How jealousy contrives

All things to aggravate!

Leon. (*With melancholy enthusiasm*.)

While he was yet

Fiesko—was HIMSELF, in the laurel grove,
Amid the blushing band of maidens there,
How came he, like a God, a young Apollo,

With all Antinous' grace and symmetry!

How proudly and majestic then he moved.
As if on youthful shoulders lightly borne

Came with him all the pomp of Genua!

How did our timid looks steal after him,
And if they met the lightning of his eyes,

They tremblingly recoil'd, as if surprised
In sacrilege; and yet, oh *Rosabella*,

How eagerly did we drink up those looks,
How enviously we counted those bestowed

On others, even upon a bosom friend!
They were, like Eris' apple, thrown among
us,

And loving eyes gleamed wilder, and soft
hearts

Beastomnily—Affection's bonds were broke
By jealous strife.

Rosab. Ay, truly, I remember,
'Twas like the tumult of an insurrection,

All women strove to gain this matchless
prize.

Leon. And now to call him mine! Oh!
fearful lot—

Too much good fortune! Genua's greatest
hero!

Mine,—in whom nature hath combined all
gifts!—

Hear, Child, I cannot longer hide it from you,

But will at once entrust you with my heart's Most secret thoughts.—As with Fiesko placed

Before the sacred altar I did stand, And waited silent, for the church's blessing,

Then, like a gleam of lightning through my soul,

Arose the bold and lofty thought—Fiesko,

The man whose hand now gently rests in thine—

(Hush—mark if no one watches our discourse !)

Thy husband—(Girl, if at that mighty thought

Thy heart not higher heaves, then woe to thee !)

Thine own Fiesko one day will release Genua from slavish bonds.

Rosab. How ? On that day, Such dreams could haunt a woman's breast ?

Leon. Ay, Rosa—

Well may'st thou wonder ;—mid the pride and joy

Even of that bridal-day !—But though a woman,

I feel mine own nobility of blood, And cannot patiently look on, and mark

How the proud tree of Doria lifts its boughs In triumph o'er my nobler ancestors.

Andreas, 'tis true, is mild,—benevolent ; The good old man may still be Genua's

duke ;

But the vile Giannettino is his nephew ; That man so stained by crimes, is his next

heir :

And then Fiesko—weep for me, good girls ! Fiesko loves the sister of this—demon !

Rosab. Unhappy fate !

Leon. Go now—and mark the hero, The idol of all Genua,—where he sits

Amid his paramours and parasites, Tickling their ears with coarse, unseemly

wit,

With stories, not of battles—but intrigues.

That is Fiesko !—Genua so hath lost Her warrior—I my husband !

Rosab. Speak not loudly ;

Some one approaches !

Leon. Fly then—'tis perchance Fiesko, and my clouded looks might now

Disturb his mirth.

Exeunt.

To this succeeds an interview between the wicked prince Giannettino and Hassan the Moor, in which the former instructs the latter how he is to assassinate Fiesko ; and on the Moor's suggestion that he must, immediately after the deed, fly from Genua, the Prince rashly pays him with a large sum beforehand. Through the

whole play, the character of the Moor is well kept up, and affords one of the best specimens of a mercenary villain that have been yet produced. In the third scene comes a very lively interview between Fiesko and Julia, in which the former makes vehement love to the princess. Then an interview between Giannettino, and his creature Lomellin, when the prince first betrays his design of obtaining possession, by violence, of Bertha, the beautiful daughter of Verrina, one of the first noblemen in the city. The whole of the first, second, and third acts, is occupied by a constant variety of scenes, exhibiting with increased strength of colouring, the unhappiness and jealousy of Leonora, the wavering character of Fiesko, who though a republican, yet aims, like other republicans, at the acquisition of power, the cabals and conflicts of the noblesse, the fates of Bourgognino and Bertha, the latter of whom is grossly insulted by Giannettino, in consequence of which, her lover (Bourgognino) is driven to despair, (whereupon he becomes a conspirator,) and her father, in a fit of frenzy, invokes on her a curse, never to be recalled, until such time as the present government is overthrown, and the dishonour she has sustained amply compensated.—Then there are the constantly recurring short scenes with the Moor Hassan, (one of the acting principles of evil,) with Giannettino, who, at a public meeting of the Senate, behaves in a manner the most outrageous, and then forms a plan for assassinating twelve of the *nobili*, and placing himself at once on the throne, &c. &c.

It would be requisite to give longer extracts than we have now room for, in order to afford a proper view of the very great merits of this tragedy. [The powerful scene relating to Bertha alone occupies twenty pages.] "Fiesko" exhibits truly a concentration of varied interest, an exuberance of effective genius, and we doubt not that in its composition, Schiller (who was then but a very young man) felt himself inspired and elevated in no ordinary degree.

The third act commences with the following soliloquy. The scene is a hall in Fiesko's house, with a balcony and large glass door in the back-ground, through which is visible the red light of the dawning day.

Fies. (At the window.) Lo, there! the moon already hath declined,
And from the sea mounts fierily the morning.

Wild fantasies have broke my nightly rest,
And now my soul, my whole existence,
toils

Beneath ONE mighty and o'erpowering thought.—

I must into the cool air!

(*He opens the glass door to the balcony, through which are visible the town, &c. in the red light of morning. Fiesko walks vehemently up and down.*)

Am I not

The first—the greatest man in Genoa?

And should not meaner spirits move around me,

As do the lesser planets round the sun,

Submissively, in meek obedience?

But virtue—(*Stands still*)—conscience?

How? for lofty minds,

Are not temptations different far prepared,

From those that do mislead ignoble souls,
And wherefore should like virtue be from us

Demanded? Armour that, for pigmy frames

Is fashioned—will it clothe a giant's limbs?

(*The sun rises over Genoa.*)

Ha, now! This town, so full of natural beauty,

Its harbours, towers, and princely palaces,
To hover o'er them like the royal eagle,

To call it MINE! To beam out, over it,
Even like th' imperial sun in the high heavens,

All fervid passions, and unsated wishes,
To merge at once into this vasty sea!

To gain such prize even stratagem is virtue.

Dishonourable 'twere, to plunder gold,
Even though the sum were millions; but

A CROWN,

That theft is NAMELESS GREAT! Aspiring crimes

Soar above shame. To OBEY and to COMMAND!

Oh what a gulf betwixt these adverse points!

Take all that life affords, most estimable;
Ye conquerors, come with trophies, laurel

crown'd;

Ye artists, bring your never-fading works;
Ye sensualists, add all your sweetest pleasures,

And voyagers, your new-found seas and hills!

To OBEY and to COMMAND? Being or death!

Whoe'er shall pass the void that separates
Inferior spirits from th' eternal God,

May measure out this vasty chasm!

(*With enthusiastic gestures.*)

To stand

Exalted on that fearful height,—to smile

From hence upon the tumults of mankind,
And mark how destiny doth lead them on;
To guide unseen that armour'd Titan

JUSTICE,

And if he dares with impotent wrath to knock

Too loudly at th' imperial gate,—I'll inflict
Wounds that he dare not seek to compensate!

To check with playful rein, like harness'd steeds,

The passions of the multitude,—and if
The ruler's sceptre, with creative power,

Should in some vassal's heart wake regal dreams,

Even with one breath to crush into the dust

His insolent pretensions! Oh these thoughts,

These fairy visions, bear the ravish'd mind
Far o'er each bound and limit.—To be

KING

But for a moment,—this alone involves,
Concentrated, the quintessence of life.

'Tis not the sphere wherein we live, but that

Which we therein possess, which makes us poor

Or wealthy.—Lengthen out in tones diffuse
The thunder's voice, and therewith shalt thou lull

Children to sleep. But, be those tones collected

Into ONE fearful burst, and at the sound,

So regal and imperative, the heavens
Will tremble. I am now resolved!

To this admirable soliloquy, (which must prove a stumbling-block in the way of every translator, for it is very difficult to render,) succeeds a scene of expostulation between the Countess and Fiesko.

Leon. (*Timidly.*) My lord,

Can you forgive me, if I thus disturb
The quiet of your morning hours?

Fies. (*Confused.*) Leonora,

Doubtless your coming now hath much surprised me.

Leon. 'Twixt lovers, this, methinks,
should never be.

Fies. But wherefore trust your beauty,
dearest Countess,

To this cold morning air?

Leon. Ask rather why
Those poor remains of beauty should be saved,

For grief to feed upon.

Fies. For grief indeed?—

How's this, Leonora? On your peace of mind

No state-intrigues, no toilsome duties prey,
Like those which break my rest.

Leon. It may be so,
And yet my heart even fails amid this quiet.

I came, my lord, to trouble you even now

With a poor supplication, if you can
But cast away a few brief moments on me.
For such fleeting moons, strangely enough,
I dream'd that I was Countess of Levag-
na;

That dream is fled, but yet mine eyes are
heavy.

I must indeed try, if I cannot bring
Somewhat of youth's gay sun-light back
again

From fairy realms of childhood, to dis-
perse

Those vain illusions; therefore I entreat
That I may go from hence to my dear
mother.

Fies. (Confounded.) How,—Countess?

Leon. 'Tis a spoil'd and wayward thing
This heart of mine, and you must bear
with me.

The slightest recollection of that dream
Disorders my sick fantasy, and therefore
I bring these pledges, now grown fearful
to me,

Back to their proper owner. Take them
all:

(Lays jewels on the table.)

This, too, that like an arrow struck my
heart—

(His love-letters.)

And this,—and—

*(Weeping violently, and about to
retire in haste.)*

BUT I PART NOT WITH THE WOUNDS!

Fies. (Agitated, and detaining her.)

Nay, what a scene, Leonora!—For Hea-
ven's sake!

Leon. If I deserve not now to be your
wife,

Still, for *your* sake, I should have been re-
spected;

And yet, how tongues malicious hiss at me,
And Genua's maids and matrons look
askance

And scornful!—"Mark how the vain beau-
ty fades

Who married Count Fiesco!"—So they
speak,

And cruelly my sex revenges now
The pride, that once I cherish'd, when

Fiesco

Stood with me at the altar.

Fies. What wild words!

I pray you, Countess—

Leon. (Aside.) Ha! he changes colour—

Now pale, now red.—I breathe again!

Fies. Two days—

Only for two days trust me.

Leon. But to think—

(Oh virgin light of day! how dare I speak
Of such a crime?) to think that I am thus
Renounced and cast off for a lewd co-
quette!

No—look on me, Fiesco. What! those
eyes

Whereat all Genua trembles, cannot meet
A woman's tears?

Fies. No more of this, Signora.

Leon. (Bitterly.) To tear and crush a
weakly woman's heart!

Oh! this, *ferseeth*, doth well become a
hero.

I threw myself into this warrior's arms,
Confiding to him all mine earthly hopes
And joys; now they are sacrificed, and all
Given up for one who—

Fies. (Vehemently.) No, my Leonora!

Leon. My Leonora!—Oh! thanks,
thanks—Kind Heaven!

That tone again had love's true melody.
False man!—yet I should hate thee, and
I snatch

Eagerly at the broken crumbs that now
I, as a beggar, gain from thine affection.
What have I said, Fiesco?—Hatred?—

No!

My falsehood well may teach me how to
die;

But to hate thee!—Oh, never!

Fies. Leonora,

Grant me one poor request.

Leon. Whate'er thou wilt

Of me demand, only not cold indifference.

Fies. This is all—But for two days
Ask me no questions, and condemn me not.

(Exit.)

At length, towards the end of the
fourth act, Fiesco, though his plans are
yet unknown to the public, has ripen-
ed them all. He has on his side a regu-
lar band of conspirators, among the
leading members of whom are Verrina,
father of the injured Bertha, and Sci-
pio Bourgognino, her lover. The
troops that he had expected have se-
cretly made their way to Genua, and
are prepared to execute, at a given sig-
nal, whatever he may command, in or-
der to complete the work of the révo-
lution. Under these circumstances
Fiesco gives another great festival,
under the pretext of having hired a
company of comedians for a grand
dramatic spectacle. This is to take
place at his own house, where, on
some pretence or another, he contrives
to lead the Princess Julia into a dark
room, where he has previously direct-
ed his Countess, Leonora, to conceal
herself behind the arras. She obeys,
humbly and passively, without know-
ing wherefore. To this succeed the
three following scenes, which we think
unrivalled. The first of them depends
more on the effect of *situation* than on
language; and his character of Julia
is, perhaps, too coarsely drawn, but
the succeeding dialogue between Fi-
esko and Leonora has every possible
beauty.

SCENE XII.

JULIA. FIESKO. (*Enter together.*)*Julia. (Agitated.)*

No more, my lord!

Your words no longer fall on heedless ears,
But on a beating, burning heart.—Where
am I?We are alone, mid the seductive darkness.
Oh, whither, Count, are you resolved to
lead

Your careless and confiding friend?

*Fies. Where love*Grown desperate, feels new courage, and
where passion

With passion freelier speaks.

*Jul. No more, Fiesko,*For Heaven's sake, let me go. Were not
the nightSo dark, thou would'st behold how my
cheek burns,

And have compassion.

Fies. Rather from that fire,

My courage would be kindled into flame.

(Kisses her hand.)[*Jul. Ha, truly, Count, your lip burns fe-*
*verishly,*Like your discourse, and on my features,
too,

I feel with shame, the reflex of a fire

Before unknown—Then let us go from
hence!Amid this gloom our senses might delude
us;And then your party waits. I do conjure
you!*Fies. And, wherefore, Princess, this an-*
xiety?

Can then the mistress fear her slave?

Jul. Oh MEN,

And their unlimitable artifice!

As if when you appeal to our self-love,
You were not then the fearfullest conquer-

ors.

Fiesko, shall I tell at once the truth,—

That vice alone till now preserved my
virtue?My pride alone defied your stratagems;
And but *so far* my principles upheld me:
But when you lay your wonted mask aside,
I am by them forsaken.*Fies. And in sooth,*

What injury by such loss can you sustain?

Jul. If I unthoughtful thus confide to
*you*The key of all that woman holds most sa-
cred,Wherewith, when'er thou wilt, thou
mak'st me blush,

What have I less to lose than all?

*Fies. That treasure*Where, Julia, could you place at interest
higher,Than in the exchequer of my boundless
love?*Jul. Ay, truly, nowhere better, no-*
*where worse.*But how long will that boundless love en-
dure?Too much already I've betray'd to thee,
Now to conceal aught. To engage thy
heart,I doubted not, that I had charms, but how
To hold thee fast I knew not—*(Steps back and covers her face.)*

Oh, for shame,

What have I uttered?

Fies. Even in one breath two crimes—
Mistrust of thy Fiesko's judgment, then—
High treason 'gainst thine own surpassing
beauty

Of these what is the hardest to forgive?

Jul. Falsehood is but the armour of a
*fiend,*And can Fiesko need it to ensure
His victory over Julia? Hear one word!
We are true heroines while we know that
still

Our virtue is in safety; but are babes

If we defend it—furies in revenge,

When 'tis ignobly lost. If coldly thou

Should'st work my ruin —

Fies. (Suddenly, as if in anger.) Cold-
*ly? Nay, by Heaven!*What would the unsated vanity of Wo-
man?When Man doth kneel before her in the
dust,And still she doubts!—Ha! now my spi-
rit wakes!In good time have mine eyes been open'd,
lady.*(With cold composure.)*

What then would I obtain by supplication?

Can all the favour Woman could bestow
Deserve that Man should e'er be so degra-
ded?*(With a distant bow.)*

Take courage, then, Signora; you are safe.

Jul. (Confounded.) Count, what, in all
the world? —*Fies. (With increasing coldness.)* Nay,
nay, Signora,Your words were wise and prudent. We
have bothHonour at stake. Therefore, allow me,
Princess,

Amid the friendly circle that awaits us,

To manifest once more my full respect

And reverence.

*(Is about to go.)**Jul. (Brings him back.)* Stay! stay!
Art thou mad? Must thenThy madness force from me this declara-
tion,That all thy sex, prostrate, with groans
and tears,As on the rack, should vainly strive to ex-
tortFrom a proud heart like mine? Even this
dense gloom

Is not enough to hide upon my cheeks

The fiery blushes that my words enkindle.

Henceforth, all womankind, by me dis-
gracedAnd wounded, will my name abhor.—
Fiesko,

I love—I worship thee!

(Falls at his feet.)

Fies. (Recoils three steps, leaving her prostrate, with a laugh of triumph.)

Indeed, Signora?

You do me too much honour!

(He lifts the arras, and brings out Leonora.)

Here, my love.

My dearest wife!—

(They embrace.)

Julia. (Starting up.)

Oh villain, villain!

SCENE XIII.

CONSPIRATORS, (entering from one side.) LADIES, (from the other.)

Leon. Nay,

Fiesko, this was too severe!

Fies. A heart

Like hers, deserved no less, and to thy tears

I owed this compensation. Worthy friends, Think not that on occasion light, or none, My temper thus would break out into wrath.

No; mortals by their folly long amuse Ere they provoke me; but for her who stands here, (Pointing to Julia.)

She merited mine anger; for 'twas she Who mix'd this poison for my angel wife.

(Showing the phial.)

Jul. (With repressed anger, and about to go.)

Good, my lord; very good!

Fies. (Draws her back.) I beg your patience

Yet for a space, Signora; we've not done. My worthy friends would gladly know the reason

Wherefore, so long, I did pretend to have lost

All rational identity, and play'd That comedy with Genua's arch-coquette.

Jul. No, 'tis not to be borne; but tremble, villain!

Still Giannettino rules in Genua;—

I am his sister!

Fies. Fearful words, Signora!

But, alas! I must bring th' unwelcome news,

That from your puissant brother's stolen crown

Fiesko de Levagna hath woven a noose, Wherewith he thinks even this night to upraise

That prince to an unlook'd-for elevation.

(She turns pale, and he laughs scornfully.)

Ha! that was unexpected.—Mark you, lady,

Therefore I deem'd it best to furnish out Some special objects for the watchful eyes Of your illustrious house to gaze upon.

Therefore I wore the foolscap of feign'd passion,

And left this precious gem neglected here.

(Pointing to Leonora.)

My thoughtless prey were quickly caught; but now

I thank you, lady, for your courtesies, And thus resign my stage habiliments, No longer needful.

(Gives her the portrait, with a low bow.)

Leon. (Timidly entreating.) Nay, she weeps, Fiesko!

I pray you, spare her!

Jul. (Violently.) Hated reptile, silence!

Fies. (To a servant.) Come hither, friend, and shew your gallantry.

This demoiselle would visit our state prison;

Give her your arm, and take strict care that no one

Come thither to disturb her privacy.

The night air is too sharp; were she without,

The storm that rends to-night the oak of Doria,

Might scorch her lovely tresses.

Jul. All the plagues

Of hell be on thy head, thou hypocrite!

(To Leonora.) Yet, boast not of thy victory!—Ere long

He will bring ruin on himself and thee!

(Rushes out, followed by the servant.)

Fies. (To the guests, ladies, &c.)

You have been witnesses; go, clear mine honour.

Mid all the citizens of Genua.

(To the conspirators.) Friends, to your duty. Here shall I remain

Till the first cannon-shot: be that the signal.

(Exit all but Leonora and Fiesko.)

SCENE XIV.

LEONORA. FIESKO.

Leon. (Comes timidly up to him.) Fies-

ko, I but half can understand,

And yet begin to tremble.

Fies. Once, Leonora,—

'Twas at a proud and public festival,—

I saw thee favour'd with a second place

At the left hand of a Genuesan lady;

Saw the knights lead thee second in the dance—

That sight was painful to mine eyes;—I swore

It should not be so, and it shall not be!

Go Countess now to rest! By dawn of day,

I come to wake thee.—*Duchess.*

Leon. (Claps her hands, and throws herself into a chair.)

Mercy, Heaven!

My worst fears then are all confirm'd!

Fies. (with dignity.)

Nay, dearest,

Hear me but calmly.—I had ancestors

Who wore the triple crown. Fiesko's blood

Flows tranquilly but under purple robes!—

But shall your husband be with borrow'd fame

Contented? What?—For all his grandeur still,

Be thankful to capricious destiny,
That in some kindly mood has kneaded up,
From mouldering trophies of the past, a man,

Like Giovanni Luigi Fiesko?

No—no—Leonora!—I am far too proud,
To take *that* as a gift, which for myself
I can with powerful arm obtain;—and therefore,

Ere one day more hath dawn'd, I shall consign

My borrow'd plumes back to th' ancestral grave.

Levagna's Counts from henceforth are extinct;

From that hour shall the *princes* date their rise.

Leon. (lost in her own wild thoughts.)

I see him overpowered by deadly wounds;
See the dull silent bearers bring towards me

My husband's bloody corse!—that cannon-shot,

That first that fell amid his friendly band,
Hath struck him to the heart!

Fies. Be quiet, child;

'Twill not be so!

Leon. So confidently, then,
Fiesko dares to challenge Providence!

And if among a thousand,—thousand chances,

'Twere possible, it might be true,—and I
Might lose my husband!—Oh, Fiesko, think,

Heaven is at stake; and if a billion prizes
Were to be drawn, and but one blank for all,

Yet would you dare this fearful lottery!
Heaven is at stake,—your soul's eternal weal,

And is not every venture on such game,
Rebellion 'gainst your God?

Fies. Be unconcerned.

Fortune and I are friends;—but OF ALL DANGERS,

THE DEADLIEST IS FAINT-HEARTED COWARDICE;

And grandeur from her votaries must have homage.

Leon. Grandeur, Fiesko? oh that with my heart

Your spirit bears so little sympathy!
Mark,—I shall trust to that which you call fortune.

Say you have conquer'd; woe's me, then, of all

On earth, the poorest, most unhappy wife!
You fail—then I am lost!—Worse, if you triumph.

Here is no choice, Fiesko must be duke,
Or perish; but when I embrace the duke,
I lose for evermore my dearest husband.

Fies. Leonora, now you speak in mysteries.

Leon. No, no. Mid the cold sphere
around a throne,

VOL. XVI.

Love like a tender flower must pine and wither.

Man's heart, even though Fiesko's were that heart,

Has not for two conflicting tyrant powers,
At one time space enough. Now would'st thou lay

Thy head upon my bosom, but thou hear'st
Rebellious vassals storming at thy gate.
Smiling, I'd rest in my true lover's arms,
But with a despot's faltering heart he hears
The rustling of a mumberer's step behind
The costly hangings of th' imperial hall,
And flies from room to room. Nay, dark mistrust

At length destroys all household unity,
And if Leonora to thy parch'd lip holds
The cool refreshing cup, thou dar'st not drink,

But deem'st that with the blandishments of love

She brings thee poison!

Fies. (Much agitated.) Hideous dreams!
No more!

I cannot now recede; the bridge whereon
I came so far is broken from behind me.

Leon. And this were all? Oh, deeds alone, Fiesko,

Are here irrevocable. (*Tenderly and half ironical.*) In past days,

Have you not sworn that Leonora's beauty
From proud ambition's paths had quite misled you?

Flatterer! these vows were false, or her poor charms

Have early faded. Question thine own heart,

Who is to blame?

(*Ardently, and embracing him.*)

Come,—come to me once more!

Be yet a man! Renounce these fearful schemes,

And love shall be thy recompense. If such
Affection cannot still thy restless mood,
Trust me, the crown will prove yet more deceitful.

Come, I shall learn by rote each wish of thine,

Will in one kiss blend all the charms of love,

That in his silken hands I may for ever
Hold thee, too venturesome runaway! (*In tears.*) If 'twere

But to make one poor being happy, one,
Who but upon thy bosom lives in heaven,
Say, should not this alone fill every void
Within thy restless heart?

Fies. (Overcome.) Oh, Leonora,
What have you done? How shall I meet
the looks

Of those who now will claim my promises?

Leon. (joyfully.) Oh, dearest, let us fly
from hence, cast off

At once all pomp and idle pageantry,
In tranquil woods and fields live but for love!

Clear as the Heaven's unchanging azure vault,

Our souls will be no more with sorrow
dimin'd,
But like a sparkling pleasant stream, our
lives
Roll onward to the Giver of all good.

Leonora's supplications are here interrupted by the expected cannon-shot, the signal of the conspirators, several of whom now rush into the apartment, exclaiming, that "the hour is come," and Fiesko determines to go with them. Hereupon Leonora faints, and Fiesko waits only to see her again open her eyes, and attended by her confidantes, Sophia and Rosabella; then rushes out with his companions. This ends the fourth act.

Were we to analyse the fifth, almost as many columns would be required as we have allowed to the four preceding. It involves the accidental death of Leonora, and closes with the suicide of Fiesko. Several critics in Germany have objected to the manner of Leonora's death, yet most of them

have agreed, that in order to the completion of a perfect tragedy, it must, however objectionable in other respects, be suffered to remain as it now stands. Our ideas are different, however. We think the fifth act might be sufficiently tragical, and yet admit of such changes as would obviate the censures to which its plan is at present liable.

In the few extracts that we have given, some instances occur where strict *literality* might have been adhered to without strengthening the general impression, and this, accordingly, has not been done; for example, in Leonora's allusion, in the last line of her eloquent supplication, to the "*fließende quelle*," (musical fountain.) But, in fact, such accuracy has never been aimed at in the hasty sketches of which our "*Hortæ Germanicæ*" have consisted, (of which, by the by, we intend for the future a regular continuation.)

THE POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

Essay III.—Part I.

On the real nature and utility of what are called facts in Political Economy :—are they such as to supersede the necessity of establishing it on general principles, and reducing it to the form of a science ?

It was a frequent and favourite remark of the late Dr Cullen, that there are more false facts current in the world, than false theories; and a similar observation occurs more than once, in the *Novum Organon*. "Men of learning," says Bacon, in one passage, "are too often led, from indolence or credulity, to avail themselves of mere rumours or whispers of experience, as confirmations, and sometimes as the very groundwork of their philosophy; ascribing to them the same authority as if they rested on legitimate testimony. Like to a government which should regulate its measures, not by the official information received from its own accredited ambassadors, but by the gossiping of news-mongers in the streets. Such, in truth, is the manner in which the interests of philosophy, as far as experience is concerned, have hitherto been admini-

l by a careful examination of proofs; nothing the standard of weight or measure."—STEWART'S *Elements*, Vol. II. p. 441-2, 4to Edit.

Quin et factis ipsis, licet humani animi pignora sint certissima, non prorsus tamen fidendum, nisi diligente ac attente pensitatis prius illorum et magnitudine et proprietate.—BACON, *De Augment. Scient.* Lib. viii. c. 2.

Ita finitima sunt falsa veris, ut in precipitem locum non debeat se sapiens committere.—CICERO, *Quæst. Acad.* Lib. iv. c. 21.

I have no great faith in Political Arithmetic.—ADAM SMITH, *Wealth of Nations*. Vol. II. p. 310. 8vo Edit. 1799.

RASH and unwarranted conclusions are perhaps in no investigations more frequent and dangerous, than in those which relate to Political Economy. Against their occurrence and influ-

ence, therefore, we ought to be most carefully and continually on our guard, especially as they often steal upon us unawares, or insinuate themselves into our opinions or reasonings, under

the guise of well-founded and indisputable truths.

This caution is more particularly necessary and salutary, when opposite and conflicting opinions are under our examination and judgment: having succeeded in proving satisfactorily and unequivocally, that one set of opinions are erroneous, we naturally and almost imperceptibly permit the opposite set to glide into our minds, and to take firm and permanent possession there. It is well though quaintly remarked by the author of "New and Old Principles of Trade compared," that almost every Scylla in Politics has a Charybdis in its neighbourhood; and that we must remember in *vitium ducit culpa fuga, si caret arte*.

To hasty and superficial reasoners it might seem, that, because we have succeeded in proving that the most popular and celebrated Political Economists have failed in establishing that science on sound and unexceptionable principles, and in explaining what has occurred, and pointing out what ought to be done in the economy of nations—Political Economy would resist all attempts to be moulded into a science—Philosophy possessed no power over it—it did not admit of being reduced to first principles—and that what are called practical, or matter-of-fact men, were the only safeguards and instructors in whatever related to it.

Hasty and superficial reasoners will be the more apt and disposed to admit these conclusions, because they find a powerful ally in almost every mind, in the prepossession which is so generally entertained in favour of what is called experience and fact, when set in opposition to what is called theory and speculation. To all general reasoning, however sound may be the principles from which it sets out, however regular and connected the gradations and links of argument, drawn from those principles, and conducted to a legitimate conclusion—it is deemed quite sufficient to oppose what is called a fact, or to appeal to experience; few, after this, will venture to maintain the speculative opinion.

Perhaps no stronger illustration and proof of the evil influence of mere words in checking the progress of truth can be given, than that to which we have just alluded; since the Baconian method of induction has gained such

a powerful and general ascendancy, no theory or opinion will be long adhered to, which does not rest on facts, or which can be proved to be contradicted by them. Among the ancient philosophers, facts were disregarded, theories were produced and established without the smallest reference to them; things were supposed to exist, or, if really existing, were supposed, without any proof, to operate in that manner, which would account for the phenomenon under investigation. In many cases, mere words, to which no possible meaning could be fixed, were substituted for causes, or first principles. Philosophy, and the progress of the human mind and of society in all that concerns their real good, were thus checked. Bacon changed all this entirely and essentially; he taught and proved that observation and experience alone can conduct us, through facts, to the laws of nature, which we may, after we understand them, apply to our benefit.

Bacon was right; but we must not be deceived by names. We cannot possibly have any safe guides to science but facts; but we must not call those facts which are not such; we must not confound words, or prejudices, or inferences, with facts, nor place any reliance upon such facts as are not viewed in every possible light under a great variety of circumstances, and in all their connexions and consequences.

What is the real value and use of the testimony of practical or matter-of-fact men, in questions relating to Political Economy? Are their testimony, experience, and advice, so enlightened, sound, and universally applicable, as to supersede the necessity of establishing and applying philosophical principles to this subject? If they are, we need not undertake to prove that Political Economy can be reduced to a science. A preliminary investigation will therefore be proper and necessary, in which we shall examine the claims of practical men to guide us through all the mazes and difficulties of Political Economy. The difference between practical and speculative opinions in Political Economy, is well and fairly pointed out in the following passage of Mr Stewart:—

"They who have turned their attention, during the last century, to in-

quiries connected with population, national wealth, and other collateral subjects, may be divided into two classes: to the one of which we may, for the sake of distinction, give the title of Political Arithmeticians, or Statistical Collectors; to the other, that of Political Philosophers. The former are generally supposed to have the evidence of experience in their favour, and seldom fail to arrogate to themselves exclusively the merit of treading closely in the footsteps of Bacon. In comparison with them, the latter are considered as little better than visionaries, or, at least, entitled to no credit whatever; when their conclusions are at variance with the details of statistics.

In opposition to these claims, he goes on to state generally the real merits of those two classes:—"It may with confidence be asserted, that, in so far as those branches of knowledge have any real value, it must rest on a basis of well-ascertained facts; and that the difference between them consists only in the different nature of the facts with which they are respectively conversant. The facts accumulated by the statistical collector, are merely particular results, which other men have seldom an opportunity of verifying, or of disproving; and which, to those who consider them in an insulated state, can never afford any important information. The facts which the political philosopher proposes to investigate, are exposed to the examination of all mankind; and while they enable him, like the general laws of physics, to ascertain numberless particulars by sympathetic reasoning, they furnish the means of estimating the credibility of evidence resting on the testimony of individual observers."—*Elements of Philosophy*, Vol. II. c. 4. § 5. p. 447-8. 4to edit.

But it will be necessary to examine more closely and minutely, the real value of the facts, as they are styled, of the political arithmetician, in order that we may ascertain whether his labours ought to supersede those of the political philosopher. The political arithmetician boasts that he rests on facts alone, and does not permit himself to be swayed or prejudiced by general reasoning for theory; and that, therefore, the only safe guide in Political Economy. But theory or prejudice enters more frequently into the human

mind, than the political arithmetician is aware, when he boasts that he is exempt from their influence. He must possess a very superficial and limited acquaintance with mankind, who does not perceive, that on all subjects where their interest is concerned, or which are surrounded with a variety of circumstances, prejudice or theory either renders facts imperfectly or erroneously seen, or prevents them from being stated exactly as they exist and appear. The remarks of Mr Stewart apply with equal propriety and force to practical Political Economy, as to medicine: "So deeply rooted in the constitution of the human mind, is that disposition on which philosophy is grafted, that the simplest narrative of the most illiterate observer, involves more or less of hypothesis: Nay, in general, it will be found, that in proportion to his ignorance, the greater is the number of conjectural principles involved in his statements.

"A village apothecary, and, if possible, in a still greater degree, an experienced nurse, is seldom able to describe the plainest case, without employing a phraseology, of which every word is a theory; whereas, a simple and genuine specification of the phenomena which mark a particular disease; a specification unsophisticated by fancy, or by preconceived opinions, may be regarded as unequivocal evidence of a mind trained by long and successful study, to the most difficult of all arts, that of the faithful interpretation of nature."—P. 443.

The statements of the political arithmetician, therefore, and what he calls the results of his own observations, and experience, and inquiries, drawn aside as they are by interest or theory, on this ground alone, are certainly undeserving of the character and claims which they assume, and cannot be permitted to supersede the investigations of the political philosopher.

But it may be urged, that those who are practically engaged in commerce, are more worthy of our confidence as instructors and guides in Political Economy; and that the facts which they have accumulated during a life of personal observation and experience, must be not only well-founded; but also directly and profitably applicable to the most difficult and complicated cases of this science.

This, however, we suspect, will be found far from the truth. In the first place, few men engaged in commerce are acquainted with any branch of it except that which they themselves follow: in the second place, the small number whose thoughts and interests are directed to commercial objects, on a large scale, seldom or never possess a deep and extensive insight into human nature. It seems, therefore, impossible to meet with merely practical men, who can instruct us from their own observation and experience in the fundamental principles of commerce. Let us, however, examine of what worth and utility they will be as guides in their own particular department. The object of Political Economy, as a science, is the increase of wealth and prosperity of communities at large, not of any class or portion of them, at the expense of another. The object of the commercial man is to benefit himself: he looks no farther; he decides on the propriety, the prudence, or the wisdom of every plan and measure, according as it is advantageous to the line of business he pursues; and, more especially, according as it is advantageous to himself individually.

Hence, navigation and corn-laws, bounties, prohibition of foreign goods, or heavy duties upon them, have not only been defended, but extolled as beneficial; and facts are appealed to in support of this opinion, in opposition to what is sneeringly called speculative notions on Political Economy. Here, then, is one fertile source of fallacy in the facts of practical men; they state the fact and consequence of any measure, but not the whole fact and consequence; the fact and consequence as they affect their own interest, or the interest of that particular branch of trade in which they are engaged, but not as they affect the national interest. They know and feel that they are benefited by the measure, but they are ignorant, and they do not inquire, whether, while they are benefited, by their very benefit, others, and the nation at large, are injured.

"In all his meditations upon these principles," observes Child, in his Discourse on Trade, "the reader should warily distinguish between the profit of the merchant and the gain of the kingdom, which are so far from being

parallels, that frequently they run counter one to the other; although most men, by their education and business, having fixed their eye and aim wholly upon the former, do usually confound these two in their thoughts and discourses on trade, or else mistake the former for the latter."

Adam Smith has a similar remark.—"The merchants know perfectly well in what manner to enrich themselves; it was their business to know it; but in what manner it enriched their country was no part of their business."—*Smith's Wealth of Nations*, Vol. II. p. 8, 4to edition.

But facts, to be useful, must be stated not only impartially, and with a full and clear display of their influence on the wealth of the community at large, but they must also be traced to their remote and permanent consequences. In this respect, we shall find the facts of practical men of little value or utility; they do not look wide enough, and they do not look far enough; their individual interest does not require such a view, and therefore they do not take it. But the interest of society absolutely requires not only an extensive view on all sides, but a penetrating and long view to remote and permanent consequences.

What is the consequence of an increase in the circulating medium of a country? To this question, very opposite answers will be given by practical men; and each answer will appeal to facts; but if we examine these facts, we shall find, that they either do not take in all the circumstances, (a source of error we shall afterwards advert to,) or they are not traced in all their consequences.

Those who maintain that an increase in the circulating medium does not enhance prices, nor add to produce, state the facts in support of their opinion in the following manner.

They admit, that the first and immediate effect of an increased circulating medium is to enhance the price of the article on which it is expended; but this effect, they allege, is counteracted by a diminution of demand, occasioned by that enhanced price. The price of meat rises 25 per cent in consequence of more money than usual being applied to its purchase; this is one part of the fact; but, on the

other hand, those who, before purchased a certain quantity of meat, determine to diminish their purchases, owing to the increase of prices. This is another part of the fact; and thus they say the whole facts bear out their position, that an increased quantity of money, by being brought to bear on any particular article, though it at first enhances the price, yet by that very circumstance repelling a portion of the former demand, the price reverts to its former level, or nearly so.

But here two things are confounded which are really distinct, and the whole fact is not traced. A person, in consequence of the increased price of meat 25 per cent, may resolve to purchase 25 per cent less than usual. As far as he is concerned, therefore, there is a demand for less meat; but if he determines to spend as much money in the butcher market, and this, in fact, he will do, if, when the price is raised 25 per cent, he buys 25 per cent less meat, the diminution in his purchases, the money he lays out being to the same amount, cannot have any effect in counteracting the supposed increase in the quantity of money drawn into the butcher-market.

But our principal business at present is to prove, that the fact is not traced far enough. Let us then grant, that in consequence of the increased price of meat, a certain class of purchasers expend on this article 25 per cent less money than formerly; this, certainly, will tend to bring the price of meat down to its former level. But what becomes of the money thus withdrawn from the butcher-market? We cannot suppose it is suffered to lie idle and unemployed; it will be spent on some other article of food, probably on bread. In this case, the speculative demand for bread is increased, and its price will rise, and if, in consequence of this rise in its price, some persons expend less on it than they were wont to do, what is thus withdrawn from expenditure on bread will be spent on some other article, the price of which it will enhance. We thus see what a difference it makes in the nature and bearing of a fact, when we stop short in the middle of it, and when we trace it to its termination.

Let us illustrate this position by an examination of the facts of the opposite party, of those who declaim against

any increase in the circulating medium, as having no effect but the bad one of raising prices. They stop short at the first and immediate consequence of an increase in the circulating medium; it necessarily must raise prices; on this ground they rail against it. They look no farther; they do not even look at the other side of the fact. Prices are raised; this is bad to those who have to purchase, but it is good to those who have to sell; it holds out a stronger stimulus to their industry; and the usual consequences follow: more is produced, the community is rendered more wealthy, and prices fall. Thus, the whole fact leads to an inference quite opposite to that drawn from the partial fact; the general and permanent result is very different from the immediate and temporary result.

Machinery is introduced into a certain department of manufactures, which previously were wrought by manual labour: the workmen are thrown out of employment. Here is what the enemies of machinery call a decisive and undoubted fact in support of their opinion. Can anything be plainer or stronger? they exclaim. Speculative notions must yield to experience. Let us, however, view the case a little more closely. Machinery is introduced: employment is less easily procured, and wages fall. We shall allow, that the introduction of machinery is the cause of this evil, though "the only facts in this case are, that the machinery is in operation, and the men are destitute of employment; that one is the cause of the other, is an inference to account for the state of affairs." To this blending of facts and inferences, which is one of the grounds of the objections of mere matter-of-fact men to the conclusions of Political Economy, and of the assumption continually made with regard to that science, that theory and experience are at variance, we shall afterwards advert.

First, as we have said, we shall grant, that the introduction of machinery is the cause of the evil. Why is machinery employed? Because thus the goods can be made, and consequently sold, at a cheaper rate, than when manual labour is employed in their manufacture. But if they are sold cheaper, will they not be within the reach of a greater number of peo-

ple, and will not this enlarge the demand for them, and, in course of time, give employment not only to those labourers who at first were thrown out of employment, but to many more? The whole fact, in all its consequences, has been so palpably and frequently brought before us within the last half century, that an appeal to the temporary result of the introduction of machinery now possesses little weight. Indeed, this is a most striking and instructive instance of a fact confidently appealed to, against what are called speculative opinions, gradually unfolding itself, till it proves decidedly hostile to those very persons who brought it forward, and as decidedly in favour of Political Economy.

But the consequences of the introduction of machinery may be traced in another direction, which will equally prove our position, that facts are little worth unless they are whole in themselves, and viewed in connexion with all their consequences; and that what are called the facts of practical men seldom being of this description, are more likely to be prejudicial than serviceable—to lead from the truth, and the well-being of society, than to them.

Machinery saves labour and lowers prices; but the money thus saved from expenditure in articles made by machinery, will be expended on other articles; this will increase the demand for them, and, of course, for labourers to make them; and thus machinery, which directly threw workmen out of employment, will indirectly procure them employment.

We trust we have said enough to prove, that what are called facts are not always such; that they are often mixed up with theory and prejudices; and that even when political arithmeticians or practical men state what is really the case, they do not state the whole case; that when they assert that a certain measure is beneficial or injurious, they most frequently have viewed it only as regards their own interest, or particular line of inquiry or business, or in its immediate and temporary results, and not as it affects the interest of the community at large, and displays itself in its remote and permanent consequences.

We shall now attend to the circumstances of facts, on which, as much as

in their consequences, depend their value and authority, either as the ground-work of general principles, or as opposed to them.

A general principle in Political Economy, or any other science, is laid down, after having been carefully deduced from a vast number of facts and observations, under a great variety of circumstances. A practical man denounces this general principle as erroneous and prejudicial; he says, it recommends a certain measure, which he has adopted, and found not to be attended with the alleged result. The advocate of this general principle first examines whether it really recommends the measure proposed; he finds it does; he next investigates the consequences said to have flowed from the adoption of this measure, and he finds them, through their whole extent and train, to be such as described, and quite at variance with what his general principle predicts. He is staggered: there is one other inquiry, however, to be made; under what circumstances was the measure adopted and pursued? This inquiry conducts him to the real fact, which he no longer finds to be at variance with his general principle. The measure was good in itself; it was exactly such as the general principle recommended, and it would have produced the beneficial results pointed out in the general principle, but it was adopted and pursued under circumstances which altered essentially its character and effects. Stript of these circumstances, the measure would have proved beneficial: altered by them, it has proved injurious;—but both results are, in fact, confirmations of the general principle. “Little, if any regard,” observes Mr Stewart, “is due to a particular phenomenon, when stated as an objection to a conclusion resting on the general laws which regulate the course of human affairs. Even admitting the phenomenon in question to have been accurately observed, and faithfully described, it is yet possible that we may be imperfectly acquainted with that combination of circumstances whereby the effect is modified; and that if these circumstances were fully before us, the apparent exception would turn out an additional illustration of the very truth which it was brought to invalidate.” (P. 448.)

That war is prejudicial to a nation, in drawing off its labour and resources from profitable industry, and directing them to schemes of ambition and conquest,—in introducing, confirming, and widely spreading habits of national profusion, and in introducing that laxity of morals among a large class of citizens, which must always result from a state of warfare directly, as well as from those fluctuations in the wages of labour and in the manufactures and trade of a country, to which they are more frequently and deeply liable in war than in peace, is a maxim long and firmly fixed in the minds of most reflecting and observant people, a maxim drawn from the experience of the world, and back as history carries us, and not less convincing to the political philosopher, than it is consoling to the friend of humanity, who is accustomed to regard these evils as some check on the ambition both of princes and their subjects.

But we all must recollect how expressly and decidedly the late wars with revolutionary France were held up as having conducted to our national prosperity, by many people; how their termination was regretted, and how the slightest chance of a renewal of hostilities was hailed as a certain prelude to increased national wealth and prosperity. If the philosopher was incredulous, and the friend of humanity was shocked at this doctrine, and repelled it as not less unfounded than dangerous, the supporters of it were ready with what they called facts. These, they contended, were obvious, decisive, and numerous. They appealed to the state of our commerce previous to the commencement of the war, during its progress, at its termination, and after it had ceased for some time. The tables of our exports and imports—the state of our principal manufactures—the rapid and large fortunes made by our merchants—the enormous loans they were able to accommodate government with—the improvements in agriculture, and the signs of improvement and wealth displayed in the increase of building and population, as well as in the improved state of living among many classes—all these facts appealed to, as proving that war, so far from being an evil, was a blessing.

This is plausible reasoning: to all appearance it is supported by a train

of obvious, undoubted, and applicable facts. But it will not bear close and careful scrutiny and examination, and it affords another instance and proof of the worthlessness of what are called facts, in many topics of Political Economy, and the doubt and suspicion with which they ought to be regarded; especially when, as in the present case, so directly and utterly at variance with general principles, that is, with the confirmed and long experience of mankind.

In the first place, the supporters of this opinion bring into notice only the fair side of the question; they carefully keep out of view all the evils which the war they so loudly commend inflicted on commerce and national happiness, directly and indirectly. They appeal to the list of exports and imports, but they forget, or willfully overlook, the list of bankrupts. They appeal to the wages of the manufacturers, but they forget the increase of the poor-rates; and they do not advert to the circumstance, that, if wages were sometimes very high, they were often also very low; that these fluctuations were rapid and excessive; and that no circumstance can be more prejudicial, not only to the real and permanent wealth and prosperity of a nation, but also to its moral improvement, than these rapid and excessive fluctuations of wages. Secondly, they not only overlook the evils, but they do not carefully examine, whether, what they called the good of war, was really so, or only in appearance; and whether it was not the good of one portion of the community, procured at the expense of another portion. If so, it could not be national good; nor could the fact appealed to be indicative of national wealth and prosperity. But that this was the case; that in many respects the good was rather specious than solid; and that in other respects it was only individual good, acquired at the expense of other individuals, will, we believe, appear evident on a close and impartial investigation.

Thirdly, what is the obvious and necessary consequence of this doctrine? Is it not that we should always be at war, because war advances national prosperity more than a state of peace? But ought not those facts, as they are called, which seem to lean to this conclusion, be rejected as unfound-

ed or inapplicable? They recommend not only a state of war, but a state of continual war; that is, not only what all considerations of justice and humanity condemn, to which the experience of all ages and nations is opposed, but what is absolutely impossible.

Fourthly, all the consequences of that war, which is so strikingly recommended as productive of national prosperity, are not brought forth and exposed to view by those who maintain this opinion. As it is impossible a nation can always be at war, the consequences of war, when peace returns, ought to be regarded, as well as its alleged good effects, while it continued. This conducts us to the exposure of another weakness in the cause of those who appeal to facts in defence of the advantages of war, and its preferableness to peace. War is beneficial to the commerce of a nation, and peace the reverse, because while at war, we flourished, and at the return of peace, our prosperity languished. But was the peace the cause of this decline in our commerce? Was it not the effects of the long war, in which we had been stimulated to make such unprecedented and extraordinary exertions? And is it not as absurd and unfair to ascribe our decayed prosperity, on the return of peace, to peace, as it would be to ascribe the feeble and worn-out condition of a person who had been long stimulated to great exertions by powerful exciting causes, whether applied to the mind or body—not to these causes, but to the cessation of their application?

If peace had really brought national evil, would not that evil have continued, and increased as the peace continued? Is this the case?—Is not the reverse the case? If, therefore, war, allowing for a moment that it really benefits a nation, must close at some time or other, and at its cessation must cause a revulsion, probably proportionate in degree, extent, and continuance, to those circumstances attending it, which rendered it really, or in appearance, conducive to national good, ought not this fact to be taken into consideration and account by those who appeal to facts in behalf of the advantages of war? And in contrasting the effects of war with those of peace, ought not the latter to be in full operation, and not struggling with the

evils entailed on it by war, before its real and permanent effects are traced? But, lastly, a most important circumstance, which distinguished our wars with revolutionary France from all former wars, is omitted by the advocates for war. We allude to the immense expenditure by government, chiefly supported by loans. Large portions of these were given to foreign powers, not, indeed, in the shape of money, but in the produce of our manufactures; or rather, foreign nations were enabled to purchase an increased quantity of our manufactures by means of the money our government supplied them, and which money was raised in this country by loans. This is a circumstance which distinguished the revolutionary war from all former wars, and which therefore ought to be specially and particularly noticed and estimated, in considering any results of that war, differing from the results of wars in general. We have dwelt thus long in our own consideration of this case, because it affords an instructive instance of the different aspect a fact assumes when partially viewed, and when viewed in all its circumstances and consequences.

But it is not only matter-of-fact political economists, who are led astray themselves, and lead others astray, from not attending to all the circumstances of a case. Even those writers who insist most strongly on the necessity and advantage of general principles in political economy, are apt, when they state facts in confirmation and illustration of their principles, to take a narrow and imperfect view of them. In the last Number of the *Edinburgh Review*, LXXIX., there is a glaring instance of this. We allude to the elaborate article on the *Standard of National Prosperity*, and the *Rise and Fall of Profits*. On the doctrines contained in that article, and the reasoning by which they are supported, it is not our purpose to animadvert; but only to notice one part of the article, as illustrating our position, that facts, unattended with all the circumstances attending them, are worse than worthless, are actually deceptive, and injurious to the cause of truth.

The reviewer, after extracting from Mr Malthus's pamphlet on *Value*, an authentic account of the price of day-labour at Kirkeudbright, in the stew-

artry of that name, and annexing the
fiar prices of wheat in the stewartry,
thus remarks :

" Now it appears from this table,
that the mean price of labour at Kirk-
cudbright in 1793 was 10½d. a-day,
and its mean price in 1812, when at
the highest, 22d. a-day, being an ad-
vance of 109½ per cent ; but in the
same period the price of the boll of
wheat had risen from 55s. to 128s.,
being an advance of 133 per cent ;
shewing that husbandry labourers got
22½ per cent less of the produce, or
of the value of the produce, raised by
them in 1812, than in 1793 ; a fall of
proportional wages sufficient to ac-
count for a very great rise of profits !

" This table affords an equally satis-
factory solution of the fall of profits
that has taken place since the peace.

The average price of wheat at Kirk-
cudbright in 1811-1812, was £5, 18s.
5d. per boll ; and its price in 1822 was
£2, 7s. 5d. ; being a fall of nearly 60
per cent. But the money prices of la-
bour had, in the same period, only
fallen 39 per cent ; so that its relative
value, as compared with the main ar-
ticle of agricultural produce, had real-
ly risen 21 per cent., accounting com-
pletely for the fall of profits in the in-
terval." (P. 20—29.)*

The doctrine the reviewer wishes
to establish is this, that profits must
always vary inversely as wages ; that
is, when wages rise, profits must fall,
and when wages fall, profits must rise.
(P. 11.) We shall not object to this
doctrine, that, if it means anything,
it must mean, that the fall and rise
must be proportional, or at least ac-

* This article, as well as one in the Second Number of the Westminster Review, on
Tithes, affords additional confirmation, if it were wanting, of what we endeavoured to
establish in our last Essay, that Political Economists of the present day are blind guides
in the mazes of this science ; and that, in most cases, Milton's description of Chaos is
applicable to them :—

——Chaos umpire sits,
And his decision more embroils the fray.

A very few observations on the Tithes article, will, we think, justify the censure, so
far as the Westminster Review is concerned. One of the objects of the Reviewer is, to
controvert the opinion that tithes are no tax, but a portion of the rent of land. " They
who support this proposition," he observes, " are driven to deny the doctrine of rent, as
propagated by Mr Ricardo," &c. This doctrine, therefore, he explains : " Rent is that
portion of the return on capital, employed upon the land, which exceeds the ordinary
profit of stock, and is paid to the landlord for the use of the land." Again—" The
least fertile soil of all, or that which returns no more than the ordinary profits of stock,
will return no rent whatever." It is not our intention to examine this doctrine, but
only to shew from it and what the Reviewer says of tithes, that rent and tithes are proved
by him to be the same, though his object is to prove them quite distinct and different.
We now come to the important conclusion. This may be stated in a few words. " The
lowest soil in cultivation pays no rent. Every soil, from which produce is extracted,
pays tithes. Rent, therefore, and tithes, are not identical, but altogether different."

This is very logical in form and in word, but the reverse in reality. Tithes are part
of the produce ; they are evidently not the property of the cultivator, and therefore do
not constitute any of the profits of stock ; they are therefore, that portion of the return
on capital employed upon the land, which exceeds the ordinary profits of stock ; but this
is the Reviewer's definition of rent. Tithes and rent, therefore, are not different, but
identical. The Reviewer, indeed, adds to his definition of rent, that it is paid to the
landlord for the use of his land ; but it matters not under what name, or to whom that
portion of the return on capital employed upon the land which exceeds the ordinary
profits of stock, is paid ; that cannot alter its real nature. Tithes and rent, therefore,
according to the Reviewer's own shewing, are essentially the same, though paid under
different names, and to different people. The real difference, however, he has not point-
ed out ; it is this.—Rent is arranged between tenant and landlord ; if in money, its pro-
portionate value to the produce depends upon and varies inversely, as the quantity of
the produce multiplied by its price ; if in kind, its proportionate value to the pro-
duce varies inversely as the produce ; whereas tithe is fixed independently of the former,
and always bears the same proportion to the produce. Rent is paid for the landlord's
right of property in the land, and for the capital laid out in improving it ; but not for
capital expended during the currency of a lease. Tithe is paid for the tithe-owner's right
of property in the land ; for the capital laid out in improving it, and rendering it more
and also for the capital expended during the lease, in so far as that increases its

ording to some definite ratio, otherwise it is incapable of proof. We shall not object to it, that, as wages form a very small part of the expenses of a farmer, it would require a great reduction of them to produce a small increase in his profits, and a great rise in them to produce a small diminution in his profits. Nor shall we object to it, that it necessarily leaves undetermined and undeterminable, when wages rise and profits fall, or when the reverse occurs, which is the cause, and which the effect; nor this more serious and fundamental objection:—the real wages are estimated by the price of corn; by this price the farmers' profits are supposed to be regulated; and yet the rise and fall of these profits are stated to be occasioned by the rate of real wages. What is this but saying, that the real wages of the labourer, which depend on the price of corn, are the cause of the rise and fall of the profits of the farmer? or, in other words, are both cause and effect! We shall not urge these objections, because at present we are not examining the general doctrine. We shall confine ourselves to the facts, and endeavour to shew, that they are not stated in all their circumstances.

In the first place, the wages of the labourer are measured by their power over the purchase of wheat, and they are said to be greater or less, according as they enable him to purchase more or less of it. Why is not the same standard applied to the profits of the farmer?—Why is an increase in the mere money price of his wheat set down as an increase of his profits; and a diminution in the money price, as indicating a diminution of his profits? The same standard ought to be applied to both; either the money received for wages and wheat, or the power of money, in both cases, over commodities. If the real wages of labour, though advanced from 12 to 18 in money, are in fact no higher, because wheat has advanced from 60s. to 90s., neither are the real profits of the farmer, if, while he gets the latter price for his wheat, he be obliged to pay 50 per cent more for what he buys. He can live no better than he did, and he can save no more than he did.

But there is an omission of a much more material circumstance than this: the profits of the farmer are estimated by the price of his wheat alone, and

not, as they undoubtedly ought to be, by the price of his wheat multiplied into the quantity of wheat he has to sell. What a different aspect does the fact wear, when exhibited with all its circumstances! If a farmer sells a quarter of wheat for 90s. instead of 60s. he receives 50 per cent more for that quarter; but if his produce is only 24 bushels per acre instead of 36, a little calculation will convince us, that though the price of wheat has risen from 60s. to 90s., his profit remains the same.

Similar remarks may be made with regard to the impossibility of ascertaining the proportion of the produce, or of the value of the produce obtained by husbandry labourers, by means of the imperfect facts supplied by those tables, as it is evident that this proportion must depend not solely on the wages and the prices of wheat, but on the price of wheat multiplied into the quantity produced. We may further observe, that there is no necessary connexion between fluctuations in the real wages of labour, or their command over produce, and fluctuations in the proportionate share of the produce or the value of the produce raised by them, which their wages will procure; a simple case will shew this; let us suppose wheat to rise from 40s. to 60s., the quarter and wages from 1s. to 1s. 6d. a-day. It is evident that the real wages of the labourer are not altered. Let us now suppose that when wheat is at 40s. the produce per acre is four quarters, and that when it is at 60s. the produce is only two quarters; that is, in the first instance, L.8 the acre; and in the other, only L.6. It is obvious that the wages of the labourer, in both instances enabling him to purchase the same quantity of wheat, in fact give him the command over a greater portion of the produce of an acre of land, and of the value of that produce, in the latter instance than in the former. His real wages, and his share of the produce, would remain stationary, though his money wages advanced from 1s. to 1s. 6d., if, while wheat rose from 40s. to 60s., the produce remained the same; and his real wages would remain stationary, while his share in the produce would be diminished, if, while wheat rose from 40s. to 60s., the produce per acre rose above four quarters.

Again, if his wages remained at 1s.

while wheat advanced from 40s. to 60s., it is evident that his real wages would have fallen, though, if along with this rise in the price of wheat the produce had fallen from four quarters to two, his share of the produce, or of the value of the produce, would have been increased.

But to conclude this digression, what then becomes of all the inferences drawn from tables, which exhibit only the price of wheat, and not also the quantity sold, in support of the doctrine, that when wages rise, profits must fall, and when wages fall, profits must rise, since such tables do not exhibit all the facts on which profits are calculated?

Let us now suppose that all the circumstances attendant on any particular measure or occurrence are faithfully and fully stated, and that all the consequences resulting, not only immediately, but ultimately and permanently, not only to a particular branch of commerce, but to national prosperity, are also faithfully and fully stated: there is still a source of error to which Practical Political Economists are liable. They are apt to substitute inferences for facts. "The utility of the distinction between them," observes a sensible and ingenious author, "is very perceptible in all questions of national policy. In public affairs there is commonly such a multiplicity of principles in operation, so many concurring and counteracting circumstances, such an intermixture of design and accident, that the utmost caution is necessary in referring events to their origin; while in no subject of human speculation, perhaps, is there a greater confusion of realities and assumptions. It is sufficient for the majority of political reasoners, that two events are co-existent or consecutive. To their conception, it immediately becomes a fact, that one is the cause of the other. These remarks serve to shew, what at first sight may appear paradoxical, that those men, who are generally designated as prac-

tical and experienced, have often as much of the hypothetical interwoven in their opinions, as the most speculative theorists. Half of these facts are mere inferences, rashly and erroneously drawn. They may have no systematic hypothesis in their minds, but they are full of assumptions, without being aware of it. It is impossible that men should witness simultaneous or consecutive events, without connecting them in their imagination as causes and effects. There is a continual propensity in the human mind to establish those relations amongst the phenomena subjected to its observation, and to consider them as possessing the character of facts. But in doing this, there is great liability to error, and the opinions of a man who has formed them from what Lord Bacon calls *mera palpatio*, purely from what he has come in personal contact with, cannot but abound with rash and fallacious conclusions, for which he fancies himself to have the authority of his own senses, or of indisputable experience.*"

There are two classes of cases in which mere practical men are most liable to confound facts and inferences; the first is, where an event is preceded by a single circumstance; the other is, where an event is preceded by several circumstances.

The first does not occur so frequently as the second, nor is it so liable to lead us into error; it happens, however, sometimes, that two events are simultaneous or consecutive, to which we assign the respective names of cause and effect; whereas we either mistake the one for the other, or regard them in this relation, though in fact they are both effects of some latent and unnoticed cause. If any very striking occurrence takes place which strongly draws our attention and interests us, and this has been accompanied or preceded by any remarkable event, the mind imperceptibly unites them as cause and effect. The flash and report of a gun, the light-

* "Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions, and on other Subjects"—"Essay on Facts and Inferences." This little volume is much less known than it deserves to be; it is distinguished for a clear, successful, and interesting application of inductive and metaphysical inquiries to the most important practical purposes. The subsequent work of the same author, "Questions on Metaphysics, Morals, Political Economy, &c." is of very inferior merit; the thought from which it sprung is good, but the plan and execution are very defective.

ning and thunder, are set down as respectively cause and effect, by those who are unaccustomed to them. There are many similar instances in Political Economy, where two events are regarded as cause and effect, where there is either no such connexion between them, or where both are effects proceeding from one unobserved cause. Sometimes the effect is mistaken for the cause; what opinion is more common than that a free constitution will render men enlightened, free, and prosperous? This mistaken notion has led to the foolish expectation, that, in order to give civil, religious, and political freedom to a state, it was only necessary to decree that the power of the sovereign should be limited,—the people should be represented, discussion on all topics allowed, &c. The advocates for this opinion appeal to what they call facts; they appeal to Britain and America; these countries, they say, have free constitutions, and the people are enlightened, free, and prosperous. The consequence seems to them to follow naturally; the state of the people is the effect of their constitution,—therefore give the same constitution to other people, and they will also become enlightened, free, and prosperous.

This unfolds to us another source of error, in collecting what are called facts; it not unfrequently happens that what has been the cause becomes the effect, and it is very necessary to attend to the period and circumstances of this change in the character of the event. Britain contains the most numerous and the best modes of conveyance of any nation in the world, but it is evident that these must facilitate commerce: the inference seems fair and sound; make similar modes of conveyance in another country, and its commerce will also flourish. Here is an instance of misapprehension of facts, or rather of the connexion between cause and effect, from not attending to the change of character in consecutive events to which we have alluded. The process seems to be, a certain stimulus given to industry, enterprize, and the consequent acquisition of a certain portion of capital; these lead to the formation of roads, canals, &c. and these, in their turn, increase industry, enterprize, and capital. The facts viewed in this light and connexion are useful and important;

viewed otherwise, they will only lead to error and vain or mischievous actions. So with respect to real freedom, and a free constitution; real freedom must first spring from circumstances which enlighten men, and teach and enable them to expand their views and wishes, and to know and appreciate their rights and capabilities. This will produce not only the forms, laws, privileges, and protections, of a free constitution, but infuse into all these such an animating and influential spirit, as will, in its turn, act on the state of the people, and increase their freedom.

The other class of cases, in which mere practical men are liable to confound facts and inferences, comprehends all those where an event is preceded by several circumstances.

In such instances a mere practical man is apt to be bewildered and led astray, especially if it happens (as it often does) that his prejudices, or his individual interest, lead him to fix on one circumstance, without examination or inquiry, to the exclusion of all the others, as the only real and efficient cause. Numerous cases of this kind are continually occurring: one may suffice. Soon after the establishment of peace, there was a very great depreciation in the price of agricultural produce, and consequently in the rent and value of land. What was the cause of this? The circumstances immediately preceding, were a change from war to peace—the renewal of commercial intercourse with foreign powers—diminished taxation and expenditure—the return to cash payments—and two or three abundant harvests. Each of these preceding events was separately and exclusively assigned as the cause of the depression of agriculture: and each party appealed to what they called facts. Agriculture flourished during war, and while we were shut out from the continent:—it languishes now that there is peace and intercourse with the continent; the case is clear; here is double proof—an event occurring under certain circumstances, being co-existent with those circumstances, and disappearing when they do. The advocates for the other opinions argued in a similar manner. Such is the worth of what is usually styled facts and experience. How the real truth is to be obtained in such cases, we shall afterwards in-

quire, when we investigate the mode by which the science of Political Economy can be placed on the basis of general principles, and those principles deduced from well-ascertained causes and effects.

This will form the subject of two more portions of this Essay, one relating to the general investigation of the mode in which we arrive at truth, in the principal departments of human knowledge, and to the nature of the evidence on which they are founded; and the other, applying the results of this general investigation to the department of Political Economy, considered as a science.

We cannot better conclude this part of our Essay, in which we have endeavoured to estimate, at their real and just value, what are called the facts and experience of practical men in Political Economy, than by the following quotation from Mr Stewart, in which he points out and expatiates upon the contrasted effects of statistical and philosophical studies on the progress and the interests of society, and which, it appears to us, exhibits a striking and happy instance of exuberance of thought, conveyed in his peculiarly exuberant and flowing style:

"From these considerations, it would appear, that in politics, as well as in many of the other sciences, the loudest advocates for experience, are the least entitled to appeal to its authority in favour of their dogmas; and that the charge of a presumptuous confidence in human wisdom and foresight, which they are perpetually urging against political philosophers, may, with far greater justice, be retorted on themselves. An additional illustration of this is presented by the strikingly contrasted effects of *statistical* and *philosophical* studies on the intellectual habits in general: the former invariably encouraging a predilection for restraints and checks, and

all the other technical combinations of an antiquated and scholastic policy: the latter, by inspiring, on the one hand, a distrust of the human powers, when they attempt to embrace in detail interests at once so complicated and momentous; and on the other, a religious attention to the designs of Nature, as displayed in the general laws, which regulate her economy, leading no less irresistibly to a gradual and progressive simplification of the political mechanism. It is, indeed, the never-failing result of all sound philosophy, to humble, more and more, the pride of science before that Wisdom, which is infinite and divine; whereas, the farther back we carry our researches into those ages, the institutions of which have been credulously regarded as monuments of the superiority of unsophisticated good sense, over the false refinements of modern arrogance, we are the more struck with the numberless insults offered to the most obvious suggestions of nature and of reason. We may remark this, not only in the moral depravity of rude tribes, but in the universal disposition which they discover to disfigure and distort the bodies of their infants:—in one case, new-modelling the form of the eyelids; in a second, lengthening the ears; in a third, checking the growth of the feet; in a fourth, by mechanical pressure applied to the head, attacking the seat of thought and intelligence. To allow the human form to attain, in perfection; its fair proportions, is one of the latest improvements of civilized society: and the case is perfectly analogous in those sciences which have for their object to assist nature in the cure of diseases; in the developement and improvement of the intellectual faculties; in the correction of bad morals; and in the regulations of *Political Economy*."—*Elements of the Philosophy*, &c. Vol. II. p. 451-2.

CHAPTERS ON CHURCHYARDS.

CHAPTER III.

WITHIN a short distance of my own habitation stands a picturesque old church, remote from any town or hamlet, save that village of the dead contained within the precincts of its own sequestered burial-ground. It is, however, the parish church of a large rural district, comprising several small hamlets, and numerous farms and cottages, together with the scattered residences of the neighbouring gentry; and hither (there being no other place of worship within the parish boundary) its population may be seen for the most part resorting on Sundays, by various roads, lanes, heath-tracks, copice and field-paths, all diverging from that consecrated centre. The church itself, nearly in the midst of a very beautiful church-yard, rich in old carved head-stones, and bright verdure, roofing the nameless graves—the church itself stands on the brow of a finely wooded knoll, commanding a diversified expanse of heath, forest, and cultivated land; and it is a beautiful sight on Sundays, on a fine autumn Sunday in particular, when the ferns are assuming their rich browns, and the forest trees their exquisite gradations of colour, such as no limner upon earth can paint—to see the people approaching in all directions, now winding in long straggling files over the open common, now abruptly disappearing amongst its innumerable shrubby declivities, and again emerging into sight through the boles of the old oaks that encircle the church-yard, standing in their majestic beauty, like sentinels over the slumbers of the dead. From two several quarters across the heath, approach the more condensed currents of the living stream; one, the inhabitants of a far distant hamlet, the other, comprising the population of two smaller ones, within a shorter distance of the church. And from many lanes and leafy glades, and through many field-paths and stiles, advance small groups of neighbours, and families, and social pairs, and here and there a solitary aged person, who totters leisurely along, supported by his trusty companion, his stout oak staff, not undutifully consigned by his neglectful children to that silent companionship, but willingly loitering be-

hind to enjoy the luxury of the aged, the warmth of the cheerful sun-beams, the serene beauty of nature, the fruitful aspect of the ripening corn-fields, the sound of near and mirthful voices, the voices of children and grandchildren, and a sense of quiet happiness, partaking surely of that peace which passeth all understanding.

And sometimes the venerable Elder comes, accompanied by his old faithful helpmate; and then they may be seen once more side by side, her arm again locked within his as in the days of courtship; not, as then, resting on his more vigorous frame, for they have grown old and feeble together; and of the twain, the burthen of years lies heaviest upon the husband, for his has been the hardest portion of labour. In the prime of life, during the full flush of his manly vigour, and of her healthful comeliness, he was wont to walk sturdily onward, discoursing between whiles with his buxom partner, as she followed with her little ones; but now they are grown up into men and women, dispersed about in their several stations, and have themselves young ones to care and provide for; and the old couple are, as it were, left to begin the world again, alone in their quiet cottage. Those two alone together, as when they entered it fifty years ago, bridegroom and bride—alone, but not forsaken—sons, and daughters, and grandchildren, as each can snatch an interval of leisure, or when the labours of the day are over, come dropping in under the honey-suckle porch, with their hearty greetings; and many a chubby great-grandchild finds its frequent way to Granum's cottage; many a school truant, and many a "toddlin' wee thing," whose little hand can hardly reach the latch of the low wicket, but whose baby call of "fitcherin' noise an' glee" gains free and fond admittance. And now they are on their way together, the old man and his wife.—See!—they have just passed through the last field-gate leading thitherward to the church. They are on their way together towards the house of God, and towards the place where they shall soon lie down to rest "in sure and certain hope," and they lean on one

another for mutual support; and would it not seem still, as they are thus again drawn closer together, as they approach nearer to the term of their earthly union, as if it were a type and token of an eternal re-union in a better and a happier state? I love to gaze upon that venerable pair,—ay, even to note their decent, antiquated Sabbath raiment—what a *real* tailor—no *modern* one to be sure—can have carved out that coat of indescribable colour—something of orange tawny with a reddish tinge—I suspect it has once been a rich Devonshire brown, and perhaps the wedding-suit of the squire's grandfather, for it *has had* a silk lining, and it *has been* trimmed with some sort of lace, gold probably, and there adown each side are still the resplendent rows of embossed, basket-work gilt buttons, as large as crown-pieces—it must have been the Squire's grandfather's wedding-suit. And how snowy-white, and how neatly plaited is the single edge of his old dame's plain mob cap, surmounted by that little black poke bonnet, flounced with rusty lace, and secured upon her head, not by strings, but by two long black corking pins. That bit of black lace, of *real* lace, is a treasured remnant of what once trimmed her mistress's best cloak, when she herself was a blithe and buxom lass, in the days of her happy servitude; and the very elook itself, once a rich mode silk of ample dimensions, now narrowed and curtailed to repair with many cunning engraftings, the ravages of time—the very cloak itself, with a scrap of the same lace frilled round the neck, is still worn on Sundays, through the Summer and Autumn, till early frosts and keener winds pierce through the thin old silk, and the good red hooded cloak is substituted in its stead. They have reached the church-yard wicket; they have passed through it now, and wherefore do they turn aside from the path, a few steps beyond it, and stop and look down upon that grassy hillock? It is no recent grave, the daisies are thickly matted on its green sod, and the heap itself has sunk to a level nearly even with the flat ground. The little head-stone is half-buried too, but you may read thereon the few words, the only ones ever engraven there—"William Moss, aged 22." Few living now remember William Moss. Few at least think of him. The

playmates of his childhood, the companions of his youth, his brothers and sisters, pass weekly by his lonely grave, and none turn aside to look upon it, or to think of him who sleeps beneath. But in the hearts of his parents, the memory of their dead child is as fresh as their affections for their living children. He is not *dead* to them, though, eight-and-twenty years ago, they saw that turf heaped over his coffin—over the coffin of their eldest born. He is not dead to them, and every Sabbath-day they tarry a moment by his lowly grave, and even now, as they look thereon in silence, does not the heart of each parent whisper as if to the sleeper below,—“My son! we shall go to thee, though thou shalt not return to us.”

Look down yonder under those arching hawthorns! what mischief is confederating there, amongst those sunburnt, curly-pated boys, clustering together over the stile and about it, like a bunch of swarming bees? The confused sound of their voices is like the hum of a swarm too, and they are debating of grave and weighty matters; of nuts ripening in thick clusters down in Fairlee Copse, of trouts of prodigious magnitude leaping by the bridge below the Mill-head; of apples—and the young heads crowd closer together, and the buzzing voices sink to a whisper—“Of cherry-cheeked apples hanging just within reach of one who should climb upon the roof of the old shed, by the corner of the south wall of Squire Mills's orchard.” Ah Squire Mills! I would not give sixpence for all the apples you shall gather off that famous red-streak to-morrow. But who comes there across the field towards the stile? a very youthful couple—Sweethearts, one should guess, if it were not that they were so far asunder, and look as if they had not spoken a word to each other this half hour. Ah! they were not so far asunder before they turned out of the shady lane into that open field, in sight of all the folk gathering into the church-yard, and of those mischievous boys, one of whom is brother to that pretty Fanny Payne, whose downcast looks, and grave, sober walk, so far from the young miller, will not save her from fanning the gauntlet of their teasing jokes as she passes—and pass she must, through the knot of conspirators. Never mind it, Fanny Payne!

Put a good face on the matter, and above all, beware of knitting up that fair brow into anything like a frown, as you steal a passing glance at that provoking brother of yours; it will only bring down upon you a thicker shower of saucy jests.—See! see! that little old man, so old and shrivelled, and lean and wizened, and mummy-coloured; he looks as if he had been embalmed and inhumed a century ago, and had just now walked out of his swathing bands, a specimen of the year one thousand seven hundred and ten. His periwig is so well plastered with flour and hog's lard, that its large sausage-side curls look as durably consistent, as the "eternal buckles cut in Parian stone" that have immortalized Sir Cloudesley Shovel; and from behind dangles half-way down his back, a long taper pig-tail, wound round with black ribbon, the which, about half-way, is tied into an elegant rosette.—On the top of that same periwig is perched a diminutive cocked hat—with such a cock! so fierce! so triangular! the little squat crown so buried within its triple fortification! The like was never seen, save in the shape of those coloured sugar comfits called cock'd-hats, that are stuck up in long glasses in the confectioners' windows, to attract the eyes of poor longing urchins; and his face is triangular too, the exact centre of his forehead where it meets the periwig, being the apex thereof—his nose is triangular—his little red eyes are triangular—his person is altogether triangular, from the sloping narrow shoulders, to where it widens out, corresponding with the broad square fan-tail flaps of that green velveteen coat. He is a walking triangle, and he carries his cane behind him, holding it with both hands wide apart, exactly parallel with the square line of his coat-flaps. See! he is bustling up to join that small group of substantial farmers, amongst whom he is evidently a person of no small consequence; they think him, "as one should say, Sir Oracle," for he knows every fluctuation of stocks to a fraction—criticizes the minister's discourses—expounds the prophecies—explains all about the milleniums and the number of the beast—foretells changes of weather—knows something of physic and surgery—gives charms for the ague and rheumatism—makes ink—mends pens, and writes a won-

derful fine hand, with such flourishes, that without taking his pen off the paper, he can represent the figures of Adam and Eve, in the involutions composing the initial capitals of their names! He is "Sir Oracle," and not the less so, because people do not exactly know what he has been, and where he comes from. Some think he has been a schoolmaster—others conjecture that he has been a doctor of some sort, or a schemer in mechanics, about which he talks very scientifically—or in the funds—or in some foreign commercial concern, for he has certainly lived long in foreign parts, and is often heard talking to his old grey parrot in some outlandish tongue, and the bird seems to understand it well, and replies in the same language.

There are not wanting some, who suspect that he has not been always in his perfect mind; but however that may be, he is perfectly harmless now, and has conducted himself unexceptionably ever since he came to settle in the village of Downe, ten years ago. In all that time he has never been known, to receive within his dwelling any former friend or kinsman, and he has never stirred beyond the boundary of the parish, but to go once a year to the banker's in the nearest town, to receive a small sum of money, for which he draws on a mercantile house in Lombard Street. He boards and lodges with a widow, who has a neat little cottage in the village, and he cultivates the finest polyanthus and auriculas in the flower-plot, of which she has yielded up the management to him, that were ever beheld in that neighbourhood. He is very fond of flowers, and dumb animals, and children; and also the children in the place love him, and the old white Pomeranian dog, blind of one eye, who follows his master everywhere except to church. Now, you know as much as I or any one knows of Master Jacob Marks, more, perhaps, than was worth telling, but I could not leave such an original subject half-sketched.

Behold that jolly-looking farmer and his family approaching up the green lane that leads from their habitation, that old substantial-looking farmhouse yonder half embowered in its guardian elms.

They are a portly couple, the farmer and his wife! He, a hale, florid, fine-

looking man, on whose broad open brow time has scarcely imprinted a furrow, though it has changed to silky whiteness the raven hue of those locks, once so thickly clustered about his temples. There is a consciousness of wealth and prosperity, and of rural consequence, in his general aspect and deportment; but if he loves the good things of this world, and prides himself in possessing them, there is nothing in the expression of his countenance that bespeaks a selfish and narrow heart, or a covetous disposition. He looks willing to distribute of his abundance, and greetings of cordial goodwill, on both sides, are exchanged between the farmer and such of his labourers as fall into the same path, in their way to the church. Arm-in-arm with her spouse marches his portly helpmate, fat, florid, and, like himself, "redolent" of the good things of this world, corn, and wine, and oil, that sustaineth the heart of man, and maketh him of a cheerful countenance.

A comely and a stately dame is the lady of Farmer Buckwheat, when, as now, she paces by his side, resplendent in her Sunday-going garb, of ample and substantial materials, and all of the very best that can be bought for money. One can calculate the profits of the dairy and the bee-hives, the pin-money of the farmer's lady—not to mention his weightier accumulations—by the richness of that black satin cloak and bonnet, full trimmed with real lace, and by the multitudinous plaits of that respectable-looking, muff-coloured silk gown and coat.

It is true, her old-fashioned prejudices would have been in favour of a large double silk handkerchief, pinned neatly down, and a flowered chintz gown, drawn up through the pocket-holes over a white quilted petticoat; but the worthy dame has two fair daughters, and they have been brought up at a boarding-school, and they have half-coaxed, half-teased their Ma'a out of such antiquated vulgar tastes, though even those pertinacious reformists have been obliged to concede the point of a pelisse in favour of the satin cloak. But when they have conceded one point, they have gained at least two. See, the old lady's short sleeves, neatly frilled just below the elbow, are elongated down to the wrists, and finished there by a fashionable puff, out of which protrudes

the red, fat, fussy hand, with short dumpty fingers nubbed between, broad and turning up at the tips, looking as if they had been created on purpose to knead dough, press curds, and put up butter; and, lo! on the fore-finger of the right hand a great garnet ring set in silver, massy enough for the edge of a soup tureen. It is an heir-loom from some great-grandmother, who was somehow related to somebody who was first cousin to a "*Barrow-knight*," and was herself so very rich a lady—and so the misses have rummaged it out, and forced it down upon their Ma'a's poor dear fat finger, which sticks out as stiffly from the sensation of that unwonted compression, as if it were tied up and poulticed for a whitlow; and the poor lady, in spite of all hints and remonstrances, will walk with her gloves dangling in her hands, instead of on them; and altogether, the short pillowy arms cased up in those tight cearments, with both hands and all the fingers spread out as if in act to swim, look, for all the world, like the fins of a turtle, or the flaps of a frightened gosling. Poor worthy dame! but a sense of conscious grandeur supports her under the infliction of this fashionable penance. And then come the Misses Buckwheat, mincing delicately in the wake of their Pa'a and Ma'a, with artificial flowers in their Leghorn bonnets, sky-blue spencers, fawn-coloured boots, flounces up to their knees, a pink parasol in one hand, and a pocket-handkerchief dangling from the other; not neatly folded and carried with the handsome prayer-book in the pretty fashion that so well becomes that fair modest girl, their neighbour's daughter, whose profound ignorance of fashionable dress and manners is looked on as quite pitiable, "poor thing!" by the Misses Buckwheat. For what are they intended, I wonder! For farmers' wives? To strain milk, churn butter, fat pigs, feed poultry, weigh out cheeses, and cure bacon hogs? Good lack! They paint landscapes! and play on the piano! and dance quadrilles! and make bead purses! and keep Albums! and doat on Moore's Melodies and Lord Byron's poems! They are to be "tutoresses," or companions, or—something or other—*very genteel*.—*Ladies*, for certain, anyway. So they have settled themselves, and so the weak, doating mother fondly anticipates, through the

father talks as yet only of their prosperous establishment (all classes talk of establishing young ladies now,) as the wives of wealthy graziers, or substantial yeomen, or farmers, or thriving tradesmen. But he drinks his port wine, and follows the hounds. And then, bringing up the rear of the family procession, lounges on its future representative, its sole son and heir. And he is a smart buck, far too genteel to walk arm-in-arm with his sisters; so he saunters behind, cutting off the innocent heads of the dangling brier-roses, and the tender-hazel shoots, with that little jemmy switch, where-with ever and anon he flaps the long-looped sides of his yellow topped boots; and his white hat is set knowingly on one side, and he wears a coloured silk handkerchief knotted loosely round his throat, and fastened down to the shirt bosom by a shining brooch,—and waist-coat of three colours, pink, blue, and buff,—a grass-green coat, with black velvet collar, and on his little finger, (the wash leather glove is off on that hand,) a Belcher ring as thick as the coil of a ship's cable. Well done, young Hopeful! That was a clever gim! There goes a whole shower of hazel-tops. What a pity your shearing-ingenuity is not as active among the thistles in your father's fields! The family has reached the church-gate; they are entering now; and the farmer, as he passes through, vouchsafes a patronizing nod, and a good-humoured word or two, to that poor widow and her daughter, who stand aside holding the gate open for him; and dropping humble curtsies to every member of the family. The farmer gives them now and then a few days' work,—hosing, weeding, or stoning, or, at hay or harvest time, on his broad acres; but his daughters wonder "Pe'a should demean himself so far as to nod familiarly to such poor objects." They draw up their chins; flirt their handkerchiefs, and pass on as stiff as poker. And last, in straggles Master Timothy. He hates that name, by the by, and wishes his sponsors had favoured him with one that might have shortened buckishly into Frank, or Tom, or—Tim won't do, and his sisters scout the barbarous appellation, and have re-christened him "Alonzo." They would fain have bestowed on him the name of Madame Cestin's interesting Saracen, Mahak Abdul, but it was

impossible to teach their mamma the proper pronunciation of that word, which she persisted in calling "Molly Coddle")—In straggles Timothy Alonzo, but he is even more condescending than his papa, and bestows a very tenderly expressive glance at the widow's daughter, as she drops her eyes, with her last and lowest curtsy to him.

Well, they are gone by, thank Heaven! and the poor woman and her child follow at humble distance to their Master's house.—They will not always be abased there. The widow Maythorn and her daughter Rachel are a very poor, but a very happy pair. Mer daughter is sickly and delicate, and folks say, in our country phrase, "hardly so sharp as she should be," but she has sense enough to be a dutiful child, to suffer meekly, to hope humbly, to believe steadfastly.—What profiteth other knowledge? The mother and daughter possess a little cottage, a bit of garden, and a cow that picks its scanty pasture on the waste. They work hard, they want often, but they contrive to live, and are content. The widow Maythorn and her daughter are a happy pair!—Yonder, winding slowly up that shady green lane, come the inmates of the parish work-house—the in-door poor. First, the master; a respectable-looking middle-aged man, with somewhat of pompous sternness in his deportment; but there is nothing hard or cruel in the expression of his eye, as ever and anon he looks back along the line of paupers, of all ages and sexes, so decently marshalled under his command. On the contrary, he hangs back, to speak a few words of hearty encouragement to that weary old man, who totters along so feebly on his crutches, under the burden of his fourscore years of toil and trouble, and the increasing load of his bodily infirmities. And the grateful look of old Matthew, and his cheerful, "Lord love ye, master," are eloquent vouchers, that for once, the man "armed with a little brief authority" abuseth not his trust. The mistress has less dignity, but more severity of aspect, as her sharp, quick glance runs back often and suspiciously along the line of females—and she calls them peremptorily to order, if their voices are heard too volubly; and she rebukes the pliant children, and denounces vengeance against those two arch-angels in particular.

ted in the midst of skulking behind to pull those tempting clusters of almost ripe nuts, that peep so invitingly from the high hazel hedge. But her denunciations are not listened to, it should appear, with any very vehement demonstration of dread. I believe, of my conscience, "her bark is worse than her bites;" and that half her terrors lie in that long, sharp, bow-sprit nose, those little red gimblet eyes, and in the sound of a voice, shrill, cracked, and squeaking like the tone of a penny trumpet. Very neat, decent, and respectable is the appearance of the long line of parish poor. They are all comfortably clad in whole and clean apparel; and even that poor idiot, who brings up the rear, straggling in and out of the file of children,—who can restrain his vagaries? Even he is clothed in good grey woollen, and a whole new hat, in lieu of the scarlet tatters, and old battered soldier's helmet, with its ragged red and white feather, in which he delights to decorate his poor little deformed figure on week-days, calling himself, corporal, captain, general, or drum-major, as the whim of the moment rules his wayward fancy,—each grade, as he assumes it, the most honourable in his estimation. They are passed on, all of them—men, women, and children—the two culprits still lagging in the rear—I wager they have another pluck at the forbidden fruit, on their way back to the work-house.

More children still! marshalled in double files—boys and girls, three scores at least; each sex uniformly clad; the master and mistress leading the van of their respective divisions.—That is the subscription charity school, and the children have just donned their new clothing, and—do but see! poor urchins! what hogs in armour some of them look like! good clothing it is—warm and decent, and of durable material;—thick grey frieze for the boys, with dark blue worsted hose, and black beaver hats—black hats at least; and for the girls, program gowns, and wild-boar petticoats—(reader, did you ever hear of such materials?) and stiff enough they are, Heaven knows; and as the things are all sent down ready made from a London warehouse, they are of necessity pretty much of the same size, as having the better chance to fit, or, at all events, to do for all. So you shall see

a poor little boy muffled up in a coat that looks like his grandfather's great-coat, the flaps of which dangle almost to the ground; the collar is turned half-way down his back, or it would mount up so high as to bury his head, which is indeed already buried, under a hat, the brim of which rests upon his shoulders and the bridge of his nose; and when he hangs down his arms, you cannot see so much as the tip of his fingers peeping from within those long enormous sleeves. To complete the picture of comfort, he skuffs along in a pair of shoes, the stiff upper leathers of which reach up to the middle of his shins, and the poor little legs stick in them like two chumpers in a couple of butter churns. Altogether he looks like a dangling scarecrow set up in a corn-field.

But then, the little muffled man presents a fine contrast to his along-side mate. His long-tailed coat makes him a short jacket. His arms are squeezed through the sleeves, to be sure, but then they stick out like wooden pins on either side, with excessive tightness; and there, see, dangles half a yard of red, lean wrist, and all the blood in his body seems forced down into those great blue bony knuckles. It was a good hearty thump, certes, that jammed down that stiff skimming-dish of a hat, even to where it now reaches on his unlucky pate. The great flat *unhemmed* red ears stick out from under it, like two red cabbage leaves; and for his shoes!—The blacksmith would have shod him better, and have inflicted less pain in the operation; for, see! his feet are doubled up in them, into the form of hoofs, and he hobbles along, (poor knave!) like a cat in pattens, or as if the smooth green lane were paved with red-hot flints. And the girls are not much better off; some draggle long trains after them; and have waists down to their hips; others are well-nigh kilted; and that long lanky girl there, Jenny Andrews, would reveal far more than a decent proportion of those *heron* legs of hers, were it not that she has ingeniously contrived to tie the wild-boar petticoat a reef below the program gown, thereby supplying the deficiencies of the latter. Well! they are all new clothed, however—spick and span—and all very proud of being so, even he of the crumpled-up toes, who will soon poke his way

through those leathern fetters, and in the meantime, limps along in contented misery. "New clothes!" thinks he—"Good clothes! handsome clothes!" thinks Madam Buckwheat—"Fine clothes! fashionable clothes!" think the Misses Buckwheat—"Brave clothes! pretty clothes!" thinks the poor idiot, when Monday comes, and he is allowed to resume his old scarlet tatters. All are puffed up with the self-same species of conceit, variously modified, and so are many greater, and many finer folks than they—ay, and many wiser ones too—many more talented. Witness Goldsmith, in his peach-blossom coat, and Johnson, (who ridiculed the poor poet's puerile vanity,) in his gala suit of fine brown-broad-cloth. One spread his tail like a peacock, and strutted about to show off its gaudy colours; the other, arrayed like the bird of wisdom, in grave and sombre plumage, was equally proud of the dignity it conferred, and oraculously opined, that a gentleman was twice a gentleman in a full dress suit. Vanity! vanity! thou universal leaven! from what human heart art thou absolutely excluded?

Hark! the trampling of horses, and the sound of wheels. The Squire's carriage sweeps round the corner of the churchyard. He and his family arrive thus early, that the horses may be stabled in that long low shed, appropriated for the purpose, and the servants ready to enter the church at the same time with their master, and to partake with him of the benefit and comfort of the confession and absolution. Some people seem to consider those parts of the service as a mere prelude,—a sort of overture as hack-nied, and about as solemn, as that to Lodoiska; and if they reach their pews by the time they are half over, it is well. As for the servants; what can it signify to them? There alights another carriage load—and another—and another—and the comers in a car,

and in two tax-carts, and on sundry steeds; and there the patrician party is congregating together round the great east door; and there stands the clerk, with hat in hand, peering down the vicarage-lane, under the pent-house of his other shading hand, for the first glimpse of the minister. Now! he descries the white face of the old roan mare. Another look, to be sure; it is indeed that sober-footed palfrey, bearing her reverend burthen; and then he turns hastily into the belfry; and immediately the cracked chimes subside into a few quick single strokes, announcing the near approach of the clergyman, and the speedy commencement of divine service. That fine ruddy lady, with the white smock-frock, has been immovably posted at the churchyard wicket for the last half hour. His patience will accomplish its purpose; he is the first to start forward, (hat in hand, and smoothing down his glossy yellow hair,) to receive the bridle of the old man, which the vicar resigns into the hand of careful Will, with the usual charges, and a smile, and a few words of kind notice. The minister has passed into the vestry; the clerk has followed him; a few more strokes, and the bell ceases; a few more seconds, and the churchyard is left to its lonely silence, and to its quiet occupants; and the living are gathered together within those sacred walls, to hear the words of eternal life, on the surety whereof, the sleepers without (with whom they must one day lie down in the dust) have been committed to their narrow beds "in sure and certain hope."

But my discourse purported to be of Churchyards only; and I have rambled from the text. No matter; I am come (as we all must) to the churchyard at last, and my next Chapter shall be of "graves, and stones, and epitaphs."

LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ. TO EMINENT LITERARY CHARACTERS.

No. XVII.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

On the Last Westminster Review.

DEAR NORTH,

Have you room for two or three pages upon the "Westminster Review?" You need not be afraid that by reviewing it you are advertising it, for it really is a book of pith, which *must* be read, as expressing the opinion of the most blood-thirsty and dangerous crew of political speculators in England. The Edinburgh is utterly dished by it. We gave it its knock-down blow,—this new-comer has given it the coup-de-grace.

Here, then, in its third number, we have the opinion of the Radicals as to the prosecutions of the Blasphemers, and, strange as it may sound, it thoroughly coincides with mine, pick of Toryism as I am. Our grounds of condemning these prosecutions are different, but the reviewer *does* condemn them, and so do I; he, because he thinks that these writers, if let loose, and safe from the vengeance of offended laws, would overthrow the religion which it is evident he hates; I, because I know that there is no need of putting down the wretches by any means but the pen. I am no more afraid of the Deists or Atheists than I was of the Whigs, at a time when there was some semblance of talent observable among them, for I felt confident that we could write them down, as we did, and now I have the same confidence that we could *vanquish* the infidels by the same weapon. There is, I admit, some truth in what this hater of religion says in his article—

"Let the abettors of these prosecutions look, for a moment, at the *pro toto facto* case which they are treating against Christianity. The history of all ages and nations shows that man is a religious animal, and will generally have a religion of some sort or other. Christianity is allowed, even by its enemies, to be one of the best systems of religion, if not the most excellent; it descended to the present generation from their forefathers, and the rising generation is educated in its faith; it has been, and is, confessed by the most excellent men, defended by the most learned, and recommended by the most eloquent; we have an immense army of about 18,000 educated men, its defenders; and a dissenting ministry of about 8000 more, who

have, thus far, a common cause; our public seminaries are universally Christian; independently of the conditions attached to filling public offices, the state of opinion is such as to render avowed, or even suspected unbelief, anything but favourable to a man's progress in society: religious periodical publications are sent forth in immense numbers, the sale of the Evangelical and Methodist Magazines is upwards of twenty thousand each, monthly; and they can scarcely be more than a moiety of the whole: and we have Bible, Tract, and Prayer-book Societies, whose annual distribution is, literally, reckoned by tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, and millions; it may be mentioned as a sample, that in the year of Carlyle's trials, the Religious Tract Society added a million and a half of tracts to its issue, which was four millions in the preceding year; the average revenue of this Society is about £9000—that of the Christian Knowledge Society, above £50,000—and that of the Bible Society, about £100,000. Now, if religion with all this extensive aid, all these immense advantages in addition to its proper evidence, cannot stand its ground without prosecutions for its support, we hesitate not to say, that it ought to fall. Were it the greatest imposture that ever existed, here is force enough to enable it to fight a long and hard battle with truth and common sense. If with these fearful odds, there be the slightest occasion for penalty and imprisonment to secure its ascendancy, falsehood may be at once branded on its front. Those who contend for their inflection are the real missionaries of Infidelity, and by far its most successful propagators."

I, of course, do not admit the validity of all the conclusions here adopted, and am not at all deceived as to the real feelings of their author, who, it is evident from his very tone, believes that Christianity is at war with "truth and common sense," (meaning, possibly, Tom Paine's or Sir Richard Phillips's common sense, in which case I should agree with him,)—that "falsehood is branded on its front," and that it "ought to fall." But I think with him, that a religion, defended as it is by the most learned and most eloquent men, (he might have added, by the mightiest geniuses and the most profound thinkers that ever adorned the surface of the earth,) does not stand in any danger from the

efforts of the poor, malignant, and stupid creatures, who are now attacking it, and that it can support itself, *ponderibus librata suis*, without calling in the assistance of Newman, Knollys, or that eminent Christian Thomas Denman.

I beg leave, however, to put in what the logicians of the schools would call a *distinguo*. When the Westminster reviewer takes up any other ground of objection to the prosecution of the infidels than those of their utter inefficacy against Christianity, and the immeasurably superior powers of their antagonists, he and I part company. I cannot follow him through his special pleading, as to the limits of free and fair discussion on theological points. He argues, that an unlimited range of language be allowed to those who address the Bench in defence of their blasphemies, and reasons, with what he no doubt deems irresistible conviction, against the absurdity of endeavouring to set bounds, either in speech or printing, to the decorousness or indecorousness of language. I shall answer him by an argument of his own. When he comes, in the course of his oration, to the case of Carlile, he laments the severity of the sentences against him. For the quantum of punishment inflicted on him, he says that Carlile might have revelled in crime; and the very first crime specified by the reviewer is, in his own words, that "He (C.) might have debauched half the ladies' boarding-schools in London by the introduction of obscene pictures." Now, Mr Reviewer, on your own principles, may I ask you, where is the crime there? I shall follow your own argument to the letter. We all know that the topics which form the subject of the infamous things you mention, are all to be found treated of copiously and minutely, nay, even, to a great extent, engraved in books of medicine, surgery, physiology, pathology, &c. &c. We know, moreover, that the scenes they describe all exist in nature. Where, then, is the offence of transferring to copper or canvass that which is made matter of grave discussion by some of the most virtuous and

thoughtful men in the world? "If the proposition, that *unchastity exists*, may be legally conveyed to the mind, what can be more absurd than to say, that to express that proposition by certain undefined and undefinable selections of *painted figures* shall constitute a crime."*

Depend upon it, Mr Philosopher, you will not get out of that dilemma. Your defence of blasphemy cannot co-exist with your objection to obscenity. I know that you can answer by saying, that these studies (medicine, &c.) do not corrupt, and that your sole objection arises from the filthy pictures (which, by the way, are sold by the same class of booksellers as the vendors of blasphemous productions) being made use of for the purposes of corruption. Your answer shall not avail you a fig's end. Do you think that you or I could be corrupted by looking over all the productions of Julio Romano? Of course, not. But girls may be so corrupted, will be rejoined. And why? Because their want of knowledge, or the more inflammable nature of their passions, expose them to that danger from which we are free. If that be your answer, Mr Philosopher, and I protest I can see no other, your cause is given up. What you say of girls, I say of the mob. As medical disquisitions on any subject whatever could not, in any degree, corrupt the mind of a woman capable of studying and comprehending them, while foul appeals to the coarser elements of passion might produce that result in the minds of the inexperienced,—so say I, while discussions addressed to the upper orders, or the educated, on any point of theology, can have no bad effect, blasphemies and ribald affronts to sacred things and sacred names, would decidedly loosen the habitual reverence for such things in the minds of those who have neither the education nor the abilities for comprehending arguments of a higher mood. There is no use in saying anything more about it. *Whatever defence can be set up for the vender or utterer of mere blasphemy, can be set up for the utterers of indecent pictures.*

* See Westminster Review, p. 17.—"If the proposition that *Christianity is untrue*, may be legally conveyed to the mind, what can be more absurd than to say, that to express that proposition by certain indefinite and undefinable selections of terms, shall constitute a crime?" I have marked in italics the words altered. The argument is the

I trust my antagonist is too much of a philosopher to shrink from his own premises. Besides, is there not something *unliberal* (is not that the word?) in objecting to obscenity.

As I said before, and I cannot repeat it too often, there is no argument against prosecuting blasphemers, but one, which I do not scout. That one, I own, is to me conclusive; they give an importance to creatures that otherwise would be thoroughly despicable. Nothing can be more contemptible than the new brood of plebeian deists. Carlile and his crew are ignorant even of the strength of their own question. With them, Paine is looked on as the most eminent of the opposers of Christianity, when everybody else, everybody who has read his books, well knows that he was decidedly uninformed on almost every topic he handled. A more paltry work than the Age of Reason does not exist. Watson of Llandaff, Whig as he was, utterly put it down in all particulars, beyond the hope of reply. The Westminster reviewer remarks, (p. 11, *prop. fin.*) that the educated classes have totally withdrawn from the banners of Deism, giving, as usual with his party, a false reason for it—and none remains but the mere draft and filth of the smatterers. Carlile's own attempts at writing are helplessness itself. Our reviewer here notices as a bad effect of prosecutions, (p. 14,) that this poor dolt has been by them converted from Deism to Atheism; as if it were matter of the slightest moment, what were the opinions of a man who cannot write three sentences of plain English, or connect together two propositions of an argument.

As I have mentioned Carlile personally, I may as well notice a sentence of the review about him. "This man's moral character, be it remembered, is wholly unimpeached. A public scrutiny of it has been dared, and no doubt private ones have taken place." (p. 23.) O! Mr North, what think ye of that? Because nobody has thought it worth a while to expose Carlile's private character, or because, as you and I well know, any exposition of the private life of Whig people, in any of the phases of Whiggery, is open and proceeded against by insinuation, as in the case of the late Queen, where no justification is allowed you, we are to suppose the private charac-

ter is unimpeachable! I must say, that the very way in which Carlile and his associates make their livelihood, affords a *prima facie* case against their morality. We are told in this review, that their opposition to the Established Religion of the country, is similar to that exerted by the Apostles against Paganism—and the reformers against Popery. (p. 7.) Does the man who writes this believe what he says? If he does, he has a lamentable obliquity of intellect. When Saint Paul attacked the rubbish of Heathenism—when Martin Luther denounced the corruptions of the Church of Rome—they had no design of making money by it. They did not calculate that the passions of those they addressed would afford them a revenue. They opened no shops in the Fleet Streets of their respective residences, where, by puff and placard, and advertisement, and by all the meretricious tricks of bookselling, (enumerated at p. 13 of the Review,) they could throw off thousands of volumes per annum. In short, there is no trace of filthy lucre about them; about Carlile and Benbow, (who has been just convicted of publishing an obscene libel,) there is the trace of nothing else—and I wish for the discontinuance of the prosecutions, principally to put down this foul traffic, as I am sure it would do. In the present temper of the people, they would not otherwise be heard of.

I have written so diffusely on the first article of the Westminster, that I must gallop over the rest *currente calamo*. The second article, on War Expenditure, is written in the jargon of the new political economy, which I therefore leave to the proper authorities; and the third, on Cowper's Correspondence, is a common-place concern, not worth talking about.

The next article, which is rather quaintly entitled the Use of the Dead to the Living, is, on the whole, a clever paper; shewing the danger and the absurdity of the prejudices against exhumating bodies for the purpose of dissection. It is well worth reading; but perhaps it would be better to let the subject sink *sub silentio*. You never will argue away the prejudices against the practice, and the best way is to permit it to be done by connivance. In the course of my life, I have observed frequent bullitions of popular feeling against exhumation, and as

frequent lapses of forgetfulness, when it is not called forth by discussion against it, or for it. I do not think the remedy here proposed the best. I should recommend that the punishment against robbers of the dead should be considerably mitigated—Say commuted to an imprisonment of not more than two years, or less than one calendar month, and inflicted as rarely and as reluctantly as possible, always, of course, in the smallest quantity. The existence of a punishment against it would satisfy the mob, whom this reviewer does not hold in as high reverence as his brethren do, and its slightness and facility of evasion would ensure plenty of subjects. Let me extract one sentence from this paper, for I fear that there is some truth in it.

"The Medical School of Edinburgh, in fact, is now subsisting entirely on its past reputation; in the course of a few years it will entirely be at an end, unless the system be changed."

This should be looked to. Dublin is rising on us, a fact which should call forth, not our jealousy, but our emulation. I hope we shall be able to keep undimmed the ancient and well-won glories of the Northern Hive of M.D.'s.

We have next an Essay on Charitable Institutions, written in the peculiar vein of cold-blooded atrocity which characterizes this school of reasoners. It is laid down here flatly, that population is the evil of this country, and that "encouraging procreation," (the actual infamous words of the reviewer,) is the great crime of several almost godlike charities. Lying-in hospitals, are the object of his peculiar wrath. I shall quote his words. "If there were no such receptacles, women would then be left to their own prudence, and might, perhaps, reflect upon the inconveniencies that necessarily attend a state of pregnancy, and guard against them beforehand." (P. 114.) So, to please a puppy theory, women are to be suffered to perish in the streets. He is graciously pleased to say something in behalf of hospitals for accidental wounds, because these evils cannot be foreseen. And does the unmanly wretch imagine that women get into the "inconveniencies that attend pregnancy," because they foresee that there is a lying-in hospital, in which they may be

attended to? I certainly shall not waste any time defending such institutions against this unnatural writer, but I shall use all my exertions to find out his name and his habits. When I do so, the public shall not be long without a commentary on both. He is, I warrant, of the same class as that tailor's creature, who sat down in cold blood to devise a method for procuring abortion, or something worse, which I dare not describe; and who declared publicly, that it would be a good deed to kill all the children born in the next twelvemonth—a project, the only objection to which was, the fear of a milk-fever among the women! There is no need, I should hope, of arguing against such beasts as these. Let them philosophize in their own dirty coterie. They cannot contaminate the public.

The Memoirs of the Duchess of Orleans afford the materials for an article to abuse the ancient regime of France, of which the worst part, at the worst period, is here depicted in the most glowing colours. It is a kind of defence of the necessity of the Revolution. The whole argument is a mere sophism. These irregularities, for in very few cases did they amount to state crimes, were all capable of correction, and were corrected by that very king and queen whose heads were cut off. At all events, it does not follow, that because the ladies of the Regent's court were strumpets, 16,171 people should be guillotined in a year in Paris for nothing. Murder, however, was committed, and that is all these reviewers require. It is, therefore, a glorious Revolution. Let me say, that bad as the French court was, there is no reason for believing it so bad as here depicted, for the Duchess was not very charitable in her commentaries, and evidently, in many instances, wrote through mere spite. The errors of the wretched translator picked up by Whittaker, are very fairly exposed in this review.

Greece, and its popular poetry, form the subject of the next article, and Lord Byron in Greece, the last. The former is no great affair. The latter is curious, on account of containing some particulars of his lordship's death, extracted from his correspondence. He and the Greek cause obtain vast laudation. I hardly think so highly of either, but let it pass.

You must allow me, however, to laugh at the last sentences.—“The Greeks will not despair, when they think how great a sacrifice has been made for them,” &c. when we know from this very article that they almost murdered him, and that there is every reason to believe that he died from what his admirers may call anxiety of mind, and what the lovers of plain English have been in the habit of calling fright.

The review of *Travels in the United States* is shabby trash. It happens most unluckily, that this very moment the *North American Review* has appeared in this country, shewing up the total and wretched ignorance of a fellow of the name of Hodgson, who is here the subject of all kinds of praise, for his accurate knowledge of America. The same Review ruthlessly exposes the nonsense of Jerry Bentham's people, in their extolment of what they think is the mode of doing business in the United States. The clew to the praise is easily discoverable. Truth or falsehood was never an object of solicitude with such people. They only wished to slander their own country, and cared not a farthing how it was done.

We have next a review of — *Redgauntlet*! “It is the established custom of critics to commence all notices of the Scotch Novels with some wonderment, touching the prolific powers of the author.” Heaven help the blockhead! The established custom of critics! Much do people care about the critiques on the *Waverley Novels*. They well know they are poor hacks who scribble at so much a-sheet, showing *their* opinions on the productions of the first writer of the age. Who cares a blackberry about them? This particular ass finds, among other things, that Nanty Ewart is not worthy of a passing notice, and that *Wandering Willie's tale* is a Sicilian story! God pity him.

“*Newspapers*,” is a panegyric on the gentlemen of the press, with a special praise of Mr Walter and other heroes of that stamp. John Bull is vehemently abused in it, *en passant*. The prin-

cipal charge against John is, that he libelled the late Lady Wrottesley as a woman of unchaste life, *because* she was a sister of Mr G. Bennet. Well did this writer know that he was writing a falsehood. An effort was made to get up a dress circle for the late Queen, and John was employed in proving that the families, who were busy in this effort were no better than they should be. The most stinging part of the libel, though not actually so declared, was the song. (I quote from memory.)

“Next the illustrious household of Tankerville

Came in a body their homage to pay—
They, who themselves are annoyed by a
canker vile,

Joy to find others as faulty as they.

So, therefore, there came on

The ci-devant Grammont,

And ——— as Ammon,

Her eloquent spouse,” &c. &c.

For this sin, John was proceeded against by *information*—the Whig way, you know, of defending character—and amply punished. It is ill policy to stir that business again. Lady Wrottesley was, no doubt, a very excellent woman, but John Bull was not the inventor of the anecdote about her. I am afraid to say anything more.

The *Danciad*, a silly poem, by a London dancing-master of the name of Wilson, is here attributed to Professor Wilson, as the ground-work of a dull joke. The writer is evidently actuated by some low spite against that eminent man, and goes as far to indulge it as he dares. I wonder Mr Baldwin, who owns this Review, did not recollect that he formerly had another editor in his wages, who began the same slanderous trade. If he remembered it, he would, I think, have paused a little before he made room for another of the same unfortunate gang to yelp to the same tune. But, as Hogg says, the whole effort at jesting is “a havers.”

With which word now, I conclude.
I am, dear North, yours, &c.

T. T.

Southside, August 15.

P. S.—The small text is not worth notice. The ignorance of one of the crack men of the Edinburgh is, however, pretty well exposed in a review of Bentley's *Hindu Astronomy*.

MAGALOTTI ON THE SCOTCH SCHOOL OF METAPHYSICS.*

RECOLLECTING that the Emperor of Austria observed some months since to Rosconi, the learned Professor of Anatomy at Pavia—who begged of him some patent in remuneration for a discovery—that he did not like innovations even in anatomy, the present little volume as much surprised us, springing from Padua, as a sturdy little oak-plant would have done, rearing itself beneath the shelter of the Upas. It is pleasing to find that philosophical research is not all extinct in the University of Galileo; whence, however, for many years, nothing learned has issued, save a dull *German Journal* of petty and pretended discoveries in the sciences, a new reading in philology, and accounts of some coin, or helm, or relic of antiquity dug up amidst the ruins of the city of Antenor.

It must be a man of more than ordinary genius, who can step forward from the back-ground of a country, at least two centuries of civilization in arrear, and assume his place confidently amidst the philosophers of more liberal climes. The mere attainment of books is a matter of enormous difficulty, in the ci-devant Venetian States especially; a train of argument, if not treasonable, brings down upon the reasoner the utmost vigilance of the police; and, all these difficulties surmounted, where is the audience, where the readers, even in Padua, to whom such disquisitions could be addressed, with any prospect of their being understood? But if Italy be subdivided and parcelled out between different rulers, she has a common bond in language, and the Paduan Professor, who can find no disciples in his own university, may hope to be read by the enlightened and unpersecuted literati of Florence, and by the solitary sages who meditate in secret in the princely hermitages of Rome and Naples. Such may be the hope of Professor Magalotti, or perhaps it is his desire to visit happier countries, and he employs this intellectual mode of making himself feared and banished, much in the same way that here an unfortunate vagabond picks a pocket, in order to get

himself comfortably transported. The comparison may seem injurious to the philosopher, but it expresses the truth of what has been put in practice by more than one learned Italian.

Signor Magalotti commences his essay with some general remarks on the state of philosophy at the present time, (a date which, with us, may answer to about thirty years since;) and while he allows all the praise of subtlety and acumen to the British followers of Locke, "*gli antagoniste di Locke non essendo altri che i suoi seguaci*," he accuses them of having lost sight of the true end of mental inquiry, of having mis-spent their powers and time in idle quarrels and differences, "which arose merely either from their neglect or inability to define what they meant, either by *existence* or *idea*;" and, finally, that even when their exertions took the forward path of invention, they were still employed but "in the shell, or the mask of the spiritual object of philosophy."

"A system," says he, "which avowedly has had its origin in the wish to obviate the pernicious conclusions of another system, is one which, however it may perform its proper object of refutation, can never, at the same time, establish a just one in the place of that which it has destroyed. The view, the end of the philosopher, has necessarily been sinister from the beginning, with one eye bent on his antagonist, the other on the truth; and little is to be hoped from intentions so distracted," &c.

"But," continues he, "the worshipful (*colendissimo*) Doctor Reid has not even attained the solitary end of refutation; for all the conclusions of his countrymen, Berkely and Hume, as to the non-existence of matter and spirit, can be argued as well from his more ideal system as from Locke's ideal,—from Reid's *impressions*, as from Locke's *ideas*. Nay, more—Reid leaves the existence of external objects resting even upon a less solid proof than that left by his sceptical antagonists. For they argued but to the possibility of its non-existence, whereas, he says

* Sulla Scuola Scozzese di Metafisica, Parte prima. Opera di Giambattista Magalotti. Padova, 1824.

its existence is suggested to us. Where's the difference? 'Tis true, he proceeds to invest this suggestion with the dignity and force of being a primary law of nature—a supposition which any man's sense will reject, without my taking the trouble to disprove it eminently from the system of the Scotch philosopher himself.

"The existence or non-existence of the objects that surround us, is a question which we may safely leave at issue, permitting the rejectors of common sense and the gospel to choose the sceptic side, if they please. The possibility of non-existence must remain while man retains the power of imagination; but the proof of the contrary must ever be confined to the improbability—the argument advanced by Descartes, that it is beneath the Almighty to deceive us. To this old and neglected proof must we recur at last, after the vain labours of the many renowned philosophers that have agitated the question."

After an eloquent introduction, in which Professor Magalotti asserts, that the German psychologists have taken a path more astray, though with a nobler and juster intention than the British grammarians,—for such is the expression, and if we recall old phraseology, not injurious appellation, by which he distinguishes our metaphysicians—he proceeds to examine the British and Scotch school of philosophy, previous to his entering upon that of the Germans, "it being wise," says he, "to observe the surface of a country, and to cull the various fruits which it brings forth, ere we attempt to sink mines into the earth, and search for the metallic treasures which lie buried in its depths."

It would trespass by far too largely on our limits, to quote at length his examination of the "*Sistema negativa*," as he calls it, of Dr Reid; we can merely give a few hints, from which the reader interested in these matters may judge of the scope and arguments of the Paduan philosopher. He begins with an examination of the word *idea*. "Since Dr Reid has not defined this subtle little enemy, whose annihilation he meditated, I, as one of his opponents, would give him or his followers too great an advantage by stepping forward to define it; suffice it for me, if there be any *ens*, material or spiri-

tual, whose existence will produce the same conclusions which have been drawn from *ideas*." That there is, he proceeds to shew.

"In actual impressions, or in passive memory, it is impossible to distinguish an *idea* from an impression; but in active, self-exerted memory, in what Mr Stewart calls *conception*, it is absurd to uphold, that the objects of our thoughts are impressions or sensations. In the dark, dreaming, what has the retina or its sensations to do with the many and glorious visions which stand so palpably before our mental vision? That there are ideas of the light at least—I can but appeal to any reflecting man—is it not absurd to deny? But let me take Dr Reid's own confession, his own words, and shew how therein is involved the existence of ideas of this sense at least. He talks in one place, of objects being painted on the retina—of the optic nerve taking up these paintings or impressions, and flashing them upon the mind. This flash is *idea* sufficient for my purpose; and, indeed, this leads to what I think the most philosophical definition of a sensible idea, *i. e.* the point of junction between matter and mind. That it partakes of both essences, is likely, but not to the purpose."

Signor Magalotti having thus, as he imagines, proved that there do exist ideas of sight, opens his system further by dividing the senses into dependent and independent. The dependent ones, *i. e.* the touch, taste, and smell, are but impressions, and furnish no ideas. They may be perceived, and passively remembered, that is, when experienced the second time, they are recognized; but objects of active memory they cannot be. Ideas are the objects of active memory, and these senses afford more. "Who," says the author, "if he reflects, can believe himself capable of recalling the idea of a smell, of a taste, or of a particular kind of touch? He may recall such sensations by the help of visionary objects to which they were attached; but it is only the visual peach or violet he can recall, and then pass to the odour,—the odour alone the recollection can by no means grasp." "Here," continues he, "is the true refutation of the sceptical arguments of Berkely and Hume; their reasonings apply but to the fallacious sense of vision, of which these are ideas.

But touch has none; and it is by touch alone that we are convinced of the existence of matter."

The Professor's arguments with respect to *hearing*, although, perhaps, they are more ingenious and new than any others which he has broached, are still extremely meagre; so much so, that we are quite at a loss to conclude whether he is for or against the existence of ideas of this sense.

"The ear, but for its close connexion with the organ of speech, would be evidently but a dependent sense. It possesses faint reflections and echoes of sounds, especially of words, which one would be inclined to characterize as ideas, if they were not rather remembrances of articulation, independent altogether of hearing. Words, nay, whole paragraphs, flit in our memory without being at all repeated: they are, I think, remembrances of articulation, though undoubtedly extremely difficult to distinguish from the memory of objects of hearing."

"Seeing and hearing, then, are the two independent senses: the eye supplied by the faculty of imagination, the ear supplied by the organ of speech, afford the objects of sensible memory. Of spiritual perception or thought, in other words, the conversing of the mind with what are oddly called *ideas of reflection*,—with this part of the phenomena of mind, British philosophers have been, and are, quite in the dark. They are worse than ignorant of this, the worthiest portion of metaphysical science, inasmuch as all their opinions on the subject are founded on analogies with sensations, into which, in spite of their affected vigilance, they all fall headlong," &c.—
"There cannot be a more remarkable

instance of this than in the book of Professor Stewart,* which commences with such acute and philosophical distinction being established between matter and mind, between sensation and reflection. No sooner, however, has the Professor passed the limits of his first chapter, than he falls himself egregiously into the very analogical blunders that he at first so justly censures. In *abstraction*, a subject to which he devotes a considerable chapter, what can be more inconsonant and unphilosophical than to designate, by this one term, the very different operations by which the mind arrives at general terms in material objects, and at general terms in spiritual? In material objects, every universal or general is made up of particulars, *i. e.* is really abstracted; not so in spiritual objects; there every general is included in every particular. It is absurd to apply the term *abstraction* to ideas of reflection; and it is the grossest instance of that abuse of analogy, so denounced, and yet practised, by the Professor."

The Paduan's temper seems, for some reason or other, to rise when he speaks of Dugald Stewart,—whether it is that reverence for the dead checks any harshness towards the other objects of his remarks and animadversions, or that he has some particular pique against our distinguished countryman, with whose writings, indeed, he seems but partially acquainted. The only volume he knows, he characterizes with force, and not without some justice, as "*ingeniosa assai, anche eloquente, ma molto diluviosa*." With this *tranchante* opinion, Signor Magalotti concludes his Essay, and we our notice of it.

* Signor Magalotti seems as yet ignorant of the existence of the second volume of Stewart's Elements of Philosophy; nor do the writings of Brown seem to have reached his country, the modern Thule of literature. So much is moral geography reversed.

BALLAD.

"She is not dead—She has no grave,
But lives beneath Lough Corrib's water,
And in the murmur of each wave,
Methinks I catch the song I taught her!"

Thus many an hour on Corrib's shore,
Sat Cormac, raving wild and lonely;
Still idly muttering o'er and o'er,
"She lives, detained by spells unholy!"

"Death claims her not, too fair for earth,
Her spirit lives, alien of Heaven,
Nor will it know a second birth,
When sinful mortals are forgiven!"

"Cold is this rock, the wind comes chill,
Dense mists the gloomy waters cover,
But, oh, her soul is darker still,
To lose her God—to leave her lover!"

The lake was in profound repose,
Yet *one* white wave came gently curling,
And as it reach'd the shore, arose
Dim figures—banners gay unfurling.

Onward they move, an airy crowd,
Through each thin form a moon-light ray shone,
While spear and helm, in pageant proud,
Appear in liquid undulation!

Bright barbed steeds, curvetting, tread
Their trackless way with antic capers;
And curtain clouds hang over head,
Festoon'd by rainbow-colour'd vapours.

And when a breath of air would stir,
That drapery of Heaven's own wreathing,
Light wings of prismy gossamer,
Just moved and sparkled to the breathing!

Nor wanting was the choral song,
Swelling in silvery chimes of sweetness,
To sounds of which this subtle thing,
Advanced in playful grace and fleetness!

With music's strain all came and went,
Upon poor Cormac's doubting vision,
Now rising in wild merriment,
Now softly fading in derision!

"Christ save her soul!" he boldly cried,
And when that blessed name was spoken,
Fierce yells and fiendish shrieks replied,
And vanish'd all—the spell was broken.

And now on Corrib's lonely shore,
Freed by his word from power of Faëry,
To life, to love restored once more,
Young Cormac welcomes back his Mary.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. XVI.

ΧΡΗ Δ' ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
 ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
 An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
 Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
 " NOT TO LET THE JUG FACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;
 " BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."
 An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
 And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.*]

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

ODOHERTY.

By the way, North, have you seen a little book lately put forth by Hurst and Robinson, "On the present State of the Periodical Press?" The subject is worth your notice, I should think.

NORTH.

Certainly, Ensign. I have considered the subject pretty seriously, I believe, and I have also seen the duodecimo you mention. But I am not so well skilled in the minutiae of these affairs as to be able to give any opinion as to its minute accuracy.

ODOHERTY.

I don't mean to swear for all the particulars neither, for I have only dipped into it; but it seemed to me that there was an air of credibility over what little I read of it. How did you find it as to the Journals with which you are really acquainted?

NORTH.

Really, I cannot pretend to be really acquainted with many of them. Blackwood and the Quarterly are the only ones of the greater class that I always read; and as for the papers, you know, I have long been contented with the Courier, New Times, John Bull, and Cobbett. I used to take the Chronicle while Jamie Pirie lived, and I took in the Examiner till his Majesty of Cockaigne went to Italy. Of late I see none of these trash.

ODOHERTY.

Pooh! that's nonsense—you should see everything.

NORTH.

Sir, I can't read without spectacles now-a-days; and I am very well pleased to let Tickler read the Edinburgh and Westminster for me, and you may do the same for me if you have a mind, *quoad* the minor diurnals of the same faction. Cobbett I always must read, because Cobbett always must write. I enjoy my Cobbett.

ODOHERTY.

Surely, surely. But what think ye of the proposal which this new scribe sets forth? I mean his great plan for having the duties on the newspapers lightened? What will Robinson say to that?

NORTH.

I have very little doubt that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will, in the course of a few Sessions, bring in and carry through a bill for this purpose. It is the only way to level the arrogance of those great a-thousand-times-over-be-cudgelled monsters—I mean the Old Times and such like—the worst disgrace of the nation.

ODOHERTY.

It would do that, to be sure, with a vengeance; but would not the revenue get some sore slaps?

NORTH.

Not one cuff, I honestly believe. These overgrown scampish concerns are, at present, enabled to brave, not merely the influence of government, for it is

no evil, but a great good, that newspapers should be independent of this—no, that is not what I think of—but the general indignation of all honest men of all parties, the wide, the deep, the universal scorn with which the whole virtue and sense of the British people regard the unblushing, open, avowed, acknowledged, even boasted profligacy, of some of those establishments.

ODOHERTY.

They are so to a certain extent, I admit; but, surely, the little book exaggerates their triumphs.

NORTH.

I don't know that, nor do I care for a few hundreds or thousands, more or less. But this I am certain of, that if the duty on the advertisements were considerably lowered, and also the duty on the newspapers themselves, two consequences would infallibly be the result. People would advertise in more papers than they do at present, and people would take in more papers. These are clear and obvious consequences, and from them I hold it scarcely less certain, that two others would ensue. I mean, that an honest new paper would contend on more equal terms with a dishonest old one, and that the far greater number of advertisements published, and the far greater number of newspapers circulated in the country, would more than atone to the Exchequer for the loss Mr Robinson might at first sight apprehend, from a measure so bold and decided as that of striking off one-half of the newspaper tax, and of the tax on advertisements.

ODOHERTY.

Which are—

NORTH:

Three-pence-halfpenny on each copy of each newspaper—and three and six-pence on everything, however trifling, that assumes the character of an advertisement.

ODOHERTY.

I confess it appears a little hard to tax journals of one sort, so heavily, and journals of another sort not at all—Why not tax a Magazine or a Review, as well?

NORTH.

Certainly. The excuse is, that newspapers are carried postage-free; but this is, of course, quite inapplicable to the enormous proportion of all papers circulated exclusively in London and its suburbs—and it is far too much to make a man living in Bond-Street pay three-pence-halfpenny, in order that a man living in the Orkney Islands may get his newspaper so much the cheaper.

ODOHERTY.

Viewed in one light it may seem so; but do you not see the policy in those days of trying to make the provinces balance the capital, by equalizing their condition as to all such things, in so far as it is by any means possible to do so?

NORTH.

Very true too, sir. But I can tell you this, O'Doherty, that I see very great danger in this same balancing and equalizing you talk of, and nothing so likely to meet the danger as the adoption of the plan I am lauding. It is obvious, that the speedy conveyance of the papers published in the capital into every part of the empire, is gradually enabling those who influence the political feelings of the capital to influence also, and this almost in the same moment of time, the feelings of the remotest provincialists. Thus, in another way to be sure, London bids fair to become to Britain, what Paris has so long been to France;—and that London never can become, sir, without the whole character, not only of the Constitution, but of the nation, suffering an essential and a most perilous change. To check the danger of this, I again tell you, I see nothing half so likely, as the adoption of a scheme which will at once deprive old hard determined villainy of its exclusive means of lucre, and soon reduce all papers whatever under a decent measure of subjection to the general opinion of decent society. Sir, had there been no three-and-sixpence duty on advertisements, the thirty or forty traders who own the Times, would not

have dared to meet together in a tavern, and decide by a vote, whether that already infamous journal should, or should not, double its load of infamy, by fighting the battle of the late miserable Queen. This *maximū opprobrium* had been spared.

ODOHERTY.

I don't follow you, exactly—why?

NORTH.

I can't help it, if you can't see what is to me as plain as any pike-staff. A groom out of place advertises in only one paper, because he can't afford to pay two three-and-sixpences to the King—make the duty only one shilling and ninepence, and he will give himself the benefit of two advertisements, and a clever lad is he if he finds means to patronize another paper as blackguard as the Times. But I take much wider ground than all this, sir. If the newspaper press, particularly the Sunday one, were as free and unshackled, (I mean as to taxes,) as every other press is, we could not see it so infinitely above any other press that exists on the score of profligacy. We could not see it the daily, the hourly practice of a newspaper to take bribes, if the bribers were, in consequence of a greater competition, compelled to bribe many more than they at present have to do with. Thus, for example, we should see no more of the scandalous subjection to the interests of particular Stock-jobbers and brokers—we should have no more of these egregious lies which every day shews and detects—we should have no more of those attacks on men who pay ten guineas next day, or next week, to have their characters vindicated. This most crying evil of open venality would at least be greatly, very greatly diminished.

ODOHERTY.

Well, I had rather see than hear tell of it, as Hogg's phrase is.

NORTH.

You remember what Clement of the Observer did about the trial of Thistlewood. The Court prohibited in the most solemn manner the publication of any part of the evidence, in any one of that batch of trials, until the whole had been terminated. Mr Clement was the only one who disobeyed this. Well, he was ordered into the Court, and fined 500*l.* for the contempt—and what followed?

ODOHERTY.

I can't charge my memory, I'faith, with such doings.

NORTH.

Why, he paid the money, and after he had done so, very coolly informed the public, that he had not only paid the fine out of the extra profits of the paper containing the offensive matter, but put, over and above, a very handsome sum into his own pocket. This was as it should be!

ODOHERTY.

Quite so.

NORTH.

The second part of my plan would, however, tell quite as severely on many other quacks, as on the quacks of the Daily and Weekly Papers. If it cost less to advertise, more would advertise—Your King Solomon would have brothers nearer the throne—In short, the thing by being egregiously overdone at the first, would soon and effectually correct itself. This is very well argued in the little book you have tabled.

ODOHERTY.

Be it so. But things will go on in the old way, notwithstanding. To tell you the truth, I skipped all that affair at once, as unquestionable balaam.—What I looked to was the individual history of the different Journals—Their comparative sales, &c. &c. &c.

NORTH.

All which, much distrusting, I scarcely gave one glance to.

ODOHERTY.

Distrusting? Why?

NORTH.

Why? for this simple reason, sir, that there is no means of ascertaining the actual sale of any one newspaper in existence. They themselves, to be sure,

pretend, that, when they refer you to the Stamp-office, which will prove uncontestably the issuing of so many thousand stamps, for such and such a paper, it is impossible for any man in his senses to doubt that that number of the Times, the Chronicle, or whatever it be, was actually distributed among the British public on the day alleged. But this is all the merest bam. The fact, sir, is—and I know it—that it is the daily custom of the London papers to send and pay for a vast number of stamped sheets more than they want. Some provincial paper or other is happy to make use of their surplus paper, provided the London office will only save them the trouble of having a separate agent of their own in town, to get their stamps for them. One paper, one of the principal proprietors of which confessed the fact to me t'other day, supplies regularly no less than fifteen different provincial prints with their stamped paper in this way: but, although I did not exactly put that question, it cannot be doubted the whole aggregated sale of the said fifteen is made to figure as part and parcel of the circulation of my friend's own concern, in the yearly or half-yearly statements thereof, which you are in the habit of staring over.

ODOHERTY.

All this is, I confess, news to me.—So you believe nothing, then, of the statements they all do put forth?

NORTH.

Nothing; unless I happen to know of my own knowledge, that the property and management of the paper, (for I don't speak at present of either of these taken separately,) are united in the hands of a man above having any connection with the promulgation of any falsehood on any subject whatever.—Such a man as Stoddart or Mudford, for example—nobody believes they would lie for anything, far less for this sort of filth.

ODOHERTY.

Certainly not.—By the by, now you mention it, I was thunderstruck to find it laid down distinctly, that the total number of political journals circulated in the British islands has trebled—yes, trebled, within the last forty years.

NORTH.

No wonder. The American Revolution—the French Revolution—Buonaparte—Wellington—the stream of events, and the immense increase of readers of everything else—when you take this into view, no wonder at the increase about the newspapers.

ODOHERTY.

I suppose nobody ever heard of such editions of even the best books a hundred years ago, as we now daily hear of.

NORTH.

No; not at all. In Pope's time, sir, 500 copies was a great edition—you will find this taken for granted in all the books of the time.—Even in Dr Johnson's time, 750 was reckoned a very large edition of the most popular book, by the most popular author of his day. Even twenty years back, things were in a totally different condition from what we are now accustomed to. What would anybody have said, to an edition of 10,000, or 12,000, of a new novel?—What would anybody have said to a Review selling 12,000 or 14,000 regularly every number, as I believe the Quarterly has done, for several years back? Sir, this business has *progressed* in the most astonishing ratio.

ODOHERTY.

Ay, i'faith, and nobody has more reason to rub his hands thereupon than yourself.

NORTH.

So—Well, well, let that pass—now that your segar is out, pray have the kindness to unlock the balaam box here, and let's see what's to go on; for the 12th draweth on, and my heart panteth for Bræ-Mar.

ODOHERTY.

And that's what I will do, my hearty; and many's the time we have done more for each other before this night was born. Here, give me the key; you always keep it at your watch, I think.

NORTH.

There it is; take care of my grandmother's repeater;—'Tis the little queer-looking fellow, with the B. B. B. B. woven in cypher upon it.

ODOHERTY.

What, four B's?

NORTH.

Yes, Bailie—Blackwood's—Balaam—Box. 'Tis his box, you know,—because, according to our friend's verses long ago, out of every one of these bunches it is highly probable

"Our worthy Publisher purloins a few
About his roasting mutton-shanks to 'screw—"

ODOHERTY.

Here's something in old Tickler's fist—shall we begin with overhauling that lad?

NORTH.

Certainly—Does he mean to stay all the summer in Dublin, I wonder? Read him, Morgan.

ODOHERTY, (*reads*.)

"Letters of Timothy Tickler, Esq. to Eminent Literary Characters, Number —to Sir James Mackintosh, Knt. late Recorder of Bombay—"

NORTH.

What? what? what? Sir Jamie again?

ODOHERTY.

Pooh! don't be alarmed—one would have thought you had seen Parr's wig or Gerald's ghost, or the Bonassus rampant—'tis only a letter to Sir Jamie, I perceive, about his articles on Brodie's History, and Croker's edition of the Suffolk Papers, in the last Edinburgh Review.

NORTH.

Come, that's rather too much, Timotheus. I thought he had sufficiently squabashed those two concerns in one of his late effusions to Jeffrey. But read on.

ODOHERTY.

Excuse me—'tis a cursed small hand—I see it begins as usual with a philippic *unen* things in general—"Burke"—"Pitt"—"Gibbon"—"Hume"—"Brodie"—"Charles"—"Colonel Harrison"—ay, ay, we may hop over a little of this ground. "Your last Number, sir,"—Here we are more likely to have something—"Flagrant"—"calumnious,"—Pooh! pooh! what a pother about nothing! Come, here's something in double column, and one half in red ink, I swear. Listen to him here, North—(*reads*)—"It may be thought that the trivial punishment I have already inflicted on your critique was as much as the affair merited. It may be so, very probably. But it so happens, sir, that you have to do with a queer old gentleman, three-fourths of whose library is made up of old books, and one half of whose time is spent in hunting up and down among them in quest of matters nearly as insignificant as the party spleen of an Edinburgh Reviewer, or the historical accuracy of a Sir James Mackintosh." Come, Timothy gets prosy.

NORTH.

Let me hear the double column part of it.

ODOHERTY.

Oh! it is infernally long—I hav'n't wind for it, really.

NORTH.

A specimen, then—corrections of Sir James' corrections as to matters of fact, I presume?

ODOHERTY.

Exactly—ay, he puts the sentence of blue and yellow on the first column, and his own in red ink opposite to it. Ha! I see ~~where~~ he had begun to write with a new pen. I can make him out here, I believe—here goes, then.

*Thus reciteth and correcteth Sir J.
Mackintosh, Knt.*

*To which respondeth Timothy Tickler
Esq.*

"Henry Grey, only Duke of Kent,
died in 1740," *for which read* 1741.

The Duke of Kent died the 5th
June, 1740. See London Magazine
for 1740, p. 301, and Gent. Mag. for
1740, p. 314.

NORTH.

Very well, Timothy!—Go on.

ODOHERTY.

Sir Jamie again.

"Her eldest son (George,) afterwards second Lord Hervey." *There was John, first Lord Hervey, afterwards created Earl of Bristol. Carr, second Lord Hervey, his eldest son. John, third Lord Hervey, his second son; consequently Lady Hervey's son, George, was the fourth Lord Hervey.*

To which again Timotheus.

These four Lords Hervey did really exist, and yet the editor of Lady Suffolk's Letters is right, and the critic egregiously wrong.

John, first Lord Hervey, so created in 1703, was created Earl of Bristol in 1714. His eldest son, Carr, was only a commoner, called Lord Hervey by courtesy. So was his second son John for many years; but in 1733, the latter was created a peer, (see Coxe,) by the title of Lord Hervey, and on his death, (old Lord Bristol being still alive,) his son George became the second peer of the creation of 1733, and on Lord Bristol's death, he became also the second peer of the creation of 1703. So that the critic is doubly wrong; and without any excuse; for all these facts may be gathered from the editor's notes, as well as from the peerages.

NORTH.

Well hit again, Tim.

ODOHERTY.

At it again, boys.

Sir James!

"Leonel, seventh Earl, and first Duke of Dorset, died in 1765."—*For 1765, read 1763!*

Southside!!!

The Duke of Dorset died 9th October, 1765. See London Magazine, p. 598, and Gentleman's Magazine, p. 491.

ODOHERTY.

Round fourth!

The Recorder!

"Lord Scarborough put a period to his existence in 1739."—*For 1739, read 1740.*

Longshanks!!!

This is not mere inaccuracy on the part of the critic; it is ignorance. He has forgotten that the style was not yet changed, and Lord Scarborough died on the 4th February, 1739, old style.

NORTH.

A facer!—Does he come to time?

ODOHERTY.

Round the fifth. Here they go.

Jem!

"The great Lord Mansfield died on the 20th March, 1793, in the eighty-eighth year of his age."—*Lord Mansfield was born on the 2d March, 1705, and was therefore in the EIGHTY-NINTH year of his age.*

Tim!!!

I have already laughed at the value and importance of this correction, if it even were one; but unfortunately the erudite critic again forgets the change of the style. March 1705, old style, would be March 1706, new style; so that Lord Mansfield seems to have wanted some few days of completing his 88th year.

NORTH.

Enough, enough, man; such errors and such corrections are in themselves wholly inconsiderable, and not worth the notice of a pipe-staple. It was ridiculous enough to see a solemn jackass set about such amendments; but to find that his grave amendments are, in fact, flagrant blunders, is as comical as anything in Mathews's American judge. But we have other fish to try. Just put Timothy into my portfolio, and see what comes to hand next.

ODOHERTY.

"Remains of Robert Bloomfield." Ay, poor fellow! there was one genuine poet, though of the lowly breed.

NORTH.

He was so indeed, Odohertry. I thought that book would be found in the box; for I had a letter not long ago mentioning the thing from his family. They sent me, by the way, most of the proof-sheets of the book, and a specimen of his hand-writing. Should you like to see it?

ODOHERTY.

Not I; give it to D'Israeli. He, you recollect, is one, not of the Bumpologists, but of the Fistologists; he will take it quite as a compliment.

NORTH.

I dare say they have sent him another letter and specimen of the same cut already. You must table your coin on this occasion, Odohertry. Bloomfield, from no fault of his own, has died poor, and left a worthy and amiable family in rather a dependent condition. You must take a few copies of the Remains at all events.

ODOHERTY.

Why, as neither you nor I have any young ladies to put to school, I don't know in what other way we can do anything for Bloomfield's daughters. Well, put me down, editor.

NORTH.

I will, sir; but there is no school in the case. Miss Hannah Bloomfield, indeed, wishes to have a situation as a musical teacher in some respectable family, and as she is evidently, from what appears in these very volumes, possessed of very considerable musical taste and skill, I trust the worthy daughter of such a man will not be long in getting the establishment she wishes. The whole family have been brought up, I well know, in the most exemplary manner; as indeed what else could anybody expect from the paternal solicitude of a man whose native strength of mind kept him at all times superior to the manifold temptations with which his lot naturally surrounded him, and who, in every line he ever wrote, shewed himself the friend of virtue? Sir, we have had but few real poets from this class of people; and, alas! fewer still, who, like Bloomfield, adhered steadily to the virtuous feelings of their lowly youth, when circumstances had introduced him to the dazzle and bustle of the upper world. I honour the memory of Robert Bloomfield.

ODOHERTY.

Yes, he was always one of your favourites. I see they have printed here your pretty verses on his death—this is right, too—and some verses of Montgomery's also, which I now recollect to have seen somewhere before.

NORTH.

In the Sheffield Iris, probably—or Alaric Watts' Leeds Intelligencer—which, by the way, is a paper of very high merit in a literary point of view; indeed the best of all the Literary Gazettes.

ODOHERTY.

Literary Gazettes!—What a rumpus all that fry have been keeping up about Miss Landon's poetry—the Improvisatrice, I mean.

NORTH.

Why, I always thought you had been one of her greatest admirers, Odohertry. Is it not you that told me she was so very handsome?—A perfect beauty, I think you said.

ODOHERTY.

And I said truly. She is one of the sweetest little girls in the world, and her book is one of the sweetest little books in the world; but Jerdan's extravagant trumpetting has quite sickened everybody; and our friend Alaric has been doing rather too-much in the same fashion. This sort of stuff plays the devil with any book. Sappho! and Corinna, forsooth! Proper humbug!

NORTH.

I confess you are speaking pretty nearly my own sentiments. I ran over the book—and I really could see nothing of the originality, vigour, and so forth, they all chatter about. Very elegant, flowing verses they are—but all made up of Moore and Byron.

ODOHERTY.

Nay, nay, when you look over the *Improvisatrice* again, I am sure you will retract this. You know very well that I am no great believer in female genius; but nevertheless, there is a certain feminine elegance about the voluptuousness of this book, which, to a certain extent, marks it with an individual character of its own.

NORTH.

I won't allow you to review this book, my dear Standard-bearer for I perceive you are half in-love with the damsel concerned; and under such circumstances, a cool and dispassionate estimate is what nobody could be expected to give—least of all you, you red-hot monster of Munster.

ODOHERTY.

No abuse, my old Bully-rock.

NORTH.

Nay, 'tis you that must be called Bully-Rock, now—for I suppose you acknowledge the "*Munster Farmer*" now to be but another of your aliases—I knew you at the first page, man. No drawing of straws before so old a cat.

ODOHERTY.

The book is mine, sir. I need keep no secrets from you.

NORTH.

Gad-a-mercy! I now for the first time begin to suspect that you had nothing at all to do with it.

ODOHERTY.

Even as you please, most worshipful. These trifles do not affect me or my equanimity.

NORTH.

Impenetrable, imperturbable brazen face!—But get on, man.

ODOHERTY.

My eye! here's Gillray Redivivus. Here's the first number of the reprint of his caricatures—you must put on your spectacles now, Mr Christopher.

NORTH.

Ah! and that I will, my hearty. Well, this was really well thought on. What a pity that these things should have been sinking into the great gulph! Ha! ha! the old paper-money concerns once more! Here's Sherry ipsissimus. "Don't take the notes, John Bull; nobody takes notes now-a-days; they won't even take mine!" How good this view of the fine old sinner's phiz is—and Charlie, too, with his cockade tricolor! Well, these days are over.

ODOHERTY.

What a capital Pitt!—The pen behind the ear, and all!—And John Bull, too—why, Liston never sported a better grin. Turn over—ay, ay, this will do.

NORTH.

"The Broad-bottomites getting into the grand costume!"—Long live the immortal memory of 1806. Glorious Charlie! in what a pother you are shav-ving!—Illustrious Lansdowne! in what majesty dost thou strut!—Profound Ego! what gravity is in thy self-adoration!—Oh dear! oh dear!—That face of Lord Henry Petty and that toe—they are enough to kill a horse!

ODOHERTY.

This grand one of old George, with Boney on his hand,—how vividly it recalls to my memory the laughter of the years that were! Hang it! if I were to live a hundred years, I should never see any new thing to affect me in the same manner. How intensely familiar we all were made with the honest, open, well-larded countenance, of Georgius Tertius! What a solemn, fatherly suavity, in his goggling eyes! How reverend his bob-major! how grand his blue ribbon! how ample his paunch! What a sweet in-falling of the chin, honest old Cock!

NORTH.

Excellent monarch! Pater patriæ truly, if ever there was one. Here, again, is a very worthy one; one of Gillray's very best things, Odohertry. Behold Nap, *en gingerbread baker*, thrusting a new batch of pie-crust kings into his oven. Ye glorious Josephs, Jeromes, Louises! where are ye all now?—quite chop-fallen at *Bavaria! Wirtemberg! Baden!*—Ah! Morgan, what queer times these

ODOHERTY.

Indeed they were, old Royster ; and may they that wish for the like of them find the short cut to Gehenna, say I.—We have no political caricaturist now-a-days, North.

NORTH.

Why, George Cruikshank does many things better ; and yet it is impossible to deny great merit to many of his things about the time of the Queen's row. Alderman Wood was quite a hero for the pencil, and her Majesty was such a heroine—Of late he, or whoever feeds the shop-windows, has fallen off sadly. The whole batch of the *Battier* concerns was deplorably stupid, and as for the Windsor-Park sketches, saw ye ever such a leaden, laborious dulness of repetition ?

ODOHERTY.

Pooh ! they're very well fitted for the time. Party spirit is very cool at present, and you would not have the party caricatures to be very pointed when that is the case. No, no, the public are taken up with other things, North.

NORTH.

True, Morgan ; and, moreover, the great circulation lately of exquisite engravings of scenery among us shews decidedly a new and more polished sort of taste spreading among the people. Why, you can't go into a print-shop now-a-days without seeing a whole swarm of new works coming out in numbers, any one leaf of which would have been looked on as a real wonder some dozen or ten years back. There's Hugh Williams's Greek engravings, now, have you seen those ?

ODOHERTY.

To be sure I have, and i'faith they are worthy of the drawings themselves, and that is compliment enough. Gad ! what a fine thing we should have thought it, when we were young lads at our classics, to be able to get such divine views of all the scenes the old ones said and sung about, for such a mere trifle of money. The engraving of the Tombs of Platea ! Well, I really had no notion that the effect of that most original and undescribable work of art could have been so nearly given in black and white, to say nothing of the great reduction of scale.

NORTH.

There are many others of the series not a whit less interesting. One, of the Temple of Jupiter Panthellenius in Ægina, particularly struck me—and Thebes ! faith, I believe, that is, after all, the very chef-d'œuvre. But, perhaps, you don't know, Odohertry, what is one of my chiefest delights when I look over this work ; and that is neither more nor less than this, sir, that Williams has had all his engravings done by native artists, and young, very young ones mostly. Sir, these things may shew themselves by the side of the very best that London can produce. The fortunes of Horsburgh and Miller are made ; for, as to James Stewart, he, you know, was up enough long before this job. His engraving of Allan's last picture is a grand thing. I never saw an artist who shewed greater tact in preserving the minutiae of his painter's peculiar touches.

ODOHERTY.

Stewart is a fine handy lad, and a very modest one too. So good luck to him,—and here's a bumper to Williams.

NORTH.

Welchman though he be, he is an honour to Scotia—here he goes. His Views of Athens will live as long as her memory.

“ Shall I unmoved behold the hallow'd scene
Which others rave of, though they knew it not ?
Though here no more Apollo haunt his grot,
And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave—
Some gentle Spirit still pervades the spot,
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave ! ”—

ODOHERTY.

Byron !—hum !

NORTH.

Come, come, none of your sneers. Hugh Williams' prints are certainly the best illustrations any one can bind up with Byron's poems. Others give you views, caricatures, (call them as you will,) of his personages, more or less happy, but this is nothing. Williams has been, like the poet, inspired by the sky, the mountains, the ruins of Greece, and the kindred stamp of their inspiration looks you in the face whichever way you turn among these works.

ODOHERTY.

I was glad to see the prints were so small, for this was the purpose I at once thought of turning them to.

NORTH.

Upon the same principle I take Thomson of Duddingstone's Fast-Castle to be the finest and most satisfactory accompaniment for the Story of Lammermoor—and Nasmyth's Old Prison of Edinburgh stands ditto, ditto, for the Heart of Mid-Lothian.

ODOHERTY.

I wish Williams would give us a series of his Italian things too—and particularly his Sicilian ones—for Agrigentum and Syracuse are, after all, less known to most people than any other old places of anything like the same interesting character.

NORTH.

People may rail about boyish tastes, and what not, as long as they have a mind. I confess I like a book all the better for its being illustrated. Perhaps 'tis my imagination cooling, Ensign; but there, for example, was Basil Hall's book about South America; I confess I would fain have had a few cuts of his San Martins, O'Higginses, and the rest of them.

ODOHERTY.

And I own I should have liked to see what sort of a figure old Cochrane cuts in his outlandish riggery. He was a rum one enough in that long blue tog, and low-browed, broad-brimmed castor, as we used to see him lounging about town.

NORTH.

By some accident I never saw Lord Cochrane in my life. He is a noble fellow—mad, of course—but that's what he can't help.

ODOHERTY.

Was it madness that dished him?

NORTH.

Certainly; the only thing that dished him was the denying of the hoax, in the way he did, in the House of Commons. Had he stood firm on his feet, and said what was God's truth, that he was a sailor, and not a moral philosopher; and that if he had acted wrong, his error consisted merely in doing cleverly and successfully what thousands both of the most holy saints, and the most honourable sinners in the land, were trying to do every day; if he had stood up with a bold face, and spoken plain common sense after this fashion, I should like to know who would seriously have thought a pin the worse of him, at least for more than a week or two. Not I, for one. But the truth is, that every one thing he ever did in this country after he began to think himself a politician, was a perfect proof of madness.

ODOHERTY.

Well, 'tis lucky he has got into a walk, where, what you are pleased to call madness, does better than all the wisdom in the world would do. Will he ever come home again, think ye?

NORTH.

I don't know. Many queer stories are going about. Some say he has done things about the English shipping that would land him inextricably in law-suits if he shewed his nose here. Others, again, maintain that he has arranged all these concerns of late, and that it would be nothing strange if he should be seen parading Pall-Mall within this twelvemonth. For my part, I know nothing of the matter. Captain Hall could tell, no doubt.

ODOHERTY.

Aye, aye; but Hall was a great deal too knowing to tell half what he knew about some of those folks in his book.

NORTH.

To be sure he was ; and, in particular, I have heard that his MS. Journal could furnish a very extraordinary bundle of Cochraniana, over and above what the book sets forth. Well, we can't quarrel with this reserve.

ODOHERTY.

Bless your soul, I quarrel with nothing. I think Hall's book is a perfect model in its way. Great art in both the whole-speaking part of it, and the half-speaking.

NORTH.

The Edinburgh Reviewer of Basil, whether he was Sir Jamie or not, devil cares, made a grand attempt to persuade the world that the weight of the Captain's authority lay entirely his own way as to the question of revolutions in South America, and, by implication, elsewhere ; but as you have seen the work, I need not tell you this is just another trick of the old trade.

ODOHERTY.

And what else should it be ? He, of course, gave no opinion about any other revolution question except that on which all the world has all along been exactly of the same way of thinking. I mean, the total impossibility and absurdity of every scheme for re-establishing the government of Spain over her great American colonies.

NORTH.

Exactly so—he speaks decidedly, as he should do, upon this head, and as to all the details of the different humbug constitutions that have been knocked up and down like so many nine-pins in that quarter during the last ten or twelve years, he says, in spite of Sir Jamie,—he says not one word but what is perfectly consistent with the truth and justice of the views which I have recently been putting forth as to those concerns. He, in fact, hints continually his total contempt for everything connected with these new establishments, except only the individual merits, (such he esteems them,) of San Martin in Chili and Iturbide in Mexico. The wild and cruel ruin which, with scarcely one exception, the insurgent party has everywhere heaped on the private and domestic fortunes of those opposed to them, or suspected of being opposed to them in opinion,—the brutal sulky rage with which everything venerable for rank, station, refinement, and virtue, has, in a thousand instances, been sacrificed to the mean and jealous demon of Liberalism,—the outrages on age, elegance, loveliness,—the rash, remorseless villainy which has trampled all that ennobled the soil into the dust of degradation, nay, of absolute misery,—of all this, sir, Captain Hall, being a Scottish gentleman and a British officer, could not possibly think a whit differently from all the others of the same class of men I have ever happened to converse with on any of the topics in question, nor has he said one syllable that looks as if he had done so ; though I have no sort of doubt the critique in the Edinburgh Review, and Sir James's puff parliamentary, were both of them dictated in some measure by a skulking sort of notion that the *brutum vulgus* might be bamboozled into the belief that Captain Hall had really written a Whiggish book touching South America.

ODOHERTY.

Does Sir James owe Constable any money ?

NORTH.

Not knowing, can't say.

ODOHERTY.

Well, well.—The Captain should certainly have given us a few prints of his heroes. He had some grand affairs in his Loo-choo book.

NORTH.

Aye, and so he had. By the by, have you heard that it turns out that he was completely taken in by those petticoated prigs ? That his primitive Loo-choo lads are now understood to be, without exception, the prettiest set of old rascally cunning swindlers that ever infested the Yellow Sea ?

ODOHERTY.

I had not heard of the humbug being ripped up. Well, I am sorry to hear this, for I really had been much affected with the simplicity of their manners. The print of the leave-taking, in particular, was rather too much for my feel-

ings—them *boeing* and Basil *boeing*—them doing him, and him Loo-choosing them. 'Twas a fine picture of humanity on the umbrella system.

NORTH.

Aye, aye. Well, he has got hold of people whom he could understand this time, and he has done himself justice. His book, sir, is, after all, one of the few sprigs of 1824, which won't wither with the season. I back Captain Hall's South America, and Captain Rock Detected, against any three octavos, or duodecimos either, of the growth.

ODOHERTY.

Have you seen a Tour in Germany lately published by Constable's people? I hear 'tis rather a clever thing.

NORTH.

I was reading some parts of it over again this very evening. I like the book very well upon the whole. Who writes it?

ODOHERTY.

A Mr Russell, I hear; a young man who has just been called to the bar here.

NORTH.

I hoped it might turn out to be a very young man, for otherwise there would be something offensive in the style occasionally. Cursedly spruce and pointed—you understand me.

ODOHERTY.

O aye; but I hear this is a genuine clever fellow, so one must overlook these little things, and expect better hereafter.

NORTH.

Why, as to that, I made no objection to anything, but a little occasional false taste in style—a thing which, in an early work like this, is of no sort of consequence. The stuff of his book is good, and his feelings are good throughout. We must get Kempferhausen to bring him here some night—for being a German—*Nihil Germanici a se alienum*—you understand me?

ODOHERTY.

Yes, yes, of course, the lad has laid his lugs in our friend's Steinwein long ere this time of day. Well, the Germanic faction is getting on; this gentleman and young Carlyle—he who translated Meister—are two pretty additions to Kempferhausen's battalion. To be serious, North, we shall run some risk of inundation. Have you seen the last London Magazine, how bitter they are on the poor William Meister?

NORTH.

Not I, i'faith—I see none of these concerns—not I. What are they saying?

ODOHERTY.

Oh! abusing the Germans up-hill and down-dale—buzzing like fiery myriads of sand flies.

NORTH.

And stinging?

ODOHERTY.

Not knowing, can't say.

NORTH.

Well, I should have thought my friend Opium would have kept them from this particular piece of nonsense—but that's true too, the whole may be one of his quizzés: He was always fond of a practical joke, hang him.

ODOHERTY.

He says old Goethe is an idiot—this is pretty abuse, surely.

NORTH.

Aye, aye, about abuse as well as other things, 'tis a true saying enough that most people consider it as "no loss, that a friend gets."

ODOHERTY.

You would disapprove, I suppose, of the attack on De Quincey in the John Bull Magazine?

NORTH.

Disapprove?—I utterly despised it, and so, no doubt, did he. They say he is no scholar, because he has never published any verbal criticisms on any Greek authors—what stuff! then, I take it, the best scholars in the world are

such creatures as Dr Parr—rubbish that I honestly confess, I never used to think any sensible man would condescend to class much higher than a Petralogist, or a—

ODOHERTY.

I'll defy you to fill up that sentence—go on.

NORTH.

Parr indeed ! Persuade me that that goggling ass knows anything about the true spirit of Athenian antiquity ! That egregious consumer of shag, a fit person to analyse the soul of Sappho !—that turnip-headed buffoon in a cassock, able to follow the wit of Aristophanes—no, no, sir—no tricks upon travellers. What has he done ? what has he done ? That is the question.

ODOHERTY.

Why, all the world knows what he has done—he has drunk a great deal of bad beer, smoked a great deal of bad tobacco, uttered a great deal of bad jokes, and published, thank heaven ! *not* a great deal of dull prose, out-caricaturing the pomposity of Dr Johnson's first and worst style, accompanied with some score or two of notes in English, and *Notule* in Latin, of which it is entirely impossible for any human creature to decide which is the most contemptible—their strutting boldness of language, their blown-up inanity of thought, or the vile self-satisfied grin of their abominable pedological republicanism—a disgusting old fellow, sir !

NORTH.

Old ? Is that an epithet of contempt, Mr Ensign ?

ODOHERTY.

Beg pardon—a disgusting fellow—

NORTH.

Thou hast said it. An excellent clergyman in his parish, an excellent schoolmaster in his school, but in his character of a wit and an author, one of the most genuine feather-beds of humbug that ever filled up a corner in the world—all which, however, is no matter of ours—wherefore pass we on—I would not have thought it worth while to name his name, even to you, had it not been that I lately remarked sundry attempts to bolster up his justly battered reputation, not in the writings of any of his own filthy party, for that would have been quite right, but in one of D'Israeli's recent works—whichever of them I at this moment forget—so help me, my memory, Morgan, even my memory begins to—

ODOHERTY.

Stuff—stuff—stuff ! ! What's the use of what they call a good memory ?

NORTH.

You will perhaps think more of that, young gentleman, when your hairs, like mine—

ODOHERTY.

Pooh ! pooh ! I've worn falsities these five years. But what signifies your grand memory ? Things really of importance to any man's concerns, are by that man remembered—other things are of no consequence. I, for my part, find it is always much less trouble to fill up the details of any piece of business from the creation of fancy, than by cudgelling one's brains for the minutiae of fact—In fact, sir, I despise fact.

NORTH.

Aha ! my lad, very pretty talking all this ! But, as Coleridge says in his *Friend*, we always think the least about what we feel the most. In the heroic ages, they had not so many words as we have now for expressing the different shades and shapes of personal beauty or personal valour ; there was less talk about chivalry among the *Cœur-de-lions* than among a pack of dandy hussars ;—and from what lips does one hear so much about honour and patriotism as a puppy Whig's ?—But I'm weary of talking to you, Ensign.—Here, draw another cork. I desired our friend, the Ambrosian, to have him touched with the ice—just touched.—Aye, that's your sort. What a satisfactory thing this is now !

ODOHERTY.

Sam, I suppose—Aye, I thought so from the twist of your lips.

NORTH.

Now, take your pen in your hand like a good diligent lad, and touch me off a neat handy little article on this same Tour in Germany.

ODOHERTY.

Me? Bless you, I have not read one word of it.

NORTH.

Never heed—begin with a sounding paragraph about things in general; at the close of each paragraph you shall have a bumper.—Yea, stick we to the old bargain.

ODOHERTY.

Pretty little pebbles of paragraphs we shall be having; well, here goes! But to save time and trouble, tell me, since you have read the book, what you really think of it—honestly now, Kit.

NORTH.

Well, well—fill my glass again, boy. 'Tis an excellent little book, I assure you, Sir Morgan. The author appears to have spent some time at Jena, and after making himself well acquainted with the language, to have travelled considerably over the north of Germany, and a little in the south also. He has given, in what will probably be the most amusing part of his book to common readers, a very graphic account indeed of the mode of life prevalent among that apparently queerest of all queer orders of beings, the German students. He has entered into full and, *ex facie*, accurate details of their extravagant, enthusiastic, absurd, overbearing, hobblethoy existence, their pride, their folly, their clubs, their duels, their whiskers, their tobacco-pipes, their schnaps, their shirt-collars, and their enormous jack-boots. All other bodies of students that I have seen or heard of, would appear to be but milk-and-water shadows of their academical absurdity—and yet, strange to say, it appears to be by no means clear, that a German university is not at this moment the place where the most extensive and the most accurate learning may be acquired at the cheapest rate. Sir, this affair seems to be made up of one bundle of anomalies. You must, on reflection, read the whole of the chapters he has devoted to its consideration, ere you review them.

ODOHERTY.

If their way of thinking be either more queer or more laudable than what we had to do with at old Trip: Coll. Dub., I shall consider myself as a rump and dozen in my victim's debt.

NORTH.

As to that, not knowing, can't say. But the really important part of the book is its politics, and it was this that made me wish you should do something in it for Maga. Sir, we have been much abused by the people who have written and spoken about Germany for the last five or six years.

ODOHERTY.

As how?

NORTH.

Why, for example, we have been deaved with the hoarse cry, that the King of Prussia has behaved in all manner of beastly ways to his people. We have been told that he has promised to do everything for them, and that he has done nothing: and this sort of thing has been repeated so often by all the regiment of howlers, from Brougham the Bold downwards, that honest people have really been dinned into some sort of belief, that the thing must be so.—But here we have the facts—Sir Morgan O'Doherty, here we have the plain facts of the case; and I assure you, I think the author of this book would have deserved no slight commendation had his work consisted merely of this one excellent exposé. He has shewn, sir, in the most complete and satisfactory manner, that in so far as it has been possible for the government of Prussia to increase the political privileges of the people of Prussia, the thing actually has been done. The king and his ministers have reformed to a very great extent—but they have reformed like men of sense, wisdom, and experience—not after the fashion of your Bolivars, your Riegos, your Robespierres, your Pepes, your Thistlewoods. Here is the rub.

ODOHERTY.

A real defence of the Prussian government must be of high importance at present. Whereabouts is this subject taken up?

NORTH.

"Give me the book—ay, here it is—I shall be happy to hear it once again ; so read aloud—begin where you see the mark of my pencil.

ODOHERTY.

Well, if it must be so—"The Prussian government is usually decried"—

NORTH.

That's the passage I mean.

ODOHERTY.

And a pretty long one it seems to be.

NORTH.

No matter ; I assure you, you will find Mr Russell's prose much more entertaining than my prosing. Get on.

ODOHERTY. (*reads.*)*

"The Prussian government is usually decried amongst us, as one of the most intolerant and illiberal of Germany, attentive only to secure the implicit and unthinking obedience of its subjects, and therefore encouraging everything which may retain them in ignorance and degradation. Every Briton, from what he has heard, must enter Prussia with this feeling ; and he must blush for his hastiness, when he runs over the long line of bold reforms, and liberal ameliorations, which were introduced into the whole frame of society and public relations in Prussia, from the time when the late Chancellor Prince Hardenberg was replaced, in 1810, at the head of the government. They began, in fact, with the battle of Jena ; that defeat was, in one sense, the salvation of Prussia. The degradation and helplessness into which it plunged the monarchy, while they roused all thinking men to see that there must be something wrong in existing relations, brought likewise the necessity of stupendous efforts to make the resources of the diminished kingdom meet both its own expenditure, and the contributions levied on it by the conqueror. A minister was wanted ; for domineering France would not allow Hardenberg, the head of the Anti-Gallican party, and listened to only when it was too late, to retain his office, and he retired to Riga. *Prenez Monsieur Stein*, said Napoleon to the king, *c'est un homme d'esprit* ; and Stein was made minister. In spirit, he was a minister entirely suited to the times ; but he wanted caution, and forgot that in politics, even in changing for the better, some consideration must be paid to what for centuries has been bad and universal. He was not merely bold, he was fearless ; but he was thoroughly despotic in his character ; having a good object once in his eye, he rushed on to it, regardless of the mischief which he might be doing in his haste, and tearing up and throwing down all that stood in his way, with a vehemence which even the utility of his purpose did not always justify.

"Stein was too honest a man long to retain the favour of France. An intercepted letter informed the cabinet of St Cloud, that he was governing for Prussian, not for French purposes ; and the king was requested to dismiss *le nommé Stein*. He retired to Prague, and amused himself with reading lectures on history to his daughters. His retirement was followed by a sort of interregnum of ministers, who could contrive nothing except the cession of Silesia to France, instead of paying the contributions. From necessity, Hardenberg was recalled ; and whoever will take the trouble of going over the principal acts of his administration will acknowledge, not only that he was the ablest minister Prussia has ever possessed, but likewise, that few statesmen, in the most untutored path of internal improvement, have effected, in so brief an interval, so many weighty and beneficial changes,—interrupted as he was by a war of unexampled importance, which he began with caution, prosecuted with energy, and terminated in triumph. He received Prussia stripped of half its extent, its honours blighted, its finances ruined, its resources at once exhausted by foreign contributions, and depressed by ancient relations among the different classes of society, which custom had consecrated, and selfishness was vehement to defend. He has left it to his king, enlarged in extent, and restored to its fame ; with a well-ordered system of finance, not more defective or extravagant than the struggle for the redemption of the kingdom rendered necessary ; and, above all, he has left it freed from those restraints which bound up the capacities of its industry, and were the sources at once of personal degradation and national poverty. Nor ought it to be forgotten, that, while Hardenberg had often to contend, in the course of these reforms, now with the jealousies of town corporations, and now with the united influence and prejudices of the aristocracy, he stood in the difficult situation of a foreigner in the kingdom which he governed, unsupported by family descent or hereditary influence. His power rested on the personal confidence of the king in his talents and honesty, and the confidence which all of the people who ever thought on such matters, reposed in the general spirit of his policy.

"It was on agriculture that Prussia had chiefly to rely, and the relations between the peasantry who laboured the soil and the proprietors, chiefly of the nobility, who owned

* See *Tour in Germany*, in 1820, 1821, 1822. (Edinburgh, Constable, 2 vols. 12mo.) Volume second, p. 110, et seq.

it, were of a most depressing nature. The most venturous of all Hardenberg's measures was that by which he entirely new-modelled the system, and did nothing less than create a new order of independent landed proprietors. The *Erbunterthänigkeit*, or hereditary subjection of the peasantry to the proprietors of the estates on which they were born, had been already abolished by Stein: Next were removed the absurd restrictions which had so long operated, with accumulating force, to diminish the productiveness of land, by fettering the proprietor not merely in the disposal, but even in the mode of cultivating his estate. Then came forth, in 1810, a royal edict, effecting, by a single stroke of the pen, a greater and more decisive change than has resulted from any modern legislative act, and one on which a more popular form of government would scarcely have ventured. It enacted, that all the peasantry of the kingdom should in future be free, hereditary proprietors of the lands which hitherto they had held only as hereditary tenants, on condition that they gave up to the landlord a fixed proportion of them. The peasantry formed two classes. The first consisted of those who enjoyed what may be termed a hereditary lease, that is, who held lands to which the landlord was bound, on the death of the tenant in possession, to admit his successor, or, at least, some near relation. The right of the landlord was thus greatly inferior to that of unlimited property; he had not his choice of a tenant; the lease was likely to remain in the same family as long as the estate in his own; and, in general, he had not the power of increasing the rent, which had been originally fixed, centuries, perhaps, before, whether it consisted in produce or services. These peasants, on giving up one-third of their farms to the landlord, became unlimited proprietors of the remainder. The second class consisted of peasants whose title endured only for life, or a fixed term of years. In this case, the landlord was not bound to continue the lease, on its termination, to the former tenant, or any of his descendants; but still he was far from being unlimited proprietor; he was bound to replace the former tenant with a person of the same rank; he was prohibited to take the lands into his own possession, or cultivate them with his own capital.* His right, however, was clearly more absolute than in the former case, and it is difficult to see what claim the tenant could set up beyond the endurance of his lease. That such restrictions rendered the estate less valuable to the proprietor, may have been a very good reason for abolishing them entirely, but seems to be no reason at all for taking a portion of the lands from him who had every right to them, to give it to him who had no right whatever, but that of possession, under his temporary lease. But this class of peasants, too, (and they are supposed to have been by far the more numerous,) on giving up one-half of their farms, became absolute proprietors of the remainder. The half thus taken from the landlords, appears just to have been a price exacted from them for the more valuable enjoyment of the other;—as if the government had said to them, give up to our disposal a certain portion of your estates, and we shall so sweep away those old restrictions which render them unproductive to you, that what remains will speedily be as valuable as the whole was before.

"It cannot be denied, therefore, that this famous edict, especially in the latter of the two cases, was a very stern interference with the rights of private property; nor is it wonderful that those against whom it was directed should have sternly opposed it; but the minister was sterner still. He found the finances ruined, and the treasury attacked by demands, which required that the treasury should be filled; he saw the imperious necessity of rendering agriculture more productive; and though it may be doubted, whether the same end might not have been gained by new-modelling the relations between the parties, as landlord and tenant, instead of stripping the former to create a new race of proprietors, there is no doubt at all as to the success of the measure, in increasing the productiveness of the soil. Even those of the aristocracy, who have waged war most bitterly against Hardenberg's reforms; allow that, in regard to agriculture, this law has produced incredible good. 'It must be confessed,' says one of them, 'that, in ten years, it has carried us forward a whole century;—the best of all experimental proofs how injurious the old relations between the proprietors and the labourers of the soil must have been to the prosperity of the country.'

"The direct operation of this measure necessarily was to make a great deal of property change hands; but this effect was farther increased by its indirect operation. The law appeared at a moment when the greater part of the estates of the nobility were burdened with debts, and the proprietors were now deprived of their rentals. They indeed had land thrown back upon their hands; but this only multiplied their embarrassments. In the hands of their boors, the soil had been productive to them; now that it was in their own, they had neither skill nor capital to carry on its profitable cultivation, and

* This regulation has sometimes been ascribed to anxiety to keep up the numbers of the peasantry to fill the armies; a more probable explanation is to be found in the exemption of the nobility, that is, generally speaking, the landholders, from taxation. They established this exemption in favour of the property which they retained in their own hands, by abandoning to taxation the lands which they had given out to the peasantry, *Bauernhöfe*. It thus became the interest of the Crown to prevent any diminution of the *Bauernhöfe*, the only taxable land in the country. To abolish this restriction, was one of Stein's first intentions, in 1808; for he was determined to make all land taxable, without excep-

new loans only added to the interest which already threatened to consume its probable fruits. The consequence of all this was, that, besides the portion of land secured in free property to the peasantry, much of the remainder came into the market, and the purchasers were generally persons who had acquired wealth by trade or manufactures.* The sale of the royal domains, to supply the necessities of the state, operated powerfully in the same way. These domains always formed a most important item in the revenue of a German prince, and one which was totally independent of any control, even that of the imperfectly constituted estates. In Prussia, they were estimated to yield annually nearly half a million Sterling, even in the hands of farmers, and, under the changes which have so rapidly augmented the value of the soil all over the kingdom, they would soon have become much more profitable. But, while compelled to tax severely the property of his subjects, the king refused to spare his own; and, in 1811, an edict was issued, authorizing the sale of the royal domains at twenty-five years' purchase of the estimated rental. These, too, passed into the hands of the purchasers not connected with the aristocracy; for the aristocracy, so far from being able to purchase the estates of others, were selling their own estates to pay their debts. The party opposed to Hardenberg has not ceased to lament that the Crown should thus have been shorn of its native and independent glories; 'for it ought to be powerful,' say they, 'by its own revenues and possessions.' Our principles of government teach us a different doctrine.

"Beneficial as the economical effects of this division of property may have been, its political results are no less important. It has created a new class of citizens, and these the most valuable of all citizens; every trace, not merely of subjection, but of restraint, has been removed from the industrious, but poor and degraded peasants, and they have at once been converted into independent landed proprietors, resembling much the *petits propriétaires* created by the French Revolution. In Pomerania, for example, the estates of the nobility were calculated to contain 260 square miles. Those of free proprietors, not noble, only five miles. Of the former, about 100 were *Bauernhöfe*, in the hands of the peasantry; and, by the operation of the law, 60 of these would still remain the property of the boors who cultivated them. Thus there is now twelve times as much landed property, in this province, belonging to persons who are not noble, as there was before the appearance of this edict. The race of boors is not extinct; for the provisions of the law are not imperative, if both parties prefer remaining in their old relation; but this is a preference which, on the part of the peasant at least, is not to be expected. Care has been taken that no new relations of the same kind shall be formed. A proprietor might settle his agricultural servants upon his grounds, giving them land, instead of wages, and binding them to hereditary service; this would just have been the seed of a new race of boors to toil under the old personal services. Probably the thing had been attempted; for, in 1811, an edict appeared, which, while it allowed the proprietor to pay his servants in whole or in part with the use of land, limits the duration of such a contract to twelve years. It prohibits him absolutely from giving these families land hereditably on condition of service; if a single acre is to be given in property, it must either be a proper sale, or a fixed rent must be stipulated in money or produce. Hardenberg was resolved that his measure should be complete.

"When to the peasants who have thus become landholders, is added the numerous class of citizens, not noble, who have come into the possession of landed property by the sales of the royal domains, and the necessities of so many of the higher orders, it is not difficult to foresee the political consequences of such a body of citizens gradually rising in wealth and respectability, and dignified by that feeling of self-esteem which usually accompanies the independent possession of property. Unless their progress be impeded by extraneous circumstances, they must rise to political influence, because they will gradually become fitting depositaries of it. It would scarcely be too much to say, that the Prussian government must have contemplated such a change; for its administration, during the last fourteen years, has been directed to produce a state of society in which pure despotism cannot long exist but by force; it has been throwing its subjects into those relations which, by the very course of nature, give the people political influence

* It will scarcely be believed that, up to 1807, a person not noble could only by accident find a piece of land, whatever number of estates might be in the market, which he would be allowed to purchase. By far the greater portion of the landed property consisted of estates noble; and if the proprietor brought his estate into the market, only a nobleman could purchase it. The merchant, the banker, the artist, the manufacturer, every citizen, in short, who had acquired wealth by industry and skill, lay under an absolute prohibition against investing it in land, unless he previously purchased a patent of nobility, or stumbled on one of those few spots which, in former days, had escaped the hands of a noble proprietor, small in number, and seldom in the market. Even Frederick the Great lent his aid

pursuits,—a plan which led to the depression of agriculture, the staple of the country, as it was directed in vain to cherish artificially a manufacturing activity, on which the country is much less dependent. This could not possibly last; the noble proprietors were regularly becoming poorer, and the same course of events which compelled so many of them to sell disabled them generally, from buying; destitute of capital to cultivate their own estates, it was not among them that the purchasers of the royal domains were to be looked for. In 1807, Stein swept away the whole mass of absurd restrictions, and every man was made capable of holding every kind of property.

by making them fit to exercise it. Is there anything in political history that should make us wish to see them in possession of it sooner? Is it not better, that liberty should rise spontaneously from a soil prepared for its reception, and in which its seeds have gradually been maturing in the natural progress of society, than violently to plant it on stony and thorny ground, where no congenial qualities give strength to its roots, and beauty to its blossoms, where it does not throw wide its perennial shadow, under which the people may find happiness and refuge, but springs up, like the gourd of Jonah, in the night of popular tumult, and unnatural and extravagant innovation, to perish in the morning beneath the heat of reckless faction, or the consuming fire of foreign interference?

"This great, and somewhat violent measure, of creating in the state a new order of citizens possessing independent property, was preceded and followed by a crowd of other reforms, all tending to the same end, to let loose the energies of all classes of the people, and bring them into a more comfortable social relation to each other. While the peasantry were not only set free, but converted into landholders, the aristocracy were sternly deprived of that exemption from taxation which, more than anything else, renders them odious in every country where it has been allowed to remain. They struggled hard to keep their estates beyond the reach of the land tax, but the king and Hardenberg were inflexible: 'We hope,' says the royal edict, 'that those to whom this measure will apply will reflect, that, in future, they will be free from the reproach of escaping public burdens at the expence of their fellow-subjects. They will likewise reflect, that the tax to be laid upon them will not equal the expence to which they would be put, if called on to perform the military services which originally burdened their estates.' The whole financial system acquired an uniformity and equality of distribution, which simplified it to all, and diminished the expence of collection, while it increased the revenue. Above all, that anomalous system, under which every province had its own budget, and its peculiar taxes, was destroyed, and Hardenberg, after much opposition, carried through one uniform and universal system for the whole monarchy. This enabled him to get rid of another monstrous evil. Under the miserable system of financial separation, every province and every town was surrounded with custom-houses, taxing and watching the productions of its neighbours, as if they came from foreign countries, and discouraging all internal communication. The whole was swept away. At the same time, the national expenditure in its various departments, the ways and means, the state of the public debt, and the funds for meeting it, were given forth with a publicity which produced confidence in Prussia, and alarm, as setting a bad example, in some less prudent cabinets. Those amongst ourselves who clamour most loudly against the misconduct of the Prussian government, will allow, that the secularization and sale of the church lands was a liberal and patriotic measure; those who more wisely think, that an arbitrary attack on any species of property endangers the security of all property, will lament that the public necessities should have rendered it advisable. The servitudes of thirlage,* of brewing beer, and distilling spirituous liquors, existed in their most oppressive form, discouraging agriculture, and fostering the ruinous spirit of monopoly. They were abolished with so unsparing a hand, that, though indemnification was not absolutely refused, the forms and modes of proof of loss sustained to found a claim to it were of such a nature, as to render it difficult to be procured, and trifling when made good. This was too unsparing.

"In the towns there was much less to be done; it was only necessary to release their arts and manufactures from old restraints, and rouse their citizens to an interest in the public weal. Hardenberg attempted the first by a measure on which more popular governments have not yet been bold enough to venture, however strongly it has been recommended by political economists; he struck down at one blow all guildries and corporations,—not those larger forms, which include all the citizens of a town, and constitute a *borough*, but those subordinate forms which regard particular classes and professions. But, whether it was from views of finance, or that he found himself compelled, by opposing interests, to yield something to the old principle, that the public is totally unqualified to judge who serves them well, and who serves them badly, but must have some person to make the discovery for them, the Chancellor seems to have lost his way in this measure. He left every man at liberty to follow every profession, free from the fetters of an incorporated body; but he converted the government into one huge, universal corporation, and allowed no man to pursue any profession without annually procuring and paying for the permission of the state. The *Gewerbesteuer*, introduced in 1810, is a yearly tax on every man who follows a profession, on account of that profession; it is like our ale and pedlar licences, but it is universal. So far, it is only financial; but the licence by no means follows as a matter of course, and here reappears the incorporation spirit; every member of those professions, which are held to concern more nearly the public weal, must produce a certificate of the provincial government,

* Let those who accuse the Prussian government of disregarding the improvement of its subjects reflect, that it was only in 1799, that the British Parliament thought of contriving means to rescue the *serfs of Scotland* from this servitude.

that he is duly qualified to exercise it. Doctors and chimney-sweepers, midwives and ship-builders, notaries-public and mill-wrights, booksellers and makers of water-pipes, with a host of other equally homogeneous professionalists, must be guaranteed by that department of the government within whose sphere their occupation is most naturally included, as perfectly fit to execute their professions. The system is cumbersome, but it wants, at least, the exclusive *esprit de corps* of corporations.

"The other and more important object, that of rousing the citizens to an active concern in the affairs of their own community, had already been accomplished by Stein in his *Städteordnung*, or Constitution for the cities, which was completed and promulgated in 1808. He did not go the length of annual parliaments and universal suffrage, for the magistracy is elected only every third year; but the elective franchise is so widely distributed among all resident householders, of a certain income or rental, that none are excluded whom it would be proper to admit. Nay, complaints are sometimes heard from persons of the upper ranks, that it compels them to give up paying any attention to civic affairs, because it places too direct and overwhelming an influence in the hands of the lower orders. There can be no doubt, however, of the good which it has done, were there nothing else than the publicity which it has bestowed on the management and proceedings of public and charitable institutions. The first merchant of Breslau, the second city of the monarchy, told me it was impossible to conceive what a change it had effected for the better, and what interest every citizen now took in the public affairs of the corporation, in hospitals and schools, in roads, and bridges, and pavements, and water-pipes. 'Nay,' added he, 'by our example, we have even compelled the Catholic charities to print accounts of their funds and proceedings; for, without doing so, they could not have stood against us in public confidence.' This is the true view of the matter; nor is there any danger that the democratic principle will be extravagant in the subordinate communities, while the despotic principle is so strong in the general government of the country.

"Such has been the general spirit of the administration of Prussia, since the battle of Jena; and it would be gross injustice to her government to deny, that in all this it has acted with an honest and effective view to the public welfare, and has betrayed anything but a selfish or prejudiced attachment to old and mischievous relations; that was no part of the character of either Stein or Hardenberg. The government is in its forms a despotic one; it wields a censorship; it is armed with a strict and stern police; and, in one sense, the property of the subject is at its disposal, in so far as the portion of his goods which he shall contribute to the public service depends only on the pleasure of the government; but let not our just hatred of despotic forms make us blind to substantial good. Under these forms, the government, not more from policy than inclination, has been guilty of no oppressions which might place it in dangerous opposition to public feeling or opinion; while it has crowded its administration with a rapid succession of ameliorations, which gave new life to all the weightiest interests of the state, and brought all classes of society into a more natural array, and which only ignorance or prejudice can deny to have been equally beneficial to the people, and honourable to the executive. I greatly doubt, whether there be any example of a popular government doing so much real good in so short a time, and with so much continued effect. When a minister roots out abuses which impede individual prosperity, gives free course to the arts and industry of the country, throws open to the degraded the paths of comfort and respectability, and brings down the artificial privileges of the high to that elevation which nature demands in every stable form of political society; while he thus prepares a people for a popular government, while, at the same time, by this very preparation, he creates the safest and most unfailing means of obtaining it, he stands much higher, as a statesman and philosopher, than the minister who rests satisfied with the easy praise, and the more than doubtful experiment, of giving popular forms to a people which knows neither how to value nor exercise them. The statesmen of this age, more than of any other, ought to have learned the folly of casting the political pearl before swine.

"This is no defence of despotism; it is a statement of the good which the Prussian government has done, and an elucidation of the general spirit of improvement in which it has acted; but it furnishes no reason for retaining the despotic forms under which this good has been wrought out, so soon as the public wishes require, and the public mind is, in some measure, capable of using more liberal and manly instruments. On the other hand, it is most unfair (and yet, in relation to Prussia, nothing is more common) to forget what a monarch has done for his subjects, in our hatred of the fact that he has done it without their assistance, and to set down his government as a mere ignorant, selfish, and debasing tyranny. The despotism of Prussia stands as far above that of Naples, or Austria, or Spain, as our own constitution stands above the mutilated Charter of France. The people are personally attached to their king; and, in regard to his government, they feel and recognize the real good which has been done infinitely more strongly than the want of the unknown good which is yet to be attained, and which alone can secure the continuance of all the rest. They have not enjoyed the political

experience and education which would teach them the value of this security ; and even the better informed classes tremble at the thought of exacting it by popular clamour, because they see it must speedily come of itself. From the Elbe to the Oder, I found nothing to make me believe in the existence of that general discontent and ripeness for revolt which have been broadly asserted, more than once, to exist in Prussia ; and it would be wonderful to find a people to whom all political thinking is new, who knew nothing of political theories, and suffer no personal oppressions, ready to raise the shout of insurrection.

"To this it is commonly added, that the general discontent is only forcibly kept down by the large standing army. The more I understood the constitution of the Prussian army, the more difficult I found it to admit this constantly repeated assertion. Not only is every male, of a certain age, a regularly trained soldier, the most difficult of all populations to be crushed by force, when they are once warmed by a popular cause, but by far the greater part of this supposed despotic instrument consists of men taken, and taken only for a time, from the body of citizens against whom they are to be employed. There is always, indeed, a very large army on foot, and the foreign relations of Prussia render the maintenance of a large force indispensable ; but it is, in fact, a militia. 'We have no standing army at all, properly speaking,' said an officer of the Guards to me ; 'what may be called our standing army is, in reality, nothing but a school, in which all citizens, without exception, between twenty and thirty-two years of age, are trained to be soldiers. Three years are reckoned sufficient for this purpose. A third of our army is annually changed. Those who have served their three years are sent home, form what is called the War Reserve, and, in case of war, are first called out. Their place is supplied by a new draught from the young men who have not yet been out ; and so it goes on.' Surely a military force so constituted is not that to which a despot can well trust for enchaining a struggling people ; if popular feeling were against him, these men would bring it along with them to his very standard. I cannot help thinking, that, if it were once come to this between the people and government of Prussia, it would not be in his own bayonets, but in those of Russia and Austria, that Frederick William would have to seek a trust-worthy ally.

"It will never do to judge of the general feeling of a country from the mad tenets of academical youths, (who are despised by none more heartily than by the people themselves,) or from the still less pardonable excesses of hot-headed teachers. When I was in Berlin, a plot, headed by a schoolmaster, was detected in Stargard, in Pomerania ; the object was, to proclaim the Spanish Constitution, and assassinate the ministers and other persons of weight who might naturally be supposed to be hostile to the innovation. This no more proves the Prussian people to be ripe for revolt, than it proves them to be ready to be murderers.

"In judging of the political feelings of a country, a Briton is apt to be deceived by his own political habits still more than by partial observation. The political exercises and education which we enjoy, are riches which we may well wish to see in the possession of others ; but they lead us into a thousand fallacies, when they make us conclude, from what our own feelings would be under any given institutions, that another people, whose very prejudices go with its government, must be just as ready to present a claim of right, bring the king to trial, or declare the throne to be vacant. Prussia is by no means the only country of Germany where the people know nothing of that love of political thinking and information which pervades ourselves. But Prussia is in the true course to arrive at it ; the most useful classes of her society are gradually rising in wealth, respectability, and importance ; and, ere long, her government, in the natural course of things, must admit popular elements. If foreign influence, and, above all, that of Russia, whose leaden weight is said to hang too heavily already on the cabinet of Berlin, do not interfere, I shall be deceived if the change be either demanded with outrageous clamour from below, or refused with unwise and selfish obstinacy from above. No people of the continent better deserves political liberty than the Germans ; for none will wait for it more patiently, receive it more thankfully, or use it with greater moderation."

NORTH.

Thank ye, ODoherty—that's a good boy.

ODOHERTY.

May I take the book home with me ? I must certainly read the rest of it.

NORTH.

By all means. I assure you you will find the writing throughout clever, the facts interesting, and the tone excellent. Ring, Morgan, I must have my chair.

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DR M'CRIE'S LIFE OF ANDREW MELVILLE.

THE Christian religion, ever since its birth, has acted like a Deity upon earth, and its history forms a chain of stupendous miracles. Its wonderful origin, its miraculous spread, its astonishing triumphs, the mighty changes which it has wrought in the conduct and condition of mankind, and the inestimable benefits which it has showered upon the nations that have practised it,—these things amaze us in contemplating them with their superhuman character, and overwhelm us with the conviction, that Christianity must of necessity have proceeded from Heaven.

The Reformation, or, to speak more correctly, the resuscitation of this religion, after it had been virtually destroyed by those who professed to be its own ministers, exhibited characteristics but little less wonderful than those which it displayed in its first rise and progress. In the one case, as in the other, it triumphed by trampling under its feet what seemed to be the laws of nature, and moral and physical impossibilities. Nearly all earthly authorities were opposed to the reformers—rulers, as well as subjects, were almost everywhere, with regard to religious matters, the slaves of the Pope—the Catholic religion possessed everything that could render it attractive in the eyes of governments, and that of the reformers displayed many things that were calculated to fill governments with dislike and dread. The Catholic clergy left nothing unemployed that promised to seduce and enslave

mankind; they indulged the passions, tolerated almost every sin, filled the path to heaven with worldly pleasures, ensured paradise to the whole of their followers, and doomed all who might forsake them to perdition; while the reformers forbade even innocent amusements, insisted upon self-denial and privations, made salvation a matter of difficult attainment, and used that for making proselytes which was in the highest degree unpalatable to human nature. Yet the powerless prevailed against the mighty—governments were conquered by the books and sermons of a few proscribed individuals—the most powerful chains that could be rivetted on nations were broken by the mere breath of those whom the world was instructed to regard as the accursed instruments of the devil—human nature rejected gratification for austerities and mortifications, and Christianity once more became a reality, as well as a name, to bestow on mankind temporal benefits and eternal happiness.

The same end was to be reached in different nations, the circumstances of which were perfectly dissimilar; and therefore the Reformation worked in different countries by instruments of the most opposite character. In one it employed the humblest individual, in another a monarch was its unconscious agent; here the poor and ignorant fought its battles, there the nobility ranked among its most efficient champions. Political intrigues, the unprincipled strife of factions, national

* The Life of Andrew Melville, containing Illustrations of the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Scotland, during the latter Part of the Sixteenth and beginning of the Seventeenth Century. By Thomas M'Crie, D.D. 2 vols. 8vo. Second Edition. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London, 1824.

quarrels, the profligacy and crimes of sovereigns, extraordinary and unnatural events, the efforts of those who upheld the cause of Catholicism, all harmoniously conspired to give success to the Reformation. It was essential for its success, as far as human reason can judge, that the guilt of Mary of Scotland and Henry the Eighth of England was so great, and was of so singular a character. Considered apart from the Reformation, all these things seem but a chaos of accidents; but, considered in connexion with it, they appear to form a wonderful combination—a scheme so complex, vast, magnificent, and perfect, as to render it impossible for us to ascribe it to chance, or to anything less than over-ruling Providence.

Perhaps the most curious and interesting portion of the history of the Reformation appertains to Scotland. The beauty of Mary—her wild and fatal attachment—the romantic and singular nature of her errors and guilt—the soft and womanish character of her conduct, notwithstanding its criminality—and her misfortunes and sorrows;—the towering character of Knox—his fire and heroism—his austerity and inflexibility—the prodigious influence which he acquired by his talents and zeal—and the remarkable vicissitudes through which he passed;—all these matters, combined with the striking and contrasted characters and deeds of the other personages, who intentionally or unconsciously bore a part in the Reformation of Scotland, give to its history the seductive air and dramatic interest of a romance.

Dr M'Crie's literary fame is too well established to need from us support or illustration, and we notice his *Life of Melville* rather to direct the attention of such of our readers as are unacquainted with it, to a work replete with interest and instruction, than to emblazon his merits. If Melville and James will not take hold of the feelings like Knox and Mary, and if the struggles which established and overthrew the Presbyterian polity will not bear comparison, in point of importance, with the events of the Reformation, the book still falls but little below its learned author's *Life of Knox*, with regard to its capability of yielding pleasure and profit. It is, in fact, as Dr M'Crie observes, a continuation of that work, with respect to the ecclesiastical history of Scotland, and it

places before us the conduct of the Reformers after they had crushed Popery, their contests with Morton and James, their triumph over Episcopacy, and their subsequent overthrow; and it moreover gives a mass of information touching the state of learning in Scotland during this period of Scottish history. Our readers will readily believe, that such a writer as Dr M'Crie could not write on matters like these without producing a most valuable publication.

Andrew Melville sprung, in 1545, from a highly respectable family, though his father seems to have possessed but a slender fortune. After giving evidences of great genius, and making himself master of all the learning that could be gained in his own country, he left it at the age of nineteen, to prosecute his studies on the Continent. He went first to Paris, and afterwards to Geneva. He distinguished himself at both places, and became acquainted with several of the first scholars of the age.

The Reformers had to fight their way against governments, and therefore they were compelled to mingle politics with religion; they could not advance a step without asserting the principles of civil liberty, and attempting both to define and to contract the power of rulers. This imperious necessity will go far towards justifying them for assuming to so great an extent as they did the character of politicians. They cut, however, but a sorry figure in this character, and they were unable to practise the principles of liberty when the power came into their hands. With the celebrity which Geneva acquired for the political nature of the theology taught within it, our readers are familiar. It was there, in the words of Dr M'Crie, "that Knox first felt the hallowed flame of liberty kindle in his breast; and, while he breathed the free air of that republic, he conceived the enterprize of breaking the fetters of religious and political bondage by which his native country was enthralled;" and it was there where Melville became confirmed in those opinions which had animated Knox.

Melville returned to his native country, after an absence of ten years, with a brilliant reputation for piety, talents, and learning. He received an offer of being appointed domestic in-

structor to the Regent Morton until a more valuable situation could be given him, which he declined; and he soon after was admitted Principal of the university of Glasgow. "The literary history of the university of Glasgow," observes Dr M'Crie, "properly commences with Melville, though the seminary had subsisted for upwards of a century before he was connected with it." He found it literally in a state of ruin; and, by his energy, perseverance, and talents, he speedily raised it to a flourishing condition.

When Melville returned to Scotland ecclesiastical matters were in great confusion. The Popish Church had just been overthrown, and the reformed one had assumed no settled and recognized form.

"The young King was still a minor, and James, Earl of Morton, exercised the supreme authority, to which he had been raised on the death of the former regent, the Earl of Mar."—"The revenues of the Church tempted his cupidity; and, as the sacredness of that fund had been already violated, he looked to it as the most convenient source of enriching himself, and increasing the number of his dependents. The irregularities of his private life made him dread the reproofs and censures of the preachers; and the dependence which he had on Elizabeth, conspired, with his love of power, in inducing him to seek the suppression of the liberties of the Church, and to bring it as nearly as possible to a conformity, in point of government, with the Church of England.

"The Church of Scotland, from the beginning of the Reformation, did not acknowledge any permanent ecclesiastical office superior to that of the pastor; the employment of superintendents was a provisional and temporary expedient adopted to supply the deficiency of ministers. The superintendents possessed no episcopal authority in the common acceptance of that term; they were ordained in the same manner as other pastors, and derived the special powers with which they were invested from the General Assemblies of the Church, to which they were made accountable at every meeting for all their managements. At the establishment of the Reformation, the Popish prelates, secular and regular, were allowed to retain the greater part of their revenues; and they continued to occupy their seats in Parliament, to which they were entitled, in the eye of the law, equally as other lords, as long as their baronial benefices were not taken from them by the state. Some of them embraced the reformed doctrines; but even these did not represent the Protestant Church in Parliament; and, if they exercised any ecclesi-

astical authority, it was not in the character of bishops, but in consequence of their having been admitted into the ministry, or of their having received a specific commission to that purpose from the General Assembly. This observation may be applied to deaneries, rectories, and inferior livings. With the exception of the third part, the incumbents enjoyed their benefices; and, upon joining the Protestant Church, they were admitted ministers, if found qualified, according to the ordinary forms. In this case, the rank which they had held in the Popish Church, and the benefices which they continued to enjoy, gave them no precedence or superiority to their brethren, although they might still be called by their old titles in the way of courtesy, or from the power of custom.

"In this state matters continued until the year 1571, when it became necessary to fill several prelacies become vacant by the death or the forfeiture of the incumbents. The Church had already expressed her judgment on the subject, both in the Book of Discipline, and in representations repeatedly made to the Parliament and Privy Council, in which she craved that the bishoprics should be dissolved, and their revenues applied to the support of superintendents and ministers. But to this measure the regent and the greater part of the nobility were decidedly averse. Accordingly, the vacant bishoprics and other great benefices were bestowed on noblemen, who presented preachers to them, after they had taken care to secure to themselves a certain portion of their revenues.

"These proceedings, as soon as they transpired, were protested against by the Commissioners of the Church, and they everywhere excited the greatest dissatisfaction."

We cannot perceive that Morton's desire to see the Church of Scotland assume the form of that of England, necessarily implied a wish to destroy its liberties. The Reformers had now got far beyond a reformation of religion; what they were labouring for involved a mighty political change in the constitution. The abolition of Popery was a matter of religion, it left the constitution as it found it; but the abolition of Episcopacy affected in no essential point religious opinion, and it was, in a very great degree, a political question. The Reformers had mixed freely in the strife of parties; they had, in no reserved manner, discussed matters in the pulpit that were purely political; they had avowed the doctrine, that kings might be put to death by their subjects for mal-government, and they had shewn that there might be cases in which they would willingly

ly, and in virtue of their office, take upon themselves to be the judges of the royal criminals. While they had done and said what virtually placed the church above the government, and gave her the power of becoming its despotic judge at pleasure, they were seeking to separate her entirely from it, and to obtain the absolute control over her revenues and conduct. Morton would have been without either honesty or sanity, if, as a ruler, he had not vigorously opposed them. The right to reconcile the doctrines of the church with the Scriptures, and to purify her clergy, was not a right to reduce her to a heap of ruins, that she might be rebuilt in the form that was the most at variance with the public weal, and the refusal to permit the Reformers to do this was anything but an invasion of her liberties.

Had Morton gone heartily along with the Reformers in correcting the doctrines of the church, in properly appropriating her revenues, and in purging the clergy of all improper members, he might then have made a stand with every prospect of success. Justice and reason would have been with him, and, in all probability, would have rallied the intelligent portion of the people around him, as well as the nobility. But he committed a capital error in suffering the high church dignities to be disposed of as they were. Such disposal was a flagrant and crying abuse, and it threatened the church with the most serious evils; it could not fail of disgusting all who wished to see things properly established, and of rendering essential service to the Reformers in their war against Episcopacy. The one side was thus about as deep in error as the other, and the troubles that followed were a natural consequence.

After an ineffectual attempt to prevail over the Reformers by harsh measures, the Regent endeavoured to soothe them into acquiescence. The Convention of Leith was formed to devise a scheme for removing the dissension. The issue was unsatisfactory. The Convention conceded certain minor points to both sides, but it left the great evil, the root of contention, much as it found it. The *Tulchan* prelates were not removed for realities, and the manner of disposing of the higher dignities of the church remained unaltered.

Dissatisfaction and strife increased, and both sides plunged still deeper into wrong. The sees were filled with improper persons. The patrons of benefices, not being bound by any law, refused to comply with the regulations of the Convention, and they were secretly encouraged to do so by Morton. The Regent made the most unjustifiable encroachments on the rights of the church. The ministers protested against, and held consultations touching the best means of resisting them, and Morton then charged them with sedition and treason, withdrew his countenance from their Assemblies, questioned their right to meet and transact business without his express allowance, and advanced a claim to supremacy over the church.

In this perilous crisis, the Reformers were destitute of an efficient leader. They were common-place men, disqualified, in almost every way, for fighting such a battle as they were engaged in. Had not a leader appeared among them gifted with a large portion of the spirit of Knox—intrepid and inflexible—capable both of judging and acting—able to inspire them with courage and unanimity—and having the power to give a tone to public feeling, and to rally around him the body of the people, it is probable that the encroachments, which their own attempted encroachments had perhaps in a great measure produced, would have involved them and their cause in ruin. Such a leader appeared among them in the person of Andrew Melville. He at once took his place at their head, struck boldly at the whole structure of Episcopacy, and rendered them again the assailants.

Our limits will not allow us to give a summary of the series of struggles that followed, and that gave to the reformers a momentary triumph. The following interview between Morton and Melville is highly characteristic.

“Morton said that the General Assembly was a convocation of the King's lieges, and that it was treasonable for them to meet without his allowance. To this Melville answered, that, if it were so, then Christ and his apostles must have been guilty of treason, for they convoked hundreds and thousands, and taught and governed them, without asking the permission of magistrates; and yet they were obedient subjects, and commanded the people to give what was due unto Caesar. Having appealed, in proof of this assertion, to

the *Acts of the Apostles*, the Regent replied, scornfully, 'Read ye ever such an *Act* as we did at St Johnston?' referring to the armed resistance which the Lords of the Congregation made to the Queen Regent at Perth, in the beginning of the Reformation. 'My Lord,' answered Melville, 'if ye be ashamed of that act, Christ will be ashamed of you.' He added, 'that, in a great crisis, the conduct of men was not to be rigidly scanned by common rules; and actions, which, in other circumstances, would be highly censurable, may be excused, and even approved; as our Saviour virtually justified those who introduced to him a palstred invalid by the roof of a house, without waiting the permission of the proprietor. At that time the kingdom of Heaven suffered violence, and all men pressed into it, without asking the leave of prince or emperor.' The Regent, biting the head of his staff, exclaimed in a tone of half-suppressed indignation, which few who were acquainted with his manner and temper could hear without alarm, 'There will never be quietness in this country till half-a-dozen of you be hanged, or banished the country.'—'Tush, sir,' replied Melville, 'threaten your courtiers after that manner. It is the same to me whether I rot in the air or in the ground. The earth is the Lord's.—*Patria est ubicunque est bene*. I have been ready to give my life where it would not have been half so well wareed, at the pleasure of my God. I have lived out of your country ten years, as well as in it. Let God be glorified; it will not be in your power to hang or exile his truth.' "

Few things lower the Reformers more in our opinion, than their unnatural interpretations of the Scriptures, and their practical adoption of the doctrine, that the end justifies the means. Our English puritans could discover nothing that the Bible called for more loudly than the destruction of the Protestant church of their country—nothing that the Bible more fully justified, than the bloodshed and devastation which they were employed in spreading.

The strife of parties, and the consequent weakness of the government, for some time prevented the Reformers from experiencing any decided opposition; but soon after James took the reins into his own hands, the government re-commenced offensive operations against them. Lennox obtained his ascendancy over the king, and in furtherance of his other views, the restoration of Episcopacy was determined on. The regulations of the convention of Leith were revived by an act of privy council; the disposal of

the see of Glasgow was given to Lennox, "who offered it to different ministers, upon the condition of their making over to him its revenues, and contenting themselves with an annual pension." It was at last accepted by Robert Montgomery, minister of Stirling, a person designated by Robertson as "a man vain, feeble, presumptuous, and more apt, by the blemishes of his character, to have alienated the people from an order already beloved, than to reconcile them to one which was the object of their hatred." This most impolitic and iniquitous measure produced its natural consequences; it excited universal indignation. It embroiled the government and the Reformers in open war, and it gave the latter the advantage altogether in point of justice. If anything could reconcile us to the hostilities which the Reformers waged against Episcopacy, it would be conduct like this on the part of those who defended it; in truth, such conduct was well calculated to make it the object of general enmity among the people.

In the strife which followed, Melville occupied the most distinguished part; he was at once the sage and the hero of his party. After much unwarrantable injustice on the part of the government, and determined resistance on that of the ministers, the *Raid of Ruthven* destroyed the power of Lennox and Arran, and produced a temporary peace.

While Melville was engaged in this contest, he was involved in the performance of extraordinary duty at St Andrews, of which he had been admitted Principal. He frequently preached in the room of one of the regular ministers. The following extract is too highly illustrative of his character to be omitted.

"As long as he continued to preach, it was impossible for him to refrain from condemning the conduct of those who obstructed the settlement of the parish. The umbrage taken at this was increased by the plainness with which he rebuked the more flagrant vices which prevailed among the inhabitants, and were overlooked by those in authority. Galled by his reproofs, the provost one day rose from his seat in the middle of the sermon, and left the church, muttering his dissatisfaction with the preacher. Placards were affixed to the gate of the new College, threatening to set fire to the Principal's lodging, to bastinado him, and to chase him out of the

town. His friends became alarmed for his safety, but he remained unintimidated, and refused to give place to the violence of his adversaries. He summoned the provost before the presbytery for contempt of divine ordinances. He persevered in his public censures of vice. One of the placards was known, by the French and Italian phrases in it, to be the production of James Learmont, younger of Balcomy. This Melville produced to the congregation at the end of a sermon, in which he had been uncommonly free and vehement, and described the author of it, who was sitting before him, as 'a Frenchified, Italianized, jolly gentleman, who had polluted many marriage-beds, and now boasted that he would pollute the church of God, by bastinading his servants.' He silenced his adversaries at this time, but they soon found an opportunity of revenging themselves for the freedoms which he had taken with them."

It can excite no surprise that conduct like this made him enemies, but it may excite some surprise that a man possessing the talents, learning, experience, and sagacity of Melville, should be so far ignorant of his spiritual duties, and of the nature of religion, as, from report and a spirit of revenge, to point out publicly one of the congregation to all the rest as a common adulterer. Many of our readers will believe, that the Church of God was as deeply polluted by this as it would have been by the "bastinading" of the minister.

Arran recovered his influence, and the ministers were again involved in storms; spies were placed round them by the favourite, and Melville was soon cited to appear before the Privy Council, to answer to the charge of having uttered seditious and treasonable speeches. He appeared, and defended himself with great spirit, but was found guilty of "declining the judgment of the Council, and behaving irreverently before them," and was condemned to be imprisoned in the Castle of Edinburgh, and to be further punished in his person and goods at his Majesty's pleasure. He kept concealed in the capital, and, finding that it was intended to confine him in the castle of Blackness instead of that of Edinburgh, a solitary and unwholesome dungeon, kept by a creature of Arran's, he determined upon, and accomplished, a flight to England. In his absence, presbytery was overthrown by the Parliament, and the

chief portion of his colleagues either exiled themselves, or were brought over by the court.

On Melville's return to his native country with the banished noblemen, his first object was the restoration of presbytery. The preachers, for reasons which, we think, may be gathered from their previous conduct, met with but little support from the noblemen, who referred them to the king himself. War was again commenced between them and the court. The spirit in which it was carried on by the preachers, may be discovered by the following extracts.

"James Gibson, minister of Pencaitland, in a sermon which he preached in Edinburgh, made use of the following indiscreet language: 'I thought that Captain James Stewart, Lady Jesabel his wife, and William Stewart, had persecuted the Church, but now I have found the truth, that it was the King himself. As Jeroboam and his posterity were rooted out for staying of the true worshipping of God, so I fear, that if our King continue in his present course, he shall be the last of his race.'"

Our readers need not be reminded, that James did not seek the re-establishment of Popery; that he did not dispute with the ministers touching religious doctrines; and that the main question between them was, whether Episcopacy should or should not exist. The mere wish to have bishops, was, it seems, in the eyes of those who regarded themselves as the only true expounders of the Scriptures, so heinous a sin, as could scarcely fail of being visited by divine vengeance.

Archbishop Adamson had been the chief adviser of the laws which overthrew presbytery:—

"James Melville (the nephew of Andrew) preached at the opening of the provincial synod of Fife, which met at St Andrews in April 1586. In the course of his sermon the preacher turned to the archbishop, who was sitting with great dignity in the assembly, and charged him with overthrowing, in violation of his promises, the scriptural government and discipline of the Church of Scotland; and then, addressing himself to the members of the synod, exhorted them to act the part of bold surgeons, by cutting off such a corrupt member. Adamson complained of this injury; but the synod instantly converted the admonitions of the preacher into formal charges, and put the bishop on his trial."

Episcopacy was at length abolished by the government, and for some time matters went on peaceably. The conspiracy of the Popish lords, however, renewed the discord between James and the preachers. Justified as the conduct of the latter, described by the following extracts, perhaps was, by the peculiar circumstances of the times, it could not fail of being exceedingly offensive to James's exalted notions of kingly authority.

"Arran presumed at this time to present himself in the palace, and the reception he met with shewed that he still retained a place in his majesty's affections. With the view of establishing himself at court, and in the hopes of regaining his former station, he applied to the presbytery of Edinburgh, professed great regard for the Church, and offered to give satisfaction for any offences which he might formerly have committed. But the presbytery met his advances with the most discouraging coldness. They at the same time appointed a deputation to wait upon his majesty, and to warn him against admitting such a dangerous person into his councils."

"Alarmed at the tendency of this policy, (the lenity of James towards the Popish lords,) the provincial synod of Fife, which met in September, 1593, came to the resolution of excommunicating the four Popish noblemen, Huntly, Angus, Errol, and Hume, with their two principal adherents, Sir Patrick Gordon of Auchindown, and Sir James Chisholm of Dundurn. This sentence was communicated to the other synods, and was unanimously approved and intimated in all the pulpits."

On the trial of the lords,—

"Melville attended as one of the commissioners of the Church, and used his wonted freedom in uttering his sentiments. He reproved the king for the manner in which he allowed himself to speak of those who had been the chief instruments of the reformation, and the best friends of his throne; and for the uniform partiality which he had shewn to the avowed enemies of both, and particularly to the house of Huntly. He challenged those who advised his majesty to favour the Popish noblemen to come forward and avow themselves before the Estates; pledging himself to prove them traitors to the crown and kingdom of Scotland, provided they were made liable to punishment, if found guilty; and engaging that, if he failed in his proof, he would himself go to the gibbet. The king and courtiers smiled at his offer, and said that he was more zealous than wise."

In consequence of the conduct of James towards the Popish lords after their return from exile, the commissioners of the General Assembly, as-

sisted by some public-spirited gentlemen, met at Fife, and appointed a deputation to go to Falkland, "and exhort him to prevent the evil consequences which would ensue from the measures which his council were pursuing." The deputies were admitted to a private audience. They had agreed that James Melville should be their spokesman; but he had scarcely begun to speak, when the king angrily interrupted him. James Melville was preparing to reply in his mild manner, when his uncle stepped forward, and addressed the king.

"His majesty testified the strongest reluctance to listen to his discourse, and summoned up all his authority to silence him; but Melville persevered, and taking hold of the sleeve of the king's gown in his fervour, and calling him *God's silly vassal*, he proceeded to address him in the following strain:—"Sir, we will always humbly reverence your majesty in public; but since we have this occasion to be with your majesty in private, and since you are brought in extreme danger both of your life and crown, and along with you the country and the church of God are like to go to wreck, for not telling you the truth, and giving you faithful counsel, we must discharge our duty, or else be traitors both to Christ and you. Therefore, sir, as diverse times before I have told you, so now again I must tell you, there are two kings and two kingdoms in Scotland: there is King James the head of this commonwealth, and there is Christ Jesus the king of the Church, whose subject James the Sixth is, and of whose kingdom he is not a king, nor a lord, nor a head, but a member. Sir, those whom Christ has called, and commanded to watch over his church, have power and authority from him to govern his spiritual kingdom, both jointly and severally; the which no Christian king or prince should controul and discharge, but fortify and assist; otherwise they are not faithful subjects of Christ, and members of his church. We will yield to you your place, and give you all due obedience; but again I say you are not the head of the church; you cannot give us that eternal life which we seek for even in this world, and you cannot deprive us of it. Permit us, then, freely to meet in the name of Christ, and to attend to the interests of that church of which you are the chief member. Sir, when you were in your swaddling-clothes, Christ Jesus reigned freely in this land, in spite of all his enemies—his officers and ministers convened and assembled for the ruling and welfare of his church, which was ever for your welfare, defence, and preservation, when these same enemies were seeking your destruction, and cutting off.

Their assemblies since that time continually have been terrible to these enemies, and most steadable to you. And now, when there is more than extreme necessity for the continuance and discharge of that duty, will you (drawn to your own destruction by a devilish and most pernicious counsel) begin to hinder and dishearten Christ's servants, and your most faithful subjects, quarrelling them for their convening, and the care they have of their duty to Christ and you, when you should rather commend and countenance them, as the godly kings and emperors did? The wisdom of your counsel, which I call devilish, is this, that ye must be served by all sorts of men, to come to your purpose and grandeur, Jew and Gentile, Papist and Protestant; and because the Protestants and ministers of Scotland are over-strong, and control the king, they must be weakened and brought low by stirring up a party against them, and, the king being equal and indifferent, both shall be fain to flee to him. But, sir, if God's wisdom be the only true wisdom, this will prove mere and mad folly; his curse cannot but light upon it; in seeking both, ye shall lose both; whereas, in cleaving uprightly to God, his true servants would be your sure friends, and he would compel the rest counterfeitedly and lyingly to give over themselves and serve you!"

We have given this extraordinary speech at length, not more to throw light upon the character of Melville, than to develope the principles of the Presbyterians.

Disputes thickened between James and the preachers, and the recourse which the latter had to politics in the pulpit, became intolerable to the monarch. He, however, triumphed against them mightily, both by force and cunning.

After the accession of James to the English throne, a letter was delivered from him to Melville, commanding the latter, "all excuses set aside, to repair to London before the 15th of September following, that his majesty might treat with him and others, his brethren of good learning, judgment, and experience, concerning such things as would tend to settle the peace of the church, and to justify to the world the measures which his majesty, after such extraordinary condescension, might find it necessary to adopt, for repressing the obstinate and turbulent." Similar letters were delivered to James Melville and six others. The object of this was manifestly to rid Scotland of the most refractory of the Presbyterians, that the projects of James might be realized.

The eight ministers obeyed, though with great reluctance, the royal summons. Our limits will not allow us to give any account of the conferences in which Melville displayed his wonted intrepidity. After these, which naturally enough ended in nothing, closed, the ministers were detained in London under various pretences, and at length Melville's imprudence furnished James with what he, no doubt, eagerly wished, the means of separating him from Scotland for ever. The ministers were required by the king to attend the royal chapel on the festival of St Michael. On the altar were placed two shut books, two empty chalicees, and two candlesticks with unlighted candles. On returning to his lodgings, Melville composed the following verses on the scene he had witnessed—

"Cur stant clausi Anglis libri duo regia
in ara,
Lumina cæca duo, pollubra sicca duo?
Num sensum cultumque Dei tenet Anglia
clausum,

Lumine cæca suo, sorde sepulta sua?
Romano an ritu dum regalem instruit aram,
Purpuream pingit religiosa lupam?"

Thus rendered in an old translation—

"Why stand there on the royal altar lie
Two closed books, blind lights, two basins
drie?

Doth England hold God's mind, and worship
ship closs,

Blind of her sight, and buried in her dross?
Doth she, with chapel put in Romain dress,
The purple whore religiously express?"

"By means of some of the court-spies who frequented the house in which the ministers lodged, a copy of these verses was conveyed to his majesty, who was, or affected to be, highly incensed at them. And it was immediately resolved to proceed against their author."

Melville was summoned before the Privy Council. He acknowledged the epigram, justified himself, and declared that he had given out no copy of it. Bancroft, the Archbishop of Canterbury, argued that—

"Such a libel on the worship of the church of England was a high misdemeanor, and even brought the offender within the laws of treason. This was too much for Melville to bear from a man of whom he had so unfavourable an opinion as Bancroft. He interrupted the private.—'My lords,' exclaimed he, 'Andrew Melville was never a traitor. But, my lords, there was one Richard Bancroft, (let him be sought for,) who, during the life of the late queen, wrote a treatise against his Majes-

ty's title to the crown of England; and here, (pulling the *corpus delicti* from his pocket,) here is the book, which was answered by my brother, John Davidson.' Bancroft was thrown into the utmost confusion by this bold and unexpected attack. In the meantime, Melville went on to charge the archbishop with his delinquencies. He accused him of profaning the Sabbath, of maintaining an antichristian hierarchy, and vain, foppish, superstitious ceremonies; and of silencing and imprisoning the true preachers of the gospel for scrupling to conform to these. Advancing gradually, as he spoke, to the head of the table, where Bancroft sat, he took hold of the lawn-sleeves of the primate, and shaking them, and calling them *Romish rags*, he said, 'If you are the author of the book called English Scottizing for Geneva Discipline, then I regard you as the capital enemy of all the reformed churches in Europe, and, as such, I will profess myself an enemy to you and to your proceedings, to the effusion of the last drop of my blood, and it grieves me that such a man should have his Majesty's ear, and sit so high in this honourable council!' Bishop Barlow at last stepped in between the archbishop and his accuser, but he was handled in the same unceremonious way. Melville attacked his narrative of the Hampton-Court Conference, and accused him of representing the king as of no religion, by making him say, that 'though he was in the Church of Scotland, he was not of it.' He then proceeded to make strictures on the sermon which he had heard Barlow preach in the Royal Chapel. 'Remember where you are, and to whom you are speaking,' said one of the Scottish noblemen. 'I remember it very well, my lord,' replied Melville, 'and am only sorry that your lordship, by sitting here and countenancing such proceedings against me, should furnish a precedent which may yet be used against yourself or your posterity.'

"He was at last removed, and his brethren were called in."—"After the council had deliberated for some time, Melville was again called in, and having been admonished by the chancellor to add modesty and discretion to his learning and years, was told that he had been found guilty of *scandulum magnatum*, and was to be committed to the custody of the Dean of St Paul's, until the pleasure of the king, as to his farther punishment, should be known."

Some time after this, Melville was again summoned before the council.

"His majesty did not make his appearance; but he had placed himself in a closet adjoining to the room in which the council was met: A low trick, and disgraceful to royalty, by which the prisoner was encouraged to use liberties which he might not otherwise have taken, and which

were overheard by the person who was ultimately to decide upon his fate. The only charge which the council had to bring against him was the *epigram*, for which he had formerly been questioned. Irritated as he was by what he had suffered and by what he had seen, he was not prepared to make apologies or retractions. 'The Earl of Salisbury,' (says the French ambassador, to whom we owe the account of this interview,) 'took up the subject, and began to reprove him for his obstinacy in refusing to acknowledge the primacy, and for the verses which he had made in derision of the royal chapel. Melville was so severe in his reply, both in what related to the king and to the earl personally, that his lordship was completely put to silence. To his assistance came the Archbishop of Canterbury, then the Earl of Northampton, then the Lord Treasurer,—all of whom he rated in such a manner, sparing none of the vices, public or private, with which they are respectively taxed, (and none of them are angels,) that they would have been glad that he had been in Scotland. In the end, not being able to induce him to swear to the primacy, and not knowing any other way to revenge themselves on him, they agreed to send him prisoner to the Tower. When the sentence was pronounced, he exclaimed, 'To this comes the boasted pride of England! A month ago you put to death a priest, and to-morrow you will do the same to a minister.' Then addressing the Duke of Lennox and the Earl of Mar, who were in the council, he said, 'I am a Scotchman, my lords, a true Scotchman; and if you are such, take heed that they do not end with you as they have begun with me!' The king was more irritated at this last saying than at all which had passed."

Melville was thrown into the Tower; his nephew was commanded to leave London, within six days, for Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and not to go beyond ten miles from that town, on the pain of rebellion. The rest of the ministers were confined to different parts of Scotland. We join most cordially in the philippic which Dr M'Crie pronounces against the atrocious treatment of Melville and his brethren.

After being kept in the Tower four years, during which time Presbytery was overthrown in Scotland, Melville was permitted to proceed to France, where he died in the year 1622, at the age of 77. We regret that our limits will not permit us to give any specimens of his literary compositions, or any notice of Dr M'Crie's illustrations of the state of literature in Scotland, during the period in which Melville lived. In this edition, these illustra-

tions have been re-modelled, and placed in two chapters at the close of the work. In this second edition, too, the care of the author, in improving his style, is very perceptible.

We who now hold the pen belong to England and its Episcopal Church, and it will therefore excite no surprise if we qualify our praise of Dr M'Crie and his work in one particular.—He assumes occasionally the character of the controversialist, and attacks, with much boldness, persons and things of the present times, as well as of the past, that have given him but little provocation, and that he ought to have spared. He, moreover, sometimes manifests a degree of bitterness and want of fairness in his attacks, which a minister of religion, in writing ecclesiastical history, ought to have cautiously avoided. This will, however, do but little injury of any kind, if it do no harm to Dr M'Crie and his book. The Life of Melville is written by an apologist of the old Presbyterians, it breathes a certain portion of their spirit, and still we think it as powerful a defence of Episcopacy as could be composed.

It was our intention to point out, at the close of this article, some of the political errors of Knox, Melville, and their brethren. The higher the claims of the Reformers to our admiration are for their services in the cause of religion, the more necessary it is that their errors, in deed and opinion, should be distinctly made known. We would deal tenderly with the conscience in matters of religion; but we humbly presume, that the shape and practical authority which the clergy should take in the community, is not altogether a matter of religion. The Scottish reformers, after they triumphed over Popery, plunged recklessly into things that, in our judgment, were far more political than religious in their nature, and we have strong doubts touching the wisdom of some of their conduct. Want of space, and some other reasons, compel us to abandon our intention, but we are not the less convinced that it was a proper one. Episcopacy is, and has long been, furiously attacked; and it is curious enough, that those who profess to be extremely religious, and those who deny the truth of Christianity, are alike hostile to it, although it cannot provoke the enmity of the one without deserving the friendship of the other.

We wish that our pretended friends of liberty would ponder well the fact, that liberty in Europe has never been able to advance a step into the regions of Popery. Ireland has had the British constitution forced upon her, but it remains practically inoperative; the vast mass of the inhabitants obstinately spurn from them the greater portion of the freedom which it offers them, and they would gladly exchange it for a Catholic despotism. In France, the love of liberty among the people, and liberty itself, have declined in exact proportion as the Catholic Church has recovered its former influence. In Spain and Portugal, the Catholic clergy war as bitterly against the smallest portion of popular freedom, as against democracy; and they are too powerful for their respective monarchs, supported as these are by the influence of every government in Europe.

All this is perfectly natural. The discipline, interests, and, in many points, the creed of the Catholic Church, are irreconcilably hostile to popular freedom. If the latter be by main force planted where the former exist, it must inevitably destroy them, or be destroyed by them. Nothing but Heaven itself could prevent such a consummation. The Catholic clergy have everything to lose that can be dear to individuals or bodies, by the establishment of liberty, and they have nothing to gain by it; they would therefore be more than men if they did not oppose it to the utmost. A church which insists upon a monopoly of conscience, upon individual confession, upon the right to impose penance and to pronounce excommunication; which maintains that it can work miracles, and that it is infallible, and which expressly prohibits the people from reading the Bible, works of religious controversy, or anything that may tend to weaken its authority; in a word, which actually prohibits the exercise of not only religious, but civil liberty, and labours to the utmost to make passive slaves of its followers—such a church cannot possibly look upon a free form of government as anything but a mortal enemy. So long as the clergy of this church shall possess irresistible influence over the vast mass of a nation, so long will it be as easy to make the exotic bloom on the iceberg, as to plant in that nation liberty that will endure. They cannot be conscientious men, according to the

tenets of their religion, without being the enemies of almost everything that constitutes or nourishes popular freedom; and they cannot be the friends of these without being the enemies of themselves.

The continental revolutionists had the sagacity to perceive that the Catholic Church was their most deadly enemy, and they first endeavoured to conquer it by inculcating infidelity. The people were to be induced to throw off its yoke, by being taught to regard religion as a fable. The scheme was worthy of its idiotic authors, and it had a very natural termination. It converted the dregs of the people into godless, lawless ruffians, and it converted the great body of the people into the bitter enemies of the revolutionists. Infidelity may for a moment have great success; if it be suffered to be openly taught, it may enable the scum of a community to establish atheism by law, as the history of France abundantly proves,* but it still must ultimately be put down by religion. A nation will change its religion, but however false and pernicious this may be, it will cleave to it, if the alternative be no religion at all. When the revolutionists found that the Catholic Church was too strong for them, they then, after robbing it, exasperating it, suffering it to know that they were deists, and that they hated it, granted it a monopoly of conscience. They actually granted such a monopoly to such a church, at the very time when they pretended to establish liberty. Of course, they only raised a gimcrack, lying, impracticable thing, called a free constitution, in one moment, for it to be crumbled to ruins the next.

In our judgment, the spread of the reformed religion must precede all successful attempts to establish liberty on the Continent. The ecclesiastical tyranny of the Catholic Church must be destroyed before civil liberty

can take root, and this can only be effectually destroyed by Protestantism. The creed and discipline of our church allow and sanction the full exercise of civil and religious freedom, those of the Catholic Church jealously prohibit it; and while this is the case, the followers of the one may be free, but the followers of the other must be slaves. When the people of the Continent shall be taught the practice of genuine Christianity—when they shall be taught to purge their religion of its errors—when the influence of their religious teachers shall be duly restricted to religious matters—and when they shall be as free from clerical despotism as the people of England—then, and we think not before, they may be endowed with liberty. The practice of Christianity must, on the one hand, form the foundation of freedom; and on the other, a people never can be free, when the discipline of the church amounts practically to religious and civil despotism. We find abundant proof in Ireland, that it is idle for the government and the law to tell a man that he may do this, that, or the other, if his priest forbid it. We quarrel not with names, but things; any body of men that might hold the opinions and possess the influence and authority of the Catholic clergy of Catholic states, would assuredly wish to render the government despotic for its own security, and it would possess abundant power for doing it. If Ireland were to be at this moment converted into a distinct, independent kingdom, the government, whatever might be its wishes, would be irresistibly compelled to become despotic, both in shape and operation.

The Catholic Church has lately most unceremoniously and decisively given the lie to those who have so long descanted on its change of doctrine and feeling, but, alas! it has done this to little purpose. Our Earl Greys, and Broughams, and Burdetts—would to

* We wonder that those who argue so strenuously against the prosecution of blasphemy, on the ground that infidelity cannot prevail against Christianity, do not remember that a very few years since, the ruling powers of France solemnly decreed death to be an eternal sleep. It may be said that atheism was confined to a small part of the population, but, nevertheless, it was for a moment triumphant, and in that moment it wrapped France in the most awful horrors that could visit a nation. If the argument cannot establish, not only that religion will always ultimately prevail against infidelity, but that it will always prevent it from producing any considerable share of public evil, it is not worth a straw, and the single fact which we have cited will for ever prevent it from establishing this.

God that the list ended here!—can calmly look upon the conduct of this church in Portugal, in Spain, and in Italy—they can coolly read the late epistle of the Pope—and then they can stand up in Parliament and demand that this church may be entrusted with political power in our own country! They can demand this when the fact stares them in the face, that the Catholics comprehend one-third of our population, and are as ignorant, as bigotted, as much infuriated against Protestantism and civil liberty, as those of any nation in Europe! At the very moment when the Catholic Church is solemnly proclaiming throughout the world, that the least vestige of popular freedom is incompatible with its existence, our public men seem more resolutely determined than ever, to bring it, with the tremendous means which it possesses among us, into full operation against our Constitution! This may be called

conciliation, it may be called liberality, it may be called political wisdom, and those who support it may call themselves the only knowing and sagacious statesmen in the kingdom; but if cause can produce effect, if fire can burn and water can chill, if that which is hostile to freedom can injure freedom, its success would give the most deadly wound to British liberty, that it ever received since it recovered from its last overthrow, and would surround the Constitution with dangers from which it could only escape by miracle. Heaven preserve our country! when its children are taught to strip themselves naked, that their enemies may obtain their clothing; and to throw themselves into the flames, that they may avoid the pinching but invigorating influence of the northern blast, and when they are, moreover, taught that this alone is “knowledge,” “light,” and “wisdom.”

Y. Y. Y.

MODERN HISTORY OF ITALY.*

It is a long time since the world was treated with a history like this, so *naïve*, so simple, so free at once from the prejudices and the jargon of the times. Italian critics, it seems, all exclaim against Mr Botta for his old-world thoughts and antiquated style, and they think him beneath consideration, because he is not, like Sismondi, immersed in the speculative *liberalism* that pervades the literary coteries of the continent; and because, despising the emaculated and worn-out tongue of the Italians of his day, he has resorted to the pages of Machiavelli and Guicciardini for virility both of style and thought. M. Botta certainly is not an historian of supereminent genius—his History of the American War is cold and meagre, alike devoid of interest and information; indeed, such grave, declamatory historians, are quite at fault and out of character, when they attempt to narrate the unclassic causes that are so prominent in every modern history: taxes, court-intrigues, and paper-war, are elements too subtle for those imitators of the classic historians, whose forte is describing the picturesque in act or in individual character, and who are by no means equal to grasp or compre-

hend the mighty and manifold springs of action in the great world of modern civilization. But Italy presents not yet so involved and difficult a subject to the historian—the daring violence with which its peace was violated, and its hopes of prosperity blasted, (we aver what the impartial history before us plainly proves,) presents but one bold outline of injustice, easily seized, and to portray which with the passion of just indignation, *leads* not to partiality or misrepresentation. In that country there were no opposite powers and parties, whose conflicting interests render history, as with us, a problem of most difficult solution: there the historian has little need of secret memoirs and state-papers to throw light upon the unaccountable course of events—there all is plain, violence on one side, and submission on the other—the revolutions that are produced by the sword, require the portraiture more of a feeling than of a knowing pen.

Hence we think M. Botta has chosen for the subject of his history, not only the times and country with which he was necessarily best acquainted, but has also chosen that which most befitted his simple character and limited talents. His personal rank and im-

portance, for he was one of the three governors of Piedmont, must render M. Botta's work, even if it were far inferior to what it is, most interesting as cotemporary history; add to this the known probity of the man, who retired poor from a situation, in which others gleaned enormous fortunes, to become an humble instructor of youth in a provincial town. M. Botta held the chair of some professorship at Rouen, till the anti-laic regulations of the Bishop of Hermopolis lately ejected him from it. With respect to the historian's style,—for we think it better to discuss our author's merits previous to entering on the more absorbing topics of which his history treats—it was to us at first somewhat difficult, on account of its antiquated terms and expressions, and it may appear affected for the same reasons to those (and we don't envy them) whose vernacular tongue is the modern Italian. Avowing ourselves extremely bad judges on this point, still we must declare we find a great charm in this antiquated style—it is as though Machiavel had re-arisen to lay hold of his pen, and moralize as sedately and as straight-forward as he did of old; for, with the good leave of our readers' prejudices, we know no simpler moralist than Machiavel. The adoption of this much reprobated style, is no small proof of the historian's true grandeur of mind. He disdains to herd with the cotemporary writers of his country, or to be classed at a future day with the grammarians and dilettanti, that usurp the name of *literary characters*, forsooth, in Italy. With prophetic discernment he has foreseen that future ages can afford to study and become acquainted but with one dialect, one phase of a land's language; and since fate has denied him birth in the days of Guicciardini and Machiavel, he is resolved to retrocede as much as possible into their fraternity, and so pass to future ages in their company, rather than as one of the all-prostituted penmen of modern Italy. The effect of this resolution, too, has been more ennobling than perhaps the historian could have hoped, for the adoption of style has, in a great measure, induced a similarity of ideas and views; and so it is, that M. Botta, instead of writing in the hackneyed vein of either revolutionism, or anti-revolutionism, seems to contem-

plate tranquilly and describes impartially, as with a century's interval between him and them, the events and scenes amongst which he lived, and of many of which he was himself a spectator.

The first chapter of M. Botta's history commences with a description of the state of Italy previous to the year seventeen hundred and eighty-nine. The account he gives of the spirit in which each country was governed, is far other than that which the misrepresentations of our travellers would lead us to suppose. With them the coming of Napoleon into Italy, was the descent of an Avatar to rescue it from ignorance, superstition, and slavery: in opposition to this opinion, let us consider with so able and enlightened a guide as the historian under review, the very wretched and illiberal ideas which are said to have prevailed universally amongst the governors of this proverbially ill-governed country. First of all, Rome—The philosophic Ganganelli had not long ceased to occupy the pontifical throne, and Braschi, who succeeded him, still adhered in the main to the liberal politics of his predecessor. The Jesuits were not restored to their influence, not even to their rights, and even if money was raised by exorbitant taxes on the Roman people, the mode of its expenditure at least was such as could scarce be censured by the pioneers of philanthropy.—Tuscany was governed by Leopold, in a more liberal and popular spirit than ever republican assembly was known to sway a realm; and not only were his views of reform directed against actual oppression, feudal or ecclesiastical, they were even directed against the spiritual supremacy of Rome. The doctrines of the Port Royal professors, merged amongst the French in deism, were extremely popular throughout all Italy, and were especially cherished and propagated by the successive Archbishops of Pistoia, the heads of the Tuscan Church. And no ecclesiastical synod has ever made a more rational stand against the corruption and usurpations of the Romish church than that of Pistoia, commenced under the influence of Leopold, and Ricci, their archbishop. But the French invasion soon inundated the country, and choked those noble germs of religious independence, which, had their growth been allowed in quiet

to mature, might now have been producing the fruit of moderate and rational principles in religious government.

To continue our review of Italian governments at this period:—The house of Bourbon, now declared so necessarily hostile to the progress of liberal ideas, reigned in Parma and in Naples. In the former state, Dutillet, a Frenchman of active and enlightened mind, managed state affairs beneath two succeeding princes, and followed all along the generous impulse, which the reigning princes of the house of Austria (another anti-liberal house) had given to popular and philanthropic ideas. In Naples, Ferdinand, the present *tyrant*, or quasher of revolutions, and imprisoner of his subjects, amused himself—how? in an Utopian scheme of founding a republic at Santé Sencia, to be governed according to the primitive ideas of the philanthropic Filangieri. So that in those times we find this most terrific of all despots, a very Quixote, in pursuit of civil reform and perfection. The mania of liberty and philanthropy seems to have laid hold of every Italian sovereign; the last of the D'Estés was not behindhand in these new ideas. Venice and Genoa were old, staid, self-governed republics. Lombardy was ruled by Joseph the Second, a very patriarch of liberal monarchs, and by Count Firmian, a viceroy more liberal and philanthropic even, if that were possible, than his master. And Piedmont, much as the rage of its princes for military glory prevented them from being foremost in the political quixotism of the age, joined in the task of self-amelioration, in which it beheld its neighbours so zealously employed.

Now we would ask, when or where was there ever displayed such a disposition towards liberty, in both ruled and rulers, as was manifested in Italy at this period? Where has all this philanthropy vanished to, and how have all its dreams been overthrown?—By the boasted revolution and liberty of France. Well might Alfieri exclaim, in indignant astonishment,

“Di libertà maestri i Galli?”

Italy stepped forward gradually, 'tis true, but surely, towards the glorious boon, when the fraternizing French appeared; overran that wretched and

divided country, with promises of speedy liberty and independence, and finally dragged it down along with itself into the lair of bondage, and finally of disgrace, into which it fell.

It may be too fantastic a mode of reviewing human events, to consider that at this time the spirit of liberty was allowed its full scope, by way of a moral experiment, to shew how far it would proceed, and to what good end. It has had its day, has enjoyed its reign, and an ill use, Heaven knows, it made of its ascendancy. If, at this moment, the contrary principle is allowed its turn and trial, say in the person of the Holy Alliance, (for we are here amusing ourselves with suppositions,) if it does go too far at times in its due reaction, is it not fair? And would not an unbiassed beholder of the strife between these two adverse principles—the liberty and slavery of mankind—would he not say, that the alternate ascendancy of each was just, and that the beings, who could make no better use of the one than mankind, or at least than the French have done, deserved most richly to be driven to endure the extremities of the other?

But to return to the history before us. As soon as the French Revolution had gathered some confidence in its military force, Italy seemed marked out by its chiefs as the channel into which the stream of ferocity and violence that then inundated France was to be turned. Belgium, often overrun, was looked upon as an easy and a certain conquest. The countries on the Rhine were too near the heart of Austria, and too well guarded by her numerous armies, to render invasions on that side either tempting or feasible; whilst the phlegmatic character of the inhabitants offered little hopes that they would join in the wild principles of democracy that had excited the French. The known national character of the Italians offered all the temptations that were denied by that of the Germans; the ancient associations, too, connected with the classic land of liberty, could not but be supposed still to influence her sons, and incline them to grasp at an opportunity of recovering their ancient liberty, and of vindicating their former fame. Popular as were the wars of Belgium and that on the Rhine, still the volunteers that flocked thither were of the lower orders; whilst, as soon as an

army was formed for the conquest of Italy, the scholar left his college, and the concealed young noble his hiding-place, that they might partake in the pleasure of not only beholding the Roman land, but of beholding it as conquerors and liberators. The same motives urged on the French to invade Italy that had done so in all ages of the monarchy, in spite of the continued and manifold disasters which it was their fate, according to the proverb, to meet with in that country. Thither, then, was bent the principal force of the republican armies.

Of the princes of Italy, who all could not fail to watch with anxiety the intentions and acts of the French, the most exposed was naturally the first proposer of a general league of the Italian powers; and to this intent the court of Turin early addressed the powers of the peninsula, and received in return promises of alliance and assistance from all of them, Venice alone excepted, who from the beginning was resolved to adhere to the fatal principles of unarmed neutrality. The powers in consequence began to arm, rendered confident by their own union, and the alliance of Austria. Semonville, dispatched by the Directory to Victor Amadeus, to entreat a passage for their troops through Piedmont, was stopped at Alexandria, and ordered to retire. This was in September 1792. The consequence was a declaration of war on the part of France against the King of Sardinia; and in a few months General Montesquieu was master of Chambery, and Anselm of Nice, without one act of defence worth recording having been performed by the Piedmontese—troops, by the way, that at the time bore almost the highest reputation of any in Europe, and who commenced the campaign with the greatest contempt for their republican enemies.

This is not the place to write a history of Italy, or give a detailed account of the French invasion and conquest of that country: the utmost we aim at is to offer to our readers some connecting and obscure facts, that have not as yet found place in the military annals and memoirs of campaigns, which have alone hitherto formed the materials for modern Italian history. One of those curious facts certainly is the mode in which the court of Rome sought to turn revolutionary princi-

ples, then disseminating so rapidly, to its own advantage. We translate an account of this from the Italian of Signor Botta:—

“As this was a war not only of arms but of opinions, Rome bethought itself of a singular method to turn to its own advantage those spreading principles that threatened so dreadful a destruction to all princes. Fearing the entry of these doctrines into Italy along with the French themselves, it was deemed advisable to pre-occupy men’s minds; to pretend that religion itself sanctified those very principles, in order that they might never be used against her, and at the same time to shew that she was the most efficacious, or rather the only means of preventing the abuses which necessarily followed the insurrections of the people against their sovereigns. For this purpose, therefore, it was so managed that a certain Spedalieri, a man learned, and of no despicable talent, published at Assisi, in 1791, a book, entitled ‘*I Diritti dell’ Uomo*’—‘The Rights of Man.’ It was dedicated to Cardinal Ruffo, then treasurer of the Apostolic Chamber, and Pius the Sixth rewarded the author with a benefice in St Peter’s. In this official work, Spedalieri upholds that human society, or the compact by which men are united in the civil state, was formed originally and directly by men themselves; that all is their work, and that the Deity had no part in producing such a state but as first being or cause; in other words, that the social compact comes from God, but in the same manner as all other natural effects are said to proceed from him. He farther affirms, that despotism is no legitimate government, and that the nation has a right to declare the sovereign dethroned, &c. in case he violates the compact. These propositions he corroborates by the authority of St Thomas, who, it seems, in his work, ‘*De Regimine Principum ad Regem Cypri*,’ has fully demonstrated the truth of them.”

To this, then, was the Romish church reduced. Here is another sample of her infallible principles. It is a wonder that Jacobinism was not more grateful to her Papal votaries for such unheard-of condescension; and had Napoleon not proved an apostate to the democracy that engendered him, he, or his friend Lepaux, might with ease have converted the Pontiff into the

high priest of Theo-philanthropism, and extorted what ethical or theological decrees they fancied from the successor of St Peter; for what might not have been wrung from a Pope that voluntarily sends forth an Italian edition of Tom Paine? for nothing more nor less was this redeeming work of Braschi's hopeful protégé Spedalieri. We are not done, however, with the ethics of Pope Braschi and the Roman court, which in a little time were found in a direct contradiction with this hopeful liberalism, and dictated by the same courageous devotion to truth. It was in 1796, after the treaty of Tolentino, that the Pope issued a brief, addressed to his flock in France, in which he exhorted the insurgent royalists, that were then vainly sacrificing themselves in the cause of loyalty and religion, to submit quietly to the powers that then ruled over France. "All temporal power," quoth the infallible Pontiff, "is the result of Divine Wisdom." He quotes the Apostle Paul in support of the divine right of the Directory, and consigns his flock to damnation if they resist any hunchback whom chance may have elevated to the task of ruling them—"Avere Paulo Apostolo statuito, che ogni potestà da Dio procede, e che chi alle potestà resiste, alla volanta di Dio resiste."

The total want both of talent and zeal, in the Piedmontese commanders, together with the feeble succours which Austria at first dispatched to their aid, contributed, as much as their own ferocious valour, to the success of the French. The obstinacy of Victor Amadeus has been justly censured, for not having entered warmly into the plans of Prey and General Devins, for marching straight to the aid of Lyons, then in arms against the Convention; but the King was rashly bent on succouring the faithful inhabitants of the Nice, who had proved themselves so devoted to his cause. The French still made progress under their successive commanders, Kellerman and Schirer, till the latter yielded the command to Bonaparte, not from the reason assigned by Botta, but from habits of perpetual drunkenness, that incapacitated Schirer from command. The nefarious rapine and violence, with which the French everywhere behaved, after their affected forbearance, on their first descent from the Alps, are depicted with

a lively pencil by the historian, himself a Piedmontese, and a neighbour, if not a witness, of the horrors they committed.

The battle of Montenotte, Bonaparte's first action, was won, not through the skill of the general, but in spite of his blunders, by the daring valour of Rampon; Millesimo followed, and Piedmont was undone. Bonaparte crossed the Po at Piacenza, and encamped his army on the Lombard territories of his true enemies, the Austrians. At Piacenza, (*par parenthesin,*) Bonaparte and his coadjutor Saliceti, robbed the *Monte di Pietà*, an act of flagrant injustice, which they afterwards repeated at Milan and Bologna. To estimate the full infamy of such a robbery, our readers should know that the *Monte di Pietà* is not only a national office where money is lent on pledge, but that it is a bank where the jewels, valuables, and money of individuals, are deposited for security. Those who were thus spoiled, could not be accused by the republican general, with the court crime of being *aristocrats*, the Mount of Piety being in fact through Italy the savings-bank of the poor, where the jointure of the widow, and the heritage of the orphan, were deposited for security. "Sacro era presso a tutti il nome di monti di pietà, non solo perchè era segno di fede pubblica, ma ancora perchè le cose depositate, la maggior parté, appartenevano a persone o per condizione, o per accidente bisognose!" these were the first *civil* acts of Napoleon in Italy.

The entry of the victorious robber into Milan, with his reception there, and the encomiums lavished on him, as the Scipio, the Hannibal, nay the Jove, of the day, (for so Ranza addressed him,) are ironically described; and the state of parties in the north of Italy at this time, laid open with an acute and veracious pen. The author takes a true view of his subject, in estimating the *patriziato*, or patrician-ship—an aristocracy of a different kind be it considered, from that of feudal nobles—as the most powerful and enlightened party, a circumstance that completely separates Northern from Southern Italy, where the aristocracy is far debased below the level of the middling ranks. Here, indeed, the author might have indulged in some few statistical observations, of which he cannot be ignorant, and which clearly

demonstrate the absolute necessity of a strong aristocratical faction in the Lombard territories. This we will supply. The chief cultivation of Lombardy consists in rice, and the grass-grounds necessary for the produce of the country cheeses. The irrigation necessary for these, requires an immense outlay, such as no tenant unpossessed of a large sum of money could undertake. Consequently all the grounds of Lombardy are in the hands of rich and immense proprietors—subdivision of land is impracticable—and the mode of cultivation is much too profitable to allow it to be superseded by any other, however more friendly to liberal policy, and the amelioration of the poorer orders.

In the midst of the conquests of Bonaparte, nothing is so remarkable as the distrust of the Directory, their total want of confidence in the duration of their fortunes. Even after the surrender of Milan, and the retreat of the Austrians behind the Mincio, their dispatches to Bonaparte order him to extract all the money possible from the countries he had overrun,—“Let the canals too,” said they, “and the other public works of the country, bear marks of the devastation of war!” They evidently, as yet, looked on Lombardy as a country temporarily possessed, and which, since they could not hope to keep, it was their interest to waste. When such was the advice of the civil government to their victorious soldiers, it is not to be supposed that the violence and rapacity of these were to be restrained by any bounds. To shew their liberality and reverence for learning, they cajoled such men as Parini and Verri, to become members of the municipal government, which they established only to dishonour, by sending forth the most arbitrary edicts, and ordering the most oppressive taxes, with the forced sanction of such respectable names. The country people rebelled, but were soon reduced and massacred, and Pavia, the second city in the duchy, was made to undergo all the horrors of a four-and-twenty hours’ sack. Such were the first blessings of liberty which the French brought upon regenerated Lombardy.

After driving Beaulieu into the recesses of the Tyrol, Bonaparte lorded it over the Italian powers with a high hand. Tuscany and Naples bowed to a submissive peace with him. Bologna

was revolutionized, and still the Pope was compelled to appear contented. Verona was occupied by French troops, in spite of the neutrality of the Venetians, when Austria poured a third army into Italy, under the command of Marshal Wurmser. With its first show of success, and final defeats at Castiglione and Reveredo, we need not trouble ourselves, except remarking by the way, that at Castiglione Bonaparte displayed the same weakness of character that he since shewed in Russia and at Waterloo; and all historians of this campaign agree, that he was about to retire in despair from the field of Castiglione, till his activity and resolution were aroused by the reproaches of Augereau, who, in fact, gained the day for him, and in spite of him. Wurmser in consequence shut himself up in Mantua.

The interval between the defeat of Wurmser and the descent of the fourth Austrian army into Italy, under the command of Alvinzi, was occupied by Napoleon, in revolutionizing the towns beyond the Po, and erecting them into a republic styled *Emilia*: Venice also occupied his cares; and with an account of its fall, we shall also occupy ourselves a little, it being the case on which Napoleon and his slaves most perhaps exerted their powers of misrepresentation. It was a deed too of the conqueror in his days of youth and heroism, with all that vaunted purity of principles about him, which his admirers plead for, till, as they say, necessity made him a despot. Not that we join Signor Botta in commiserating the fall of Venice, or in esteeming its ancient government as the very acme of perfect legislation. We are very unromantic in matters of policy, and profess a total want of admiration for the prisons, the Bridge of Sighs, the Lion’s mouth, and the Inquisition of State. If ever a government or state became *effeté*, it was that of Venice, and in contemplating its final subversion, we are at a loss which most to censure and despise—the machiavelism of its destroyer, or the pusillanimity of the once famed republic.

In 1796, after the defeat of Wurmser, Clarke was dispatched by the Directory to Italy, with the ostensible purpose of bringing about a treaty with the Emperor, but chiefly to spy into the designs of Napoleon, and deprive him at least of the civil glory of con-

cluding the treaty, as he had won that of putting an end to the war. But Bonaparte was no man to be juggled, and Clarke, who was keen enough to desery the rising sun, abandoned the interest of the Directory, and became subservient to the aspiring general. The views of the Directory, however selfish at home, were far more disinterested than those of Napoleon, with respect to Italy. They desired, first of all, to revolutionize it entirely, and had no objection to the union of all its states; but the despot in embryo had other views, and was determined to leave Italy divided, as a future prey for himself. Thus he spared the Pope, in spite of the urgent commands of the Directory to subvert at once the pontifical throne. With the King of Piedmont, whom, as an absolute and military monarch, he loved and admired, Bonaparte concluded a treaty, guaranteeing his states against any revolutionary attempts on the part of the Piedmontese—a treaty, at the stipulations of which the Directory stood aghast, refusing to hear them, much less agree to them, till the victorious general at last cajoled them into acquiescence. Of Lombardy, of most part of the Venetian States, of the Legations, &c. he formed a republic, as a stay expressly for himself, as an appanage or secure retreat for himself, in case his views on the throne of France should fail. That such were his views from the beginning there cannot be a doubt; but how to reconcile Austria to the cession of Lombardy, as well as of the Low Countries, was the consideration of the greatest difficulty. For this end the cession of Venice to that power could not have escaped Napoleon; he and his jackalls, however, Mr Daru amongst the rest, uphold that the giving up of Venice to Austria was an afterthought of Napoleon, a resolution taken by him, not until after the massacre of the French at Verona, and the other hostile acts of the Venetians, during the time that his army were engaged with the Archduke in the perilous passes of Corinthia and the Tyrol. But Mr Botta proves the contrary of this, and shews that long before the descent and defeat of Alvinzi into Italy, both Bavaria and the Venetian territories on the Adriatic were offered by Clarke to the Emperor, who showed very natural reluctance to a recon-

pense at the expense of his innocent neighbour. In order to overcome this reluctance, the wily Frenchman prepared a dilemma for poor Venice, and made an offer to her of a league against Austria, in which she should join in concert with Turkey and with France. If Venice accepted the offer, the Emperor would have ample plea to invade her, whilst her treacherous allies would look on:—did she refuse, then she had slighted the friendship, the alliance of the *great nation*, and was in consequence to be considered as an enemy. Lallemand, in fact, made the offer of alliance to the Venetian state; they refused to break their determined neutrality; and to shew how much at variance were the Directory and their general, the Venetian ambassador at Paris, Querini, was informed by the Directory that Venice was right, and that the alliance could not be expected of her. Still Bonaparte thundered forth not the less his indignation and menaces against the republic, not only to all who civilly approached him, but expressly to the proveditor Foscari, whom he threatened with immediate burning of Verona, and a declaration of war. At these tidings, the republic, on the first of June 1796, ordered the defence of Laguna; these measures of defence are brought forward by Daru and the Bonapartists, as the cause of the war and the provocation, and assey them to have preceded the menaces of Bonaparte, instead of being, as they were, the natural consequences of these. Any journal might have informed M. Daru, if he took the trouble of examining, that Bonaparte menaced Foscari on the first of May, and that the tardy Venetian Senate did not debate finally on these measures till a full month after.

Venice, however, gained a momentary respite from her threatened fate, by the coming of Alvinzi, at the head of a fresh army of Austrians, that once more burst from the Tyrol upon the French. The fate of this army, it is but too well known, resembled that of its predecessors; it was annihilated at Arcola and Rivoli, and Wurms, justly despairing to keep Mantua much longer, delivered up to the French that last bulwark of the Austrian power in Italy. The Emperor was not even safe in his German dominions; Bonaparte followed over the Alps, checked by the Archduke Charles, who, at he

head of the defeated Austrians, still covered the frontiers of the empire. At length preliminaries of peace were signed at Leoben, and left Bonaparte at liberty to turn his arms and artifices against the Italian powers. This, indeed, the approaching peace necessitated, in which the French general foresaw he must offer Venice and its dependencies as a recompense to the emperor, who, on his side, recovered marvellously from his early delicacy, and appeared willing to accept the spoil that was offered.

A long time previous a secret committee had been formed at Milan, under the auspices of Bonaparte, for effecting revolutions in such parts of Italy as the French deemed necessary. The members of this junta were actively employed against the Venetian States, while the French were pursuing the Austrians through the Tyrol; both Brescia and Bergamo fell an easy prey to their machinations. On hearing of their revolt, the senate dispatched envoys to Bonaparte at Gorizia, demanding a declaration of his against the insurgents. He offered to reduce the rebels, if the Venetians entrusted him with their defence; but those cautious republicans judged the remedy worse than the disease, and still begged for a declaration, which they avowed would be sufficient. Bonaparte, by turns, menaced and cajoled them, and in the midst of their delays came the news of a revolution in Cremona also. At the same time, Bonaparte, from his own mouth, ordered Pico, one of his agents, to follow up his revolutionary views on Verona, although the agent himself remonstrated that it was not yet time. But the youthful conqueror was as impatient in conspiracy as in the field of action, and answered Pico, "Gisce pure, e sommuovesse Verona." The consequences are well known. The Veronese rose upon the French, massacred every one they could lay hold on, as well as every Veronese, whom they suspected of favouring their innovations—cannonaded the castles where the French had taken refuge, and so successfully imbrued their hands in the blood of their enemies, that this insurrection has ever gone by the name of the *Paques Veronaises*, as a pendant to the *Vepres Siciliennes*. The inhabitants of the country around rose also against the invaders, and a defeat

of a French detachment by the insurgents of Salò infused spirit and hope into the Veronese. All this was precisely what Bonaparte wanted; but to render the supposed culpability of the Venetians complete, a manifesto was forged at Milan, by one Salvadori, an agent of the French, and published with the name of Battaglia, the Venetian providitor, affixed to it; it called furiously on the inhabitants of Terra Firma to rise upon their oppressors and massacre them. That Battaglia, the officer of such a cautious and coward state as Venice, could publish such a declaration, is impossible to suppose; besides, it bears in its very style the stamp of French sans-culottism; and, moreover, Bonaparte, when he demanded the delivery of his peculiar enemies at Venice, never once prosecuted Battaglia, who, by the by, so egregiously did his agents blunder, had long sold himself over to the French interest.

The armistice was signed at Leoben, in the midst of the troubles of Verona, which unfortunately could not then hope for holding out longer against the victorious enemy. It surrendered to Kilmaine almost at discretion; and the blood of the noble Veronese propitiated French vengeance. Among those then put to death, the chief was the noble Count Emilio degli Emilj. To the insurrection of Verona, chance unfortunately produced another plea of provocation for the French against Venice. A castle on the Lido had fired upon a French brig, and killed some of the crew. That it was produced by some error of flag or salute, is evident; but Napoleon laid not the less hold of it, and threatened instant war, demanded the liberation of all prisoners, and that the admiral, the commander of the Lido, and the three Inquisitors of State, should be put into his hands: General Baraguay d' Hilliers was ordered to approach the Lagunes. Consternation reigned in Venice. Villetard, a youth attached to the French embassy, remained still at his post, the centre of a revolutionary party; Condulmer, commanding the armed force in the Lagunes, was won, either by fear or French gold, to declare he could make no efficient resistance; and the poor wretch Manini, the last of the Doges, ran wringing his hands about that ducal palace, whose very walls might have awakened nobler thoughts, cry-

ing out, "This very night we are not safe in our beds." The Grand Council was at last assembled, and the Doge proposed, in fact, his own destitution, and the solution of the state into democracy. This was enough for Francis Pesaro, who retired, uttering the well-known sentence, "*Ogni pace per un galantuomo e patria.*"—"Any land to a gentleman may prove his country."

At this meeting, the Grand Council of Venice, uniting the noble descendants of those heroes whose fame had filled Europe for centuries, bowed before the revolutionary party in Venice,—viz. Villetard, a clerk in the French embassy, Dandolo, an attorney, Spada, a convict, and Gorzi, a druggist. Of these men did the Venetian Grand Council beg to know what they should do; and by such illustrious advice did these noble Venetians abolish their government and order, give liberty to all their prisoners, dismiss their Sclavonian troops, and erect a municipal government in Venice. The French were, of course, sent for; and, on the 18th of May, the Venetians found four thousand French troops drawn up in the Place of St Mark.

So far the feelings excited by those events is but supreme contempt for the Venetians; nor do we believe such a course of poltroonery can be matched in any history, as this most impotent conclusion of the descendants of Zenos and Pisani. But the machiavelism of their destroyer, not the less detestable because their pusillanimity deserved it, is yet to be detailed.

It is not, of course, to be supposed that the Venetian nobles would have consented to these acts of self-destitution and humility, if the independence of their republic had not been understood to be therein stipulated; and in consequence, a treaty of peace was signed between the French and Venetian Republics, mentioning some small exchange of territory agreed on, the French promising to preserve tranquillity in Venice, by keeping there a detachment of troops. In spite, however, of all these negotiations, and simultaneously with them, Napoleon

sent off troops to take possession of Corfu; and General Baraguay d'Hilliers proceeded to plunder and ship off all the valuables of the ducal palace, himself and suite insolently occupying the palace of the Pisani, and living at the expense of that noble family. The famous bronze horses, too, were seen to be removed from over the portico of St Mark, in the very face of that tree of liberty, but a few days planted in celebration of the Venetian democracy, by their obliging allies. Meantime, Bonaparte arrived at Leoben; he traversed the Venetian territories, cajoled the municipal governors with promises of affection and protection, in sign whereof he dispatched his wife, Josephine, to Venice, where, amongst other obliging proofs of her affection to the republic, she robbed the treasury of St Mark of a celebrated pearl necklace, of inestimable value, and, till now, kept unprofaned for the use of the Virgin. The fate of Venice was all along fixed in the conqueror's mind, but he prudently kept the tidings from escaping, until his own beloved person was out of danger from popular vengeance. Questioned at Vicenza as to the fate of the republic, he answered, smiling, that France had no power or authority to dispose of her ally: when at Verona, nearer to security, he half-owned the surrender of Venice to De Angioli. The French by this time, on pretence of popular commotions, had disarmed the inhabitants of Venice. After which, what shall we say to Bonaparte's answer to De Angioli, when the indignant Venetian asked him, "How he durst sell the people that had trusted to him?"—"Ebbene, difendetevi," said Napoleon—"Defend yourselves." After the rogue had completely disarmed them, taken money, arms, ammunition, ships, stores, everything, he says, "Defend yourselves!"—This we think the very acme of political treachery and impudence. "*Vattene, traditore,*" said De Angioli to him, "*e s'ombra da queste terre: rendici le armi che ci hai tolte, e ci difenderemo!*" And in his person may be said to have been spoken the last words of Venice.

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF EDMUND KEAN, ESQ.

SHERWOOD and Co. have been seduced into the rash act of publishing a collection of nonsensical Memoirs of the eminent Men, Women, and Children, who perform plays now-a-days for us, under the title of Biography of the British Stage.* We cannot compliment the author on the execution of his work. It is only a series of daubing puffery upon almost every name mentioned, and that laid on thick. We believe the only exception is poor Claremont, who is abused unkindly and unnecessarily.

It is evidently the composition of somebody intimate with the worthies whom he commemorates; as he is manifestly afraid to say a word against any of them. But a still more decisive proof exists in the indignation occasionally expressed against the management of the theatres. From time immemorial, players, particularly the underbugs, have been thoroughly convinced that nothing can be more partial, villainous, and unjust, than the manner in which managers overlook their immense merits, so particularly visible to themselves. Hence, they are always ready to exclaim, that there is something rotten in the theatrical cabinet—and their biographers, as in the present instance, find it convenient to adopt their tone. We hear accordingly, of the “infamous partiality,” or the “consummate imbecility” of the managers, from such people. It is true, that we do not look upon R. W. Elliston or C. Kemble, to be actually a pair of wise men, on the plan of Solon or Lysurgus, and we doubt not that they occasionally commit as much absurdity as can be reasonably expected; but, nevertheless, they in general know what they are about, and must not be bullied down without reason. Our own jolly old friend, Elliston, who, by the by, will not be a bit obliged to us for calling him *old*, may safely despise these little buzzings, and empty his magnum of claret, or knock down his man, both of which things the ancient of Drury well knows how to do, unaffected by the uproar of the *Dii minorum gentium* of the stage, or their bottleholders. And Charles Kemble—but we have not yet sufficiently forgiven

him for Falstaff, to speculate upon what he is to do under the circumstances.

As for us, who never go to a play now-a-days, we should not have thought of noticing this pen-dribble at all, but that we wished to expose before the eyes of our readers Mr Kean's auto-biography. From p. 104 to p. 144, an eighth part of the volume, is occupied with the memoirs of this gentleman, written by himself. We speak merely from internal evidence, for not even a pot-house Plutarch could think of wasting forty pages on such a hero. None but himself could think of such an enormity; and as we have lately been pleasantly amusing the reading public by the discussion of the memoirs of our worthy Shepherd, and other stars of the age, as a *pendant* we shall give them Kean's opinions on himself and things in general.

It begins well—Plutarch had just given the life of Richard Jones, the most perfect gentleman of the stage, on or off it. We shall not stop to puff Jones—for everybody knows his merits in public; and as to private life, we shall only say this of him, that he is one of the few actors whom we have ever met who can put the actor off, and take his place in society as a gentleman—and, of that few, the man who can do it most completely and most easily. Now, how do you think, reader of ours, that the *life* following his is introduced? Why, then, by this motto—

“As one who, long in *thickets and in brakes*
Entangled, winds now this way and now
 that,
 His devious course uncertain, seeking
 home,
 Or, having long in *miry ways* been foiled
 And sore discomfited, from *slough* to
 slough
Plunging, and half despairing of escape;
 If chance at length he finds a greensward
 smooth,
 And faithful to the foot, his spirits rise,
 He chirrup brisk his ear-erecting steed,
 [Qu. ass.]
 And winds his way with pleasure and with
 ease.”

So that having been entangled in the thickets and brakes of Richard Jones, foiled and discomfited in his miry way, and plunging from slough to

* The Biography of the British Stage; being correct Narratives of the Lives of all the Actors, &c. 12mo. Sherwood and Co. London. 1824.

slough, in narrating the adventures of his life, the biographer finds green-sward smooth in gamboling his donkey over the *res gestæ* of Mr Kean! Delicate compliment! modest historian!!

We go on just as well. "This EXTRAORDINARY individual, whose name heads this memoir, and which name will be imperishable in dramatic annals, was born," &c. &c. Bravo! Kean! Extraordinary, however, you are, beyond all question; for never before, in the annals of a civilized country, was it heard of, that a man, who could not act, was puffed off as the prince of actors, by people who could not write, and the audacious lump of pomatum swallowed, even by the capacious gullet of the long-eared monster who acts audience at our play-houses.

His sire, it appears, was a tailor.—This is no disparagement to any man. There is Place of Charing Cross is a tailor—a ninth-part fraction of humanity,—and yet he writes articles which Jerry Benthain swears are as clever as his own; and he talks in them most valorously of altering all the old habits of the country—of mending Parliament, as if it were a pair of corduroys—and of changing state-measures, as if they were no more than the graduated slip which he rolls over his finger while taking the nether circumference of a Whitechapel victualer. If tailors are such great fellows as this comes to, we cannot see why Kean's father should not have been a tailor. In truth, we never looked at him performing Romeo, that that truth did not immediately flash across our mental optics. None but the offspring of the shop-board could have acted the part in the manner which he did. But it appears also that he had a bandy-legged uncle in the same employment, from whom we opine he borrowed his novel and original method of treading the stage. Under these auspices, he was introduced to the stage almost in childhood, and put under the tuition of a posture-master. To him Kean slyly attributes the distortion of his legs, which everybody who reads the memoir must see was solely owing to the Persian fashion of sitting, which has been the custom of the sartorial tribe from time immemorial. The honest posture-master did his best to correct his tailorly appearance, by putting him in irons, but the only thanks he receives from his

grateful patient is to be accused of having been the occasion of the defect which he endeavoured to remedy.

The next great action of Kean's life, according to himself, is thus narrated in this veridical tome. It is one of the immense and thriving family of "the lie with circumstance;"—viz.

"In the performance of *Macbeth*, at the opening of the new house, in March 1794, Mr John Kemble, who was at that time manager, imagined that he could increase the effect of the incantation scene, and therefore resolved that 'the black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey,' should be brought before the audience *in propria personâ*, and a number of children were accordingly appointed to personate a party of goblins and other fantastical creations, who were to dance in a circle, while the witches were moving round the cauldron, winding up the charm that was afterwards to deceive the usurper of Donald Bain's throne. Among those selected for this purpose, young Kean of course was employed, as being accustomed to the stage; but his appearance on that occasion was as little advantageous to himself as his employer. Just at the moment of *Macbeth's* entrance into the cavern, the boy made an unlucky step, from which, owing to the irons about his limbs, he could not recover; he fell against the child next to him, who rolled upon his neighbour, who, in turn, jostled upon the next, and the impulse thus communicated, like an electric shock, went round the circle, till the whole party 'toppled down headlong,' and was laid prostrate on the floor. The comedy of this event mingled not very harmoniously with the tragic-sublime of the scene, and the laughter of the audience was, if possible, still less in unison with the feelings of Mr Kemble, who, however remarkable for self-possession, could not fail to be disconcerted by an accident so ludicrous. He was a decided enemy to everything that in the slightest way infringed upon the decorum of the scene; of course, then, he looked upon this accident as a serious evil, and in consequence determined to dismiss the goblin troop from *Macbeth*, observing, 'these things must not be done after these ways, else they will make us mad.' The cause of this confusion, however,

"Smiled in the storm,"

and very philosophically replied to all reproaches, that 'he had never before acted in tragedy,' a reply which by no means altered the manager's resolution; he was dismissed from *Macbeth* and the theatre. This anecdote, if true, is certainly most curious. Little could the manager have thought, that the mischief-making goblin who had thus spoiled his beautiful invention, would one day become the rival of his fame!"

Oh! Jupiter Gammon! there's a bouncer!—What a picture!—a brat making a philosophical reply to Kemble! and the future rival of his fame! But the thing never happened—no, nor anything bearing the slightest resemblance to it.

In the theatre, he remarks, he had the benefit of a total want of education—a very gratuitous piece of news; and he congratulates himself that the energies of his mind were not entebled or destroyed by the contamination of school. His mother thought differently, and sent him to the celebrated Academy of Orange-Court, from which, however, he ran away, and went on board a vessel bound for Madaira as cabin-boy. Here the engraver, with a propriety of judgment that cannot be too much commended, gives us a vignette of a little naked cherub, or seraph, sitting aft in a yawl, with a skull in his left hand, and a church and steeple on the palm of his right, scudding before the wind with a full foresail—typical, no doubt, of Kean. But our cherubical cabin-boy got tired of this life, and, according to the truth-telling history before us, practised the ingenious trick of shamming deafness and lameness. For his great ingenuity in doing this, he receives much land; but there is not a word of truth in the story. The captain was glad enough to get rid of his bad bargain, and there required no trick whatever to induce him to turn the youth adrift.

Arrived in London, he was taken up by a Miss Tidswell, an actress, who behaved kindly to him, and put him in the line of characters for which nature and education had designed him. She made him a tumbling boy, and shewed him about the streets. 'This is an unpalatable part of the story, and therefore the auto-biographer gets over it, by assuring us that, in the meantime, he was taking lessons from his uncle Moses, the tailor, in tragedy, to whom, it appears, the world is indebted for Mr K.'s conceptions of Lear and Richard the Third, (p. 111.) We always suspected something of the kind. But these lectures were merely in private: in public he shone in the characters of Monkey and Serpent—a pair of characters which have been, indeed, at all times very prominent in his acting through life. However, he tells us that "it is said" he was at Eton School for three years, where he read Virgil,

Cicero, and Sallust—rather an odd course of reading—and called forth much applause by the manner in which he recited a Latin ode. This intelligence strikes us as being rather apocryphal.—By whom is it "*said*" that Kean was at Eton? We are most incredulous, for we think the thing next to an impossibility.

Under the name of Carey, he commenced soon a strolling life, the particulars of which are dexterously veiled in oblivion. Many idle stories, we are told, are in circulation concerning the events of this period of his life; but it is insinuated that they are not deserving of credit. *Id populus curat scilicet*—we can scarcely help laughing at the idea of people putting stories "in circulation" about Kean. No doubt there are public-house anecdotes enough, which might be gleaned among the elegant circles which make up the company at such places of resort, and two or three of them, *deserving of credit*, have casually come to our ears, which the biographer knows as well as we do. He suppresses them, because he cares for his hero—we suppress them, from the very opposite reason, because we do not care a farthing about him, and therefore we do not think them worth wasting paper about. Among other rambles, he went to Guernsey, where it appears he met with a judicious critic. We shall give the passage which contains the account of his row with the Guernsey audience, and the reason of it, p. 114.

"Here," quoth the auto-biographer, "we meet with the following curious and *authentic* document, [what does he mean by *authentic*?] which deserves to be recorded, as a warning to all *ignorant and malicious* critics on the one hand, and to a too credulous public on the other."

We leave it to our readers to decide whether the criticism displays ignorance. Abating a little spooniness about respect due to the audience, which, however, is quite natural in so very provincial a writer, it appears to us to be a most sensible piece of criticism, and one fully justified by the result.

"Last night a young man, whose name the bills said was Kean, made his first appearance in Hamlet, and truly his performance of that character made us wish that we had been indulged with the country system of excluding it, and playing all the other characters. This person had, we understand, a high character in several parts

of England, and his vanity has repeatedly prompted him to endeavour to procure an engagement at one of the theatres in the metropolis : the difficulties he has met with have, however, proved insurmountable, and the theatres of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden have spared themselves the disgrace to which they would be subject, by countenancing such impudence and incompetency. Even his performance of the inferior characters of the drama would be objectionable, if there was nothing to render him ridiculous but one of the vilest figures that has been seen either on or off the stage ; and if his mind was half so well qualified for the conception of Richard III. which he is shortly to appear in, as his person is suited to the deformities with which the tyrant is said to have been distinguished from his brothers, his success would be most unequivocal. As to his Hamlet, it was one of the most terrible misrepresentations to which Shakespeare has ever been subject. Without grace or dignity he comes forward ; he shews an unconsciousness that anybody is before him, and is often so forgetful of the respect due to an audience, that he turns his back upon them in some of those scenes where contemplation is to be indulged, as if for the purpose of shewing his abstractedness from all ordinary objects. His voice is harsh and monotonous, but as it is deep, answers well enough the idea he entertains of impressing terror by a tone which seems to proceed from a charnel-house."

This article, it appears, produced a sensation.

"When he first appeared in Richard, he was greeted with laughter and hisses, even in the first scene ; for some time his patience was proof against the worst efforts of malignity, till at last, irritated by continued opposition, he applied the words of the scene to his auditors, and boldly addressed the pit, with—

"Unmanner'd boys, stand ye when I command."

The clamour of course increased, and only paused a moment in expectation of an apology. In this, however, they were deceived ; so far from attempting to soothe their wounded pride, Kean came forward and told them, 'that the only proof of understanding they had ever given, was the proper application of the few words he had just uttered.' The manager now thought proper to interfere, and the part of Richard was given to a man of less ability, but in higher favour with the brutal audience."

Spoiled actors, we see, treat audiences as Whigs do juries. The spectators are discerning, and perspicacious, and everything that is delectable, as long as they applaud ; but when they discover incompetence, or scout down impertinence, they are malignant and

"brutal." Had Kean behaved as he says he did, a kicking would have been too good for him ; but, as usual, there is no foundation whatever for the story, farther than that he was hissed by the men of Guernsey.

Governor Doyle took his part with his usual kindness—paid his debts, and offered to take charge of his child, whom Kean had the inhumanity to bring forward on the stage at the age of *two*. There is an immensity of silly vapouring in this part of the book ;—how he wanted to go into the army as an officer—his sole claim to such honour being neither more nor less than that he was a hooted player—how he spouted before Governor Doyle ; and how he made fine speeches about his wife and children. All stuff. The only piece of truth about his affairs in Guernsey is the story of a trick which he resorted to, to draw company. At this time poor Lady Douglas had been clamoured down for telling what now we all know to have been the truth, about the late unfortunate Queen, and she was obliged to retire from England. Kean privately circulated a report that she was to appear at his benefit, and thereby gathered a large audience—it was a respectable way of doing business. Though it is out of our way to make any political remarks while going over the memoirs of a stroller, yet we cannot refrain from observing on the consistent conduct of the Whigs, and the blackguards with whom they linked themselves, on the Queen's business. Nobody with more brains than a turnip doubts the guilt of the Queen *now* ; and yet if we venture to say a word about it, we are told of our barbarity in attacking a woman, and she, too, in her grave. Now we submit, that Lady Douglas is a dead woman, every whit as much as Queen Caroline : and yet these good people feel no scruple in talking of the "infamous" conduct of that much injured lady, or in stigmatizing her as being "artful" and "abandoned." God bless the Whigs, they are a darling set of fellows ; but we must go back to Kean.

He continued to act in the obscurity which he deigns not to enlighten until somebody pointed him out in 1813, while playing at Exeter, to the notice of Mr Pascoe Grenfell, a wise member of Parliament, and one of that egregious body, the Managing Com-

mittee of Drury Lane. Pascoe sent down Arnold, the stage-manager, to report on Kean's abilities, and the report was favourable. Kean came up, and acted at Drury Lane. There is an attempt to vilify Elliston, for endeavouring to keep Kean to his word, made in this authentic biography; but it only plunges the hero into farther dirt. The speculation was a good one for the house, which was at that time sinking under the mismanagement of Whitbread, Douglas Kinpaired, and other great men, who were equally great in the theatre as the state. Shylock, he says, he played with an originality of style, and a vigour of genius; but he informs us that it was reserved for the performance of his Richard III. to place him at once on the highest pinnacle of dramatic glory. In Hamlet, he assures us, the force of his genius broke through the disadvantages of his figure, and the brilliant points which illuminated his delineation of the character were so numerous, as entirely to cast his defects into the shade. Othello actually electrified the audience—Luke, in Riches, commanded universal applause; and so on through all his *roles*. In a word, he was the passion of the day. Novelty will always command notice in London, and Kean's acting, happily, was a novelty on the English stage. His croaking tones—his one-two-three-hop step to the right, and his equally brusque motions to the left—his retching at the back of the scene whenever he wanted to express passion—his dead stops in the middle of sentences—his hurra hurra hurra, hop hop hop! over all passages where sense was to be expressed, took amazingly. His very defects told in his favour. Don't you think, a doubting critic would say, Kean is rather low?—Yes, quoth a critic of the mob, rather low, I confess; but you see how well he acts, in spite of his wretched appearance—Garrick was low.—I am of opinion, said another hesitator, that his voice is bad.—Oh yes, retorted the critic, rather hoarse, I confess; but you see how well he acts, in spite of his wretched voice.—But, persevered the first interlocutor, I do not think he understands his author.—Why, *entre nous*, was the reply of the critic, I can't exactly say; but you see how well he acts, though he does not un-

derstand his author.—What could a man say after that?

But the real secret of this ultra-popularity was what Cobbett calls the *BASE PRESS*. At that time, gentle reader, there flourished a knot of numskulls, absolute over the dramatic world. Flourished, we say, for now it is laid prostrate. There will be a sighing among the Strephons, and a wailing among the Wiolars, when we name—the Cockney School! Dead they are now—down, down, among the dead men do they lie. But away with banter! At that time the most conceited, insolent, filthy, and ignorant dominion was exercised over all dramatic concerns by the Examiner. Its writers are now sunk, and we have no wish to trample on their misfortunes; but it must have cost the principal libellers of that set many and bitter pangs, if they were possessed of any feeling whatever, to be conscious in their own day of suffering, when Z. was gibbetting them as objects for the slow-moving finger of scorn to point at, how many wanton stabs at the reputation and livelihood of poor players had been given by their malignant stiletos; how much acute and poignant misery a remark of theirs, penned in drunkenness, or folly, or spite, must have occasioned to luckless actors, whose very bread depended probably on the way in which a manager might have regarded the lucubrations of the puppy critic. A congeniality of soul drew these fellows to Kean. Their word was potential over the apprentice-boys and young Whigs of the pit—the milliners of the gallery and their beaux—and the ladies of the saloons. Even decent people at that time used to read the playhouse critiques of the Examiner; and as impudence frequently passes for talent, and blustering always terrifies those who do not think for themselves, some ten years ago they were looked on by the theatrical people as models of elegance, deep reading, and acumen. The whole tribe puffed Kean, and silenced the voice of common sense. We of this Magazine glorify ourselves for having put an end for ever to such folly. We have put *heart* into right-thinking people, and, accordingly, now-a-days, if a mere incompetent fellow was endeavoured to be blown up into importance, even by men of talent, not to say by men of

straw, like the folk of the Round Table, a re-action would immediately take place, and people would be found to denounce the idol as a thing of clay, even in the very teeth of his idolaters.

Things went on differently then, and the Cockneys had it all to themselves. Creatures whom the most paltry of the two-pennies of London would not now admit as gratis contributors, then directed the taste of "the town." They went about trim, crisp, and jaunty, weaving chaplets of laurel, and venting sonnets on one another. You heard a sigh at every corner about fine gusto, and virtue, and keeping, and those down-looking Greeks, of whom, by the way, they could not spell the names, far less read them, if written in their native characters. Poor devils! When we look back at their happy state, our heart is sometimes "wae" within us on reflecting that it was we who marred their Elysium—a feeling which, however, fades in an instant all away when we recollect that they used the power they possessed to insult merit—to outrage decency—to vilify religion—to puff meanness—and to beslaver all that was venerable and glorious in the land. These were Kean's patrons—they pronounced him a second Garrick, and the town bent in prostrate reverence before the fetid breath of the oracle.

Under the auspices of this gang, Kean went on and prospered. He soon entertains us with an account of a most asinine speech he made, at the most asinine ceremony of presenting him with a gold cup, which was delivered to him by Palmer. And in a page or so afterwards, he gets so delighted with his oratory, that he again favours us with another most brilliant harangue, delivered by him at the opening of the Wolf Club, of which he was the appropriate grand-master. Its design was to *howl* down, as its name implies, everybody who had any chance of rivaling the quack actor, who got them together, though Kean here seems to insinuate that they were merely a drunken set of soakers, who met to make themselves "comfortable," p. 130. He was at last obliged to knock it up. The opening sentence of the speech is too good. Conceive such a man as Kean beginning an oration thus:—

"GENTLEMEN! (there was not one in the room, except a few gentlemen

of the press)—Gentlemen and brothers!

"If we look to tradition, our arts and sciences, our laws and governments in embryo were uncertain, disputable, and vague."

This is a deep discovery.

"To accomplish *perfection* in any degree, (there being of course various degrees of *perfection*,) has been, and will remain, the work of ages and constant perseverance.

"I am THEREFORE aware of the difficulties we have to encounter in bringing our little society," &c. &c. &c. What an *Argal*! Arts, sciences, laws, governments, ages, and tradition, lugged in by the head and shoulders, to preface the formation of a drunken club! The force of bathos could no farther go.

He went in 1818 to France—dined with Talma—and got a snuff-box from some French players—all of which important events are duly dated. It is from circumstances of this kind, that we conclude it must be an autobiography, for surely no man alive would take the trouble of finding out, that, on the 15th of July, 1818, Kean dined with Talma, or would care a pinch of snuff whether, on the day afore-mentioned, he had gone supperless to bed. After this, we have him acting in Howard Payne's most stupid of all stupid plays, Brutus, very much to his own contentment. He tells us, that the leading feature of his acting was dignity, "dignity approaching to the sublime, and downright simple energy." This is too audacious. Kean act Brutus with dignity! Howard Payne write a play in which anybody could act with dignity! Author and actor were worthy of one another. We wish somebody would tell Kean what George Coleman said of his fine and original way of mispronouncing the word "prisoner," in the passage which extorted all the approbation from the Cockney critics. We doubt if he would try it again.

We next slur over his indefensible conduct to poor Jenny Porter, and her play of Switzerland—as also his behaviour to Bucke's Italians. He owns he had the worst of the latter controversy; but defends his letter in answer to Bucke, by saying that it was written under angry feelings. He must have been not angry with Bucke only, but with the language of the country, for it was full of words mis-

spelt from beginning to end—just such a fine composition as he some time after had the folly to write to John Bull, and which Bull, with malicious mirth, printed verbatim as it came from the pen of the writer.

Good old Sir John Sinclair after this makes his appearance, with the silly epistle which he wrote on the occasion of some foolish people of our modern Athens having clubbed their shillings to buy Kean a sword. It was an unjustifiable and cruel proceeding, after all; for the sword being unfortunately too large for Kean's body, he appeared, whenever he was tied to it, like a poor cockchaffer transfixed by a huge corking-pin. Sir John favours his correspondent with some remarks on swords, and on the history of Macbeth, very pleasant to read, and quite germane to the matter. The sword, he tells him, is of the true Highland make, whence we conclude that the Celtic Society was at the bottom of the business, for it is quite fit for them. It is adorned, moreover, "with some of the most valuable stones that Scotland produces." We flatter ourselves that *that* is a touch redolent of the north side of the Tweed. It is good to be merry and wise. None of your outlandish diamonds, therefore, which cost siller, when we can get our own canny cairngorms for nothing. The inscription on the sword is worthy of them that gave, and him who received. We copy it as it appears in this authentic tome, p. 136.

This sword was presented
TO
EDMUND KEAN, Esq.
WHEN he appears on the stage,
As
Macbeth,
The King of Scotland.

What it means is beyond our capacity.

Next follow his adventures in America, briefly related for good reasons; and the whole is wound up by a good deal of puffing, on some of his freaks of ostentatious generosity. Some insolent language of his to a tavern-keeper in Portsmouth, comes in for its

share of applause, but the story is simply this: When Kean was a strolling player, he asked this man for half-a-pint of porter; and Boniface would not give it to him until he paid the penny beforehand—such was the shabby appearance of the poor fellow. We think the man was quite right, as every one ought to take care of his property. Afterwards, when Mr Kean was rich, this landlord, as landlords will do, came bowing and scraping to him, and Kean remembering the indignity of having been refused tick for a penny, made a most indignant speech, and left the house. He knit his brow, he says, most awfully, and among much other stuff, he announced himself as "The same Edmund Kean that I was fifteen years ago, when you insulted me. Look at me again, sir. What alteration beyond that of dress do you discover in me? Am I a better man than I was then?" &c. &c.

Heaven help us! Here is nonsense in all its altitudes! To be sure, he was not a better man—very possibly he might have been a worse man—but he was decidedly *richer*—better on 'Change. The landlord, when he saw *poor* Mr Kean, was afraid of his money, and refused him credit—when he saw *rich* Mr Kean, he looked to a good stiff bill—and that made all the difference. Kean never was so besotted as when he imagined the compliment paid to his purse was paid to his person.

"On Kean's acting," continues he, "we decline offering any criticism; he is beyond it." Quite beyond it indeed—but there are two kinds of beyonds, above and below. A worse actor never trod the stage—we mean, pretending to enact such characters as he has taken on himself to murder.

Here ends the auto-biography. We go no farther, having nothing to do with Kean except to expose quackery, puffing, and humbug. He is going down very fast, and we flatter ourselves that this Life of his, though intended for a different purpose, will freshen his way a trifle down the ladder of popularity.

FUTURE PROSPECTS OF THE WORLD.

SPIRIT of Concord ! shall it still be thine
 To mourn thy sorrows, an unending line ?
 Shall never Wisdom, in her robes of white,
 Chase Ignorance afar, and Error's night ?
 Shall never War recline his leaden ear,
 Or spareless Phrenzy cast aside the spear ?
 Must it be thine, despairingly to weep
 Bloodshed on shore, and Rapine on the deep ?
 While seasons hold their course, and heaves the main,
 Shall Sin light Misery's watch-towers o'er her reign ?
 Can Mercy send no star of heavenly birth,
 To cheer the aspect of this darken'd earth,
 And, with a radiance gloriously sublime,
 Illume the footsteps of departing Time ?
 Say, never shall the strife of Discord cease,
 And Man, with Fellow-man, embrace in peace ?—
 Or, doomed for ever to her scythed car,
 Shall fire-eyed Vengeance wield the sword of War ;
 In ruin mock the lightning and the flood,
 And drench her reeking blade in human blood,
 Turn, smiling, turn from Life's expiring throes,
 And scorn, in mockery wild, the plaint of woe ?

No ! heavenly light dispels the shapeless gloom,
 And Hope presents to Man a brighter doom ;
 Far through the shadowy mist of years, I see,
 Degraded world, thy glorious jubilee !
 See from the fetter'd hands the shackles fall,
 And Peace appear at Mercy's pleading call ;
 See Ignorance and error take to flight,
 And Abdera's new uprising glad the sight ;¹
 See truth present the scene, by Fancy given,
 And open'd to Mankind the gates of heaven ;
 While glorious on the view the prospects rise
 Of cloudless Joy, and blooming Paradise !

As Herod's heart to Mariamne turn'd,²
 Hung o'er her recollected charms, and burn'd,
 Sorrow'd for frailties past, and fondly swore
 To love her memory, and to err no more ;
 So shall the devious mind, that hath deplored
 Its errors past, to Virtue be restored ;
 And, as Repentance drops the bitter tears,
 Mercy expunge the strains of other years !

While o'er the rolling earth, and heaving main,
 The voice of strife is heard, and terrors reign ;
 Lo ! Friendship gazes with prophetic eye,
 And, hopeful, reads our future destiny !

" Behold," she says, " what clouds of dreary shade,
 To wither all its charms, the scene pervade ;

Beneath a chilling breeze, a frowning sky,
 Droop all the fragrant summer sweets, and die.
 Yes! Sin her upas poison breathes around,
 And sink her victims writhing to the ground:
 Dark is the wilful destiny of man;
 Nature laments her controverted plan;
 And where, of yore, emblossom'd Eden smiled,
 Peace is o'erthrown, and innocence exiled!

“ With cypress coronal, and robes whose dye
 Surpass in darkness Zembla's midnight sky,
 'Mid yon dim cloudy bowers, from which the day
 Melts off with baffled and impervient ray,
 Sits Superstition, she whose hydra hands
 Have bound the rolling world through all its lands,
 To lingering death her captived thousands thrust,
 And bow'd the laurell'd conqueror to the dust;
 As if in scorn corporeal forms to bind,
 She wreathes her mystic fetters on the mind;
 Degrades celestial Reason from her throne,
 Chains Fancy's feet, and makes all sway her own:
 'Twas she, amid Dahomey's groves of blood,³
 That edged the brand, and loosed the purple flood;
 'Twas she, 'mid Brama's wilds of awful gloom,⁴
 That gave the widow'd wretch a living tomb;
 'Twas she, that o'er the necks of erring love,
 The wheels of Juggernaut triumphant drove;
 'Twas she that sent the banner'd cross afar,
 Whose mandate kindled Palestine to war,
 That bow'd the crest of Turkey's haughty lord,
 That drench'd in Moslem blood the Christian sword,⁵
 That gave—ah! record of eternal shame!—
 A Ridley to the stake, a Cranmer to the flame!!

“ And yonder, see, within a trackless maze,
 The dreadful power that Pyrrho worshipp'd strays;
 Like midnight skiff without a magnet, tost,
 Dubious of wreck, yet certain to be lost;
 Dim is the mist-attired horizon round,
 Gulfs yawn before her—yet no hope is found,
 No sign like that, which, pointing Israel's way,
 Forbade the weak to sink, the bold to stray:
 She looks beneath—there is no prospect, save
 A wakeless sleep, and everlasting grave,
 Across whose precincts, in unhallow'd bloom,
 The nightshade waves its canopy of gloom;
 She casts her glance above her, to descry
 A chance-created heaven—a godless sky,
 And wavering Fancy wanders to explore,
 In helmless bark, a sea without a shore;
 While Silence, like a guardian, grasps the key
 That opes the portals of futurity!

“ 'Tis night; and lo! from yon beleaguerr'd wall,
 Shatter'd with shot, and tottering to its fall,

Burst shrieks and shouts, that pierce the shuddering ear
 With wild amazement, and delirious fear ;
 There, where red Murder walks his hourly round,
 Where ashes smoke; and wrecks bestrew the ground,
 The mother tends, with fear-dejected eyes,
 The couch whereon her slumbering infant lies,
 And feels for danger and for death prepared,
 So dooms propitious Heaven that it be spared !
 The orphan relic of her house she sees,
 Hangs o'er its beauty on her trembling knees,
 And pours, alas ! 'tis lost in empty air,
 Her choicest blessings, and her warmest prayer ;
 For scarcely from her tongue the words depart,
 Fraught with the holiest feelings of the heart,
 Ere bursts the fire-wing'd globe, and spreads a flood
 Around her household walls of guiltless blood,
 And down she sinks, released from earthly pain,
 To wake, and meet her babe in heaven again !—
 Thunders reverberate, dire lightnings flash,
 Sink down the crumbling towers, the temples crash.
 The curses of revenge, the shrieks of pain,
 Burst forth from lips that ne'er uncloze again ;
 While, reft of life, the patriot drops his blade,
 By foes o'ermaster'd, or by friends betray'd,
 And o'er paternal fields, and native plains,
 In Power's licentious pride, the tyrant reigns !

“ See o'er the earth, with waste and woe replete,
 Lithe Flattery crouching at Corruption's feet ;
 Ambition mounting by the neck of Sin ;
 And Wisdom's small voice drown'd by Folly's din.
 Lo ! at the beck of Luxury, Wealth awaits ;
 While haggard Famine, prone before the gates
 Falls down, without a robe to shield her form
 From the sharp winds, and night's descending storm :
 There Industry, his day-long labour vain,
 Looks on his half-fed family in pain ;
 And Beggary, with her orphans at her back,
 Climbs slowly on up Virtue's rocky track,
 Turns from Temptation's paths, whose sweets invite,
 'Mid Nature's craving wants, her longing sight ;
 Expects not human aid, and to the skies
 Trusts only for the help which man denies !

“ No longer gaze in anguish and affright
 Upon the realms of uncongenial night,
 But o'er them, where Elysian prospects lie,
 Far to yon glowing summit turn thine eye,
 To yon bright tract, where Hope and Fancy roam,
 And share the spring of pleasures yet to come ;
 Cimmerian shadows, that o'erhang the day,
 Abide not yonder sun, but melt away,
 While nought expands before the ravish'd view,
 But scenes of garden bloom, and skies of blue !

“ Behold that seraph in the robes of white,
 Who waves her snowy wings, diffusing light ;
 Bright glows her cheek in everlasting youth,
 Her birth-place is the sky, her name is Truth :
 Lo ! as she comes, the shadows melt away,
 Like night-collected dew at dawn of day ;
 Around her glows an atmosphere of light,
 To which the sun is dim, the noon is night :
 Sent from the glorious mansion of her birth,
 Onwards she bears, descending to the earth ;
 To wondering man her brightness shall appear,
 And Error vanish on the wings of Fear !

“ Though frowning labyrinths of earth and sky
 Stretch'd like infinitude, between us lie,
 Behold in glory, on yon mountain blue,
 Dim though the sight, and indistinct the view,
 —Yet how inviting is the goodly scene,
 How sweet the landscape looks; and how serene
 Sits Peace enthroned ! the roses of her cheek
 Are bright as morn, but yet as evening meek ;
 Sedately pure, the azure of her eye
 Excels the tints of Autumn's cloudless sky,
 And brows of snow seem whiter still beneath
 The auburn tresses, and the myrtle wreath :
 Her generous hand the horn of plenty bears,
 And in her zone the olive leaf she wears :
 Behind her, see, the cherub train appear,
 Love in the front, and Mercy in the rear ;
 While gloom and grief melt off before her sight,
 As flee before the sun the stars of night ;
 And earth again, as vision'd seers foretold,
 Is nether heaven, the paradise of old,
 Ere yielding woman, to her duty blind,
 Tasted the fruit of sin, and cursed mankind.

“ Behold the breast of Nature clothed again
 With flowery Carmels, and with Bactrian grain ;⁶
 Its current stainless, and its banks undyed,
 Through bloomy vales rolls on the silvery tide ;
 Perennial music, floating on the air
 Of summer noontide, charms away despair ;
 He who had borne the sword now bears the crook,⁷
 The hand that grasp'd the brand the pruning-hook ;
 No more in thunder through the midnight skies,
 To desolate the earth, volcanoes rise ;
 But rural sounds and sights, ordain'd to blind
 The sense of sadness, elevate the mind,
 And bring, when sin and sorrow melt away,
 A placid, calm, and intellectual day !

“ Look to the habitants of earth, behold
 With doubled bliss returns the age of gold ;⁸
 Since pleasure's flames with purer radiance glow
 Above the embers of extinguished woe,

There is no joy like that which owes its birth
 To inward purity and conscious worth ;
 There is no joy in mind's capacious sphere,
 That is not brightly won and worshipp'd here :
 Untired benevolence, whose bounds extend
 Firm and unfeign'd to earth's remotest end ;
 Celestial gratitude, whose ardent eye
 Beams with delight, and fastens on the sky ;
 Sincerity and Truth, that scorn to move,
 And blameless Justice, and unsullied Love,
 Rule every heart, and deal that bliss around
 The Muses feign, though men have never found !"

Spirit of Wisdom ! haste, descend, and bear
 Celestial beauty to the shores of care ;
 With thee thy train of heavenly graces bring,
 And shake immortal pleasures from thy wing.
 Lo ! from thy sight night's prowling wanderers fly,
 And withers sin beneath thy radiant eye ;
 War breaks his brand, finds not a welcome shore,
 But mounts the whirlwind, and is seen no more ;
 While science, from her hill, walks forth in mirth,⁹
 And spreads her glorious empire o'er the earth :
 Through clouds she passes, and they melt away
 Before her wand, as darkness flies from day ;
 O'er rocks she climbs, and 'neath her tread the ground
 Expands in level beauty smiling round ;
 She bids the tempest fruit and fragrance bring,
 And robs the fire-eyed lightning of its sting ;
 Darts daylight into Error's darkest cave ;
 Reigns o'er each realm, and stills the stormy wave.

And thou, Religion, though through fire and flood
 By saints upheld, and seal'd with holiest blood,
 From clime to clime thy glorious light expands,
 And chases Darkness from rejoicing lands :
 Sin's rod is broken ; Superstition, long
 The only mistress of Earth's erring throng,
 Wraps round her mantle, and in wild affright
 Flies shrieking downward to congenial night ;
 No more beneath her knife the victim reels ;
 No more bedews with blood her chariot wheels ;
 No more, torn reckless from the light of day,
 Pines in the hopeless grave a living prey ;
 But light all pure, ineffably serene,
 Illumes mankind, and brightens every scene ;
 At the same altar, tribes by every sea
 In sacred adoration bend the knee.—
 'Far in the wilds of Afric's torrid zone,
 'Mid burning sands, where verdure is unknown,
 At vesper hour, when all around is mute,
 Save sullen sound of camel's wearied foot,
 Kneels, by the scanty well, the Arab dun,
 And, in the broad light of the setting sun,
 Pours out, all glowing as the cloudless west,
 The fears, the hopes, the wishes of his breast,

And lifts, in holy dread, his mental eye
To him, his God, who bled on Calvary !

While, lo ! the voice of psalms, the tones of praise,
Hard by the icy pole, believers raise :
Though Day upon the waste and wildering scene
Shuts up, and howl afar the billows green ;
And the sad night of desolation drear
Glooms o'er their world, and saddens half the year,
Beneath impending storms, and circling snows,
No chilling doubts the fur-clad shiverer knows ;
With Faith's unfaltering eye he looks abroad,
Through the wild storm, to mark the works of God ;
Beholds the traces of his power afar
In the blue sky, and each revolving star ;
Trusts, with a hope that softens, yet sublimes,
For happier seasons, and serener climes,
And knows that He, who formed this rolling ball,
Is still the Lord, and shall be Judge, of all !

Oh happy time, when crimeless all shall be,
And in the spirit's sunshine walking free,
No more by vice degraded and deprest !
No thought but peace awaking in the breast,
Earth, calm'd to beauty, shall again resume
Primeval bliss, and Eden's forests bloom,
Bright as when Adam, with a holy kiss,
Embraced his chosen in the bowers of bliss !
Love o'er the world shall spread his halcyon sway,
The weak shall own it, and the wise obey ;
The summit of the hills shall murmur love,
And echo catch the sound in glen and grove ;
Creatures that, far from human face exiled,
Prowl'd the dim forest or unpeopled wild,
Shall leave their dwellings, and, with meekness bland,
Crouch at the feet of man, or lick his hand,
And Nature, all his errors past forgiven,
Proclaim him Lord, and own the loved of Heaven !
From shore to shore, from isle to isle around,
Shall spread of holy peace the welcome sound ;
Far on the deep, where nought but wave and sky
Extends, and scarce is heard the sea-bird's cry,
The streamer'd flags of far-spread realms shall meet,
And hail each other in communion sweet ;
Brothers in heart, all jealous fears subdued,
Love's sever'd links harmoniously renew'd,
The South shall hail the North, and East with West
Embracing, own one feeling and be blest !

Advancing glory, hail ! although the day,
When Earth shall bow, subservient to thy sway,
To Truth's severe and chastened gaze appears
Dim, through the shadows of uncounted years,
Yet Hope, the siren prophetess, whose eye
Darts through the twilight of Futurity,

The first to come, the latest to depart,
Enchains thee, by her anchor, to the heart ;
O'er barrier rocks bids Expectation climb,
And sheds a halo round the march of Time !

NOTES.

¹ *Abdera's new uprise to glad the sight.*

At Abdera, in Thrace, (Andromeda, one of the tragedies of Euripides being played,) the spectators were so much moved with the object, and those pathetic love speeches of Perseus, among the rest, *O Cupid, prince of gods and men*, &c. that every man, almost, a good while after, spake pure iambics, and raved still on Perseus' speech, *O Cupid, prince of gods and men*. As carmen, boyes, and prentises, when a new song is published with us, go singing that new tune still in the streets ; they continually acted that tragically part of Perseus, and in every man's mouth was, *O Cupid* ; in every street, *O Cupid* ; in every house, almost, *O Cupid, prince of gods and men*.—BURTON'S *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part III. Sect. 2.

Much has been said, and justly, concerning the exquisiteness of Sterne's genius ; as to its disdain of plagiarism, the reader of the above passage may turn to *Sentimental Journey*, vol. I. Fragment commencing—"The town of Abdera, notwithstanding Democritus lived there ;" and to Dr Ferriar's Illustrations, *passim*.

² *As Herod's heart to Mariamne turn'd.*

See the story of Herod and Mariamne, collected from the historian, Josephus, in *Spectator*, No. 171. Who recollects not Byron's fine melody,

Oh, Mariamne, now for thee
The heart for which thou bledest is bleeding ?

³ *'Twas she amid Dahomey's groves of blood.*

How incredible are the acts of atrocity to which the unbridled passions of man subject him ! even Fancy must fail to communicate half the horrors which but too accurate history has supplied us with. Without adverting to the lamented Bowdich's Mission to Ashantee, and other voyages or travels, we refer, as more immediately connected with the text, to Dalzel's History of Dahomey, and the particulars contained therein.

⁴ *'Twas she mid Bramah's wilds of awful gloom.*

About the year 1793, twenty-eight Hindoos were reported to have been crushed to death at this very place, *Ishera*, under the wheels of Juggernaut, impelled by sympathetic religious phrenzy. The fact of their deaths was notorious, and was recorded in the Calcutta papers ; but so little impression did it make on the public mind, and so little inquiry was made by individuals into the subject, that it became doubtful at last whether the men perished by accident, or, as usual, by *self-devotement* ; for it was said, that to qualify the enormity of the deed in the view of the English, some of the Hindoos gave out that the men fell under the wheels by accident.—Du BUCHANAN'S *Journal*, p. 35, in *Christian Researches in Asia*.

"At Lahor," says Bernier, "I saw a very handsome, and a very young woman burnt ; I believe she was not above twelve years of age. This poor unhappy creature appeared rather dead than alive when she came near the pile ; she shook and wept bitterly. Meanwhile three or four of these executioners, the Bramins, together with an old hag that held her under the arm, thrust her on, and made her sit down upon the wood ; and, lest she should run away, they tied her legs and hands ; and so they burnt her alive. I had enough to do to contain myself for indignation."

Under the delusion of what sophism, such a learned and enlightened man as Colonel Mark Wilks, can come to defend such a practice, I know not, but behold it written in *Historical Sketches of the South of India*, Vol. I. p. 499.

⁵ *That drenched in Moslem blood the Christian sword.*

Innumerable are the anecdotes of enormity and atrocity ascribed to the Crusaders, by travellers and annalists, as if the misfortune of being Mahometans took from their enemies all title of being treated like men.

"The valour of Richard (Cœur de Lion) struck such terror into his enemies," says Chateaubriand, "that, long after his death, when a horse trembled without a visible cause, the Saracens were accustomed to say that he had seen the ghost of the English monarch."—*Travels*, Vol. II.

⁶ *With flowery Carmels, and with Bactrian grain.*

"Bactriana, a country between Parthia and India, celebrated for the largeness of the grain of its wheat."—*Note on a passage in Soltheby's admirable translation of the Georgics.*

⁷ *He, who had borne the sword, now bears the crook.*

"They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."—*Isaiah, chap. 2, ver. 2.*

⁸ *With doubled bliss returns the age of gold.*

————— he sang Saturnian rule

Return'd, a progeny of golden years,

Permitted to descend, and bless mankind.—*Excursion.*

⁹ *While Science from her hill walks forth.*

When we look back to the discoveries of the last half century, perhaps it is no exaggeration to say, that Science has been making more rapid strides towards perfection, however far distant that may yet be—than in any previous age of the world. Every day introduces some new improvement, whereby the invaluable art of printing is rendered more diffusive in its operation, and consequently more extensively blessed in its effects. Chemistry has established itself as one of the most brilliant and useful of the sciences, and in the hands of a Davy, a Thomson, and a Dalton, who will be bold enough to set a limit to its operation? But, above all, the mighty power of steam, subjecting itself to science, has put into the possession of man an engine, alike applicable on land and ocean, and which may come in time to render the boast of Archimedes scarcely a hyperbolical exaggeration.

LETTERS OF MR MULLION TO THE LEADING POETS OF THE AGE.

No. I.

To Bryan W. Proctor, Esq., alias Barry Cornwall.

MY DEAR PROCTOR,

You see I write quite familiarly to you, though I never have had the pleasure of beholding the light of your countenance. You are a man for whom, as ODoherty says, I have a particular regard, and therefore do not stand upon matters of mere ceremony. As for styling you Barry Cornwall, for God's sake, drop that horrid humbug. Everybody is laughing at you about it; and in reality it is not right or creditable to have an *alias*. Write as Cobbett and I do, always with your real name. It would be much more sensible, and less pick-pocket like.

I cannot charge my memory, or my conscience, with having read any of your poetry. I occasionally see scraps of it in periodical works, of which you know I am a most ardent and constant reader, but I regularly skip them. I understand that you have a fancy that you can write after the manner of "those old, down-looking Greeks;" but do give up the idea. It is fudge at this time of the day—mere fudge—and more particularly in you, who know nothing of the language or the

ideas of the people. When Quintus Horatius Flaccus, of whom you may have heard under the name of Francis's Horace, botched it, though he had lived in the country—spoken the language—wrote in it—knew the people thoroughly—professed the creed of its mythology—you may take it for granted that you cannot do any good in the line. In like manner, I am told, you are vainly at work on Italian literature, writing about Colonnas, Mirandolas, &c. Let me beg of you to give up *that* too. You are aware that you do not know as much Italian as would suffice you to call for a mauthful of bread, and if you were left alone in any town of Italy, you would be compelled to open your mouth, and point to it, whenever your nether guts grumbled for their mess of pottage. In this state of things, you can never be a Boccace—[by the by, an Italian scholar like you, ought to know that his name is Boccaccio]—in rhyme. In a word, let me inform you, that it is always as well to let writing on subjects which have engaged master minds altogether alone; and that a know-

ledge of such subjects is not to be acquired by any one, without deep and severe study—if, indeed, a foreigner can ever acquire it at all.

But though I have not read your verse, I am a great reader of your prose. This, indeed, I do *ex officio*. For I rejoice to perceive that you contribute to various magazines, reviews, and newspapers, wherewith I regale myself; and, as I said before, I am a great swallower of that kind of nutriment. In particular, I read the Edinburgh Review, a circumstance, I should suppose, of which you are aware, and in it I frequently, with much pleasure and profit, peruse your lucubrations on poetry. On the subject of your last appearance in print, it is that I am about to address you—you know I mean the review of Percy Shelley's poetry, which appeared in the last number of that excellent and highly-respectable periodical, and must tend to uphold the present general opinion of the wit and wisdom displayed in its pages.

As that Journal does not go much into public, you will no doubt feel gratified when I announce to you, that it is my intention to make some remarks on your article, which will, I am pretty sure, have the effect of drawing more attention to it than it would otherwise have received. I am, in general, very much thanked by my friends for such favours; but, my dear Bryan, between you and me, such compliments would be quite superfluous. Without further preamble, then, we may as well get at once to the matter in hand; and, therefore, I just copy out, "alick right away," the very first sentence of your composition.

"Mr Shelley's style is to poetry what astrology is to natural science—a passionate dream, a straining after impossibilities, a record of fond conjectures, a confused embodying of vague abstractions,—a fever of the soul, thirsting and craving after what it cannot have, indulging its love of power and novelty at the expense of truth and nature, associating ideas by contraries, and wasting great powers by their application to unattainable objects."

There is a degree of clearness in this description of Shelley's poetry, that must strike the most unenlightened. Obtuse must be the pericranium of that plebeian who would not, off-hand, understand the whole history and mystery of the business, out of this simple paragraph: "Pray, Mr Tims," Miss

Anner Mariar Price will say, "vat is your hown hopinion hof Mr Shelley's worses?"—"Vy, ma'am," Mr Tims, graciously bending over his tea-cup, will answer, "hit his to poetry vat hastrojoly his to natteral science."—"Look, just now only think o' that!" Miss Anner Mariar will exclaim; "vy, Mr Tims, you ave it the nail on the ead, and taken the right sow by the hear."

Such will be the conversation, dear Proctor, among your friends; but, as I have not time to go through all they will say from that to the seventh cup, I shall quote no more of their interesting chit-chat. Your next observation is kind and considerate. "Poetry, we [that is I, Bryan Proctor] *grant*, creates a world of its own." After this permission, it would go to work without delay, but, unfortunately, the next clause hurts the grant somewhat.—"But it creates it out of existing materials." Now this is a queer sort of creation. John Locke (he was an eminent metaphysician and commissioner in the days of King William, Bryan, and perhaps you may have heard of his name) would demur a little, but that, to be sure, is nothing to you. Henceforth we shall never say at Ambrose's, "Make me a tumbler of punch;"—but "Create a tumbler." It is a magnificent word. It will have a grand sound to say, "What are you doing down at the end of the table, Jamie Hogg?"—"CREATING a bowl!"

"I thank thee, scribe, for teaching me that word," and shall certainly use it hereafter.

"Mr Shelley," you next tell us, "is the *maker* of his own poetry out of nothing." If he were so, he would be a creator in good earnest, but unluckily it happens not to be the case. The materials of Shelly's poetry existed as much as those of any other poet in the world. He imposed on you and other profound and original thinkers like you, nonsense for sublimity, but in his most ultra-mundane flight, you will find that there is not an idea which is not as mundane as one of Hogg's novels, and, moreover, nine-tenths of them, such as they are, were in print, in *types*, Bryan, before he was created.

"In him," we find as we get on, "fancy, will, caprice, predominated over, and absorbed, the natural influences of things." This is a touch beyond me. What are the natural influ-

ences of things? How does fancy absorb them? Drop me a note by return of post, for I have been ransacking my brains these three hours about this sentence, and now must leave it in my rear while I march on. But the remainder of this second paragraph is indeed difficult reading, being composed in that style of which you are a distinguished professor, and which may be classed under the great generic name of *havers*. [As you write for a Scotch review, I need not add the interpretation of that admirable word.] There are two pretty specimens which I shall embalm by reprinting them.

"When we see the dazzling beacon-light straining over the darkness of the abyss, we dread the quicksands and the rocks below."

Here Shelley is an abyss of rather a singular nature, with beacon-lights above it, and quicksands and rocks below it; but in the next he is a mere seagar. "The fumes of his vanity rolled volumes of smoke, mixed with sparkles of fire, from the cloudy tabernacle of his thought." This is fine. Cloudy tabernacle is a famous name for a tobacco-box. Henceforward, when I call my boy after dinner, it shall be thus: Ho, flunky of mine, bring me my cloudy tabernacle, that I may roll a volume of smoke. But after all, it is not fair to call Mr Shelley's book "volumes of smoke," though, to be sure, they might serve to light a pipe well enough.

Having thus so successfully settled his genius, we now come to his person. "Mr Shelley was a remarkable man; his person was a type and shadow of his genius; [Did it not strike you, Bryan, that it is rather impossible that it should be both?] his complexion fair, golden, freckled, seemed transparent with an inward light." In my school-boy days—alas! a long time ago—I remember we used to frighten the neighbourhood by setting a scooped turnip upon a pole, with a candle in it, making its countenance "transparent with an inward light," to the great terror of the rustics; but I cannot agree with you, my dear Proctor, that it was a very handsome-looking physiognomy. However, "de gustibus," &c. Nor do I agree with you, that freckles are so peculiarly beautiful; but in this I am not positive, recollecting that the Duchess of Orleans declares, that one of the beauties of Louis the Fourteenth's court was

"belle comme une ange," though from head to foot she was "entièrement rousse;" which my friend Whittaker's delightful translator renders "red-haired," he being as intimately and gracefully skilled in the language as yourself.

However, let us keep moving. Shelley "reminded those who saw him of some of Ovid's fables." In the name of Jupiter, Bryan, keep away from the classics. Of which of the fables? Was he like Actæon, horned? or like Lycæon, raving against the gods, and howling for human blood? or like Medea, scattering poison? or like Bottom the weaver, with a Whig head upon his shoulders? [You know, Bryan, you will find this eminent classic in the 53d book of the *Metamorphoses*, l. 1416, a book which you have read, I am sure, as often as you have read Ovid in Latin.] Or rather like Narcissus, I suppose, for "his form, graceful and slender, stooped like a flower in the breeze"—in other words, he was round-shouldered. But, in truth, is there not something sickening and Italianized in thus beslaving a man's personal appearance? What need *MEN* care about his freckled phiz and his hang-a-bone stoop?

Let us turn to the criticism, which you continue with your usual wisdom. I shall skip a few sentences, in order to exhibit your reasoning powers in a most amiable light. "He thought," you tell us, "and acted logically;" though how you, who do not know a syllogism in Barbara from a paralogism in Darapti, discovered this fact, is hard to conjecture; but you soon explain it to us. This gentleman, who, Mr Barry Cornwall informs us, thought logically, "spurning the world of realities, rushed into the world of nonentities and contingencies like air into a vacuum. If a thing was old and established, this was with him a certain proof of its having no foundation to rest upon; if it was new, it was good and right. EVERY PARADOX WAS TO HIM A SELF-EVIDENT TRUTH." After which it is quite evident that he had a logical mind, and that you are the boy who can judge of one.

You soon take a fine fizzig into your head, but I shall let you speak for yourself. "The two extremes [infidelity and orthodoxy] in this way often meet, jostle, and confirm one another. The infirmities of age are a foil to the presumption of youth; and

then the antics sit' mocking one another—the ape Sophistry, pointing with reckless scorn at 'palsied eld,' and the bed-rid hag Legitimacy, rattling her chains, counting her beads, dipping her hands in blood, [what, while counting her beads?—think for a while, Bryan, and you will find it a difficult operation,] and blessing herself [while counting her beads, and dipping her hands in blood] from every appeal to common sense and reason." As polite commentators say, I shall not weaken the force of that fine passage by a word, but recommend you to get your friend Haydon, the Raphael of the Cockneys, to paint the subject on an acre of canvass, and exhibit it at the first show of Incurables, in Suffolk-Street. In a sentence or two after this, your logical mind shows forth to great advantage. "The martello towers, with which we are to repress, if we cannot destroy, the systems of fraud and oppression, should not be castles in the air, or clouds on the verge of the horizon; but the enormous and accumulated pile of abuses which have arisen out of their own continuance." From which it follows, logically, that in order to carry on the war against fraud and oppression successfully, we must accumulate abuses, and make them into martello towers. Oh, my logician!

Your knowledge of mechanics, which shines very soon after, is quite equal to your dialectics. "To be convinced of the existence of wrong, we should read history rather than poetry,—[a deep discovery]—the levers with which we must work out our own regeneration, are not the cobwebs of the brain, but the warm, palpitating fibres of the human heart." A palpitating fibre would make a pretty lever—almost as good as a cobweb—but as that is nothing to you, Bryan, we must pass over it, as I shall do the remainder of the paper, including "the exalting and purifying Promethean heat" which concludes it.

"Mr Shelley died, it seems, with a volume of Mr Keats's poetry grasped with one hand in his bosom"—rather an awkward posture, as you will be convinced if you try it. But what a rash man Shelley was, to put to sea in a frail boat with Jack's poetry on board! Why, man, it would sink a trireme. In the preface to Mr Shelley's poems we are told that "his vessel bore out of sight with a favourable wind;" but

what is that to the purpose? It had Endymion on board, and there was an end. Seventeen ton of pig-iron would not be more fatal ballast. Down went the boat with a "swirl!" I lay a wager that it righted soon after ejecting Jack. "These are two out of four poets—patriots and friends, who have visited Italy within a few years." Stop for a moment, Bryan; I cannot let you go on quite so fast. The four who visited Italy were not four poets—they were one poet, one rover, one blockhead, and one KING OF THE COCKNEYS—and I am sorry to say, that the taint of the last corrupted the entire mass. Poor Byron sunk under the connexion, and, sick of his associates, left Italy in despair, to die in Greece of vexation and dread. May his death be a warning to all men of genius, that there is a depth of infamy, from which it is impossible for any talent to extricate itself! I own, Bryan, you are pathetic on the subject of Jack. "Keats died young, and yet his infelicity had years too many. A canker had blighted the tender bloom that overspread a face, in which youth and genius shone with beauty." (What! beslobbering men's faces again—fie! fie!) "The shaft was sped—venal, vulgar, venomous, that drove him from his country, with sickness and penury for companions, and followed him to the grave. And yet there are those who could trample on the faded flower—men to whom breaking hearts are a subject of merriment—who laugh loud over the silent urn of genius, and play out their games of venality and infamy with the crumbling bones of genius!" In this last passage you must allude to Cobbett and Tom Paine, for I know not any other person who made play with the crumbling bones of genius on, or rather under, the earth. But do you forget that Byron laughed most heartily of all, at Keats's cause of death? I had hoped you might remember his capital coup-let—

Strange that the soul's ethereal particle
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article!

And, indeed, the brains of him who imagines that Keats or anybody else was killed by the strictures of Mr Murray's Review, must be madness itself. It comes, moreover, with peculiar bad grace in the pages of Mr Jeffrey's work, which has sneered, with the most venal and spiteful malignity conceiva-

ble, on the greatest and most rising geniuses in the world. I applaud, however, your alliteration—*venal*, vulgar, venomous—and am sure it will afford a pleasant jingle in the mouth of that noble peer, Viscount Wictoire de Tins.

Well, now we have at last got to your Review, having blown away the froth, I find that you characterize the compositions of your great poet and departed friend, as “perplexing and unattractive,” “clouded with a dull waterish vapour,” [p. 499] “prosaic in versification,” [p. 500] “bare, indistinct, wild,” “labouring under a due mixture of affectation and meagreness of invention,” “baffling all pursuit of common comprehension,” “difficult to read through,” [p. 502] “more filmy, enigmatical, discontinuous, unsubstantial, than anything we [that is, Bryan Proctor] have seen,” “full of crude conceits,” “and involved style and innagery,” [p. 504] “linked and overloaded in diction,” [p. 507] “disjointed, painful, and oppressive,” “choked with unchecked underwood, or weighed down with gloomy nightshade, or eaten up with personality, like ivy clinging round and eating into the shadowy oak.” [Fine, very fine writing this, my dear Bryan.] “Disgusting and extravagant,” [p. 509] “meagre and monotonous,” [p. 511.] Call you this backing your friends? By Juno, the sky queen, I shall not trust you to write a critique on *my* poetry! Why, Bryan, this abuse is as bad as anything old Gifford ever said of Jack Keats. Sir, it is “venal, vulgar, venomous,” and I can only state my indignation by gulping down this quart of porter which has been these ten minutes neighbour to my elbow.

That job being done, I am cool enough to look if you have given this victim of your rage any quarter—any praise, &c. I see you have. Here it is.—“The translations from Euripides, Calderon, and Goethe, in this volume, will give great pleasure to the scholar and the general reader. *They are executed with equal FIDELITY and spi-*

rit.” That is praise; but the question is, my dear lad, how do *you* know that they are executed with fidelity? Put Euripides out of the question, for that would be taking an unfair advantage of you—did you, or could you, ever read three lines of Calderon? As for Goethe,—Bryan, Bryan, do not imagine you can bam us there. You have supplied the materials for your own utter destruction. Listen, Minstrel of Mirandolar. You quote,

Semi-chorus II.

A thousand steps must a woman take,
Where a man but a single spring will make.

Voices above.

Come with us, come with us from FELUN-
SEE.

Ag. Bryan. FELUNSEE. It is no mistake of the print, for you have copied it so from the volume you are reviewing, when it is so exhibited by Shelley’s editor. Now, in Goethe it is *Felsensee*, the sea of rocks; and Shelley, in all probability, not having any English word to his hand, wrote the plain German, which perhaps he might have altered in a happier moment. But the Liberal creatures, who know nothing, printed it from his blurred writing—*Felumee*, and his equal ignorant editor prints it *Felunsee*, which you, his most ignorant reviewer, quote accordingly. It is the more unreasonable, as you must have known that my friend Kempferhaussen had already pointed out the stupid blunder in a conversation of ours at Ambrose’s, which our reporter has printed in the Noctes Ambrosianæ of this most delectable of all Magazines, Vol. XII. p. 701.

After that, talk of *fidelity*! You criticize German! You read Goethe! You pretend to judge his style! Go—go, man.—Go—to a tea-drinking, go—and there gabble pretty jobbernowlisms on the sky gods, and the white creatures, and the—Faugh, I cannot go on.—But Goethe.—

Good-night, my dear Bryan.

I am yours affectionately,
M. MULLION.

AUTUMNAL STANZAS.

THE winds are pillow'd, the sun is shining.
 As if it delighted to cheer the land ;
 Though Autumn's tints are around declining,
 And Decay rears altars on either hand.
 O'er western mountains the dark clouds hover,
 Foretelling the chill of approaching showers ;
 The Summer pride of the woods is over,
 And droop in languor the seeded flowers.

Behold the fields that so lately nourish'd
 For man their treasures of golden grain ;
 Behold the gardens that glowing flourish'd
 With all the splendours of Flora's train ;
 Behold the groves that with leaf and blossom,
 Murmured at eve to the west wind's sway,—
 Lo ! all proclaim to the pensive bosom,
 We are of earth, and we pass away !

Oh, thus by the wimpling brook's meander,
 On a Sabbath morn, when all is still,
 It is pure and serene delight to wander,
 For peace encompasseth vale and hill ;
 And the waning tints of the earth before us,
 And the chasten'd hues of the sky above,
 And the red ash leaves that dangle o'er us,
 Like lessons of Faith to the spirit prove.

'Tis now that the thoughtful heart, pervaded
 By a spell, that quenches all earthward strife,
 In submission broods over prospects faded,
 And in colours real sees mortal life.
 Oh, shame now to the dark revealings
 Of anger and spleen towards brother man !
 Oh shame to guilt, and all sullied feelings,
 Which midnight consciences shrink to scan !

When we list to the hermit robin singing,
 With a warning voice, 'mid fading bowers,
 Think we not then how life is winging
 On to the tomb, which must soon be ours !
 The past—the past, like a mournful story,
 Lies traced on the map of thought unfurl'd ;
 And the future reveals the promised glory
 Of unending spring in another world !

Where are the visions that flash'd and cheated,
 With aurora beauty, our youthful sight ?
 The hopes that we nursed, are they not defeated ?
 Are the loves that bless'd us not quench'd in night ?
 And thus, in abstracted meditation,
 Over vanish'd beauty the spirit grieves,
 Joys lost—friends gone to death's silent nation
 Are to the heart but its wither'd leaves.

LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ. TO EMINENT LITERARY CHARACTERS.

No. XVIII.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

On the last Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, and on Washington Irving's Tales of a Traveller.

DEAR NORTH,

This is a very wet, gloomy, and uncomfortable day, and I see no likelihood of my being able to stir abroad, therefore I have had a rousing fire made, and, for the first time these three weeks, my pen is in my fingers. You ask me to give you a review of Washington Irving's new book—My dear sir, you may depend upon it, that there is very little to be said upon this book, that can be at all instructive to those who have read it, and compared it with Mr Irving's previous publications. Its character will be at once appreciated: it is one of those productions concerning which there cannot be any diversity of opinion whatever. But your wishes are commands to me, and I shall while away a misty hour, in an endeavour to obey you.

Before I begin, however, allow me to say a word or two on things in general. I have run over the last Numbers of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews with feelings of tedium and disgust, in which I would fain hope every sensible person participates. To say the truth, Christopher, the belles-lettres criticism of our day, is waning very rapidly to its total extinction; and unless you turn your attention to these matters with a seriousness and pith beyond even what your pages have hitherto exemplified, I honestly confess I see no chance of the affair outliving another twelvemonth. In the last Jeffrey there are but three articles which have any relation to the elegant literature of the day, and I am concerned to say, that more melancholy specimens than at least two of them could not be discovered in even the most trashy periodicals of our time. Who reviewed Mr John Dunlop's History of Roman Literature I know not—but whoever he is, he is one of the shallowest praters that ever contaminated the fields of classical disquisition by his touch. He prates about the history of the Latin tongue in a style of ignorance which would have been sneered at even a hundred years ago, but

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which, at this time of day, is really deserving of something more than a mere sneer. He is obviously quite as much in the dark as to all that the great philologers of the last fifty or sixty years have done, as if he had written anno Domini 1724. He is ignorant even of the hackneyed distinction between Goth and Celt, and chatters as absurdly about the ancient population of Europe, as any old Greek could have done at the time when anything westwards or northwards of Greece was barbarous, and unworthy of being at all considered in the eyes of the most self-sufficient race that ever existed on the surface of the earth. This man has never heard of the clear, complete, and satisfactory theory of European language, with which every scholar in Europe has been made familiar, by the labours of Herder, Adelung, and their disciples. His notions of etymology, and the history of speech, are as dark as those of Samuel Johnson—or even of that man of lead Todd. The Latin language is according to him Æolic Greek, much mingled with *Oriental*, and slightly, with *Celtic* dialects. Poor man! Celtic dialects! he might as well talk of grafting the oak upon the alder. The *Greeks* who colonized Italy, were *Goths* themselves, and they found *Gothic* tribes in possession of that country—these Gothic tribes had many ages before driven the original Celts beyond the Alps, and, if this man had known anything at all about Greek, or Latin, or Gothic, he would have known that every monument that has descended to us, of the language of the Italian tribes conquered by the Romans, proves that these tribes were Gothic tribes, who had attained different degrees of progress in the work of polishing their Gothic dialects—some of them acting upon the same principles which guided the Greeks in the work of polishing their Gothic dialect, and others upon very nearly the same principles that have conducted the refinement of the Gothic dialects, now in use over the greater part

of the European world. This man cannot even have read Rose's Letters from the North of Italy.—But really, it is too much to think of exposing such an ignorant in more than a single sentence. In talking of the formation of the Latin tongue, he says, (p. 391) "The portion derived from the Celtic or Teutonic, is exceedingly small." He might as well have spoken of the Gaelic or Greek; and indeed, he has committed, precisely and *literatim*, that very blunder, although how this should be so, he will no more be able to understand, even when he reads my words, than is the King of Ashantee to comprehend the principle of Sir Humphrey Davy's safety-lamp. As for explaining to him how a dialect could be at once Oriental, Gothic, and Greek, I beg to be excused throwing pearls to porkers. It is sufficient to have given all who understand anything about such matters, a glimpse of the awful cimmerianism of the philologer and classical critic of the Edinburgh Review. What I have already said, is indeed more than enough to satisfy every scholar that Mr Jeffrey has been constrained to entrust this department of his work to some worthy, quite upon a level as to knowledge and sense, with the other hero who seems to have assumed the chair as to all questions of English belles-lettres and poetry, in the same glorious journal.

I allude, of course, to the egregious idiot, who has of late been suffered to cockneyfy the contemporary criticism of Mr Jeffrey's oracle—the ass who, about this time last year, puffed the leading paragraphs of the Sunday papers—who, in the penult number, communicated to us his pathetic sensations on discovering a kilted Celt (*not* a Goth or Teuton, Mr Philologer) with old blue and yellow in one hand, and a stick of brimstone in the other—and who, *unus et idem*, has now gratified the world by talking of Keats, Shelley, Hunt, and BYRON, as "four friends, poets, and patriots!" This, assuredly, is the *ultimatum*. I happen to know that Lord Byron, when Johnny Keats was first mentioned in the Edinburgh Review, wrote a pamphlet in which he, Lord Byron, expressed his opinion (justified by the fact) that the Edinburgh Review would never hold up its head, after stooping to the degradation of lauding

such a brainless creature as Johnny. I know that this letter was seen by half Mayfair—and I call upon John Cam Hobhouse, Esq. in particular, to deny that such a pamphlet existed, if he dares.—I also know that Lord Byron was disgusted beyond endurance, when King Leigh came to Italy, and that he cut his majesty very soon, in a paroxysm of loathing. I also know that he had no respect for Shelley, *except as a translator*. I know all these things, and they can all be proved, and one day, full surely, they will all be proved.—And yet Jeffrey, who *must* know them as well as I, suffers this animal to eat away the little remains of the Edinburgh Review's character, like a very ulcer. He should recollect that he won't have the excuse *now*, he had such reason to rejoice in on occasion of that glorious roar of laughter that rung forth, when the article "on the periodical press" made itself known to old Momus. He was not in Switzerland this time—and Messrs Thomson and Murray won't share the blame of a *betise* they have had nothing to do with. At least I would not, if I were in their shoes.

The third of those affairs—that on Spanish poetry—is obviously the production of some very young man, who has got together five or six of the most common books about Spanish literature, and woven an article out of them, wherein nothing either very intelligible or very striking is brought forth. He seems, however, to have a command of language; and some of his verse translations are pretty, though they are far too faithless and ornamented to be of any sort of value in the way he wishes us to suppose. For example, to take the first stanza he prints, he renders

"—— La escondida
Senda por donde han ido
Los pocos sabios que en el mundo han
sido,"

by

"—— the narrow way—
The silence of the secret road,
That leads the soul to virtue and to
God!!!"

This person has no right to sneer at Dr Southey's translations as "somewhat paraphrastic!" However, this is infinitely a better hand than the other two, and may turn out a good one.

Turn we to the dun cover of the Quarterly, and, sorry am I to say the

thing, we shall find it is little better than out of the frying-pan into the fire. This is a horribly dull Quarterly—one of the heaviest Gifford has ever put through his fingers. The Essay about Political Economy is another of Dr Southey's absurd pawings at a matter of which he never can understand one jot. The Review of Paulding's impertinent book—"Old England, by a New Englandman," is the best thing in the Number, and yet no very great matter, considering the rich fund of fun a *Quarterly* Reviewer ought to have found in it. They are, in general, too bitter when they play the quizzers. Why waste so many words about exposing the obvious fact, that this Paulding never crossed the Atlantic, but merely copied and mangled the trash of *guides, tours, and road-books*? Why not say a thing like this in three words, and then amuse us with a few prime specimens of the idiot's impudence? But some people are always apt to take the coal-hammer to the bumble-bee. This, however, must not be overlooked, that Mr Gifford has of late had a horrid fright about an American business, and may have pared this article sadly as it went through his fingers. For his fright, vide the awkward-looking note with which the Number concludes.

"In the Article on 'Faux's Memorable Days in America,' (Q. R. No. LVIII.) a passage was introduced from that work, reflecting on the reputation of the lady of Mr Law. We have since been fully satisfied that every part of the statement in which she is mentioned is devoid of truth; and we therefore take this opportunity of expressing our regret that a calumny so unfounded should have been unwittingly copied into our pages.

"Now we have mentioned this Article, we may add, that in saying, 'it was not mentioned by what means Mr Law acquired his immense property in India,' there was no thought whatever of impeaching his integrity. We know no more of Mr Law than Faux tells us; and merely meant to say, that nothing was to be found in his work respecting the capacity in which Mr Law acted in India, or the situation which he held."

Now the fact is, that one of this Mr Law's family lately came over to England; for the express purpose of pulling the nose of the person who reviewed Faux's "Memorable Things" in the Quarterly. He went to Barrow, who said he had not written the article, (as, indeed, any one who knows

anything of style might have seen with half an eye;) he then attacked Gifford, Murray, &c. but without success. It was, however, agreed, that the next Review should contain an eating in of the calumnies about the Laws. That on Mrs Law is, I admit, gulped in a manful enough fashion; but the other leek (the story about Law himself) is, I humbly submit, got down in a most awkward and equivocating fashion indeed by poor Pistol. The "since the affair has been mentioned, we may as well," &c. is a lamentable get-off, considering that "*we may as well*" means exactly *we must*; and as for the assertion, that no sneer whatever about Law's history in India had been intended, I shall only say, that if it was not intended, the Quarterly hero must plead guilty of very considerable absurdity in his choice of language.—But let it pass—Glory be to St David!

The bibliopolic influence which so notoriously sways the course and tenor of this Review, is sufficiently apparent in fifty different by-hits scattered over this Number of it. How long will the *public* suffer the existence of this odious, this pestiferous humbug, which all these Reviews play off to the excitement of so much nausea in all who really have eyes to see and ears to hear? How long is it to be a matter of dead certainty, that the Quarterly will puff off as first-rate characters all Mr Murray's authors,—the Edinburgh all Mr Constable's,—the New Monthly all Mr Colbourn's,—and so forth? I confess I, for one, rejoice in the extent to which this affair is carried at the present time, for this one sufficient reason, that I think the veil is now so very egregiously, and staringly, and strikingly transparent, that nobody can much longer refuse to see through it. The Edinburgh Review says, that Basil Hall's book on South America is one of the first books of our time,—the Quarterly, that it is no great shakes. The Quarterly says, that Basil Hall's book on Lochoo is a grand affair,—the Edinburgh sneers at it.—Why so?—Mr Murray published the Lochoo—Mr Constable the South America.—There is the whole mystery. The Edinburgh Review scoffs at the Edition of Lady Suffolk's Letters, as a work full of stupidity and ignorance—the Quarterly holds it up as the very model and beau-ideal of editions.

—Why not?—Croker edited, and Murray published it; and this being the case, I could have told six months ago, just as well as I can now, that its fate was to be landed in the Dun-coloured, and derided and vilipended in the Blue and Yellow. This is really becoming a fine concern.

In the next Number of the Quarterly, there will be, *inter alia*, a fine puff of Washington Irving's "Tales of a Traveller," because Mr Irving's publisher is Mr Murray,—and there will also be a puff of it in the Edinburgh;—first, because Mr Irving is an American, and, secondly, because his book is not of the kind to interfere at all with any of Mr Constable's own publications. But I am really sick of exposing all this nonsensical stuff.—So turn we to Mr Washington himself, and see what is to be said of these volumes by a plain impartial man, who has nothing to do either with Murray or Constable, and who thinks neither the better nor the worse of a man for being born in New York.

I have been miserably disappointed in the "Tales of a Traveller." Three years have elapsed since the publication of Bracebridge Hall, and it had been generally given out that the author was travelling about the Continent at a great rate, collecting the materials for a work of greater and more serious importance. Above all, it was known that Mr Irving had gone, *for the first time*, to Italy and to Germany; and high expectations were avowed as to the treasures he would bring back from these chosen seats of the classical and the romantic, the beautiful and the picturesque.* With the exception of a very few detached pieces, such as the description of the Stage-coachman, and the story of the Stout Gentleman, Mr Irving's sketches of English life and manners had certainly made no lasting impression on the public mind. Everybody recognized the pen of a practised writer, the feelings of an honourable and kind-hearted man, and occasional flashes of a gently-pleasing humour in the tournure of a sentence, but, on the whole, they were but insipid diet. There was no reality about his Yorkshire halls, squires, parsons, gipsies, and generals; and his pathos was not only very poor, but very affected in point of fact, awkward and unmeaning were the only epithets any-

body thought of applying to such matters as his Essay on Windsor Castle, and James I. of Scotland, his "Broken Heart," his Student of Salamanca, &c. &c. These affairs were universally voted Washington Irving's balaam, and the balaam unquestionably bore in Bracebridge Hall a proportion of altogether insufferable preponderance. But all this was kindly put up with. It was said that the author had been too hasty, in his anxiety to keep up the effect he had produced in his Sketch-book; and that, having dressed up all his best English materials in that work, he had, *ex necessitate*, served up a hash in the successor. But give him time, allow him to think of matters calmly and quietly, open new fields of observation to him, and you shall see once more the pen of Knickerbocker in its pristine glory. This was the general *say*, and when Germany was mentioned, everybody was certain that the third *Sketch-book* would not only rival, but far surpass the first.

The more benign the disposition, the worse for Mr Irving now. He has been not only all over Germany, but all over Italy too; and he has produced a book, which, for aught I see, might have been written, not in three years, but in three months, without stirring out of a garret in London, and this not by Mr Irving alone, but by any one of several dozens of ready penmen about town, with whose names, if it were worth while, I could easily enliven your pages. The ghost stories, with which the greater part of the first volume is occupied, are, with one exception, old, and familiar to everybody conversant in that sort of line. The story of the Beheaded Lady, in particular, has not only been told in print ere now, but much better told than it is in Mr Irving's edition. To say the truth, a gentleman like this, who goes about gaping for stories to make up books withal, should be excessively scrupulous indeed, ere he sets to work upon anything he hears. A new story is a thing not to be met with above once or twice in the ten years; and the better a story is, the more are the chances always against its being new to other people, whatever it may be to one's self. Mr Irving, being evidently a man of limited reading, ought to have consulted

* For example, vide the grand puff about this in Dibdin's ridiculous "Guide to a

some more erudite friend, ere he put most of these things to press. My own dear D'Israeli alone could, I venture to say, have shewn him printed and reprinted editions of three-fourths of them, in one half hour's *sederunt* over a sea-coal fire in the British Museum. It is becoming daily a more dangerous thing to pillage the Germans, and I strongly advise Mr Irving to be more on his guard the next time.

The matter of these ghost stories of his, however, is not the only, nor even the chief thing, I have to find fault with. They are old stories, and I am sorry to add, they are not improved by their new dress. The tone in which Mr Irving does them up, is quite wrong. A ghost story *ought* to be a ghost story. Something like seriousness is absolutely necessary, in order to its producing any effect at all upon the mind—and the sort of half-witty vein, the little dancing quirks, &c. &c. with which these are set forth, entirely destroy the whole matter. [I speak of his management of European superstitions, be it noticed, and not at all of the American.] There were some ghost stories in the Album, well worth half a ton of these. The Fox-hunters are *crambe recocata*, and bad *crumbe* too; for Mr Irving no more understands an English fox-hunter, than I do an American judge. The same thing may be said of the whole most hackneyed story of Buckthorne, which is a miserable attempt at an English Wilhelm Meister; and yet one can with difficulty imagine a man of Mr Irving's sense producing this lame thing at all, if he had read *recently* either that work or the *Roman Comique*. Buckthorne is really a bad thing—*nulla virtute redemptum*. A boarding-school miss might have written it.

But the German part of the adventure has turned out exactly nothing, and this will perhaps be the greatest mortification to those who open Mr Irving's new book. Anybody, at least, who had read Knickerbocker, and who knew Deutschland, either the upper or the nether, *must* have expected a rich repast indeed, of Meinherren and Mynheers. All this expectation is met with a mere cipher. There is nothing German here at all, except that the preface is dated *Mentz*, and that the author has cribbed from the German books he has been dabbling in, some fables which have not the merit either

of being originally or characteristically German.

The Italy, too, is a sad failure—very sad, indeed. Here is an American, a man of letters, a man of observation, a man of feeling, a man of taste. He goes, with a very considerable literary reputation, as his passport at once and his stimulus, to the most interesting region, perhaps, in the old world, and he brings from it absolutely nothing except a few very hackneyed tales of the Abruzzi Bandits, not a bit better than Mrs Maria Graham's trash, and the narrative of a grand robbery perpetrated on the carriage of Mr Alderman Popkins! The story of the Inn at Terracina is, perhaps, as pure a specimen of Leadenhall-street common-place, as has appeared for some time past. Why a man of education and talent should have ventured to put forth such poor second-hand, second-rate manufactures, at this time of day, it entirely passes my imagination to conceive.—Good Heavens! are we come to this, that men of this rank cannot even make a robbery terrific, or a love-story tolerable? But, seriously, the use Mr Irving has made of his Italian travels, must sink his character very wofully. It proves him to be devoid not only of all classical recollections, but of all genuine enthusiasm of any kind; and I believe you will go along with me when I say, that without enthusiasm of some sort, not even a humourist can be really successful. If Mr Irving had no eyes for tower, temple, and tree, he should at least have shewn one for peasants and pageants. But there is nothing whatever in his Italian Sketches that might not have been produced very easily by a person (and not a very clever person neither) who had merely read a few books of travels, or *talked* with a few travellers. Rome, Venice, Florence, Naples—this gentleman has been over them all, crayon in hand, and his Sketch-book is, wherever it is not a blank, a blunder.

Mr Irving, after writing perhaps after printing one volume, and three-fourths of another, seems to have been suddenly struck with a conviction of the worthlessness of the materials that had thus been passing through his hands; and in a happy day, and a happy hour, he determined to fill up the remaining fifty or sixty pages, not with milk-and-water stuff about ghosts.

and banditti, but with some of his own old genuine stuff—the quaintnesses of the ancient Dutch heers and frows of the delicious land of the Manhattoes. The result is, that this small section of his book is not only worth the bulk of it five hundred times over, but really, and in every respect, worthy of himself and his fame. This will live, the rest will die in three months.

I do most sincerely hope this elegant person will no longer refuse to believe what has been told him very often, that all real judges are quite agreed as to the enormous, the infinite, and immeasurable superiority of his American Sketches over all his European ones. If he does not, he may go on publishing pretty octavos with John Murray for several years to come; and he may maintain a very pretty rank among the Mayfair blue-stockings, and their half-emasculated hangers-on; but he must infallibly sink altogether in the eyes of really intelligent and manly readers—whose judgment, moreover, is always sure, at no very distant period, to silence and overpower the mere “*commenta opinio-num*.”

It is, indeed, high time that Mr Irving should begin to ask of himself a serious question,—“What is it that I am to be known by hereafter?” He is now a man towards fifty—nearly twenty years have passed since his first and as yet his best production, “the History of New York,” made its appearance. He has most certainly made no progress in any one literary qualification since then. There is far keener and readier wit in that book,—far, far richer humour, far more ingenious satire, than in all that have come after it put together; and, however reluctant he may be to hear it said, the style of that book is by miles and miles superior to that in which he now, almost always, writes.

Long ere now, Mr Irving must, I should think, have made considerable discoveries as to the nature and extent of his own powers. In the first place, he must be quite aware that he has no inventive faculties at all, taking that phrase in its proper and more elevated sense. He has never invented an incident—unless, which I much doubt, the *idea* of the Stout Gentleman’s story was his own;—and as for inventing characters, why, he has not even made an attempt at that.

Secondly, The poverty and bareness of his European Sketches alone, when compared with the warmth and richness of his old American ones, furnishes the clearest evidence that he is not a man of much liveliness of imagination; nothing has, it seems, excited him profoundly since he was a stripling roaming about the wild woods of his province, and enjoying the qucer *fat goings-on* of the Dutch-descended burghers of New York. This is not the man that should call himself, as if *par excellence*, a traveller—*cælum non animum mutat*,—he is never at home, to any purpose at least, except among the Yankees.

Thirdly, Mr Irving must be aware that he cannot write anything serious to much effect. This argues a considerable lack of pith in the whole foundations of his mind, for the world has never seen a great humourist who was nothing but a humourist. Cervantes was a poet of poets—and Swift was Swift. A mere joker’s jokes go for little. One wishes to consider the best of these things as an amusement for one’s self, and as having been an exertion of the *unbending* powers only of their creator. Now Mr Irving being, which he certainly is, aware of these great and signal deficiencies, is surely acting in a foolish fashion, when he publishes such books as The Tales of a Traveller. If he wishes to make for himself a really enduring reputation, he must surpass considerably his previous works—I mean he must produce works of more uniform and entire merit than any of them, for he never can do anything better than some fragments he has done already. He must, for this purpose, take time, for it is obvious that he is by no means a rapid collector of materials, whatever the facility of his penmanship may be. Farther, he must at once cut all ideas of writing about European matters. He can never be anything but an imitator of our Goldsmiths here,—on his own soil he *may* rear a name and a monument, *are perennius*, for himself. No, he must allow his mind to dwell upon the only images which it ever can give back with embellished and strengthened hues. He must riot in pumpkin pies, grinning negroes, smoking skippers, plump jolly little Dutch maidens, and their grizzly-periwigged papas. This is his world, and he must stick to it. Out of it, it is but too ap-

parent now he never can make the name of Washington Irving what that name ought to be.

Perhaps there would be no harm if Mr Irving gave rather more scope to his own real feelings in his writings. A man of his power and mind must have opinions of one kind or another, in regard to the great questions which have in every age and country had the greatest interest for the greatest minds. Does he suppose that any popularity really worthy a *man's* ambition, is to be gained by a determined course of smooth speaking? Does he really imagine that he can be "all things to all men," in the Albemarle Street sense of the phrase, without emasculating his genius, and destroying its chances of perpetuating fame? I confess, there is to me something not unlike impertinence, in the wondrous caution with which this gentleman avoids speaking his mind. Does he suppose that we should be either sorry or angry, if he spoke out now and then like a Republican, about matters of political interest? He may relieve himself from this humane anxiety as to our peace of mind. There is no occasion for lugging in politics direct in works of fiction, but I must say, that I cannot think it natural for any man to write in these days so many volumes as Mr Irving has written, without in some way or other expressing his opinions and feelings. He is, indeed, "A gentle sailor, and for summer seas." But he may depend on it, that nobody has ever taken a strong hold of the *English* mind, whose own mind has not had for one of its first characteristics, *manliness*; and I have far too great a respect for the American mind, to have any doubts that the same thing will be said of it by any one, who, two or three hundred years hence, casts his eye over that American literature, which, I hope, will, ere then, be the glorious rival of our own.

But enough for this time. Few people have admired Mr Irving more than myself—few have praised him more—and certainly few wish him and his career better than I do at this moment. I shall, however, make no fine speeches, but wind up with quoting two or three things from these volumes, which will illustrate what I have been saying, or trying to say about them; and I shall take care, that at least one of my extracts shall be an amusing fragment,

for such of your readers as may not have seen the book itself.

Take this as a specimen of Mr Irving's power of describing the emotions of love in a young and enthusiastic and *Italian* mind.

"Among the various works which he had undertaken, was an historical piece for one of the palaces of Genoa, in which were to be introduced the likenesses of several of the family. Among these was one intrusted to my pencil. It was that of a young girl, who as yet was in the convent for her education. She came out for the purpose of sitting for the picture. I first saw her in an apartment of one of the sumptuous palaces of Genoa. She stood before a casement that looked out upon the bay; a stream of vernal sunshine fell upon her, and shed a kind of glory around her, as it lit up the rich crimson chamber.—She was but sixteen years of age—and oh, how lovely! The scene broke upon me like a mere vision of spring and youth and beauty. I could have fallen down and worshipped her. She was like one of those fictions of poets and painters, when they would express the *beau-ideal* that haunts their minds with shapes of indescribable perfection. I was permitted to sketch her countenance in various positions, and I fondly protracted the study that was undoing me. The more I gazed on her, the more I became enamoured; there was something almost painful in my intense admiration. I was but nineteen years of age, shy, diffident, and inexperienced. I was treated with attention by her mother; for my youth and my enthusiasm in my art had won favour for me; and I am inclined to think that there was something in my air and manner that inspired interest and respect. Still the kindness with which I was treated could not dispel the embarrassment into which my own imagination threw me when in presence of this lovely being. It elevated her into something almost more than mortal. She seemed too exquisite for earthly use; too delicate and exalted for human attainment. As I sat tracing her charms on my canvass, with my eyes occasionally rivetted on her features, I drank in delicious poison that made me giddy. My heart alternately gushed with tenderness, and ached with despair.—Now I became more than ever sensible of the violent fires that had lain dormant at the bottom of my soul. You who are born in a more temperate climate, and under a cooler sky, have little idea of the violence of passion in our southern bosoms."

Compare the following with its parent scene in *Peregrine Pickle*, or the somewhat similar one in *Humphry Clinker*, where the boots are run for.

"I was surprised to find between twenty and thirty guests assembled, most of whom I had never seen before. Mr Buckthorne explained this to me by informing me that this was a business dinner, or kind of field-day, which the house gave about twice a-year to its authors. It is true they did occasionally give snug dinners to three or four literary men at a time; but then these were generally select authors, favourites of the public, such as had arrived at their sixth or seventh editions. 'There are,' said he, 'certain geographical boundaries in the land of literature, and you may judge tolerably well of an author's popularity by the wine his bookseller gives him. An author crosses the port line about the third edition, and gets into claret; and when he has reached the sixth or seventh, he may revel in champagne and burgundy.'

"'And pray,' said I, 'how far may these gentlemen have reached that I see around me; are any of these claret-drinkers?'

"'Not exactly, not exactly. You find at these great dinners the common steady run of authors, one, two edition men; or if any others are invited, they are aware that it is a kind of republican meeting.—You understand me—a meeting of the republic of letters; and that they must expect nothing but plain, substantial fare.'

"These hints enabled me to comprehend more fully the arrangement of the table. The two ends were occupied by two partners of the house; and the host seemed to have adopted Addison's idea as to the literary precedence of his guests. A popular poet had the post of honour: opposite to whom was a hot-pressed traveller in quarto with plates. A grave-looking antiquarian, who had produced several solid works, that were much quoted and little read, was treated with great respect, and seated next to a neat dressy gentleman in black, who had written a thin, genteel, hot-pressed octavo on political economy, that was getting into fashion. Several three volume duodecimo men, of fair currency, were placed about the centre of the table; while the lower end was taken up with small poets, translators, and authors who had not as yet risen into much notoriety.

"The conversation during dinner was by fits and starts; breaking out here and there in various parts of the table in small flashes, and ending in smoke. The poet, who had the confidence of a man on good terms with the world, and independent of his bookseller, was very gay and brilliant, and said many clever things which set the partner next him in a roar, and delighted all the company. The other partner, however, maintained his sodateness, and kept carving on, with the air of a thorough man of business, intent upon the occupation of the moment. His gravity was explained to me by — friend Buckthorne. He informed me

bly distributed among the partners. 'Thus, for instance,' said he, 'the grave gentleman is the carving partner, who attends to the joints; and the other is the laughing partner, who attends to the jokes.'

"The general conversation was chiefly carried on at the upper end of the table, as the authors there seemed to possess the greatest courage of the tongue. As to the crew at the lower end, if they did not make much figure in talking, they did in eating. Never was there a more determined, inveterate, thoroughly sustained attack on the trencher than by this phalanx of masticators. When the cloth was removed, and the wine began to circulate, they grew very merry and jocose among themselves. Their jokes, however, if by chance any of them reached the upper end of the table, seldom produced much effect. Even the laughing partner did not seem to think it necessary to honour them with a smile; which my neighbour Buckthorne accounted for, by informing me that there was a certain degree of popularity to be obtained before a bookseller could afford to laugh at an author's jokes.

"Among this crew of questionable gentlemen thus seated below the salt, my eye singled out one in particular. He was rather shabbily dressed; though he had evidently made the most of a rusty black coat, and wore his shirt frill plaited and puffed out voluminously at the bosom. His face was dusky, but florid, perhaps a little too florid, particularly about the nose; though the rosy hue gave the greater lustre to a twinkling black eye. He had a little the look of a boon companion, with that dash of a poor devil in it which gives an inexpressibly mellow tone to a man's humour. I had seldom seen a face of richer promise; but never was promise so ill kept. He said nothing, ate and drank with the keen appetite of a garretier, and scarcely stopped to laugh, even at the good jokes from the upper end of the table. I inquired who he was. Buckthorne looked at him attentively: 'Gad,' said he, 'I have seen that face before, but where, I cannot recollect. He cannot be an author of any note. I suppose some writer of sermons, or grinder of foreign travels.'"

The following reads like one of the flimsiest imitations of the Goldsmith vein in Bonnell Thornton, or some of the minor wits of the Mirror.

"I now entered London, *en cavalier*, and became a blood upon town. I took fashionable lodgings in the west end; employed the first tailor; frequented the regular lounges; gambled a little; lost my money good-humouredly, and gained a number of fashionable, good-for-nothing acquaintances. I gained some reputation, also, for a man of science, having become an expert boxer in the course of my studies at Oxford. I was distinguished, there-

fore, among the gentlemen of the fancy; became hand in glove with certain boxing noblemen, and was the admiration of the Fives Court. A gentleman's science, however, is apt to get him into sad scrapes: he is too prone to play the knight-errant, and to pick up quarrels which less scientific gentlemen would quietly avoid. I undertook one day to punish the insolence of a porter: he was a Hercules of a fellow, but then I was so secure in my science! I gained the victory of course. The porter pocketed his humiliation, bound up his broken head, and went about his business as unconcerned as though nothing had happened; while I went to bed with my victory, and did not dare to show my battered face for a fortnight, by which I discovered that a gentleman may have the worst of the battle even when victorious.

"I am naturally a philosopher, and no one can moralize better after a misfortune has taken place: so I lay on my bed and moralized on this sorry ambition, which levels the gentleman with the clown. I know it is the opinion of many sages, who thought deeply on these matters, that the noble science of boxing keeps up the bulldog courage of the nation; and far be it from me to decry the advantage of becoming a nation of bull-dogs; but I now saw clearly that it was calculated to keep up the breed of English ruffians. 'What is the Fives Court,' said I to myself, as I turned uncomfortably in bed, 'but a college of scoundrelism, where every bully-ruffian in the land may gain a fellowship? What is the slang language of the 'Fancy' but a jargon by which fools and knaves commune and understand each other, and enjoy a kind of superiority over the uninitiated? What is a boxing-match but an arena, where the noble and the illustrious are jostled into familiarity with the infamous and the vulgar? What, in fact, is The Fancy itself, but a chain of easy communication, extending from the peer down to the pickpocket, through the medium of which, a man of rank may find, he has shaken hands, at three removes, with the murderer on the gibbet?"

"'Enough!' ejaculated I, thoroughly convinced through the force of my philosophy, and the pain of my bruises—'I'll have nothing more to do with The Fancy.' So when I had recovered from my victory, I turned my attention to softer themes, and became a devoted admirer of the ladies. Had I had more industry and ambition in my nature, I might have worked my way to the very height of fashion, as I saw many laborious gentlemen doing around me. But it is a toilsome, an anxious, and an unhappy life: there are few beings so sleepless and miserable as your cultivators of fashionable smiles. I was quite content with that kind of society which forms the frontiers of fashion, and may be easily taken pos-

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session of. I found it a light, easy, productive soil. I had but to go about and sow visiting cards, and I reaped a whole harvest of invitations. Indeed, my figure and address were by no means against me. It was whispered, too, among the young ladies, that I was prodigiously clever, and wrote poetry; and the old ladies had ascertained that I was a young gentleman of good family, handsome fortune, and 'great expectations.'"

All this is melancholy trash. I quote it on purpose to let your readers (who have not seen the book) feel as the reader of the book really does, when Mr Irvine gets rid of Europe, and sets foot on his native shores.—*Ecce signum!*

"In the year of grace, one thousand seven hundred and—blank—for I do not remember the precise date; however, it was somewhere in the early part of the last century, there lived in the ancient city of the Manhattoes a worthy burgher, Wolfert Webber by name. He was descended from old Cobus Webber of the Brille in Holland, one of the original settlers, famous for introducing the cultivation of cabbages, and who came over to the province during the protectorship of Oloffte Van Kortlandt, otherwise called the Dreamer.

"The field in which Cobus Webber first planted himself and his cabbages had remained ever since in the family, who continued in the same line of husbandry, with that praiseworthy perseverance for which our Dutch burghers are noted. The whole family-genius, during several generations, was devoted to the study and development of this one noble vegetable, and to this concentration of intellect may, doubtless, be ascribed the prodigious size and renown to which the Webber cabbages attained.

"The Webber dynasty continued in uninterrupted succession; and never did a line give more unquestionable proofs of legitimacy. The eldest son succeeded to the looks as well as the territory of his sire; and had the portraits of this line of tranquil potentates been taken, they would have presented a row of heads marvellously resembling, in shape and magnitude, the vegetables over which they reigned.

"The seat of government continued unchanged in the family-mansion, a Dutch-built house, with a front, or rather gable-end, of yellow brick, tapering to a point, with the customary iron weathercock at the top. Everything about the building bore the air of long-settled ease and security. Flights of martins peopled the little coops nailed against its walls, and swallows built their nests under the eaves; and every one knows that these house-loving birds bring good luck to the dwelling where they take up their abode. In a bright sunny morning, in early summer, it was delectable to

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hear their cheerful notes as they sported about in the pure sweet air, chirping forth, as it were, the greatness and prosperity of the Webbers.

"Thus quietly and comfortably did this excellent family vegetate under the shade of a mighty button-wood tree, which, by little and little, grew so great, as entirely to overshadow their palace. The city gradually spread its suburbs round their domain. Houses sprang up to interrupt their prospects; the rural lanes in the vicinity began to grow into the bustle and populousness of streets; in short, with all the habits of rustic life, they began to find themselves the inhabitants of a city. Still, however, they maintained their hereditary character and hereditary possessions with all the tenacity of petty German princes in the midst of the empire. Wolfert was the last of the line, and succeeded to the patriarchal bench at the door, under the family-tree, and swayed the sceptre of his fathers, a kind of rural potentate in the midst of a metropolis.

"To share the cares and sweets of sovereignty, he had taken unto himself a help-mate, one of that excellent kind called stirring women, that is to say, she was one of those notable little housewives who are always busy when there is nothing to do. Her activity, however, took one particular direction: her whole life seemed devoted to intense knitting; whether at home or abroad, walking or sitting, her needles were continually in motion; and it is even affirmed, that, by her unwearied industry, she very nearly supplied her household with stockings throughout the year. This worthy couple were blessed with one daughter, who was brought up with great tenderness and care; uncommon pains had been taken with her education, so that she could stitch in every variety of way; make all kinds of pickles and preserves, and mark her own name on a sampler. The influence of her taste was seen, also, in the family-garden, where the ornamental began to mingle with the useful; whole rows of fiery marigolds and splendid hollyhocks bordered the cabbage-beds, and gigantic sun-flowers lolled their broad jolly faces over the fences, seeming to ogle most affectionately the passers-by.

"Thus reigned and vegetated Wolfert Webber over his paternal acres, peacefully and contentedly. Not but that, like all other sovereigns, he had his occasional cares and vexations. The growth of his native city sometimes caused him annoyance. His little territory gradually became hemmed in by streets and houses, which intercepted air and sunshine. He was now and then subjected to the irruptions of the border population that infest the skirts of a metropolis; who would sometimes make midnight forays into his dominions, and carry off captive whole platoons of his no-

blest subjects. Vagrant swine would make a descent, too, now and then, when the gate was left open, and lay all waste before them; and mischievous urchins would often decapitate the illustrious sun-flowers, the glory of the garden, as they lolled their heads so fondly over the walls. Still all these were petty grievances, which might now and then ruffle the surface of his mind, as a summer breeze will ruffle the surface of a mill-pond, but they could not disturb the deep-seated quiet of his soul. He would but seize a trusty staff that stood behind the door, issue suddenly out, and anoint the back of the aggressor, whether pig or urchin, and then return within doors, marvelously refreshed and tranquillized.

"The chief cause of anxiety to honest Wolfert, however, was the growing prosperity of the city. The expenses of living doubled and trebled; but he could not double and treble the magnitude of his cabages; and the number of competitors prevented the increase of price: thus, therefore, while every one around him grew richer, Wolfert grew poorer; and he could not, for the life of him, perceive how the evil was to be remedied.

"This growing care, which increased from day to day, had its gradual effect upon our worthy burgher; inasmuch, that it at length implanted two or three wrinkles in his brow; things unknown before in the family of the Webbers; and it seemed to pinch up the corners of his cocked hat into an expression of anxiety totally opposite to the tranquil, broad-brimmed, low-crowned beavers of his illustrious progenitors.

"Perhaps even this would not have materially disturbed the serenity of his mind had he had only himself and his wife to care for; but there was his daughter gradually growing to maturity; and all the world knows when daughters begin to ripen, no fruit nor flower requires so much looking after. I have no talent at describing female charms, else fain would I depict the progress of this little Dutch beauty. How her blue eyes grew deeper and deeper, and her cherry lips redder and redder; and how she ripened and ripened, and rounded and rounded, in the opening breath of sixteen summers; until in her seventeenth spring she seemed ready to burst out of her bodice, like a half-blown rose-bud.

"Ah, well-a-day! could I but show her as she was then, tricked out on a Sunday morning in the hereditary finery of the old Dutch clothes-press, of which her mother had confided to her the key. The wedding-dress of her grandmother modernized for use, with sundry ornaments, handed down as heir-looms in the family; her pale brown hair, smoothed with buttermilk in flat waving lines, on each side of her fair forehead; the chain of yellow virgin gold that encircled her neck; the little cross that just rested at the entrance of a soft valley of

happiness, as if it would sanctify the place; the—but, pooh—it is not for an old man like me to be prosing about female beauty. Suffice it to say, Amy had attained her seventeenth year. Long since had her sampler exhibited hearts in couples, desperately transfixt with arrows, and true lovers' knots, worked in deep blue silk; and it was evident she began to languish for some more interesting occupation than the rearing of sun-flowers, or pickling of cucumbers.

“At this critical period of female existence, when the heart within a damsel's bosom, like its emblem, the miniature which hangs without, is apt to be engrossed by a single image, a new visitor began to make his appearance under the roof of Wolfert Webber. This was Dirk W. Idron, the only son of a poor widow; but who could boast of more fathers than any lad in the province; for his mother had had four husbands, and this only child; so that, though born in her last wedlock, he might fairly claim to be the tardy fruit of a long course of cultivation. This son of four fathers united the merits and the vigour of his sires. If he had not had a great family before him, he seemed likely to have a great one after him; for you had only to look at the fresh buxom youth to see that he was formed to be the founder of a mighty race.

“This youngster gradually became an intimate visitor of the family. He talked little, but he sat long. He filled the father's pipe when it was empty; gathered up the mother's knitting needle or ball of worsted, when it fell to the ground; stroked the sleek coat of the tortoise-shell cat, and replenished the teapot for the daughter, from the bright copper kettle that sang before the fire. All these quiet little offices may seem of trifling import; but when true love is translated into Low Dutch, it is in this way that it eloquently expresses itself. They were not lost upon the Webber family. The winning youngster found marvellous favour in the eyes of the mother; the tortoise-shell cat, albeit the most staid and demure of her kind, gave indubitable signs of approbation of his visits; the tea-kettle seemed to sing out a cheery note of welcome at his approach; and if the shy glances of the daughter might be rightly read, as she sat bridling, and dimpling, and sewing by her mother's side, she was not a whit behind Dame Webber, or grimalkin, or the tea-kettle, in good will.

“Wolfert alone saw nothing of what was going on; profoundly wrapped up in meditation on the growth of the city, and his cabbages, he sat looking in the fire and puffing his pipe in silence. One night, however, as the gentle Amy, according to custom, lighted her lover to the outer door, and he, according to custom, took his parting salute, the smack resounded so vigorously through the long, silent entry, as to startle even the dull ear of Wolfert. He

was slowly roused to a new source of anxiety. It had never entered into his head, that this mere child, who, as it seemed, but the other day, had been climbing about his knees, and playing with dolls and baby-houses, could, all at once, be thinking of lovers and matrimony. He rubbed his eyes; examined into the fact; and really found, that while he had been dreaming of other matters, she had actually grown to be a woman, and what was worse, had fallen in love. Here arose new cares for poor Wolfert. He was a kind father; but he was a prudent man. The young man was a lively, stirring lad; but then he had neither money nor land. Wolfert's ideas all ran in one channel; and he saw no alternative, in case of a marriage, but to portion off the young couple with a corner of his cabbage-garden, the whole of which was barely sufficient for the support of his family.

“Like a prudent father, therefore, he determined to nip this passion in the bud, and forbade the youngster the house, though sorely did it go against his fatherly heart, and many a silent tear did it cause in the bright eye of his daughter. She shewed herself, however, a pattern of filial piety and obedience. She never pouted and sulked; she never flew in the face of parental authority; she never fell into a passion, or fell into hysterics, as many romantic novel-read young ladies would do. Not she, indeed! She was none such heroic rebellious trumpery, I'll warrant you. On the contrary, she acquiesced like an obedient daughter; shut the street-door in her lover's face; and if ever she did grant him an interview, it was either out of the kitchen window, or over the garden fence.

“Wolfert was deeply cogitating these matters in his mind, and his brow wrinkled with unusual care, as he wended his way one Saturday afternoon to a rural inn, about two miles from the city. It was a favourite resort of the Dutch part of the community, from being always held by a Dutch line of landlords, and retaining an air and relish of the good old times. It was a Dutch-built house, that had probably been a country-seat of some opulent burgher in the early time of the settlement. It stood near a point of land called Corlear's Hook, which stretches out into the Sound, and against which the tide, at its flux and reflux, sets with extraordinary rapidity. The venerable and somewhat crazy mansion was distinguished from afar by a grove of elms and sycamores, that seemed to wave a hospitable invitation, while a few weeping willows, with their dank, drooping foliage, resembling falling waters, gave an idea of coolness that rendered it an attractive spot during the heats of summer. Here, therefore, as I said, resorted many of the old inhabitants of the Manhattan, where, while some played at shuffleboard.

and quoits, and nine-pins, others smoked a deliberate pipe, and talked over public affairs.

"It was on a blustering autumnal afternoon that Wolfert made his visit to the inn. The groves of elms and willows was stripped of its leaves, which whirled in rustling eddies about the fields. The nine-pin alley was deserted, for the premature chillness of the day had driven the company within doors. As it was Saturday afternoon, the habitual club was in session, composed, principally, of regular Dutch burghers, though mingled occasionally with persons of various character and country, as is natural in a place of such motley population.

"Beside the fire-place, in a huge leather-bottomed arm-chair, sat the dictator of this little world, the venerable Ramm, or, as it was pronounced, Ramu Rapelye. He was a man of Wallon race, and illustrious for the antiquity of his line, his great grandmother having been the first white child born in the province. But he was still more illustrious for his wealth and dignity: he had long filled the noble office of alderman, and was a man to whom the Governor himself took off his hat. He had maintained possession of the leather-bottomed chair from time immemorial; and had gradually waxed in bulk as he sat in this seat of government, until, in the course of years, he filled its whole magnitude. His word was decisive with his subjects; for he was so rich a man that he was never expected to support any opinion by argument. The landlord waited on him with peculiar officiousness, not that he paid better than his neighbours; but then the coin of a rich man seems always to be so much more acceptable. The landlord had ever a pleasant word and a joke to insinuate in the ear of the august Ramm. It is true, Ramu never laughed, and, indeed, maintained a mastiff-like gravity and even surliness of aspect, yet he now and then rewarded mine host with a token of approbation; which, though nothing more nor less than a kind of grunt, yet delighted the landlord more than a broad laugh from a poorer man.

"'This will be a rough night for the money-diggers,' said mine host, as a gust of wind howled round the house and rattled at the windows.

"'What! are they at their works again?' said an English half-pay captain, with one eye, who was a frequent attendant at the inn.

"'Ay are they,' said the landlord, 'and well may they be. They've had luck of late. They say a great pot of money has been dug up in the field just behind Stuyvesant's Orchard. Folks think it must have been buried there in old times, the Dutch governor.'

"'Fudge!' said the one-eyed man-of-war, as he added a small portion of water to a bottom of brandy.

"'Well, you may believe or not, as you please,' said mine host, somewhat nettled; 'but everybody knows that the old governor buried a great deal of his money at the time of the Dutch troubles, when the English red-coats seized on the province. They say, too, the old gentleman walks; ay, and in the very same dress that he wears in the picture which hangs up in the family house.'

"'Fudge!' said the half-pay officer.

"'Fudge, if you please! But didn't Corny Van Zandt see him at midnight, stalking about in the meadow with his wooden leg, and a drawn sword in his hand, that flashed like fire? And what can he be walking for, but because people have been troubling the place where he buried his money in old times?'

"Here the landlord was interrupted by several guttural sounds from Ramu Rapelye, betokening that he was labouring with the unusual production of an idea. As he was too great a man to be slighted by a prudent publican, mine host respectfully paused until he should deliver himself. The corpulent frame of this mighty burgher now gave all the symptoms of a volcanic mountain on the point of an eruption. First there was a certain heaving of the abdomen, not unlike an earthquake; then was emitted a cloud of tobacco-smoke from that crater, his mouth; then there was a kind of rattle in the throat, as if the idea were working its way up through a region of phlegm; then there were several disjointed members of a sentence thrown out, ending in a cough: at length his voice forced its way in the slow but absolute tone of a man who feels the weight of his purse, if not of his ideas: every portion of his speech being marked by a testy puff of tobacco-smoke.

"'Who talks of old Peter Stuyvesant's walking?'—Puff—'Have people no respect for persons?'—Puff—puff—'Peter Stuyvesant knew better what to do with his money than to bury it.'—Puff—'I know the Stuyvesant family.'—Puff—'Every one of them.'—Puff—'Not a more respectable family in the province.'—Puff—'Old standers.'—Puff—'Warm householders.'—Puff—'None of your upstarts,'—Puff—puff—puff—'Don't talk to me of Peter Stuyvesant's walking.'—Puff—puff—puff—puff.

"Here the redoubtable Ramu contracted his brow, clasped up his mouth till it wrinkled at each corner, and redoubled his smoking with such vehemence, that the cloudy volumes soon wreathed round his head as the smoke envelopes the awful summit of Mount Etna.

"A general silence followed the sudden

rebuke of this very rich man. The subject, however, was too interesting to be readily abandoned. The conversation soon broke forth again from the lips of Peechy Prauw Van Hook, the chronicler of the club, one of those prosy, narrative old men who seem to be troubled with an incontinence of words as they grow old."

Fain would I quote the whole of the excellent story which thus excellently opens, but it is too long for your pages. Take another rich little *hit*, as the Director would call it. Webber has become a money-digger—almost ruined himself of course—is sick, faint at heart, dying—

"His wife and daughter did all they could to bind up his wounds, both corporal and spiritual. The good old dame never stirred from his bed-side, where she sat knitting from morning till night; while his daughter busied herself about him with the fondest care. Nor did they lack assistance from abroad. Whatever may be said of the desertion of friends in distress, they had no complaint of the kind to make; not an old wife of the neighbourhood but abandoned her work to crowd to the mansion of Wolfert Webber, inquire after his health, and the particulars of his story. Not one came, moreover, without her little pipkin of penny-royal, sage, balm, or other herb tea, delighted at an opportunity of signaling her kindness and her doctorship.

"What drenchings did not the poor Wolfert undergo, and all in vain! it was a moving sight to behold him wasting away day by day; growing thinner and thinner, and ghastlier and ghastlier, and staring with rueful visage from under an old patchwork counterpane, upon the jury of matrons kindly assembled to sigh, and groan, and look unhappy around him.

"Dirk Waldron was the only being that seemed to shed a ray of sunshine into this house of mourning. He came in with cheery look and manly spirit, and tried to re-animate the expiring heart of the poor money-digger; but it was all in vain. Wolfert was completely done over. If anything was wanting to complete his despair, it was a notice served upon him, in the midst of his distress, that the corporations were about to run a new street through the very centre of his cabbage-garden. He now saw nothing before him but poverty and ruin—his last reliance, the garden of his forefathers, was to be laid waste—and what then was to become of his poor wife and child? His eyes filled with tears as they followed the dutiful Amy out of the room one morning. Dirk Waldron was seated beside him; Wolfert grasped his hand, pointed after his daughter, and for the first time since his illness, broke the silence he had maintained.

"I am going!" said he, shaking his

head feebly; 'and when I am gone—my poor daughter—'

"Leave her to me, father!" said Dirk, manfully; 'I'll take care of her!'

Wolfert looked up in the face of the cheery, strapping youngster, and saw there was none better able to take care of a woman.

"Enough," said he, 'she is yours!—and now fetch me a lawyer—let me make my will and die!'

"The lawyer was brought, a dapper, bustling, round-headed little man—Roor-back (or Rolleback, as it was pronounced) by name. At the sight of him the women broke into loud lamentations, for they looked upon the signing of a will as the signing of a death-warrant. Wolfert made a feeble motion for them to be silent. Poor Amy buried her face and her grief in the bed-curtain; Dame Webber resumed her knitting to hide her distress, which betrayed itself, however, in a pellucid tear which trickled silently down, and hung at the end of her peaked nose; while the cat, the only unconcerned member of the family, played with the good dame's ball of worsted, as it rolled about the floor.

"Wolfert lay on his back, his night-cap drawn over his forehead, his eyes closed, his whole visage the picture of death. He begged the lawyer to be brief, for he felt his end approaching, and that he had no time to lose. The lawyer nibbed his pen, spread out his paper, and prepared to write.

"I give and bequeath," said Wolfert, faintly, 'my small farm—'

"What!—all?" exclaimed the lawyer.

"Wolfert half-opened his eyes, and looked upon the lawyer.

"Yes—all," said he.

"What! all that great patch of land with cabbages and sunflowers, which the corporation is just going to run a main street through?"

"The same," said Wolfert, with a heavy sigh, and sinking back upon his pillow.

"I wish him joy that inherits it!" said the little lawyer, chuckling and rubbing his hands involuntarily.

"What do you mean?" said Wolfert, again opening his eyes.

"That he'll be one of the richest men in the place!" cried little Rolleback.

"The expiring Wolfert seemed to step back from the threshold of existence; his eyes again lighted up; he raised himself in his bed, shoved back his worsted red night-cap, and stared broadly at the lawyer.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed he.

"Faith, but I do!" rejoined the other. 'Why, when that great field, and that huge meadow, come to be laid out in streets, and cut up into snug building-lots—why, whoever owns it need not pull off his hat to the patroon!'

"Say you so?" cried Wolfert, half

thrusting one leg out of bed ; ' why, then, I think I'll not make my will yet !'

" To the surprise of everybody, the dying man actually recovered. The vital spark, which had glimmered faintly in the socket, received fresh fuel from the oil of gladness which the little lawyer poured into his soul. It once more burnt up into a flame. Give physic to the heart, ye who would revive the body of a spirit-broken man ! In a few days Wolfert left his room ; in a few days more his table was covered with deeds, plans of streets, and building-lots. Little Rollebuck was constantly with him, his right-hand man and adviser, and instead of making his will, assisted in the more agreeable task of making his fortune.

" In fact, Wolfert Webber was one of those many Dutch burghers of the Manhattoes, whose fortunes have been made in a manner in spite of themselves ; who have tenaciously held on their hereditary acres, raising turnips and cabbages about the skirts of the city, hardly able to make both ends meet, until the corporation has cruelly driven streets through their abodes, and they have suddenly awakened out of a lethargy, and to their astonishment found themselves rich men !

" Before many months had elapsed, a great bustling street passed through the very centre of the Webber garden, just where Wolfert had dreamed of finding a treasure. His golden dream was accomplished. He did indeed find an unlooked-for source of wealth ; for when his paternal lands were distributed into building-lots, and rented out to safe tenants, instead of producing a paltry crop of cabbages, they returned him an abundant crop of rents ; insomuch that on quarter-day it was a goodly sight to see his tenants knocking at his door from morning to night, each

with a little round-bellied bag of money, the golden produce of the soil.

" The ancient mansion of his forefathers was still kept up ; but instead of being a little yellow-fronted Dutch house in a garden, it now stood boldly in the midst of a street, the grand house of the neighbourhood, for Wolfert enlarged it with a wing on each side, and a cupola or tea-room on top, where he might climb up and smoke his pipe in hot weather ; and in the course of time the whole mansion was overrun by the chubby-faced progeny of Amy Webber and Dirk Waldron.

" As Wolfert waxed old, and rich, and corpulent, he also set up a great gingerbread-coloured carriage, drawn by a pair of black Flanders mares, with tails that swept the ground ; and to commemorate the origin of his greatness, he had for his crest a full-blown cabbage painted on the pannels, with the pithy motto, *alles kopf*, that is to say, *ALL HEAD*, meaning thereby that he had risen by their head-work.

" To fill the measure of his greatness, in the fulness of time the renowned Ramm Rapelye slept with his fathers, and Wolfert Webber succeeded to the leather-bottomed arm-chair, in the inn-parlour at Corlear's Hook, where he long reigned, greatly honoured and respected ; insomuch, that he was never known to tell a story without its being believed, nor to utter a joke without its being laughed at."

And now, I believe I must lay down my greygoose-quill, for I perceive that I have quoted the very conclusion of Mr Irving's book, and moreover, there is that within me that whispers *six o'clock*.

So adieu for the present.

Yours, &c.

T. T.

Southside.

AMERICAN WRITERS.

ONE is continually hearing, more or less, about American literature, of late, as if there were any such thing in the world as American literature ; or any such thing in the United States of North America, as a body of native literature—the production of native writers—bearing any sort of national character, either of wisdom or beauty—heavy or light—or having any established authority, even among the people of the United States. And go where one will, since the apparition of one American writer among us, (of whom a word or two more by and by,) some half-a-dozen stories and story-

books ; a little good poetry, (with some very bad poems ;) four or five respectable, and as many more trumpery novels—with a book or two about theology—one is pretty sure to hear the most ridiculous and exaggerated misrepresentations, one way or the other, for or against *American* authorship, as if American authorship (so far as it goes) were anything different from English, or Scotch, or Irish authorship ; as if there were any decided nationality in the style or manner of a book-maker in America—who writes English, or endeavours to write English—to set him apart, or distinguish

him from a book-maker in the United kingdom, who is engaged in the same business.

With two exceptions, or at the most three, there is no American writer who would not pass just as readily for an English writer, as for an American, whatever were the subject upon which he was writing; and these three are PAULDING, NEAL, and CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN, of whom we shall speak separately in due time.

We have hitherto underrated, or, more properly speaking, overlooked the American writers. But we are now running into a contrary extreme; abundantly overrating some, and in a fair way, if a decided stand be not taken against the popular infatuation, of neglecting our own for the encouragement of American talent.

Give the Americans fair play—that we owe to ourselves. Deal justly with all who venture upon the perilous life of authorship—a life that ends oftener than any other in a broken heart, or a disordered mind—that we owe to humanity.

But if we would not over-cuddle the young American writers; kill them with kindness; turn their heads with our trumpeting, or produce a fatal revulsion in the popular mind, let us never make a prodigious fuss about any American book, which, if it were English, would produce little or no sensation. It is the sure way to defeat our own plans in the long run, however profound our calculations may be. Honesty is the best policy after all,—even for booksellers.

It is only insulting the Americans, whom we desire to conciliate by our gentlemanly candour, if we so cry up any tolerable book of theirs, as if it were a wonder to meet with anything tolerable from an American writer.

These noisy rushes of popularity never do any good. They are alike affronting to our countrymen and to the Americans; injurious to our literary men, and ruinous to theirs. They discourage ours, and spoil theirs; or, what is quite sure to be fatal, they provoke a calm, severe investigation of the grounds upon which judgment has been rendered.

The truth is, that there are more American writers in every branch of literature, and they are more respectable, ten times over, than our countrymen would readily believe; but

then, there is no one of them whose works would abide a temperate, firm, unsparing examination, as a *standard* in its way, much less a conspiracy to write it down. We happen to know something of the matter, and without any professions of impartiality, (leaving our behaviour to speak for us on that score,) shall proceed in arranging it systematically, after a few observations.

Our arrangement will be alphabetical, so that those who happen to know the name of any American author; may be able to tell, at a glance, what he has written; while others who know only the work, by referring to the title of the class, may learn the name of the author.

Some of these American writers have been very popular of late, and all are aiming to become so—as who, indeed, is not, even among our own countrymen! But let them be wary. Nothing is more short-lived than violent popularity. It is the tempestuous brightness of a moment—a single moment only—the sound of passing music—the brief blossoming of summer flowers.

Let them remember, that there is one law of nature, which governs alike through all creation. It is one to which all things, animate and inanimate, are subject; and which, if it were thought of, would make men tremble at sudden popularity. It is this—That which is a given time in coming to maturity, shall abide a like time without beginning to decay; and be a like time again in returning to the earth.

It is a law alike of the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral kingdom, applicable alike to the productions of nature and of art.

The longest-lived animals are the longest in coming to maturity. Diamonds, it is thought, since the discoveries of Professor Silliman, may require ages to consummate their virtues; other crystals are formed instantaneously. But the diamond is indestructible, and the latter dissolve in your breath.

Some islands are formed by accretion, and others are thrown up all at once from the bottom of the ocean. Ages and ages will pass away, without obliterating the vestiges of the former, while the others will disappear as they came, in a single night, leaving no re-

cord of their having been, but in the sea-legend of the mariner, or in the conflicting testimony of men upon the same voyage, who had hardly ever lost sight of one another, as their great ships went over the place of contention.

Cities, that are whole centuries in building, flourish for centuries, and are centuries in dropping away; trees, that are a hundred years in coming to maturity, abide for another hundred years, without shaking to the blast, and sink away into dust and ruin again, like the very pyramids. Yet—yet—cities have sprung up in a season, and flowers in a night. But for what?—only for the one to be abandoned, and the other blighted, in the next revolution of the season or the sun.

Let no man be in a hurry about getting a reputation. That reputation is not worth having, which can be had easily, or in a little time.

Why is it that we are astonished at the first efforts of the unknown? It is for that very reason—it is because they are unknown. They have grown up in "brave neglect," in wind and storm; disclosed their powers unexpectedly, without being intimidated or abashed by observation, or worried and fretted by public guardianship. It were better for the very giants to be unknown; and better for all, who would have their progeny either grand or beautiful, to bring forth all their young in the solitude, or the mountain. The world, and the temptations of the world, only enfeeble and enervate them. A sickly offspring is produced with more hardship in the crowded atmosphere of a city, than young lions in the wilderness.

Why is it that the sons of extraordinary men do not more frequently grow to the stature of their fathers? It is because they are intimidated and discouraged by continual comparison with their fathers: It is because they are awed and pestered out of their natural way, by the perpetual guardianship of that public, who never fail to spoil whatever they take a liking to: It is because they are overshadowed by the giants of whom they are born, and compared every hour, from their childhood up, with great full-grown men, who, if they had been watched over in the same way, would never have been full-grown men. Few things

under heaven will endure the guardianship of a multitude, and fewer still, their tyranny and caprice. The plants of genius, like children or costly flower-trees, may require continual attention, but then it is not the attention of the world—that only spoils them—it is the attention of the few, the sincere, and the delicate.

Why is it, that we are continually amazed at the first efforts—and with only the first efforts—of a thousand wonderful young men? *It is because they were not popular.* It is because we expected nothing from them, and they knew it. After their first essay, no matter in what department of art or science, they were known—and of course popular. Our expectations became unreasonable; we worked them beyond all decency,—all humanity. We called upon them to produce, in a few years, or perhaps a few months, amid the bustle, strangeness, and confusion of a great city, that which would be more wonderful than their first effort, though that had been the production of many years, in the spring-time of their heart's valour—in solitude—and had appeared even to ourselves miraculous.

So with all mankind. They never permit the same person to astonish them a second time, if they know it. To be astonished, indeed!—what is it but an imputation upon their breeding, foresight, wisdom, and experience? So they set their faces against it.—They seek, as it were, to avenge themselves for having been surprised into anything so ungenteel as a stare, (of astonishment, I mean,) by resolving never to be caught again—by him—whatever he may do.

Let him do better a second time, and he will appear to do worse. Do what he will, they are, and always will be, disappointed. But it is a thousand to one that he does worse. He becomes, on a second appearance, neither one thing nor another. One minute he will repeat himself; the next he will imitate himself, with variations, in those passages, attitudes, and peculiarities, which have taken well; then he will be caught with a sudden whim, (like an only child,) trusting to the partiality of his friends, or to his reputation for genius or eccentricity—coquetting timidly with popular favour, in awkward imitation of established favourites, who do what they please,

and are liked the better for it; then, without any sort of notice or preparation, he will be seized with a sudden paroxysm of originality. He springs into the saddle—up goes the whip, and he precipitates himself, head foremost, at some object, which other people dare not venture upon. But, just at the critical moment, just when nothing but desperation *can* carry him through, his heart fails him, he pulls up, (like the inexperienced rider, who gives whip and spur over the field, and check at a five-bar gate;) and finishes the adventure either by shutting his eyes and breaking his neck, or by turning aside with a laugh that is anything but natural or hearty, or with some unprofitable appeal to the indulgence of a jaded and disappointed public, as if any public ever cared a farthing for one of their pets, after a tumble or a balk.

The unknown do well at first, *because* they are unknown; because nothing was expected of them; because they had everything to gain, and nothing to lose. That made them fearless of heart. And they do badly, in a second effort, because their whole situation is reversed; because they are known—because too much is expected of them; and because, in one word, they have everything to lose, and nothing to gain.

That very reputation, in the pursuit of which they have accomplished incredible things—when overtaken, is a crushing load—a destroying power, upon all their finer and more sensible faculties. Hence it is, that some distinguished men (like Scott and Byron) so often adventure anonymously, or under fictitious names, into the field, whenever they begin to distrust the partiality of the public, or to suspect the mischievous influence of that partiality, upon themselves, or their weapons. There is no other way to reassure their own hearts, when they begin to doubt a diminution of edge or power—they must on with their ponderous armour once more—away from the banquetting place—and scour the world anew, under a blank pennon, or a blank shield: and hence is it, that the course of others (like Moore and Southey) is one eternal zig-zag—through every kind of prose, and every kind of poetry—on every subject—now on one side of the question—now on the other.

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All are striving by these expedients to avoid the inevitable catastrophe of popular favour: to prolong their dominion; to keep off the evil day; when, whatever may have been their merit, their thrones will be demolished; their crowns trampled on, and their sceptres quenched, by that very multitude who have built pyramids, and burnt incense to them.

The world are unreasonable; and always unmerciful to the second essay of every man—(that is, to his next effort after that which has made him known) but they always appear to the candidate himself, of course, far more unreasonable and unmerciful than they are. And hence is it, that, ninety-nine times out of one hundred, nothing more is ever heard of him. He generally perishes in obscurity, sore and sick at heart, or dies cursing the caprice of the world.—Indeed—indeed—that reputation is not worth having which can be easily obtained.

The truth is, that we dread this kind of popularity, not only for others, but, strange as it may seem, for ourselves; and we would seriously admonish all young writers to be on their guard against it—never to relax—never to lie upon their oars. Beside, there is a kind of reputation that rises about one, like the sea, while, to the common observer who looks only at the surface, it may appear to be receding: and there is another, which goes on slowly, accumulating against the barriers and obstacles which oppose it, until they give way on every side at last, and only serve to augment the power and impetus of that which has overborne them.

But, while we put those who are popular upon their guard against popularity; and apprise others, who are slowly and silently making their way into popular favour, of how much they have to be thankful for, in the neglect of the public—we may as well add a word or two of encouragement for all, by assuring them that the multitude are never long insensible to extraordinary power; that sooner or later, opportunity *will* arrive to the watchful and brave; that those who deserve to succeed, *will*, one day or other, succeed; and that good sense, enthusiasm, perseverance, and originality, combined, are never unsuccessful, or out of fashion for a long time together.

Now, then, for the AMERICAN WRITERS, whom we shall introduce as we have said before, in alphabetical order.

ADAMS JOHN QUINCY—Son of JOHN ADAMS, late President of the United States America—is himself one of the candidates (of whom we gave some account in our MAY Number) for the next Presidency.—There is little or no doubt of his election, at this time.

Mr Adams was born in New-England; educated at Harvard University; made no great figure there; studied law; wrote some common-place poetry; (which has been recently reproduced by certain of his political partizans, in aid of his pretensions to the chair; as if the writing of tolerable poetry were a serious qualification for the office of a chief magistrate over ten millions of people;) and went forth with into political training, under the eyes of some American minister, to some European court.

Mr Adams is a fine scholar; a capital politician; an admirable writer; and a profound statesman. He has lived nearly all his life in the courts of Europe; and is familiar with all the trick and accomplishment of diplomacy, without having been corrupted by it.

He has written only one book; but that comes nearer to the character of a standard in its way, than any other American work, except the *FEDERALIST*, which is, and very deservedly too, a sort of national boast in America.

This book, by Mr Adams, is a series of lectures upon judicial and popular eloquence, delivered by himself at Harvard University, an American college, near Boston, Massachusetts, which, from the number and variety of its professors, and the respectability of its endowments, really deserves the name of university. It is an able and beautiful production; and will, after all, perpetuate his name and character among those who may never know of, or care for, his having been President of the United States.

AIMES-FISHER—A New-England-er also; a political writer; a fine orator; a lawyer, and an honest man. No vestiges remain of him, though he wrote continually for the journals and papers of the day, except a volume or two of essays and orations, which are not remarkable for any particular ex-

cellence, although when the latter were delivered by him spontaneously, the sober people of New-England were affected and wrought upon by them, as their more fervid brethren of the south were by the eloquence of Patrick Henry himself.

ALLEN-PAUL.—HISTORY.—POETRY.—MISCELLANY. This gentleman, after he wrote LEWIS and CLARKE'S JOURNAL—(for which office he was chosen, we believe, by the American government, on account of his literary character—chosen, we mean, by intimation, probably from the Secretary of State)—was pronounced by no less a man than Mr Jefferson himself, (as we have heard from high authority,) to be the very best, or one of the two best writers of America. This became publicly known, and was a great advantage to Mr Allen, who took rank soon after over everybody in the country, except Robert Walsh, jun., Esq., a gentleman (well known here) of whom we shall speak in due season.

Mr Allen is a native of Providence, Rhode Island, one of the New-England States, and never was out of America. He was educated for the bar; took to poetry at an early age; read of Dr Franklin, and, like him, resolved to seek his fortune—at Philadelphia.

Having arrived in that city, (then the quaker London of America,) he soon became engaged as a writer for the UNITED STATES GAZETTE, or BRONSON'S GAZETTE, as it was called; a paper well known in Europe for the uncommon ability and eloquence of its writers; and, soon after, in the PORT FOLIO, (a periodical miscellany of high reputation, till it fell into the hands of the present editor,) to which he largely contributed, until a few years before the last war between America and Great Britain, when the Federal party of Maryland being about to establish a newspaper for political purposes, engaged Mr Allan for editor. It was called the TELEGRAPH; and, soon after, became incorporated with the FEDERAL REPUBLICAN. Out of these two papers, after their junction, grew the Baltimore mob, of which we have heard in this country—a mob that might have been overawed in ten minutes by a single company of horse, or half a hundred serious, determined men; and, perhaps, (had they been properly countenanced by the authorities of the

city,) without any military aid, by the constables and police; a mob, however, that got possession of the town, (one of sixty thousand inhabitants)—blockaded the streets—demolished a large printing establishment—broke open the public prison—a fortress in appearance, into which a number of distinguished political men of the Federal party had been beguiled by the mayor, under pretence of providing for their safety—beat, mangled, and tortured all whom they found there politically obnoxious to themselves; and, finally, murdered an old revolutionary officer, (General Liſſan.)*

Mr Allen persevered, however, until the political animosity of the two parties having subsided—and the war being over—it was no longer a field worthy of him. Then he established the *JOURNAL OF THE TIMES*, which held up its head only for a few months—abandoned that—and, finally, set up a newspaper, quite of a literary character, called the *MORNING CHRONICLE*, which holds a very high rank among the American newspapers; and that—where newspapers are everything, and where the ablest men of the country are most frequently to be found writing for them—is no common praise.

He remains editor of that paper to this day. His literary works are, (other than a world of miscellany, to be found in the journals and newspapers,) a poem, called *NOAH*; a *HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION*, of which he wrote nothing but the preface, which, I am certain, does not exceed three pages; *LEWIS AND CLARKE'S TOUR*, (a compilation)—and—nothing more. Yet Mr Jefferson has placed him at the head of the American literati.

Mr Allen is a showy, eloquent prose-writer—who never thinks, and, if he can help it, never reasons. His language is often surprisingly beautiful, and as often surprisingly low and common-place, without significance. He has been somehow or other made sensible of the prodigious power in a colloquial style—a familiar, frank, bold, off-hand way of saying things; and he is continually balancing between his natural style, which is rich, harmonious, lofty, and full of picture—

and this of the powerful, simple, and unpretending kind, for which he is utterly disqualified—until the most ludicrous combinations are perpetually occurring to startle or provoke the reader.

Mr Allen is a man of uncommon genius—but no industry (except that of a steam-engine, or a newspaper editor)—and little reflection, else he *might* have been one of the first writers, I will not say merely of his country, but of the age. His prose is full of poetry—his poetry miserably full of prose. His thoughts, which in prose are burning and bright, undergo so many revolutions and eclipse, in poetry, as to appear no longer the same. Yet he has the material for a great poet. But the time of achievement has gone by now—he will live and die nothing better than a clever newspaper editor, somewhat given to cant.

LEWIS AND CLARKE'S TOUR is nothing remarkable. The style has no particular attraction—nobody can remember anything about it. But quere—may not that be the highest praise? It has been said of a fine woman, that nobody could ever recollect how she was dressed; and provided that our author can manage to fill our mind with his thoughts, facts, or doctrine, most of us will consent, perhaps, to forego the words.

His *NOAH* is a sad mixture of affected simplicity—boyish combinations—outrageous poetry—and real genius. A short specimen will shew his whole character, and conclude our sketch:

He is describing *NOAH'S Vision* :—
(From *ELISHA*, in 2d Kings.)

“Scarce had he spoke, when, with a sudden start,

And wild, unusual throbbings of the heart,
He turn'd around him oft a fearful gaze,
Like one bewilder'd in a dread amaze:

‘What mean,’ he cried, ‘these sharpen’d points of flame,

That move in rapid circles round my frame?

Now, they extend, a line of lengthen’d light;

And now—they flash promiscuous on the sight!

What mean those nodding plumes, that round me run,

And give their splendours to the golden sun?

* And were never punished for it—so much for mobs in that country.

Those shining helms!—magnificent and clear,

That thus alternate beam and disappear!

What mean these coursers standing half reveal'd,

The other half to human eye conceal'd?

Now they emerge! and now they shake their manes!

And blazing chariots follow in their trains!

I see a guard of glory round me stand!

Horsemen and chariots form a flaming band!

Proudly the steeds of such immortal birth
Fret on the rein, and scornful stamp the earth!

They pant their native element to share,
And trample with their hoofs the fields of air;

Could' ye but see the congregation nigh,
The brightest sunbeam would relieve the eye!—

* * * *

——and lo! the Zodiac rings
With the loud clangour of descending wings.

BOZMAN.—This author we only know from one work, a book purporting to be a HISTORY OF MARYLAND; and which, but for the fact that there is no other history of Maryland, would not be worth mentioning. General Winder, a celebrated advocate of Baltimore, once undertook to supply the deficiency, in ALLEN'S JOURNAL OF THE TIMES; but the manuscript was bad and the printing worse, so that the plan was given up. Since then, another attempt has been made by a Mr Griffith, but the history of Maryland yet remains to be written.

BRECKENRIDGE, HENRY M.—A Pennsylvanian, a lawyer, and son of Judge Breckenridge, who was alike distinguished as a humourist, a storyteller, and a judge. Mr B., the son, is the author of "VIEWS IN LOUISIANA," a respectable book, made up from personal knowledge of the country, during a long residence, after Louisiana was purchased by the United States, and while Mr B. was traversing it in every direction as a circuit judge. It may be depended upon, so far as it goes. He also wrote a history of the American war (the last) with Great Britain, in which he has faithfully preserved the newspaper accounts of the day, as given by the Americans themselves. It is a work of no merit, either in a literary or political view. It can do no good, and may do much harm, to perpetuate the thousand-and-one lies of the American press, during the un-

happy season of warfare, and furious political strife. It can do no good, even for purposes of amusement, and must be exceedingly mischievous, when they are put into a popular shape, as this "History of the War" is, and sent abroad through all the "western country" as a sort of school book. I have not forgotten Dr Franklin's newspaper lie (since acknowledged by himself in his own Memoirs) about the "bales of human scalps, marked and numbered," which were supposed to have been forwarded by the Colonial Government of America to this, in the old American war. It was only got up for the day, but has outlived the rancour of many generations, and, spite of the Doctor's own confession, stands now upon grave record in one of the most able journals of the United States, (NILES'S REGISTER)—a journal remarkable for integrity and plain truth—as an historical fact; and, what is worse, yet, is actually believed in America by a large portion of the people. Nobody can think more highly of Dr Franklin's virtues than we do, but we should be sorry to have all the consequences of such a wicked political trick upon our shoulders.

Mr B. is the author of a work upon SOUTH AMERICA—political, commercial, and statistical, which is highly creditable to him. It is the fruit of his own personal observation during a *secret* mission thither, under the authority of the United States Government, in company with two commissioners, (Mr Justice Bland, now a district judge of the United States courts, and Mr Rodney,) neither of whom will soon be forgotten by the Spanish Americans. Judge Bland understood no language but his own, not one word of Spanish or French; Mr Rodney nothing of Spanish, and, I believe, little or nothing of French; and Mr Breckenridge, their interpreter, secretary, and companion, though he spoke French pretty well, made sad work with Spanish. Yet these were the secret ambassadors of a wise government, in a season of great political anxiety.

BRYANT WILLIAM CULLEN.—This gentleman's poetry has found its way, piece-meal, into England, and having met with a little of our newspaper praise, which has been repeated with great emphasis in America, is now set up among his associates for a poet of extraordinary promise, on the ground

of having produced, within the course of several years, about fifty duodecimo pages of poetry, such as we shall give a specimen of. Mr B. is not, and never will be, a great poet. He wants fire—he wants the very rashness of a poet—the prodigality and fervour of those, who are overflowing with inspiration. Mr B., in fact, is a sensible young man, of a thrifty disposition, who knows how to manage a few plain ideas in a very handsome way. It is a bad thing for a poet, or for one whom his friends believe to be a poet, ever to spend a long time about the manufacture of musical prose, in imitation of anybody,—as Mr Bryant and Mr Percival both do of Milman, who has quite set the fashion in America for blank verse. Some lines, (about fifteen or twenty,) to a “WATER-FOWL,” which are very beautiful, to be sure, but with no more poetry in them than there is in the Sermon on the Mount, are supposed, by his countrymen, “to be well known in Europe.” The following is taken from his poem, “THE AGES.”

“Has Nature, in her calm majestic march,
Flattered with age at last? does the bright
sun
Grow dim in heaven? or, in their far blue
arch,
Sparkle the crowd of stars, when day is
done,
Less brightly? when the dew-lipped Spring
comes on,
Breathes she with airs less soft, or scents
the sky
With flowers less fair, than when her reign
began?
Does prodigal Autumn to our age deny
The plenty that once swell’d beneath his
sober eye?”

BUCKMINSTER—A clergyman of Boston, remarkable for his pathetic style of eloquence, and singular piety. After his death, two or three volumes of manuscript sermons were published by some of his friends—who had

not, perhaps, been much acquainted with any sermons but his)—for the sermons of Mr Buckminster. Unluckily, however, a part of them appear to have been printed before, in the names of other people. Some of his own are very beautiful; and those that were not his own, of course, would never have appeared as his with his own consent.

CHANNING—Clergyman of Boston. This gentleman, without any question, may rank among the first sermonisers that ever lived. Such of his writings as have been published are remarkable for simplicity, clearness, and power. The diction is of the heart—not of the schools. It is, as it were, a language of his own—a visible thought.

CHANNING—Professor of RHETORIC and BELLES-LETTRES at Harvard, a brother of the last,—a lawyer, and the Editor of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW before Mr Everett. There is nothing extraordinary about this man; but the little that he wrote for the North American was highly respectable, without having any particular or peculiar character of its own. He should have nothing to do with rhetoric or belles-lettres, except in the way of a concordance, or an index.—He has no sense of either, but might get up a good history of the country, which is wanted now at every turn by those who care to know the truth of America.

We have now done for the present; another paper of the same length, perhaps, will enable us to finish the whole alphabet of American writers in the same way; when our countrymen will judge for themselves concerning the truth of what we have said, and the course of policy which we have recommended in the outset.

X. Y. Z.

London, Sept. 4, 1821.

HORA GERMANICA.

No. XVIII.

Lessing's Laocoon, or, the limits of Poetry and Painting.

GERMANY has always been prolific in men who may be termed "Catholic scholars." Regarding philosophy, poetry, the arts and sciences, as productions of mind, they have never imagined that the knowledge of one of these necessarily excluded that of any of the others. On the contrary, they have looked upon the exercise of all the powers of intellect as essential to its development. The mere naturalist, or the mathematician, men who have cultivated one portion only of the vast field of human thought, are as far removed from all that is beautiful, powerful, and harmonious in mind, as the form of an opera-dancer, who has the body of a Ganyমেদে, attached to the limbs of a Hercules, is from the exquisite symmetry of an Apollo. It is true that no one person can do justice to more than one pursuit; and the experience of every day confirms the homely adage, that to be "Jack of many trades, is to be master of none." This, however, does not in the least invalidate the truth of what we have asserted. When the world require a close and studious devotion to any pursuit or profession, we feel that their claims are perfectly reasonable; but they are unreasonable only when they suppose that the exercise in one branch of knowledge is totally incompatible with a thorough acquaintance with the principles of every other. The exercise in a profession is nothing more than an extension and reiteration of its principles. Hence it is the application of these principles which requires time and constant devotion, and not the knowledge of the principles themselves. It is by no means our intention by this to assert that the principles of our knowledge are intuitively evident; we mean to say merely, that that man, who, having disciplined his mind with "all the knowledge of the Egyptians," and having extracted from it the principles upon which that knowledge is grounded, gives his nights and days to any one pursuit, is far more likely to become a benefactor to the human race, than he who has studied one thing only. He that knows nothing more than his own profession,

knows little of that. It was this comprehensive grasp at universal knowledge which produced the minds of a Bacon, a Newton, and a Leibnitz. It was this research into all the labyrinths of the human heart, and a close observation of all the variations of the mind, that made a Shakespear. And it is allotted to spirits such as these alone, "when darkness is upon the earth," to "move on the face of the deep, and to call forth the light." Lessing was one of those extraordinary minds which are at once comprehensive and minute. The poet, the philosopher, and the critic, were united in the happiest way in him; and his works in these various branches, have served as a leaven to quicken "the dull paste" of posterity. Every one is aware of the influence which the genius of Goethe has had on the present state of European literature; and few German scholars are unacquainted with the acknowledged effects of Lessing's works in forming Goethe's taste. Herder, one of the profoundest critics that has appeared since Aristotle, evidently esteems him as possessing one of the acutest minds among the learned of Germany. And in fact, much of Herder's own writing forms but a most excellent commentary on Lessing. When the Laocoon was first produced in 1766, the state of taste and criticism in art was very much vitiated. The dazzling antithesis, that painting was mute poesy, and poesy eloquent painting, was received without any limitation. The rules of the one were transferred to the other, and the noble simplicity of the ancient masters was merged in the desire for effect and brilliancy—thus bartering the loftier emotions for the stupid gaze of wonder.

Caylus had advocated this doctrine, and carried it to its extremest verge. "It is agreed," says he, "that the more a poem abounds in images and action, the greater is the superiority. This reflection led me to conclude, that the enumeration of pictures which every poem offered, would serve as an excellent mean of comparison of the respective merits of poems and poets. The number, and the kind of pictures

which the great works would present, would have given us a touchstone, or rather a balance, by which the worth of a poem and the talent of its author might be known with certainty."

Tableaux tirés de l'Illiade.—*Avert. p. 5.*

The necessary corollary to such a conclusion was, that "the only point in which Milton resembled Homer, was in his blindness."

"The *Paradise Lost*," says Lessing, "is not the less, therefore, the first *Épopée* after Homer, because it affords but a few pictures; nor is the *History of the Passion and Death of our Saviour* a poem, because we cannot touch any portion of that narrative with the point of a needle, without falling upon a subject which has not occupied a crowd of the most illustrious artists." The *Evangelists* relate the fact with the most dry simplicity; and the artist makes use of the material thus furnished, perfectly unencumbered by a single spark of pictorial genius given to it by them. There are facts which are picturesque, and facts which are not so—And the historian can relate the most picturesque as unpictorially as the poet can describe the most unpictorial poetically.

We are deceived in fact, by the *equivogue*, when we apply the word "picture" both to painting and to poetry. The ancients had a distinct name for poetical pictures, *φαντασίαι*,

"Phantasies," and these on account of the strength of the illusion they compared to waking dreams. We shall translate a passage from Lessing, which we think shews the distinction of poetry and painting with great felicity.

"If Homer's works had been wholly lost, and we had nothing remaining but a set of pictures such as Caylus has presented, allowing these to be done by the best masters, could we have had any adequate conception, I will not only say of the whole poet, but of his pictorial talents? Take the picture of the plague for an example. What do we perceive upon the canvass? Dead bodies, burning piles, the dying blended with the dead, and the angry god sending forth his arrows from his dark cloud. The richness and the 'fort' in the picture, is the poverty and the 'faible' of the poet. For were we to take our idea of Homer from the picture, and convert the picture into poetry, what could we make the poet say? 'Upon this Apollo seized his bow; and his arrows flew among the army of the Grecians—many died, and their bodies were burnt.' This would be the sum-total of a strict conversion of the picture into the poem, supposing poetry and painting to be mutually convertible. Now let us turn to Homer himself.*

Ὠς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος· τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων·
 Βῆ δὲ κατ' οὐλύμπιοι καρήνων χωόμενος κῆρ,
 Τόξ' ὤμοισιν ἔχων, ἀμφηρῆσθαι τε φερέσθην.
 "Ἐκκαλῆξαν δ' ἄρ' οἷστοι ἐπ' ὤμων χωόμενοι,
 Λύτοῦ κινήεντος· ὁ δ' ἦϊε νυκτι εἰκάς·
 "Ἐξέτ' ἔπειτ' ἀπάνευθε νεῖν, μετὰ δ' ἰὸν ἔηκε·
 Αἰνὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γίνετ' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο.
 Οὐρῆας μὲν πρῶτον ἐπώχετο, καὶ κύνας ἀργούς·
 Αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' αὐτοῖσι βέλος ἐχευενκὺς ἐφίσις,
 Βάλλ'· αἰεὶ δὲ πυραὶ νεκρῶν καίοντο θαμναί·"

* Pope's version of this passage is so weak, that we shall give the literal Latin translation of Clarke:—

Sic dixit orans; eum autem audivit Phoebus Apollo;
 Descenditque ex carli verticibus iratus animo,
 Arcum humeris gestans, et undique tectam pharetram:
 Clangorem autem dederunt sagittæ in humeris irati,
 Ipso moto; ipse vero ibat nocti similis;
 Sedit deinde seorsum a navibus, et sagittam emisit:
 Terribilis autem clangor edebatur splendidi arcus.
 Mulos quidem primum invasit, et canes veloces:
 Sed postea ipsis sagittam mortiferam immittens
 Feriebat: perpetuo autem rogi cadaverum ardebant frequentes.

"Life does not surpass a picture more than the poet rises above the painter here. Apollo seizes his bow and quiver, and descends from the lofty summits of Olympus. I not only see, but I hear him, as he descends; at each step the arrows rattle upon the shoulders of him enraged. But he goes forth like night. Now does he place himself opposite to the ships—he shoots, and dreadful is the clang of his shining bow. The mules and swift-footed dogs first fall, and then the deadly arrows strike men themselves. Funereal piles burn incessantly.

"It is impossible to translate the music of the original into any language; and it is just as impossible to guess that it possessed any, from a mere inspection of the material picture, although the melody is the least of the advantages which the poet here has over the painter. The distinguishing feature between them, is, that the poet carries us through a whole gallery of pictures, for the single one which the painter exhibits.

"It may, perhaps, be said, that the plague is not a very advantageous subject for the pallet. Here is another which has greater allurements for the eye—The gods in council. A golden palace—groups of the most beautiful and revered forms. The goblet, handed by the ever-youthful Hebe. What architecture! What masses of light and shade! What contrasts! What variety of expression! Where shall I begin to feast my eyes? where shall I cease to look? If the painter enchants me, how much more ought the poet! I open the book with eagerness, and find myself—deceived! I find four good plain lines, in which the material of a picture is buried, but which have themselves no picture.*

"An Apollonius, or even a less talented poet, could not have expressed himself more tamely; and Homer is

as much below the painter in this, as the painter was beneath him in the former instance.

"Caylus finds no other picture, besides this one, in the whole of the fourth book of the *Iliad*.

"And yet, perhaps, there is scarcely another book in the whole of the *Iliad*, which furnishes so many poetical pictures as this. Where can we meet with anything more strikingly illusive, than the breaking of the truce by Pandarus; or the approach of the Grecian host—the deeds of Ulysses, when he revenges the death of his friend Leucus? What conclusion are we forced then to draw? Are we not obliged to confess, that the most lovely images of Homer are no pictures for the artist? That the artist can exhibit a painting, where the poet affords no picture? In short, that the number of material pictures is no criterion of pictorial talent of the poet?"

We remember conversing with a very intelligent young artist, whose works have placed him high in the estimation of his professional brethren, and of the public. "Many a devoted admirer of poetry," said he, "has thrust his favourite passage into my hands, and urged me to make a picture. But I have invariably found that I could do nothing where the poet had done all."

It is this confounding of poetry with painting, that seems to us to mar the extraordinary talents of one of our first landscape painters. There is always an attempt at the sublime; huge masses of dark clouds, overpowering every distinct idea, take up a vast of canvass. Now, though the sublime may be within the compass of painting, still the mode of attaining it differs *totò còlo* from the poetical mode. Obscurity is the parent of the sublime in poetry, and of bombast in painting.

We think that the above extracts have fully proved that there is a de-

* Οἱ δὲ θεοὶ πᾶρ Ἰνὸν καθήμενοι ἡγορόωντο
Χρυσῆν ἐν δαπτέρῳ, μετὰ δὲ σφισι πτότνια Ἥβη
Νέκταρ ἕωνοχέει· τοὶ δὲ χρυσείοις δεπάεσσιν,
Δειδέχατ' ἀλλήλους, Τρώων πόλιν εἰσερόωντες.

And now Olympus' shining gates unfold;
The Gods with Jove assume their thrones of gold;
Immortal Hebe, fresh with bloom divine,
The golden goblet crowns with purple wine;
While the full bowls flow round, the powers employ
Their careful eyes on long-contended Troy.

cided difference in the essence of painting and of poetry. But before we proceed to that portion of Lessing's work which fixes the precise limits to each, we shall endeavour to determine those principles which produced the masterpieces of ancient art.

"No person, in modern times, has done so much to throw light on this subject as Winkelman, in his *History of Ancient Art*. His style, like one of the immortal works which he has so well elucidated, is perfect in all its parts; each thought stands forth noble, simple, sublime."

The distinguishing mark of all the Grecian chef-d'œuvres in painting and sculpture, according to him, is *noble simplicity* and *calm magnanimity*, both in the design and in the expression; and, as his theory is embodied in his remark on that sublime group of the Laocoon, we shall beg leave to translate them.

"As the depths of the ocean remain for ever unmoved, amidst all the storms which agitate its surface, so does the expression of the Grecian figures indicate, in all the varieties of passion, the great and settled soul.

"This soul beams forth in the countenance of the Laocoon, and not in the countenance only, amid his agonizing suffering. The torture which is marked in every muscle and tendon of his frame, and which we could see in the painful contraction of the abdomen, even if the countenance were hidden—This torture, I say, notwithstanding, is not proclaimed violently, either in the countenance or in the attitude. He utters no fearful cry, as Virgil sings of his Laocoon—The separated lips do not prove it—There is rather the anxious and suppressed sigh, as Sadolet describes. Bodily suffering and greatness of soul are equally visible in every part of the figure. Laocoon suffers—but he suffers like Sophocles' Philoctetes. His tortures go to our very hearts. But we wish that we may bear tortures as he does.

"The expression of so great a soul far outstrips the beautiful. The artist had felt the spirit within himself which he infused into his marble. Greece had artists and philosophers united in the same individual.

"Wisdom stretched forth her hand to art, and poured more than common souls into her works."

Here then we find simplicity and

calm magnanimity in every variety of expression, to be the leading rule by which the Greeks were guided. The Laocoon could not cry out as Virgil describes him, because then the greatness of soul would no longer have been the grand trait.

Lessing, however, endeavours to shew that the "Beautiful" was the grand characteristic of the Grecian school, and that whatever passion was expressed, still it was ever to be wrought up to the Beautiful, and no farther.

"Every one knows," says Lessing, "the number of very polite things which have been said of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, by Timanthes. The artist had veiled the father's countenance. He did it, says Pliny, because he had made so many sorrowful countenances, that it was impossible to express a deeper grade in that of the father. He did it, says Valerius Maximus, because in the father's situation, his grief was above all expression. I, for my part, can neither subscribe to the want of skill in the artist, nor to the insufficiency of the art. The degree of the passion will work itself on the features, and the strongest effect will produce the most distinct expression; consequently, the easiest to be seized upon by the artist. But Timanthes knew the boundaries which the graces had set to art. He knew that the emotions which Agamemnon felt as a father, must exhibit themselves in convulsive motions of the features, and these are always disgusting and mean. As far as beauty and dignity were compatible with the expression, so far he went. He would willingly have passed over the 'ugly,' or at least have softened it. But as that was not allowable by the composition, what remained, but to conceal it. What he dared not paint, he left to be guessed. In short, this concealing was a sacrifice which the artist offered at the shrine of Beauty. It is an example not of expression, being unattainable by art. But that expression even, must bend to the first rule of art, the law of Beauty."

Now, let us apply these observations to the Laocoon. The master is labouring to produce the highest degree of Beauty, when the frame is under bodily torture. Now, suffering, in all its violence, was totally incompatible with Beauty. He was necessitated therefore to soften it, not because cry-

ing indicated a base soul, but because the symmetry of the face would have been totally annihilated by it in the most disgusting manner. Let any one think on the Laocoon with an open mouth, and judge. Let him cry out, and see. Before, it was a figure which moved our souls with pity, because we saw suffering and corporeal beauty united. Now, it is become a vile disgusting object, from which we would fain turn our eyes. We have no look of the beautiful, to meliorate and qualify the unpleasant feeling which pain naturally excites.

The wide open mouth—not to look at the violence and disturbance which it necessarily causes in the countenance—is a spot in painting, and a cavity in sculpture, which have the most disagreeable effect in the world. Montfaucon betrays very little taste when he supposes that an old bearded head, with a chasm of a mouth, is the Oracular Jupiter. Must a god bellow when he is laying futurity open? Neither do I believe Valerius, who says that Timanthes made Ajax halloving in the picture above-mentioned; for neither Cicero nor Quintilian, in their description of it, make any mention of this bellowing figure.

The criticisms of both Winkelman and Lessing seem to us to have much truth in them. We have only to cast our eyes over the works of the ancients to be assured that Beauty, if not the chief rule, was one of the most constant which guided them. We know that the victors, in their public games, were rewarded with statues; and that caricaturing, or the imitation of the “ugly,” was punished by fine. But we think that nothing is more strikingly illustrative of their intense love of Beauty, a passion which could only become intense by being fed with the most luxuriant examples of it, than their personification of Death, as compared with ours.

Our monkish ancestors have given us the “King of Terrors” under the hideous symbol of a ghastly skeleton; while the Grecians personified him as a boy, the twin-brother of Sleep, reposing in the bosom of Night. Now, although we agree with Lessing, that Beauty was a principal guide, yet we must not go too far, and say it was the only one. We imagine that Winkelman has also been too exclusive, when he makes truth, dignity of ex-

pression, the prominent guide to excellence.

The latter cannot imagine the Laocoon crying out, because that would have been mean. The former would banish the cry, because the features would have gone beyond the line of Beauty. Goethe, who, like Lessing, is an universal scholar, said, that he *could* not cry out, on account of the contractions of the muscles of the abdomen. This is a very acute remark, although his reason is not altogether sufficient. A medical friend of ours has informed us, that the principal muscles which move the chest are inserted into the arms; so that when we make any violent effort with the chest, we are obliged to fix the arms, to allow these muscles to act on the chest only.

Thus an asthmatic man, during the paroxysm of coughing, seizes upon the back of a chair, or anything else, in order to fix his arms and give his chest full play. If, on the contrary, we wish to make any considerable efforts with the arms, we take a full inspiration, and then, having fixed the *chest*, we allow all the muscles which proceed from it to co-operate in the act of exertion. Now, let us apply these observations to the Laocoon.—He is evidently endeavouring to disentangle himself from the folds of the serpents. His arms are extended, and the muscles indicate considerable effort. He has just taken a full breath. The chest is large and convex, and the muscles of the abdomen drawn in, and it is now that the effort can be made with any hope of success; but, during the effort, it is impossible for him to cry, as any one may try upon himself. Thus, although Goethe had remarked that the abdominal muscles were contracted, yet this was only a remote cause why the sculptor had not made the figure shouting. This only indicated the act of inspiring, but does not shew us the necessity of the half-closed lip, and convulsive efforts of the mouth of the Laocoon.

Winkelman, therefore, seems to us to have augured justly when he asserts that the Greeks were faithful copyists, and deep observers; for, certainly, if the above theory be true, we have a full proof of their close attention to nature. The state of anatomical knowledge could not have led them to those conclusions; but we must also agree with Lessing, that Beauty was their inspiring genius.

CHAPTERS ON CHURCHYARDS.

CHAPTER IV.

My next Chapter, I think, was to be of "graves, and stones, and epitaphs." Come then to the churchyard with me, whoever shrinketh not from thoughtful inspection of those eloquent sermon books. Come to that same churchyard where lately we saw the assembled congregation—the aged and the young—the proud and the lowly—the rich and poor collecting together on the Sabbath morning to worship their Creator within those sacred walls. Many months since then have slept away—the green leaves have withered, and dropt, and decayed, and the bare branches have been hung with icicles, and bent down under the weight of winter snows, and again they have budded and put forth their tender shoots, and the thick foliage of summer has cast its broad shadow on the dark green sod, and again "decay's effacing fingers" are at work, and the yellow tints of autumn are gaining on the rich verdure of summer. And man!—the ephemeron! who perisheth as a flower of the field—whose time on earth is like the shadow that departeth—how hath it fared with him during the revolving seasons! How many are gone to their long home, and their place on earth knoweth them no more! How many of those who, when last we looked upon this scene, stood here among their friends and neighbours, full of life and health, and the anticipation of long years to come, full of schemes, and hopes, and expectations, and restless thoughts, and cumbersome cares, and troubles and pleasures of this life! How many of these are since returned to this spot—Yea—but to tarry here—to occupy the house appointed for all living—to lie down and sleep, and take their rest, undisturbed by winter winds, or summer storms—unawakened by the chime of the church-bells when they summon hither the Sabbath congregation, or by the voices of those they loved in life, who pass by their lowly graves, already, perhaps, forgetful of "the form beloved" so recently deposited there!

"So music past is obsolete—
And yet 'twas sweet! 'twas passing sweet!
But now 'tis gone away."

This is again a Sabbath day—the evening of an autumnal Sabbath—Morning and afternoon divine service has been performed within those walls, and now Nature is offering up her own pure homage. The hymns of her winged choristers—the incense of her flowery censor—the flames of her great altar, that glorious setting sun. See! how his departing beams steal athwart the churchyard between those old oaks, whose stately trunks, half darkly defined in the blackness of their own shadow, half gilded by the passing brightness, prop that broad canopy of "many twinkling leaves" now glittering underneath with amber light, while above, the dense mass of foliage towering in heavy grandeur, stands out in bold and bleak relief against the golden glory of the western horizon. How magnificent that antique colonnade! How grand that massy superstructure! Lo! the work of the great Architect, which might well put to shame the puny efforts of his creatures, and the frail structures they erect to his glory, were it not, that He whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, hath vouchsafed to promise, that where a few faithful hearts are gathered together to worship him in spirit and in truth, He will be there in the midst of them, even in their perishable temples. Therefore, though yon majestic oaks overtop with their proud shadow the low walls, and even the ivied tower of that rustic church, yet are they but a fitting portico, an "outer porch," to the sanctuary more especially hallowed by His presence. Neither is their spreading arch, too magnificent a canopy for those obscure graves, so peacefully ranged beneath it. Many a sincere and humble Christian rests from his labours beneath those green hillocks. Many a faithful believer, who has drunk without a murmur his earthly cup of bitterness, because it was awarded to him by the divine will, and because, trusting in the merits of his Redeemer, he cast down his burden at his feet, looking forward, through his promises, to be a partaker of the glory which shall be revealed hereafter. Many a one, "to fortune and to fame unknown," who

walked thus humbly with his God, sleeps unrecorded in the majestic shadow of those venerable trees. But when those giants of the earth shall have stood their appointed season,—shall have lived their life of centuries,—them also, the unsparing hand shall smite, and they too shall lie prostrate in the dust; and for their sapless trunks there shall be no renovation, while the human grain, now hidden beneath their roots, retains, even in corruption, the principles of immortality, and shall, in the fulness of time, spring up to life eternal.

What histories—not of great actions, or of proud fortunes, or of splendid attainments, but of the human heart, that inexhaustible volume! might be told over these graves, by one who should have known their quiet tenants, and been a keen and feeling observer of their infinitely varying natures! Nay, by one who should relate from his own remembrance, even the more obvious circumstances of their obscure lives!—What tales of love, and hope, and disappointment, and struggling care, and unmerited contumacy, and uncomplaining patience, and untold suffering, and broken hearts, might be extracted from this cold earth we tread on! What heart-wrung tears have been showered down upon these quiet graves! What groans, and sighs, and sobs of uncontrollable grief, have burst out in this spot from the bosoms of those who have stood even here, on the brink of the fresh-opened grave, while the coffin was lowered into it, and the grating cords were withdrawn, and the first spadeful of earth rattled on the lid, and the solemn words were uttered—“Dust to dust!” And where are those mourners now, and how doth it fare with them?—Here!—they are here!—And it fareth well with them, for their troubles are over, and they sleep in peace amongst their friends and kindred; and other mourners have wept beside *their* graves, and those, in turn, shall be brought back here, to mingle their dust with that of foregone generations.

Even of the living multitude assembled here this day twelvemonths, how many, in the short interval between that and the present time, have taken up their rest within these consecrated precincts! And already, over the graves of many, the green sods have again united in velvet smooth-

ness. Here, beside that of William Moss, is a fresher and higher hillock, to which his head-stone likewise serves for a memorial; and underneath his name there are engraven on it—yes—two other names. The aged parents and the blooming son at last repose together; and what matters now, that the former went down to the grave by the slow and gradual descent of good old age, and that the latter was cut off in the prime and vigour of his manhood? If each performed faithfully the task allotted to him, then was his time on earth sufficient; and, after the brief separation of a few years, they are re-united in eternity. But here—behold a magnificent contrast to that poor plain stone!—Here stands a fine tall freestone, the top of which is ornamented in basso-relievo, with a squat white urn swaddled up in ponderous drapery, over which droops a gilt weeping willow—it looks like a sprig of samphire—the whole set off by a blue ground, encircled by a couple of goose wings. Oh! no—I cry the sculptor mercy—they are the pinions of a pair of cherubims. There are the little trumpeters' cheeks puffing out from under them; and the obituary is engraven on a black ground in grand gold letters, and it records—Ah! Madam Buckwheat—is it come to this? Is all that majesty of port laid low? That fair exuberance of well-fed flesh! That broad expanse of comely red and white, “by Nature's sweet and cunning hand laid on.”—Ooth all this mingle with the common earth? That goodly person, clad in rustling silks! is it shrunken within the scanty folds of the shroud, and the narrow limits of a cold brick grave? What! in the very flush of worldly prosperity—when the farmer's granaries were overflowing with all manner of store—when your dairy had yielded double produce—when the stock of cheeses was unprecedented—when your favourite Norman had presented you with twin calves—when you had reared three broods of milk-white turkeys, and the China sow had littered thirteen pigs! Just as the brindled heifer of that famous cross was coming into milk—and just as the new barn was built, and the parish rates were lowered, and the mulberry tree was beginning to bear—and just as you had brought yourself to feel at home in your long sleeves, and unfettered by the great garnet ring, and to wear gloves when

you were out visiting ; and, to crown all, just as your youngest hope—your favourite daughter—had made a splendid conquest of a real gentleman—one who had come down from Lunnon in his own shay, and talked about “Hastleys,” and “the Hoppera,” and “Wauxhall,” and the Vild Beasts, and Vaterloo Bridge, and all them there things, and was to install Betsey (the old lady always forgot to say Eliza) lady and mistress of a beautiful ouse in Fleet Street. Oh ! at such a time to be torn from “Life and all the joys it yields !” Ah, Madam Buckwheat ! is it so indeed ? Alas ! too true—

“A heap of dust is all remains of thee,
’Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.”

Take care !—never tread upon a grave—What ! you saw it not, that scarce distinguishable hillock, overshadowed by its elevated neighbour. It is, however, recently thrown up, but hastily and carelessly, and has of late been trodden down almost to a flat surface, by the workmen employed in erecting that gilded “tribute of affection,” to the memory of the farmer’s deceased spouse. A few more weeks and it will be quite level with the even sod, and the village children will gambol over it unmindful of their old friend, whom yet they followed to that grave with innocent regretful tears, the only tears that were shed for the poor outcast of reason. The parish pauper sleeps in that grave—the workhouse idiot. He for whom no heart was tenderly interested, for he had long, long outlived the poor parents to whom their only child, their harmless Johnny (for they thought him not an idiot), was an object of the fondest affection. There were none to take to him when they were gone, so the workhouse afforded him refuge, and sustenance, and humane treatment ; and his long life—for it was extended nearly to the term of seventy years—was not on the whole joyless or forsaken. His intellect was darkened and distorted, but not so as to render him an object of disgust or terror, or to incapacitate him from performing many tasks of trifling utility. He even exercised a sort of rude ingenuity in many little rustic handicrafts. He wove rush baskets and mats, and neatly and strongly wove them, and of the refuse straw he plaited coarse hats, such as are worn by plough-boys, and

he could make wicker cages for black-birds and magpies, and mouse-traps, and rabbit-hutches ; and he had a pretty notion of knitting too, only that he could never be brought to sit still long enough to make any great proficiency in that way. But he was useful besides, in many offices of household drudgery, and though his kind master never suffered poor Johnny to be “put upon,” he had many employers, and as far as his simple wits enabled him to comprehend their several wills, he was content to fulfil them. So he was sent to fetch water, and to watch that the coppers did not boil over, and to feed the fire, and blow the bellows, and sift the cinders, and to scrape carrots and potatoes, and to shell beans, and to sweep the floor, (but then he would always waste time in making waves and zigzags on the sand,) and to rock the cradles, and *that* office he seemed to take peculiar delight in, and would even pretend to hush the babies, as he had seen practised by their mothers, with a sort of droning hum which he called singing. But besides all these, and other tasks innumerable, more extended trust was committed to him, and he was never known but to discharge it faithfully. He was allowed (in exception of those rules of the house imperative on its sane inmates) to wander out whole days, having the charge of a few cows or pigs, and for a trifling remuneration, which he brought regularly home to his master, who expended it for him with judicious kindness, in the purchase of such simple luxuries as the poor idiot delighted in,—a little snuff and tobacco, or the occasional treat of a little coarse tea, and brown sugar.

Then was old Johnny in his glory, when, seated on some sunny road-side bank, or nestling among the fern leaves in some bosky dingle, within ken of his horned or grunting charge, of which he never lost sight, he had collected about him a little cluster of idle urchins, with whom he would vie in dexterity in threading daisy necklaces, or sticking the little white flowers on a leafless thorn branch, or in tying up cowslip balls, or in making whistles, or arrow heads of hollow elder stalks ; or in weaving high conical caps of green rushes, and then was Cæsar in his element, for then would he arm with those proud helmets the heads of his childish mates, and marshal them (nothing loath) in military order,

each shouldering a stick, his supposed musket; and flourishing his wooden sword, and taking the command of his new levies, he marched up and down before the line of ragged rogues, gobbling like a turkey cock, with swelling pride, in all the martial magnificence of his old cocked-hat and feathers, and of his scarlet tatters with their tarnished lace.

But sometimes was he suddenly cast down from that pinnacle of earthly grandeur, by the malicious wantonness of an unlucky boy, who would slyly breathe out a few notes from an old flute, well anticipating their effect on poor Johnny. Rude as were those notes, they "entered into his soul." In a moment his proud step was arrested, his authoritative, uplifted hand fell nerveless by his side; his erect head dropt, and large tears rolled down his aged face; and at last sobs—deep, heavy, convulsive sobs! burst from the bosom of the poor idiot, and then even his mischievous tormentor almost wept to see the pain he had inflicted. Ycs, such was the power of music, of its rudest, simplest tones, over some spring of sensibility, deep hidden in the benighted soul of that harmless creature, and he had apparently no control over the tempestuous ebullition of its excited vehemence, except at church, during the time of divine service.

There, while the Psalm was being sung, he was still, and profoundly silent. But when others rose up from the form beside him, he sunk still lower in his sitting posture, and cowering down, bent forward his head upon his knees, hiding his face there within the fold of his crossed arms, and no sound or sob escaped him, but his poor frame trembled universally, and when the singing was over, and he looked up again, the thin grey hair on his wrinkled forehead was wet with perspiration. *Now*, let the clarion sound, or the sweet hautboy pour out its melodious fulness, or the thrilling flute discourse, or the solemn organ roll over his grave its deep and mighty volume, and he will sleep on undisturbed—ay, till the call of the last trumpet shall awaken him, and the mystery of his earthly existence shall be unfolded, and the soul, emerging from its long eclipse, shall shine out in the light of immortality—At that day of solemn reckon-

ing, how many, whose brilliant talents, and luminous intellect, have blazed out with meteoric splendour, not to enlighten, but to dazzle and mislead, and bewilder the minds of their fellow-mortals, in the mazes of inextricable error—How many of those who have so miserably abused the great trust reposed in them, shall be fain to exchange places with that unoffending innocent, crying out in the agony of their despair, "to the mountains, fall on us, and to the hills, cover us!"

Farewell, old Johnny—quiet be thy rest!—harmless and lowly was thy life!—peaceful and unnoticed thy departure!

Few had marked the gradual decline of the poor creature, but for many months he had wasted away, and his feeble, deformed frame had bowed nearer and nearer to the earth, and he cared little for any nourishment, except his favourite regale of tea, and the mistress's occasional bounty, a slice of white bread and butter; and there was less willingness to exert himself than formerly. He still crept about his accustomed tasks, but slowly and silently, and would sometimes fall asleep over his more sedentary employment, and when spoken to, he seldom replied but by a nod and a smile—that peculiar smile of idiotic intelligence. Some said the old man grew lazy and sullen, for "what could ail him?" they wondered. Nothing—nothing ailed him—nothing to signify—only the cold hand of death was on him, and he dropt at last with the leaves in autumn. One evening, long after milking-time, the cows he had been entrusted to watch came straggling home without their keeper. Search was made for him, and he was soon discovered by the children, who were well acquainted with his favourite haunts and hiding-places.

They found him gathered up in his usual posture, among the dry fern leaves, at the foot of an old hawthorn, near which ran a reedy streamlet. His back rested against the hawthorn's twisted stem, his old grey head was bare, and a few withered leaves had dropt upon it. Beside him lay a half-finished cap of woven rushes; one hand was on it, and the other still grasped the loose materials of his simple fabric. There was a smile upon his countenance, (he was always smiling

to himself,) but his head had dropt down on his bosom, and his eyes were closed as if in sleep. He was dead—quite cold and stiff—so they took him from his pleasant fern bank, to his late home, the workhouse, and the next day he was screwed down in the

shell of rough boards, the last allowance of parish bounty, and before sunset, those green sods were trampled down over the pauper's grave.—Farewell, old Johnny!

A.

 THE MAN-OF-WAR'S MAN.

CHAPTER XII.

“ Plow through it, plow through it, my trim-sailing wench !
 Cut through it, cut through it, and never say die !
 I'll be hanged else, my brat, if we near her an inch—
 Why she tears it away so, she seems for to fly—
 Going faster and faster.”

“ Lord-a-mercy ! good skipper,” the sea-boat replied,
 You for sartain must think I as dull as a log ;
 Doesn't see I wants wind, and good sea-room beside—
 Would'st ha' me to run my full speed in a fog—
 Surely not, my kind master !”

WE left his Majesty's sloop of war the Tottumfog in full stretch after a vessel to windward, and we now return to find the most of her crew planted on deck, glutting their eyes on their supposed victim, in the fullest expectation she would prove their prize. Nor was all this without some excellent reason; for if anything at all might be placed on the circumstance of the stranger's flying from them under a heavy press of sail the instant they gave chase, certainly both Captain Switchem and his officers were fully justified in concluding, that at the least she was not unlike the Irish smuggler, who, being seized and interrogated as to his refusal to await the custom-house officer's usual inspection, indignantly replied, “ Why didn't I wait for him, said your worship?—becase, by St Patrick, I was in a hurry, and didn't at all like his company, dear.”

The chase, therefore, was still continued with unabated zeal by both parties, when, the hour of meridian being already long past, Captain Switchem ordered dinner to be piped, at the same time cautioning all hands to be on the alert, and ready to jump on deck at the first sound of the call, as he might need them. Such an exhortation, however, was entirely unnecessary to a body of men already too much engrossed in the subject to care a single straw about either meat or drink.

Nor is this in the least surprising. Does not the zealot of the turf or the ring occasionally ride two hundred

miles at a stretch, in order to see a favourite piece of horse or human flesh gain the shout of the day? And has not the curler or the fowler been known to spend sixteen hours out and out, with all the stupid philosophy of the jack-ass, amid ice, and snow, and December's surly wind—the first, with icicle at nose, wriggling his head, carcass, arms, and feet, *almost* as well as old Grimaldi in a pantomime—and the second, with snout in no better plight, floundering amid naked brush-wood or half-frozen marshes, with double-barrel at *secure*, fingers thrust in mouth, or anywhere else equally comfortable, mud-boots leaking, and trowsers torn—when they might both spend the same time in their own warm, comfortable parlours in social converse and the *realities* of life, were they not both equally cursed with the most enviable wish to shine as the first man on the ice, or the *most famousest* shot in the county? We know that such things are—we believe it all—and yet can honestly add, that it sinks into utter insignificance when compared with the fervid energies displayed by British seamen in a chase. Who that has seen the keen and enlarged eye fixed steadily on the object of desire in view—the ready zeal and laughable good-humour which pervades all ranks in their eagerness to assist in the work indispensable to that end—the fervency of their frequent addresses to the wind, coaxing, and whiffing, and wheedling to it with all the uxoriousness of do-

tary, or to the vessel which carries them in a style equally ludicrous, to blow or place them speedily alongside of it;—who that has seen these, in conjunction with the placid coolness, the lion heart, the determined hand, and utter disregard of every peril before action, combined with the most sovereign contempt of all advantage, the blunt, honest, manly feeling humanity, and even kindness, displayed after it—in short, the marvellous compound of the lion and the lamb—but must acknowledge, that they are characteristics which, compared with every nation, tribe, and tongue under Heaven, whether aquatic or terrene, belong, and exclusively belong, to the ocean warriors of this great and glorious empire?

During the time of dinner, and while, even in this short period, the hatchways were thronged with passers to and fro, eager to have a peep how the chase was getting on, Captain Switchem, with his officers and the pilot of the ship, each, glass in hand, kept carefully surveying the stranger, and watching her movements.

"I think the wind lulls, Fyke," said the Captain, "and that we are losing ground fast. Turn up some dozen or two of the fellows on deck, and let them fill the engine. I'll have the courses wet directly."

"'Twill be doing no more than our chase is busy about just now, sir, if my eyes don't belie me," replied Lieutenant Fyke, still holding the glass to his eye. "'Pon my soul, I'm right. She is both wetting and getting up a fresh topsail on her after-mast—I see them crossing the yard even now. By my honour, she is a charming, lively creature, and goes through it spankingly."

"A trim boat, beyond a doubt," returned the Captain. "But come, let us bustle. Ettercap, d'ye hear, boy—jump, and tell Master Marlin I want him."

"Here I am, sir," cried the Boatswain, coming aft.

"O, Master Marlin, pipe up the idlers directly, and get the engine filled without delay—I'm going to wet the courses."

"Ay, ay, sir," cried the Boatswain; then clapping his pipe in his mouth, he astonished the whole mess-tables with "All the idlers on deck, hoy!"

"Thunder and wounds!" cried the bulky Boatswain's-mate, rising somewhat from his half-finished din-

ner, "what the devil wants he now, and with such pretty fellows as the idlers too? Damnation! he might let a fellow have his wittals in season, however, I think.—D'ye hear there, fore and aft, all the idlers on deck—Come, jump, my boys—jump like smart and lively lads, as God knows you all really are. D'ye hear in the galley there?—all the idlers on deck. Come, old Slushy-fists, what are you thinking on—why don't you and your cleanly chum there jump on deck?—Doesn't hear the call?"

"O yes, Bird, we hears the call," growled the one-armed Cook; "but how the blazes can I go on deck now, and leave them there coppers in such a blasted pickle. D—n me, they'll freeze in a minute, and then there will be the devil to pay; so what's the use of talking about it? I must even clean them out now the water is hot, or leave 'em alone, and that's more than my warrant is worth. There's Dick there, he may go, and I'll come the moment I'm done with my coppers, for I can't and won't leave them now—and that's an end to the matter."

"You can't and won't, d'ye say, Master Cook?" replied Bird, with something of surprise in his countenance; "'tis mighty well, and devilish sulky, however, though mayhap you're right. You knows the weight of your warrant, I see, my lad, and long may you keep it for what I care; but it's a d—d sight more than I durst say, that's all. Come, Dick, douse that swab, and jump on deck.—Yo hoy, there! what art thinking of, you roasters and broilers? Don't you hear the idlers called? Mayhap you'll be for touching us off with your can'ts and won'ts also."

"'Pon my soul, Tom," cried the Captain's Cook, "you must excuse me at present, lad. I dare not leave my charge now, 'tis more than my life is worth. Bless your heart, my dear fellow, were I to be a moment absent just now, the Captain's dinner would be completely spoilt."

"Well, and what though it should, Master Sheepshank?" cried Bird; "'tis no more than what he often does to other folks.—Come, come, my lad of sweet morsels, douse your stew-pans and goblets into the ash-pit there for a few minutes, and jump on deck."

"Douse the devil into the ash-pit there!" cried the enraged Cook, brandishing his flour-roller in a menacing attitude; "d'ye think I'm going to

spoil the Captain's dinner, and get myself into trouble, for either you or your infernal deck? Not I, indeed, Master Bird—I'll be d—d sooner, and that's flat."

"You won't go then, Master Consequence?"

"Not I—I'll move never a foot from where I am, unless I'm forced, and then they—I mean whoever does so—may stand the consequences."

"Very well, Master Cook," replied Bird, in a somewhat subdued tone, "I'll see if we can't get some folks forced on deck, in spite of their consequences, and high flashing—Blast me, if I won't."

"You, Bird," bawled the Boatswain down the galley-skuttle, "why, what the devil are you after there; palavering all day?—didn't hear me pipe the idlers up about five minutes ago? and the devil a onc's on deck but the armourer, the carpenters, the purser's steward, some servants, dirty Dick, and that old lazy humbug of a soldier the shoemaker."

"Why, what can I do, sir," growled the crest-fallen Bird, "when the whole of them there d—d cooks are such mighty men, they'll not even budge a peg unless they please? Idlers on deck, indeed!—by the Lord Harry, if I wouldn't sooner turn up both watches at midnight."

"Who is it that won't budge a peg, Tom?"

"Why, old Slushy-fists here is one, forsooth, that swears he can't and won't turn himself up, until he cleans out his coppers; and this here fine fancy man of the cabin is another, and he says as how he can't let go his pots and gimcracks for a minute, without completely spoiling the Captain's dinner. But I'll see other days with them both yet, I hope, and then they may look out, that's all."

"Oh, you needn't be bragging and threatening, Bird, because Master Marlin is present," cried the Captain's Cook; "you knows well, I'm not the d that will truckle under *you*, for as bulky as you are.—I can assure you, Master Marlin, I have said nothing but the real truth, whatever Bird may growl at. Here I have my custards, and my table-bread, besides some half-dozen of covers all in the oven—both my blamange and flummery are ready mixed up—and all these, my dear sir, I'm sure you knows, will go to the devil if I leaves them, were it but for a moment."

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"D—n your custards, and kick-shaws to boot, you pie-making lubber!" cried the Boatswain; "you're never in want of an excuse when anything is to do.—Never mind him, Bird; jump up here and get the engine filled, with what hands you have—the Captain wants the courses in steep as soon as possible."

"Ay, ay, sir," growled Bird, coming on deck, and surveying in silence the motley band of idlers;—who now, in the extremes of cleanliness and filth, stood listlessly gazing, with folded arms, before him, awaiting orders.

"Here's a precious set of customers," he cried, "scratching his pate, from mere vexation, 'for a poor fellow to make anything of.—Wet the courses, indeed; by the Lord, I'll swear we shan't have the engine set a-going for two bells to come. However, 'tis all one to Bird; he may vex himself as he likes, but 'twill make it no better.—D'ye hear there, you Master Whitestockings, jump up on the gunnel there, like a jolly serving-man, and draw water—but no, avast, d—n me, you'll not do—your paws are too fine, and we shan't have a bucketfull out of your twenty attempts, so that would be only a losing of time. Here, you shoemaker—no, dang it, you'll not do either—What an infernal set of mongrel curs I've got to deal with!—D'ye hear there, dirty Dick of the coppers? come this way, my cleanly beauty—by the hookey, you're used to the game, you know—jump up there, my fine greasy fellow, and draw water. D'ye hear me, old ship! jump, and bear a hand. The rest of you clap all to the engine, and see that you work her like devils."

After repeated exhortations of nearly a similar description, the engine was at length filled, and set a-going, Bird directing the pipe in person. It was worked, however, so inefficiently, and with so many interruptions, caused by the scanty supply of water, as not only to make him lose all patience, but to storm, and bawl, and swear like a madman, to the infinite amusement of the few officers who were onlookers.

Things were in this state, when the man at the mast-head suddenly sung out, "On deck, there!"

"Hilloah!" answered Tom Bird, gladly seizing on an occasion that had the smallest probability of putting an end to his present irksome employment.

"A sail on the weather quarter," cried the mast-head.

"Ask him what appearance she has, Bird," cried the Captain from the stern.

"Ay, ay, your honour," answered Bird, repeating the question.

"She is square-rigged, and has her stunsails above and below, bearing down upon us," said the mast-head-man.

"Oh," cried the first Lieutenant, "she'll be one of our own cruisers in chase."

"Think you so, Fyke?" said the Captain. "It will be as well, however, to be certain of that.—Signalman, see that you're ready, as soon as she nears us, to inquire her number."

"Ay, ay, sir," cried the signalman, bending on his pendant.

"Zounds, how the wind lulls, Fyke!" continued the Captain; "Isn't it most teasingly vexatious—why, we haven't neared the chase a single length this last half hour, and we can't carry on in this manner much longer; for we're too nigh the land, you know.—By the by, where's the pilot? where Mr Kenilcoast? Pinafore, tell him I want him."

By the diligence of the boy, the pilot stood speedily at his elbow, and was introduced to his notice by the laconic trio of "The pilot, sir."

"O, Kenilcoast, you're there—pray how far did you say we were off the Virgin Isles this morning? for I positively forget."

"By the report I made you, Captain Switchem," answered the pilot, "we were nearly thirty miles to the south-west of them this morning."

"Good Heavens! so very near, Kenilcoast, and my vessel running in their tract all day—Why, surely, surely we must be close in with them by this time, pilot?"

"That is just what I expect, sir, and, indeed, have been looking for this last half hour from the fore-castle."

"And why not inform me of all this sooner, Kenilcoast? Really, by my honour, I take this negligence of yours very unkind indeed, who should know the anxiety I feel on such occasions so well.—I suppose now the sooner I shorten sail the better—eh?"

"By no means, Captain Switchem; there is not the smallest danger in the world, I assure you, sir. We have

excellent sea-room, and moderate weather; and while this continues, I would really advise you to carry on, at least for another half-hour. I confess, I am the more anxious for this, sir, as I expect ere the expiry of that time to make the land, and particularly as I had every reason to think, before leaving the fore-castle, that the weather had all the appearance of becoming hazy, which it undoubtedly will do if the wind continues to lull as rapidly as it has done for this last hour. I have another reason to mention, sir, and it is this, that if the sail now approaching our quarter, should turn out to be one of our cruisers, which I have little doubt she is——"

The pilot was here very unceremoniously interrupted by the signalman, who came to announce to his commander that the vessel on his quarter had hoisted the private signal.

"Has she indeed, Jerry?—let me see—hand me that glass—Ay, so she has, my fine fellow, so she has, sure enough.—Eh—nine—seven—four—who is that again, Fyke?"

"Why, sir, 'tis Farrell and his Whippersnapper," answered the first Lieutenant.

"Oh, now I recollect, so it is.—Well, Farrell is a fine dashing fellow, well acquainted with this quarter, and my junior—and all these I take to be excellent hits.—Harkye, Jerry, jump aft there, haul down your pendant, and hoist our number directly. Be so good, Fyke, as to see that he is correct.—Well, Kenilcoast, you can now proceed, for you see it is one of our cruisers as you supposed."

"I was merely going to make the simple remark, sir, that in my opinion you ought to follow the chase as long as you can see her,—for I have no doubt but she has hopes of giving you a French leave among the islands, to which she is evidently making the best of her way; and now that you are so ably seconded by Captain Farrell, who has been many years in these seas, and knows them in all their minutiae, my notion is strengthened, and I now consider her ultimate escape from you, with proper management, to be nearly impossible. I would therefore strongly advise your carrying on for another half hour at the least, or for a shorter period, should we make the land; which will not only enable you to come up with your chase all the sooner, but will give you plenty

of time to concert measures with Farrell upon what you may think best to be done—which certainly cannot be a very difficult matter, where you can even employ your boats against her with excellent effect.”

“Bravo! my good Kenilkcoast—I certainly am bound to thank you for your simple remark, as you are modestly pleased to call it, which, however, I think, is a pretty shrewd one, and which I pledge you my honour, Fyke and I shall certainly discuss without delay. Well, we shall carry on for the time you mention, or longer, if you wish it.—Meantime, my brave fellow, d’ye think you are certain of the ground we are on?”

“Perfectly so, sir,” answered the Pilot.

“And you know what bottom we have also, I suppose?”

“We have no bottom, sir, within a reel’s line, until we get close in upon the Vigtins—probably, say, within short mile of ‘em.”

“Ah, very good, Kenilkcoast, very good indeed.—Now would you oblige me so far as to take a trial at soundings as soon as you please, merely to satisfy my curiosity?”

“O, certainly, sir, nothing can be more easy.—Quartermaster, get me the deep-sea lead loaded directly, and pass the line forward: I’m going to take soundings.”

“And you, Fyke,” said the Captain, “do go forward, and halt these fellows at the engine, who you see are doing little good except making us uncomfortable. Knock them off, therefore, get the engine stowed away, and call the watch, that the Pilot here may get his soundings taken in a proper manner.”

The order came like music to the ears of the much-chafed Bird.

“Ay, ay, sir,” exclaimed he, exultingly, unscrewing the director, and throwing it from him, “knock-off is it, at last? by the jetty of Yarmouth and it’s no more than time, I think, craving the pardon of some folks.—Come, come, my lively customers, don’t you hear the news? have done, have done. D’ye hear there, my greasy beauty? knock off, if you please, we’ve had water enough. By the Lord, Dick, a spell of this kind does you a world of good, for, dang it if your own dirty mug is not sparkling and shining just now like a new paint-

ed bulk-head in the sun.—Here, old Saw-dust, away with them there hose and director to your store-room; and you, my spinks of files, awls, and hand-towels,—smart lads though—capsize that engine of its water, and bundle it down to the hold.—Come, smartly, lads, smartly, for time is precious, as the skipper says in his preachments.”

Having thus, by dint of swearing and shouldering, cleared the deck of his idlers, Bird now wiped his highly coloured forehead, blew his whistle, and called the watch; bawling to them as they hurried on deck, “Come, jump up, jump up, my jolly dogs,—upon the guns there, and hand along the line.”

“Are you all ready, forward there?” cried the first Lieutenant.

“All ready, sir,” answered a fore-castleman, from the spritsail yard, holding the lead.

“Heave, then; heave, my lad!” was his next command, echoed by the words—“Watch, there, watch!” sung out by each topman to his mate, as the coil of line recoiled from his hand, until it came a’t to the place where the Captain stood posted observing the Pilot, who, doubtless, beheld with some satisfaction his prediction of no bottom amply verified.

“Aft here, you afterguard, and haul in the line,” bawled the stormy Bird.

“I see you are quite correct, Kenilkcoast,” said the Captain, turning round and surveying his sails;—“but you expect to make the land shortly, don’t you?”

“Every moment, sir,” replied the Pilot. “Were it not getting so cursedly hazy, the look-out must have seen it before now.”

“Ah! say you so, Kenilkcoast?—Well, well, my good fellow, we must just keep our eyes about us all the smarter, that’s all.” Then turning to his first Lieutenant, as the Pilot walked away to his old station on the fore-castle, he said, “How now, Fyke—how get we on, think you?”

“Oh, very ill, sir—vastly ill indeed. She falls off astonishingly—and then this cursed fog—”

“Is rather unfortunate, to be sure,” interrupted the Captain; “but it matters not. Kenilkcoast assures me there is not the smallest danger, so I think we will just carry on in the best manner we can, until the night breeze

spring up, when certainly we shall then overtake her, unless she is actually the Flying Dutchman in reality."

"I much doubt, sir, if that will be done so easily, if she gains the land before us," said the first Lieutenant. "The coast is full of creeks, which are navigable, to be sure, but then they are absolutely crawling with the enemy's row-boats."

"Pshaw!—nonsense with your row-boats, Fyke;—why, what the deuce need we care for all the row-boats of Denmark, while the wind holds good? I'd pledge you my honour, I'd make my vessel run 'em down like nine-pins."

"And yet," replied his first Lieutenant, smiling, "we have a vessel in our company at present, not near so large to be sure, but commanded by as spirited a young fellow as holds a commission in the fleet, which, no longer ago than last winter, was glad to run from these same row-boats. Nay, I've heard Farrell myself honestly confess, that had not the breeze fortunately freshened on the instant, he would have been compelled to strike his colours to them."

"Indeed, Fyke! they must be harder stuff than I could have supposed. By the by, how long has Farrell been on this station, d'ye know?"

"Not exactly, sir; but this far I know, that he was cruising here when I joined this brig, and that is nearly three years gone now."

"O, in Captain Blunt's time, no doubt. I was at that time in the West Indies, snug enough, with the Suckling Turkey. But I say, Fyke, now I think on't, what though we should telegraph Farrell to board us? He must be well acquainted with this coast by this time, I should think, and might possibly suggest a useful hint or two—Don't you think so?"

"Indeed, the idea is not amiss at all, in my opinion," replied the first Lieutenant. "Farrell, undoubtedly, has made many captures lately, which I've always heard attributed to a practice he has of standing his own pilot on this coast. I have no doubt but he could give us some excellent information, if he chooses."

"That's what I think myself, Fyke; and we can only try him, you know. If he fights shy, why there's an end to the matter. Be so good as direct Jerry with his flags, while I go below for a

moment. I'll be with you again in a twinkling."

He had just, however, set his foot on the top of the companion-ladder, when his ears were saluted with, "*Land ahead!*" sung out lustily from the mast-head.

"Hand me that glass, young Pinafore," cried the Captain, running forward, and leaping on the forecastle; "point to it, my lad."

"It lies right a-head, sir," said the Pilot, without taking the glass from his eye. "I see it quite distinctly—we shall make it in less time than I thought."

"Ay, shall we indeed, Kenilkcoast?" said the Captain; "that will be exceedingly fortunate, however, for you see the fog gains ground upon us rapidly."

"O, I care not a straw about the fog now," cried the Pilot; "a very short time will put me in possession of the land-marks, and then I'll be able to give you something like an opinion regarding the stranger to windward of us. In the meantime, Captain, I really think you should embrace the opportunity you now have of conferring on the subject with Captain Farrell—I hardly suppose you will get a better."

"There are worse hints than that often given, my good friend," said the Captain; "and, depend upon it, it shall not be thrown carelessly away. In my absence, do you therefore keep a bright eye on the safety of my vessel, and let me know the instant you think yourself close enough to the land. Pinafore, you'll attend on Master Kenilkcoast, and bring me any message he may give you."

Then leaving the forecastle, he hurried aft to the quarter-deck, and halting, said, "Well, Fyke, have you invited Farrell on board?"

"I have, sir; and they are now busied in lowering his boat."

"Ah, that is just what it should be. Minikin, come hither, boy; go and tell Mr Marlin to attend the side."

"Ay, ay, sir," cried the young gentleman, running forward in search of the boatswain.

Captain Farrell came now on board, and was received with the utmost complaisance and respect by Captain Switchem and his officers. The ceremonial of introduction being happily got over, the chase became naturally the subject of discourse.

"O, I first observed her," replied Captain Farrell, to an interrogation put to him, "almost the minute after I bore down upon you; but as there is some whisper abroad of the Danish brig *Laland* being at sea, I determined to see who and what you were, before I made up my mind to close in with the coast; and, now that we are met, I will think it very miraculous indeed, if we let her slip through our fingers."

"Are you then so confident of making her your own?" said Captain Switchem.

"O, no; not quite so certain as if I'd her astern of me, made fast to the end of a good strong hawser," said Captain Farrell; "though, by my honour, I'd not care a sous how soon I were put to that trouble. You are too recent in these seas, Captain Switchem, to have the smallest idea of what a long arrcar of good hard blows I've got to clear away with these same North men. Sorry am I to confess I am very deeply their debtor on that score, which circumstance makes me, I confess, not a trifle the more anxious to seize the first opportunity that comes in my way of paying them off, with handsome interest, though it were only a part."

"I've heard that affair of yours often talked of, Farrell, and must confess you made a lucky escape. Pray, on what part of the coast did it happen?—anywhere nigh this, eh?—for in that case, you know, we might stretch a point a little to do them a mischief; 'twould be an excellent drill to my fellows."

"Why, sir," said Captain Farrell, "I'll be able, in a very short time, to conduct you to the very spot where these sandy-haired rascals had so very nearly peppered me, for we are getting onward towards it as fast as we may. I see our chase has every intention of leading us a dance through the *Danske's Hellgates*, as my fellows call it, and that was the very passage through which I effected my escape last winter. O, it was a humbling affair, to be compelled to run from a horde of open row-boats, which spun round me like a nest of hornets, sending me shot from all quarters. All was well, however, as soon as I made that channel; and, grieved and chagrined as I was, 'pon my soul 'twas impossible to keep from laughing when I saw the boats of the scoundrels so completely chucked about by the con-

flicting waters as to become nearly unmanageable, and compel them to desist from following me. As soon as we get through that passage, I'll point out the scene of my mishap to you."

"Is this same *Danske's Hellgates*, as you phrase it, of any length, Farrell?"

"Oh, no—probably about half the length, or nearly so, of our own *Pentland*, but of excellent depth, and far more boisterous—a boat can barely live in it. The moment we enter it we'll have to shorten sail, for the high lands on either side of us make sudden squalls uncommonly frequent."

"Ah, well, that's of small moment, Farrell, since I always consider a known danger as no danger at all, seeing we can have our remedy at hand. But, Heaven help me, what an I thinking of, to be so very destitute of good manners and hospitality? We are a good hour's distance from the land yet; let us go below, and have a little further discourse. I've some excellent *Rhenish*, very much at your service.—Fyke, keep a sharp look-out, and tell me if anything happens."

The two commanders accordingly adjourned to the cabin, and over their wine arranged their various plans of co-operation and signal so much to their mutual satisfaction, that it was not without some regret they heard the moment of separation announced. They were close upon the entrance of the channel, and Farrell's presence aboard his own vessel indispensable.

"Oho!" he cried, looking out ahead the moment he came on deck, "she breasts the currents bravely—that is not her first essay, I'll be sworn. I say, Switchem, for I must be off in a moment now, I'll take the lead, if you please, and keep you in my wake until we clear the channel; I'll then burn a blue light, and you can make sail, for I see she leads the very way I told you of. Meantime, get all your gear in readiness, for I've little doubt but we'll need 'em; and I'll send *Toddrell* to ye at the hour appointed."

"But what if this fog should thicken?" said Captain Switchem.

"But what if this fog should thicken?" said Captain Farrell. "O, as to that, have no apprehension. The night-breeze generally springs up pretty early in the first watch, and it is commonly quite clear by midnight—at present I think the fog in our favour. All we have to do is to keep close to—

gether. — Goodbye t'ye," he added,
 "my good sir—dear Fyke, goodbye
 —Gentlemen all, success and adieu!"
 So saying, Captain Farrell stepped

into his gig and shoved off, the boat-
 swain's pipe sung its shrill farewell,
 and gives us an opportunity of con-
 cluding this chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

The signal was given, and though shatter'd and riven,
 So boldly in shore did we stand, my boys;
 And many a boat, in the shower of their shot,
 Drove her keel in the proud foeman's sand, my boys.—
 O then was the say nought but—"Fire!—blaze away!"
 See, they give ground already—halloo! dear boys!"
 We carried the prize—but tears stand in my eyes,
 When I think how they cut up our crew, dear boys.

WITH all their flying gear, then, completely thrown aside, and their courses cleared up, the two vessels of war lost no time in entering this troubled and narrow channel, which winds and rushes boisterously, from either sea, through the centre of that interesting group of islands known by the name of the Vigins—the Tottum-fog, greatly to the mortification of her first Lieutenant and Pilot, humbly attending in the wake of that "d—d little cockerell," as Kenilcoast called her, the Whippersnapper. Though the evening still continued partially hazy, and the precipitous, black, naked rocks on either side rose often so prodigiously high as completely to exclude the curious eye from farther exploration than was afforded from their rugged sides, veined and variegated with the most beautiful colours, and along which a countless immensity of sea-fowl of all descriptions winged their ceaseless way, yet ever and anon, through the oft-occurring yawning chasms into which the solid granite had been splintered by the contending waters, could they get a momentary glimpse of their chase, which, having cleared the perilous spot where the waters of either sea fought with endless hostility, was now far a-head, making the best of her way from them smoothly and swiftly.

"By my honour," cried Captain Switchem, looking wistfully after her with his glass, "but he's making sail on her, Fyke. Well, come of her what will, we can't call it his fault; for he has shewn excellent seamanship and must be a clever fellow.—Keep a steady eye on Farrell, Fyke; I must go and look after matters."

Under his own superintendence, therefore, the utmost bustle pervaded every corner of the vessel's interior.

The decks were cleared of everything not absolutely necessary—the gunner's safety-screens were hung round the hatchways, completely excluding the remaining light from the lower deck, which was now rendered barely visible by the miserable twinkles of the Purser's rush-lights, made still more miserable by being placed in lanterns—and the magazine and arm-chests were rifled of their stores. Every face was animated and interesting—all ears were open—and, excepting those of command, every tongue was mute.

This business being at length accomplished, and everything according to his mind, Captain Switchem, aided by his first Lieutenant, next mustered the seamen and marines on deck fully armed, and carefully examined their various equipments—snapping their flints, examining their cartouch-boxes, and drawing his nail over the edge of their naked and highly polished cutlasses with evident satisfaction.—
 "Now, my lads," cried he, after ordering all hands aft on the quarter-deck, "you've nothing farther to do at present, but patiently to stand by ready to execute with cheerfulness the orders given you. You had better therefore go to supper, and I'll advise every one of you to eat a hearty one—for after the hatches are put on, you know 'twill be impossible to allow of any skulking. Our chase continues ahead of us to be sure, and has cost us no small trouble; but what of that, my fine fellows—let us but once get through this narrow channel, and we have her once more in deep water and good sea-room. She must be ours, that's certain. The mainland is close at hand—she will be compelled to run in somewhere—and run in where she pleases, by my honour I'm determined to have her. Serjeant of marines, take

the small-armed men's muskets and ammunition from them, and stow them abast there in the meantime.—Place your cutlasses and pikes in their racks there, my lads, and be ready to jump for them when you're ordered.—Boatswain's mate, pipe to supper.”—The order was speedily obeyed, Captain Switchem himself shewing the cheering example, by making an immediate retreat to his cabin to a very late-hour dinner.

During this hurried meal, the subjects that came under discussion were as numerous as they were various; and it seemed by the general loudness of the vociferation, as though each individual was determined in this hour of license to make ample amends for his involuntary taciturnity. While some were, therefore, narrating their various feats and marvellous escapes aboard this ship or t'other during the war—others guessing and teasing their brains about what was likely to be their employment for the night—and a third party, more doubtful and composed, were arranging their little matters finally with one another, preparing for the worst—the vessel suddenly began to roll, and her timbers to crack in such an unusual manner, as instantly to attract the general attention, and to hurry not a few on deck to see what was the matter.

“By the powers of Moll Kelly,” cried the lively Mahony, who, followed by Edward, had been amongst the first who gained the fore-castle, “if the devil like of that I ever saw in my born days;—did you, Ned? Och, och, we're bewitched, that's sartain, dear!—else how the blazes could the crazy ould hooker get on in this manner,—soul of me, as lively and frisky as my grandmother's kitten running after its own darling tail, sure;—and leaping, and shivering, and tossing her head and her tail in the air like another mad-bull!—Och, and in faith we're bewitched, and that's all.—Don't you think so, Ned?”

Edward replied not, but eagerly gazed on a scene at once to him novel, perilous, and sublime. They had now reached the spot where the opposing currents met; and there they stood before him, erect and high raised, grappling one another like two powerful and determined wrestlers, whilst the vessel for some time, like an intruder disagreeable to both, was bandied from one to the other with irresist-

ible force. By imperceptible degrees, however, and after a severe conflict, which the loud and repeated concussions of her timbers amply declared, she forced her way through this tumult of mighty waters, and joyfully declared her emancipation by instantly shooting away with a velocity and a smoothness altogether astonishing.

“Well behaved, my good ould woman,” cried Dennis, who had watched the vessel's progress with considerable interest; “may you ever be able to give the devil, and his rocks, and his winds, and his sands, and d—d lee-shores, the same clever double you have given just now to that plaguy boiling-pot!—Did you ever see the like of that ashore now, Ned?—Och, botheration and turf, but it puts my own pipe out completely, that's been at sea all my life. Soul of me, if I know what to think on't; for I'd always be for supposing that these same waters would naturally be after running all the same way, instead of meeting one another in the teeth in that rascally manner, and joltering, and bellowing, and murdering each other, as thof they were paid for it.—But, come, let us be after taking our bodies below, Ned, for you see it's all over now, and we may palaver here long enough without knowing anything of the matter at all, at all. Besides, I'm most savagely hungry, and mean to tuck into me as much as will keep me from starving for the first twelve hours to come.—Do you the same, dailing; and don't let your small-guts be cursing you for a nig-gard ere you once more get hold of the bread-bag.”

Continuing thus under easy sail, the night was well advanced ere they cleared this perilous channel—a circumstance which was formally announced to them by a blue light gleaming dimly through the haze from the stern of the Whippersnapper; and shortly afterwards, a light breeze springing up which dispersed the fog, top-gallant sails were set, the courses hauled aboard, and away they drove for the mainland at random, (having completely lost sight of the chase,) the Tottunfog speedily taking the lead from her companion, in despite of every exertion to the contrary.

“You'll be satisfied now, old boy,” said the first Lieutenant, sniling, and advancing to the Pilot.

“Ay, to be sure,” answered the old

man gruffly; "for she's no more now than in the place that belongs to her. D—n me, Lieutenant, but I was always accustomed to be with skippers who were the first to begin and the last to give over—I hates snivelling, and caution, and all that sort of stuff, as heartily, from my soul, as my old commander Harvey did psalm-singing. Crack on her, I say, and let's have the matter settled at once."

"Spoke like yourself, my ancient calculator," cried the first Lieutenant; "'twere well for the service if spinks of your determination were more common."

"Come, come, Lieutenant, belay if you please—d—n your sidewipes and flattery—he's a silly goose that doesn't know there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out on't."

The two vessels, therefore, alike emulous in the cause, thus dashingly carried on, until the returning dawn summoned the look-out of the Tottumfog to his station at the mast-head, which he had hardly gained when he announced the land, and the chase running in to it, in the same breath. Crowding more sail on their vessels at this intelligence, and the breeze freshening up, a very short time brought them so close in shore, that they could plainly perceive the object of their solicitude, as she swiftly made her way towards the mouth of one of those numerous fiords, or inlets, so common on the coast of Norway, which she immediately entered, displaying for the first time the Danish standard, as she disappeared from their view.

"I say, Lieutenant," cried the Pilot, pointing abaft to the Captain, who, after surveying the mouth of the inlet with great attention for some time, to which the vessel was rapidly approaching, was now in the act of giving orders to the signal-man—"I say, Lieutenant, will it be really possible he hasn't the pluck to dash in?"

"Silence, Kenilkcoast, silence," replied the first Lieutenant; "you know very well that is a very improper question to me."

"O, it may be so in the new, though it was not so in the old school," replied the Pilot, "that I'll be sworn to. No, no, Lieutenant, we spurned the idea of making a cat's-paw of our juniors to fight our battles, and then diddling them out of their laurels.—In my day, it was the usual language of the telegraph, *Stand by, young ship-*

mate, and I'll shew you how an old battered hulk can beat these fellows; but now the case is reversed—the young sapling fights the battle, while the lousy, cowardly——"

"In God's name, Kenilkcoast, hold your tongue," cried the first Lieutenant—"you are absolutely out of all compass—I will not, cannot, hear you a word farther."

"Well, well, Lieutenant, well, well," cried the mortified cynic, following the first Lieutenant with his eyes, as he slowly walked away—"all that may be very true. You won't hear truth, because it brushes some people—and belike yourself—I don't care a d—n; 'tis all one to Ben Kenilkcoast—his word will be taken as soon as any on ye—so you may make it a court-martial if you please."—Then giving his usual mouthful of tobacco an extra turn, and squirting the superfluous juice on the deck, he once more took his solitary stand on the fore-castle.

Though exceedingly cautious and circumspect, however, Captain Switchem was by no means deficient in courage. He had marked, in the bravado of exhibiting her national standard, a confidence in the chase, which not only told him what he had to expect, but that there was not a moment to be lost. Telegraphing, therefore, his companion to stand on and penetrate the fiord, he immediately shortened sail, got out his boats, and, thus prepared for action, followed slowly after, ready to act according to circumstances.

This order was promptly obeyed by Captain Farrell, and the Whippersnapper, after dropping her boats, moved swiftly on and entered the fiord. The Tottumfog followed more slowly, and had barely got round an enormous rocky pile, which seemed placed at its mouth by the hand of nature, as a barrier against the devastations of the ocean, when her impatient and mortified ship's company beheld the Whippersnapper far a-head, making swiftly towards a little thickly-wooded point, which, descending abruptly from the surrounding high land, ran into this little inland sea like a natural pier. Behind this point, and close under the high land which completely over-topped it, the chase had taken shelter, and now lay at anchor with her sails furled, the tops of her masts being distinctly seen peering above the surrounding dwarfish fir and pine

brushwood. Towards this point, therefore, and its overhanging promontory, all eyes were naturally turned. They beheld the Whippersnapper glide smoothly on until she rounded the point and stood in towards the chase, when suddenly the watchful enemy opened a close heavy fire upon her of cannon and musketry, which was as cheerfully and gallantly returned,—nothing shortly being to be seen of either vessel or point, so completely were they enveloped in smoke, but the rapid flashes and thickening reports of the guns and small arms.

"Now is the moment, my lads," cried Captain Switchem, sword in hand, "to serve your King and country, to gain prize-money and glory—away there, boarders!—Fyke, I trust implicitly to your own discretion, and shall second your efforts to the best of my power. Make for the nearest point, and carry that battery on the height as fast as you can—I wish you every success—shove off."

The boats accordingly made for the shore with their utmost celerity, covered by the Tottumfog, which, running close alongside of it, kept up such a steady raking fire as speedily cleared the beach of its musketry; then suddenly dropping her anchor in three fathoms water, with her broadside to the land, she immediately commenced such a heavy and well-directed fire upon the battery on the heights, as evidently to put to silence a goodly portion of that of the enemy. In this situation, however, we must leave both vessels for a moment, and follow the fortunes of our hero.

Edward and his friend Dennis, with many others, and the marines of both ships, were now in the boats, under the command of Lieutenants Fyke and Toddrell; and pushed for the land with the most strenuous exertion—the shot from either party meanwhile whistling and buzzing over them in a most discomposing and alarming manner. Luckily, however, for them, they were too busy for serious thought;—nor was it until he stood up to leave the boat that our hero discovered that the lad who sat close to him on the same thwart, and had rowed the opposite oar, was completely dead. The poor fellow, indeed, still clutched the oar in his hands, but the boat had been so crowded, and the shot he received so effectually fatal, that he had absolutely died unnoticed.

VOL. XVI.

"Who is it, who is it, Davis?" exclaimed half a dozen voices to our hero as he leaped ashore.

"Why, it's Dick Lingridge, poor fellow—he's received a slapper right smack in the bosom."

"Pshaw! never mind him, my brave fellows—jump ashore, jump ashore," cried Lieutenant Fyke, "and follow me.—You boat-keepers, on your lives stir not from this place—we shall be back with you in a minute or two—so have all ready for us. Toddrell, lead you on the marines; and recollect serjeants, we're to have no firing until I give you positive orders.—Come, my bold Blue-Jackets, we'll take the front;—sling your muskets o'er your shoulders, and trust to the cutlass—it is far the most effectual weapon of the two, besides being an excellent walking stick. Bear a hand, boys—come, more quickly—keep silence—stick firmly together."

Such were the detached exhortations of Lieutenant Fyke as the whole party clambered silently and rapidly after him up the steep ascent, directing their march by the sound of the guns, which bellowed overhead with the utmost fury, retarded and impeded by the looseness and rottenness of the rock, and the tangled dwarf-birch and juniper bushes through which they had to force a passage. On gaining the summit, they saw, to their evident mortification, that they had still to pass an open area of about two hundred yards, completely exposed to the fire of the fort the moment they were discovered, which they could hardly fail to be the instant they broke cover. In this dilemma there was a momentary pause, and some consultation took place, during which Lieutenant Toddrell and the two serjeants agreed in strongly recommending the taking a more circuitous route, and so come on the enemy from behind.

"Oh, by the powers of Higokey," cried Dennis, who heard this proposal, "if we're to halt and consider on the best way to plaster a head before it is broke, boys, by my soul and it's all over wid us.—Take another round-about way, said you, Mr Redjacket? Not I, by St Patrick; the devil a trotter will Dennis Mahoney move in such a direction, dear. Botheration and turf! what is the matter wid you all now, that you halt here all at once, as thof you had seen the ghost of your great grandfathers? I m sure, honies,

here we are within a short brush of the thing already, all clane, and sound, and ready for anything; and what the devil's to hinder us from going forward, instead of round about, is more than I can think of at present, or will ever think of to the end of the chapter. Och, bad luck to your blarney, and to them who pays the smallest attention to it, say I.—Come, come, Mr Officers, never listen to these lobster-backed spalpeens, who are good for nothing but brushing your shoes, and putting fine fellows like myself in irons, when they get malty. Soul of me! let them go their roundabout by themselves, and be d—d to every mother's son of them. Rather take a common jack's advice, darlings; and come this way at once; it's far the shortest, and the soonest over—and, sure, that's what every lad of mettle likes.—Come, Mr Fyke, you're my own officer, you know; and by the same token, Paddy may use a little more freedom wid you—come yourself, if none of them will. I swear by the beard of my ould father, the devil a hair of you shall be injured if Mahoney can help it. Faith, I can tell you, master of mine, that if we stand here palavering shilly-shally to no purpose much longer, and the grey-coated flaxen-headed Spraakens once smell us out, we shall all be kilt and murdered with their d—d long-barrelled muskets, and do devil a thing deserving it at all at all.”

This precious piece of oratory, delivered with greater rapidity than it could well be read, had a powerful effect, and knocked the roundabout proposal completely down. Lieutenant Fyke immediately put himself at the head of a select division of his small-armed men, assigned another to his second in command, ordered the marines to fix bayonets, and pointing out three places to which they were to direct their several attacks, gave the word, and the whole emerging from their verdant concealment, set forward towards the fort at a round rifle-trot.

So entirely was the enemy's attention attracted to the shipping, that Lieutenant Fyke and his party were almost close upon the outward barriers of the fort before they were observed; but from that moment commenced a combat of the most sanguinary description. Swords, pistols, pikes, muskets, even missiles, such as shot, fragments of rock, &c. &c. were hurled without computation or mercy

at the assailants' heads: nevertheless, though the garrison were far more numerous than the storming party, and the barrier-fences, three in number, composed of good solid turf and earth compactly put together, would have proved no mean defence in the hands of men of spirit, yet nothing could withstand the impetuosity of our seamen, armed with their favourite weapon, the cutlass. The assault was commenced and led on by Lieutenant Fyke in person, who was among the first who succeeded in getting firm footing inside the fort; yet, though he was ably seconded by Mahoney, Lyson, Sedley, and several other able swordsmen, so powerful and numerous were his opponents, that his life or liberty was for some minutes in jeopardy. He was zealously supported, however, by his whole party, who rallied firmly round him, and fought like devils; and the other party and marines pouring rapidly in to their assistance, all opposition was shortly overcome, the cutlass made a clean sweep of the enemy from their guns, made them fly the fort, and levelled Denmark's standard in the dust.

“Well, serjeant,” cried Lieutenant Fyke, wiping his fiery forehead, “what have you made of Toddrell? I don't see him—he's not wounded, I hope?”

“He's down, sir,” replied the breathless serjeant—“lost his number completely—lies in the outer trench yonder—had hardly commenced work, when it was given him, slap through the head, sir.”

“Poor fellow! that was unlucky.—Send four of your stoutest hands, serjeant, and let them hurry down with his body to the boats directly—we must not leave it here upon any account; see after that in an instant, and return to me, for we'll have to fly in our turn directly, and I'll want you.”

“Heaven bless your honour!” cried Mahoney, running up to Lieutenant Fyke at this moment, and laying hold of him by the arm, “come this way, just plase you, for one moment, and you'll see a sight that will tickle your own blessed daylight's just to a nicety—Och, by my soul, and it's beautiful!” He then hurried him unresistingly to the front of the fort which overlooked the shipping, exclaiming, as he pointed to the smooth and beautifully-wooded water below, “Now there now, Mr Officer of mine, just look at that now—isn't that a comely and a pretty

sight? Och, by the powers, and good luck to the happy thought of Dennis Mahoney, that put it first into his own beautiful head to have devil the do with your roundabout roads at all at all!—What say you, bless your honour?"

Lieutenant Fyke smiled, but replied not. He saw that his commander, rightly judging of his success by the silence of the fort, had lost not a moment in dispatching his gig full of men to bring off the boats; that he had manned them a second time, and sent them in to board the prize—a deed they had accomplished, after a brief and sharp conflict with the row-boats. He now, therefore, beheld the prize standing out, under easy sail, to join the two vessels of war, whose boats were once more making for the shore with all possible celerity. He gazed for a few moments on the shouting and bustle on the water below, whose scenery was beautiful, with the highest admiration, when his attention was suddenly recalled to his situation by the shrill music of a musket-ball, which, whistling rapidly and closely past his left ear, felled a young and laughing scaman to the earth, who accidentally stood beside him. Instantly wheeling round, therefore, he immediately issued his orders, and all hands were now turned eagerly to the work of destruction. The guns were either spiked, or hurled, along with the shot, over the parapet-wall fronting the shipping; the neat, tasty, little wooden barracks were consigned to the flames, and the magazine and stores blown in the air. Everything was done as quickly as possible, and yet so much time was consumed, and so quickly did the natives rally, that a rapid retreat was deemed indispensable.

Ordering the serjeant, therefore, to the rear with his marines, and the blue-jackets once more to pick up their muskets from the ground, he commenced his retreat by the same route by which he had ascended, while the enemy's balls, which at first were few and far between, now began to whistle in rapid succession around

the party from all quarters excepting their front. Urging each other onwards, therefore, they descended towards the beach with the utmost rapidity, followed as alertly by the shouts and shot of the natives, who, gathering strength every moment, began to appear boldly now in a sort of determined array. In vain did Lieutenant Fyke, at the head of his remaining marines and seamen, charge them at every open space they passed—they fled at his approach, and took shelter in the nearest brushwood; but it was only momentary, to reload their muskets, and then return with double violence on their pursuers—from behind detached rocks, from thickets, and every portion or position of ground which could conceal themselves, while it exposed their enemies to a steady sure aim, would their cool, unseen, and destructive fire be then renewed. It was with infinite regret, however, that he at length found himself under the mortifying necessity of giving orders to his party to leave their wounded and dying comrades, and redouble their speed. That was also of little avail; the Norriren followed with equal speed, and, hanging with determined obstinacy on the party's rear, galled his now reduced and gallant little band with a most destructive and unceasing fire. It was not, therefore, before a display of the most cool, determined, and intrepid courage, and leaving behind them nearly one half of their numbers, that the few survivors, breathless and exhausted, at last reached their boats, leaped in, and shoved off, followed by the shot and the curses of the brave but exasperated natives.

We think it unnecessary, at this part of our story, to detain our readers a single moment from better amusement, by a dull prosing about killed and wounded. It is sufficient to add, that both ships and men suffered severely, and that a very short period, aided by a fair wind, brought them and their prize, which was of insignificant value, safely to the anchorage of Leith Roads.

Maxims of Sir Morgan O'Doherty, Bart.

Part the Third.

INTRODUCTION.

GENTLE READER,

I HAVE already said that I do not fear the danger of cloying you with this my Series of Maxims. *Toujours perdrix*, &c. is a true saying, no doubt, for you do get tired of partridges, [which, *ut obiter dicam*, that is, in plain English, *en passant*, are very so so in France,] but there is no danger of your getting tired of a varied dinner. Thus, in this affair of mine, if it were like the New Monthly Magazine, a series of humdrum papers eternally upon the same subjects, you would certes feel no little lassitude, but I humbly submit to your superior judgment, that I am not by any means in the predicament of that old-womanly journal, edited by my friend Tom Campbell of Glasgow, a man for whom I have a particular esteem, and concerning whom I shall probably tell a good story next month.

I honestly have stuck by my original bargain with you, gentle reader, and give you downright and actual observations on human life. There is not a Maxim which I have not tried, as Dr William Kitchener did his cookery recipes. In all other books of Maxims which I have read, the greater proportion by far is mere moonshine, of no practical utility whatever. I have a vague recollection of having read a book by a Dr Hunter, of York, I believe, from which all I gleaned, certainly all that has stuck to my memory, is an advice to have your stairs painted stone colour to save soap—to send your cards to your bookbinder to shave off their edges, which will permit you to play with them three times as long as you otherwise would—and if your wife wears a wig, never to look at her bare skull, for it is a hideous spectacle. Of which the two first are piperly, and the third I know nothing about, not being enrolled in the ranks of matrimony.

So also in “Lacon, or Few Things in Many Words,” I defy you to point out a solid practical Maxim, at least I cannot recollect one. And if not practical, they are nought. The contrary of the law of theology holds in this case. In Scotland I have heard people say, “It is no sound doctrine, it is the law o’ warks.” Now, unless apophthegms are exclusively confined to *works*, their doctrine is not sound. While writing this, I have happened perchance to take up a morning paper, wherein I find excerpts from the Maxims of one Balthasar Gracian; and what are they? “Learn to obtain and preserve reputation,” a pretty copy-line for a school-boy, I own. “Learn to command your passions. The passions are the breeches of the mind;” he might as well have said the petticoats of the Celtic. Who learns anything by such twaddle?

In a word, gentle reader, these things pass away. If they glitter or dazzle they are but a kind of *Fata Morgana*, which is baseless and transient, and altogether different from the *Effata Morgana*, by which name you may, if you like, call the dicta of,

Unalterably thine,

Gentle Reader,

MORGAN O'DOHERTY.

AMBROSE'S, ATHENS, }
August 27, 1824. }

Maxim Eighty-Third.

WE moderns are perhaps inferior to our ancestors in nothing more than in our epitaphs. The rules, nevertheless, for making a good epitaph, are exceedingly simple. You should study a concise, brief, and piquant diction; you should state distinctly the most remarkable points in the character and history of the defunct, avoiding, of course, the error into which Pope so often fell, of omitting the name of the individual in your verses, and leaving it to be tagged to the tail or beginning of the piece, with a separate and prosaic "*hic jacet*." Thirdly, there should be, if possible, some improvement of the subject.—some moral or religious or patriotic maxim,—which the passenger carries with him, and forgets not. I venture to present, as a happy specimen, the following, which is taken from a tomb-stone in Winchester church-yard, and which tradition ascribes to a late venerable prelate of that see, Dr Hoadley:—

"PRIVATE JOHN THOMS LIES BURIED HERE,
WHO DIED OF DRINKING COLD SMALL BEER:—
GOOD CHRISTIAN! DRINK NO BEER AT ALL,
OR, IF YOU WILL DRINK BEER, DON'T DRINK IT SMALL."

Nothing can exceed the nervous pith and fine tone of this, both in the narrative and the didactic parts. It is really a gem, and confers honour on the Bishop—on whom, by the way, a clever enough little epitaph was written shortly after his death by a brother Whig and D.D. Bishop Hoadley was, in this doctor's opinion, a heretical scribe, and his monument encroached too much on one of the great pillars of the Cathedral.

"HERE LYING HOADLEY LIES, WHOSE BOOK
WAS FEEBLER THAN HIS BIER.—
ALIVE, THE CHURCH HE PAIN HAD SHOOK,
BUT UNDERMINES IT HERE.

Maxim Eighty-Fourth.

There is not a truer saying in this world, than that truth lies on the surface of things. The adage about its lying in a well was invented by some solemnn old ass, some "passymeasures pagan," as Sir Toby Belch calls him, who was ambitious of being thought deep, while, in point of fact, he was only muddy. Nothing that is worth having or knowing, is recondite or difficult to be discovered. Go into a ball-room, and your eye will in three seconds light (and fix) on the beauty. Ask the stupidest host in the world to bring you the best thing he has in his house, and he will, without doubt, set a bottle of claret forthwith on your table. Ask the most perfect goose of a bookseller who is the first poet in the world, and he will name Shakespeare. Ask Macvey which is the best Magazine, and he will utter in response the name of Blackwood. I have never been able to understand the advantages of hard study, deep researches, learned investigations, &c. &c. &c. Is there any really good author lying concealed anywhere among the litter of lumber ransacked only by the fingers of the Bibliomaniacs? Is there anything equal to punch, with which the drinking public in general remains unacquainted? I think not. I therefore take things easy.

Maxim Eighty-Fifth.

Few idiots are entitled to claver on the same form with the Bibliomaniacs; but, indeed, to be a *collector* of anything, and to be an *ass*, are pretty nearly equivalent phrases in the language of all rational men. No man *collects* anything, of which he really makes use. Who ever suspected Lord Spencer, or his factotum, little Dibdin, of *reading*? The old Quaker at York, who has a museum of the ropes at which eminent criminals have dangled, has no intention to make an airy and tassell-like termination of his own terrestrial career—for

that would be quite out of character with a man of his brims. In like manner, it is now well known, that the three thousand three hundred and thirty-three young ladies who figure on the books of the Seraglio, have a very idle life of it, and that, in point of fact, the Grand Seignior is a highly respectable man. The people that collect pictures also, are, generally speaking, such folk as Sir John Leicester, the late Angerstein, and the like of that. The only two things that I have any pleasure in collecting, are bottles of excellent wine, and boxes of excellent segars—articles, of the first of which I flatter myself I know rather more than even Lord Eldin does of pictures; and of the latter whereof I make rather more use than old Mustapha can be supposed to do of his 3333 knick-knacks in petticoats—or rather, I beg their ladyships' pardon, in trowsers.

Maxim Eighty-Sixth.

Something I was saying recalls to my mind the intense scorn I have for what they call *seeing sights*! When you go out to visit a friend in the country, "I am so glad to see you, my dear fellow," says he,—“come away, and you shall feast your eyes on our grand cascade—abbey—lake—castle—plain—forest,” or whatever the sight of that vicinity may happen to be. If he took you out to his field, and said, “Look at these sheep—are you a judge?—which of them shall I order to be killed?” or asked one to give him an opinion about the state of his hot-house, to inspect the drawing of his fish-pond, or anything of this kind, the man might be borne with. But, in general, in-door prospects are the best. What purling brook matches the music of my gurgling bottle? What is an old roofless cathedral compared to a well-built pie?

Maxim Eighty-Seventh.

Of late they have got into a trick of serving up the roasted pig without his usual concomitants. I hate the innovating spirit of this age; it is my aversion, and will undo the country. Always let him appear erect on his four legs, with a lemon in his mouth, a sprig of parsley in his ear, his trotters bedded on a lair of sage. One likes to see a pig appear just as he used to do upon the board of a Swift, a Pope, an Arbuthnot. Take away the customs of a people, and their identity is destroyed.

Maxim Eighty-Eighth.

Claret should always be decanted. I find it necessary to observe this, because the vile Frenchified fashion of shoving the black bottles about is fast coming into vogue in certain quarters. These outlandish fellows drink their wine out of the black bottle for two reasons—first, that they can't afford crystal, and, secondly, because sending all their best wine over to us, they of course are in the habit of consuming weak secondary trash among themselves, which will not keep, and has therefore no time for depositing grounds. But why should we imitate such creatures as these? The next thing, I suppose, will be to have ruffles without a shirt, and to masticate frog's blubber. No good can come of lowering our good old national pride, antipathies, and principles in general.

Maxim Eighty-Ninth.

Liberality, Conciliation, &c. &c. are round-about words for humbug in its lowest shape. One night lately I had a very fine dream. I dreamt I was in heaven. Some of the young angels were abusing the devil bitterly. Hold, hold, said an ancient-looking seraph, in a very long pair of wings, but rather weak in the feather,—you must not speak in this way. Do not carry party-feelings into private life.—The devil is a person of infinite talent—a very extraordinary person indeed.—Such a speaker, &c. &c. &c. In regard to dreams, I have now adopted the theory of the late Dr Beattie, author of the *Minstrel*, a poem; for I had been supping that night among the Pluckless.

Maxim Ninetieth.

There are *two* kinds of drinking which I disapprove of—I mean dram-drinking, and port-drinking. I talk of the drinking of these things in great quantities, and habitually; for as to taking a few drams and a few glasses of port every day, that is no more than I have been in the custom of doing for many years back. I have many reasons that I could render for the disgust that is in me, but I shall be contented with one. These potables taken in this way, fatally injure a man's personal appearance. The drinker of drams becomes either a pale, shivering, blue-and-yellow-looking, lank-chopped, miserable, skinny animal, or his eyes and cheeks are stained with a dry, fiery, dusky red, than which few things can be more disgusting to any woman of real sensibility and true feminine delicacy of character. The port-drinkers, on the other hand, get blowsy about the chops, have trumpets of noses, covered with carbuncles, and acquire a muddy look about the eyes. Vide the Book of the Church, passim. For these reasons, do not, on any account, drink port or drams, and, *per conversum*, drink as much good claret, good punch, or good beer, as you can get hold of, for these liquors make a man an Adonis. Of the three, claret conveys perhaps the most delicate tinge to the countenance; nothing gives the air of a gentleman so completely, as that elegant lassitude about the muscles of the face, which, accompanied with a gentle rubicundity, marks the man whose blood is in a great proportion *vin-de-Bourdeaux*. There is a peculiar delicacy of expression about the mouth also, which nothing but the habit of tasting exquisite claret, and contemplating works of the most refined genius, can ever bestow. Punch, however, is not without its own peculiar merits. If you want to see a fine, commanding, heroic-looking race of men, go into the Tontine Coffeeroom of Glasgow, and behold the effects of my friend Mr Thomas Hamilton's rum, and the delicious water of the *Arns* fountain so celebrated in song; or just stop for a minute at the foot of Millar Street, and see what you shall see. Beer, though last, is not least in its beautifying powers. A beer-drinker's cheek is like some of the finest species of apples,

— “the side that's next the sun.”

Such a cheek carries one back into the golden age; reminding us of Eve, Helen, Atalanta, and I know not what more. Upon the whole, I should, if called upon to give a decided opinion as to these matters in the present state of my information and feelings, say as follows: Give me the cheek of a beer-bibber—the calf of a punch-bibber—and the mouth of a claret-bibber—which last indeed I already have.

N.B.—Butlers should be allowed a good deal of port, for it makes them swell out immensely, and gives them noses *à-là-Bardolph*; and the symptoms of good eating and drinking should be set forth a little *in caricaturâ* upon the outward man of such folk, just as we wish inferior servants to wear crimson breeches, pea-green coats, and other extravaganzas upon finery. As for dram-drinking, I think nobody ought to indulge in it except a man under sentence of death, who wishes to make the very most of his time, and who knows that, let him live never so quietly, his complexion will inevitably be quite spoilt in the course of the week. A gallon of good stout brandy is a treasure to a man in this situation; though, if I were in his place, I rather think I should still stick to my three bottles of claret and dozen segars *per diem*; for I should be afraid of the other system's effects upon my nervous system.

Maxim Ninety-First.

In one of my previous Maxims I have laid it down, that “the intensely amorous temperament in a female, stamps melancholy on her eye-lid.” This, I find, has given rise to much remark, and a considerable controversy is still going on in one of the inferior periodicals. Shakespeare, however, is entirely on my side. When he was a young man, and wrote his *Troilus* and *Cressida*, he appears indeed to have thought otherwise. It was then that he made his Ulysses say,—

· Fie, fie upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip!

Nay, her foot speaks : her wanton spirits look out
 At every joint and motion of her body.
 Oh, these encounterers ! so glib of tongue,
 That give accosting welcome ere it comes,
 And wide unclasp the tablet of their thoughts
 To every ticklish reader. Set them down
 For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
 And daughters of the game——"

Animated and beautifully said, but the theory of the sage Greek quite false ! The same poet, after looking at human nature for a number of years, arrived at truer views. It was then that he represented Juliet.

" See ! how *she* leans her cheek upon her hand !"

It was then that he conceived the rich and meditative voluptuousness of the all-accomplished Cleopatra, and described the pious resolves of " the curled Antony," as feeble and ineffectual when opposed to the influence of that

———" GRAVE charm,
 Whose eye beck'd forth his wars, and call'd them home ;—
 Whose bosom was his crownnet, his chief end."

Helen, in Homer, is also uniformly represented as a melancholy creature, and the most pathetic thing that has ever been written, is her lamentation over her virtue in the 24th Iliad. To conclude, the late Rev. Lawrence Sterne (a prime connoisseur) has recorded, in distinct terms, his opinion as to which is " the most serious of all passions." We four, then, are of the same way of thinking as to this matter.

Maxim Ninety-Second.

In helping a lady to wine, *always* fill the glass to the very brim ; for custom prevents them from taking many glasses at a time ; and I have seen cross looks when the rule has been neglected by young and inexperienced dandies.

Maxim Ninety-Third.

The King, if Sir Thomas Lawrence's last and best picture of him may be believed, wears, when dressed for dinner, a very short blue surtout, trimmed with a little fur, and embroidered in black silk upon the breast, and all about the button holes, &c.—black breeches and stockings, and a black stock. I wish to call general attention to this, in the hopes of seeing his Majesty's example speedily and extensively adopted. The modern *coat* is the part of our usual dress, which has always given most disgust to the eye of people of taste ; and I am, therefore, exceedingly happy to think, that there is now a probability of its being entirely exploded. The white neckcloth is another abomination, and it also must be dismissed. A blue surtout, and blue trowsers richly embroidered down the seams, form the handsomest dress which any man can wear within the limits of European costume.

Maxim Ninety-Fourth.

Mediocrity is always disgusting, except, perhaps, mediocrity of stature in a woman. Give me the *Paradise Lost*, the *Faerie Queen*, the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, that I may feel myself elevated and ennobled ; give me *Endymion*, or the *Flood of Thessaly*, or *Pye's Alfred*, that I may be tickled and amused. But on no account give me an eminently respectable poem of the Beattie or Campbell class, for that merely sets one to sleep. In like fashion, give me, if you wish to make me feel in the heaven of heavens, a *hookat*. There is no question that this is the *Paradise Gained* of the smoker.—But, if you cannot give me that, give me a segar ; with which whoso is not contented deserves to inhale sixteen pipes of assafoetida *per diem in secula seculorum*. What I set my

face against is the vile mediocrity of a *pipe*, properly so called. No pipe is *cleanly* but the common Dutch clay, and that is a great recommendation, I admit; but there is something so hideously absurd in the appearance of a man with a clay pipe in his mouth, that I rather wonder anybody can have courage to present himself in such a position. The whole tribe of *meerschaums*, &c. are filthiness itself. These get saturated with the odious oil of the plant, and are, in fact, poisonous. The only way in which you can have a pipe at once gay-looking and cleanly, is to have a glass tube within it, which can be washed with water immediately after use; but then the glass gets infernally hot. On the whole, unless you be a *grande*, and can afford to have a servant expressly devoted to the management of your smoking concerns, in which case a *hookah* is due to yourself, the best way is to have nothing but segars.

Maxim Ninety-Fifth.

The Havannah segar is unquestionably at the head. You know it by the peculiar beauty of the firm, brown, smooth, delicately-textured, and *soft* leaf, and, if you have anything of a nose, you can never be deceived as to its odour, for it is a perfect *bouquet*. The *Chinese* cheroots are the next in order; but the devil of it is, that one can seldom get them, and then they are almost always dry beyond redemption. The best Chinese cheroots have a delicate greyish tinge; and, if they are not complete sticks, put them into an air-tight vessel with a few slices of a good juicy melon, and, in the course of a few hours, they will extract some humidity from their neighbours. Some people use a sliced *apple*, others a *carrot*, either of which may do when a melon is not to be had, but that is the real article, when attainable. As to all the plans of moistening segars by means of tea-leaves, rum-grog, &c., they are utterly absurd, and no true smoker ever thinks of them. Manilla segars occupy the third station in my esteem, but their enormous size renders them inconvenient. One hates being seen sucking away at a thing like a walking-cane. I generally find that Gliddon of London has the best segars in the market. George Cottou, of Edinburgh, is also very *recherché* in these articles. But, as I believe I once remarked before, a man must smuggle, in the present state of the code.

N. B. It will be observed that I have changed my views, as to some very serious parts of this subject, since the year of Grace 1818, when I composed my verses to my pipe—

“Divine invention of the age of Bess,” &c.

which John Schetky is so fond of reciting, and which Byron plagiarised so audaciously in his mutineering production. As my friend Mr Jeffrey lately said, when toasting Radical Reform, “Time makes us all wiser.”

Maxim Ninety-Sixth.

Cold whisky-punch is almost unheard of out of Ireland, and yet, without instituting any invidious comparisons, it is a liquor of most respectable character, and is frequently attainable where cold *rum*-punch is not. The reason why it has got a bad name in Great Britain is, that they make it with cold water, whereas it ought always to be made with boiling water, and allowed to concoct and cool for a day or two before it is put on the table. In this way, the materials get more intensely amalgamated than *cold* water and *cold* whisky ever do get. As to the beautiful mutual adaptation of cold rum and cold water, that is beyond all praise, and indeed forms a theme of never-ceasing admiration, being one of Nature's most exquisite achievements. Sturm has omitted it, but I mean to make a supplement to his Reflections when I get a little leisure.

Maxim Ninety-Seventh.

No real smoker uses any of these little knick-knackerics they sell under the name of segar-tubes, and the like of that. The chief merit of the thing is the extreme gentleness and delicacy with which the smoke is drawn out of the leaf by the loving and animated contact, and eternally varying play and pressure of

that most wonderful piece of refined mechanism, the lip of man ; whereas, if you are to go to work upon a piece of silver, ivory, horn, wood, or whatever these concerns are made of, you lose the whole of this, and, indeed, you may as well take a pipe at once.

Maxim Ninety-Eighth.

The reason why many important matters remain in obscurity and doubt is, that nobody has adopted the proper means for having them cleared up. For example, one often hears of a man making a bargain with *one* friend of his, that whichever of the pair happens to die first will, if possible, revisit the glimpses of the moon, and thereby satisfy the survivor of the existence of ghosts. This, however, is ridiculous, because it is easy to see that there may be special circumstances to prevent this particular spirit from doing what is wanted. Now, to put an end to this at once, I hereby invite one and all of my friends who peruse this Maxim to pay me a visit of the kind alluded to. Surely you cannot all be incapable of doing the thing, if it is to be done at all.

Maxim Ninety-Ninth.

In order to know what cod really is, you must eat it at Newfoundland. Herring is not worthy of the name, except on the banks of Lochfine in Argyleshire ; and the best salmon in the whole world is that of the Boyne. Dr Kitchener, in all probability, never tasted any one of these things, and yet the man writes a book upon cookery ! It is really too much for a man to write about salmon, who never eat it until it had been kept for ten days in a tub of snow, which is the case with all that comes to London, excepting the very few salmon caught in the Thames, and these are as inferior in firmness and gusto to those of a mountain stream, as the mutton of a Lincolnshire Squire is to that of Sir Watkin of Wales, or Jamie Hogg of Ettrick. This fish ought to be eat as soon as possible after he is caught. Nothing can then exceed the beautiful curdiness of his texture, whereas your kept fish gets a flaccidity that I cannot away with.

N. B. Simple boiling is the only way with a salmon just caught ; but a gentleman of standing is much the better for being cut into thickish slices—cut across I mean—and grilled with cayenne. I have already spoken as to the sauce.

Maxim One Hundredth.

The best of all pies is a grouse-pie ; the second a black-cock pie ; the third a woodcock pie (with plenty of spices ;) the fourth a chicken-pie (ditto.) As for a pigeon-pie, it is not worthy of a place upon any table, so long as there are chickens in the world. A rook-pie is a bad imitation of that bad article ; and a beef-steak-pie is really abominable. A good pie is excellent when hot ; but the *test* of a good pie is, " how does it eat cold ?"—Apply this to the examples above cited, and you will find I am correct.

Maxim One Hundred and First.

Never taste anything but whisky on the moors. Porter or ale blows you up, and destroys your wind. Wine gets acid immediately on an empty stomach. And put no water to your whisky, for if you once begin swilling water, you will never stop till you make a bag of yourself. A thimbleful of neat spirits once an hour is the thing ; but one bumper at starting, and another exactly at noon, as found very wholesome.

Maxim One Hundred and Second.

No man need be afraid of drinking a very considerable quantity of neat whisky, when in the wilds of Ireland or Scotland. The mountain air requires to be balanced by another stimulus ; and if you wish to be really well, you

must always take a bumper before you get out of bed, and another after getting into it, according to the fashion of the country you are in.

Maxim One Hundred and Third.

The Scotch writers of our day seem to consider it as an established thing, that their country furnishes the best breakfast in Europe; but this I cannot swallow—I mean the assertion—not the breakfast, which I admit to be excellent, but deny to be peerless. The fact is, that breakfast is among the things that have never yet received anything like the attention merited. The best breakfast is unquestionably that of France; their coffee, indeed, is not quite equal to that of Germany, but the eatables are unrivalled; and I may be wrong, but somehow or other, I can never help thinking that French wines are better in the morning than any others. It is here that we are behind every other nation in Europe—the whole of us, English, Scotch, and Irish; we take no wine at breakfast.

A philosophic mind devoted to this subject, would, I think, adopt a theory not widely differing from the following, which, however, I venture to lay down with much diffidence. I say, then, that a man's breakfast should be adapted to his pursuits—it should come home to his business as well as to his bosom. The man who intends to study all the morning, should take a cup or two of coffee, a little well executed toast, and the wing of a partridge or grouse, when in season; at other times of the year, a small slice of cold chicken, with plenty of pepper and mustard; this light diet prepares him for the elastic exercise of his intellectual powers. On the other hand, if you are going to the fox-chase, or to the moors, or to any sphere of violent bodily exertion whatever, in this case your breakfast will be good and praiseworthy, exactly in proportion as it approaches to the character of a good and praiseworthy dinner. Hot potatoes, chops, beefsteaks, a pint of Burgundy, a quart of good old beer—these are the sort of materials a sportsman's dejeuner should consist of. Fried fish is an excellent thing also—particularly the herring. If you have been tipsy overnight, and feel squeamish, settle your heart with half a glass of old cogniac, ere you assume the knife and fork; but on no account indulge the whimsies of your stomach, so as to go without a real breakfast.—“*L'appetit vient en mangeant*,” quoth the most voracious of adages—therefore begin boldly upon something very highly peppered, and as hot as Gomorrah, and then no fear of the result. You will feel yourself another man, when you have laid in a pound of something.

Of tea, I have on various occasions hinted my total scorn. It is a weak, nervous affair, adapted for the digestion of boarding-school misses, whose occupation is painting roses from the life, practising quadrilles, strumming on the instrument, and so forth. Old people of sedentary habits, may take chocolate if they like it; I, for my part, stick to coffee when I am studious.

Maxim One Hundred and Fourth.

By eating a hearty breakfast, you escape the temptation of luncheon—a snare into which he who has a sufficient respect for his dinner will rarely fall.

Maxim One Hundred and Fifth.

I agree with Falstaff, in his contempt for the prevalent absurdity of eating eggs, eggs, eggs at breakfast. “No pullet-sperm in my brewage,” say I. I prefer the chicken to the egg, and the hen, when she is really a fine bird, and well roasted or grilled, to the chicken.

Maxim One Hundred and Sixth.

Cold pig's face is one of the best things in the world for breakfast, but it should not be taken unless you are to be active shortly after, for it is so good that one can scarcely help taking a great deal when one begins to it. Eat it

with shallot vinegar and French mustard. Fruit at breakfast is what I cannot recommend; but if you will take it, be sure not to omit another dram after it, for if you do, you will certainly feel heavyish all the morning.

N. B.—The best breakfast dram is whisky, when it is really very old and fine, but brandy is more commonly to be had in perfection among the majority of my readers. Cherry brandy is not the thing at breakfast; it is too sweet, and not strong enough. In the Highlands of Scotland, people of extraordinary research, give you whisky strongly impregnated with a variety of mountain herbs. And this I am bound to admit, is attended with the most admirable consequences;—but they will not part with their receipts, therefore it is not worth while for me to do more than merely allude to the fact. Be sure you take it when on the spot.

Maxim One Hundred and Seventh.

Some people wear Cossacks with silk stockings—nothing can be in worse taste. These gentlemen seem to think that their Cossacks smack of the *Don*, whereas nothing can be so decidedly *oriental*.

Maxim One Hundred and Eighth.

Never wear a coat with a velvet collar—not even a surtout. This maxim is, however, almost unnecessary; for no tailor, whose coat it is possible to wear, would ever think of putting a velvet collar on any vesture intended to be worn on the west side of Temple-Bar.

Maxim One Hundred and Ninth.

Never eat turtle at the West End of the Town, except at the houses of West Indians. The turtle at the occidental coffeehouses is always lean and poor, and wants the oriental richness and flavour of Bleaden's.

Maxim One Hundred and Tenth.

There is nothing so difficult as the invention of a new tie. You might almost as easily find out a sixth order of architecture. I once made a drawing of a *nodus* from a Lachrymatory found at Herculaneum, and found it had a good effect when reduced to practice. Its great beauty was, that you did not know where the knot began, nor where it ended. Even of the originality of this tie, I was for some time doubtful, till one evening at the Opera I heard Hughes Ball exclaim, in an ecstasy of surprise and admiration,—“By G—d, there's a new tie!”

Maxim One Hundred and Eleventh.

Man and wife generally resemble each other in features, never in disposition. A goodnatured man marries a shrew—a choleric man, an insensible lump of matter—a witty man, an insipid woman—and a *very great fool*, a blue-stock-ing.

The reason of the resemblance in face I take to be this; every man thinks himself the handsomest person in existence; and therefore, in looking out for a wife, he always chooses the woman that most nearly resembles himself.

The reason for dissimilarity in disposition, is even more plain. Every one respects another for the quality, good or bad, which he himself wants. Besides, this sort of opposition prevents the holy and happy state from getting flat, as it otherwise would, and produces upon it the same effects as acids upon an alkali. The worthy Bishop of Durham was lamenting to Dr Paley the death of his wife—“We lived nineteen years together,” said his lordship, “and never had two opinions about anything in all that time. What think you of that, Doctor?”—“Indeed, my Lord,” rejoined Paley, in his broad Carlisle accent, “I think it must ha' been vera flat.” I am orthodox, and quite agree with Dr Paley.

Maxim One Hundred and Twelfth.

Some people talk of devils; all our common devils are damnable. The best devil is a slice of roasted ham which has been basted with Madeira, and then spiced with Cayenne.

Maxim One Hundred and Thirteenth.

In Paris there is no restaurateur whose house unites all the requisites for dining well. I have had long experience of them, and can speak with authority. Beauvilliers' is a good quiet house, where you get all the regular French dishes admirably dressed. His *fricassees de poulet*, are not to be surpassed; they have a delicate flavour of the almond, which is quite inimitable—and his *pates* and *vol-au-vents* are superb. But he has neither his vegetables nor his venison so early as Véry. I don't by any means agree with those people who extol the cookery at Véry's; it is excellent, certainly—but not better than that of the other first-rate houses. The thing in which Véry really surpasses all the rest, is in his *desserts*; his fruits are magnificent, and look as if they came from the gardens of Brobdignag. I used to like the cookery and the chambertin of the *Trois freres provençaux*, but I think this house has fallen off latterly in everything but those delicious sallads—"Spots of greenery," as Mr Coleridge calls them. The cookery at Grignon's, I think decidedly bad; but his white wines, and particularly the Haut Barsac, have what my friend Goethe calls a paradise clearness and odour. The only place where one can dine well, from soup down to Curaçoa, is at the Rocher de Cancale, though it stands in a villainous dirty street. If anybody wants to know how far the force of French cookery can go, let him dine at the Rocher—especially if he is a piscivorous person, like myself. The soups are beyond all praise—and the *potage printanière*, (spring soup,) absolutely astounds you by the prenatality of vegetation which it proves. I ate asparagus soup at the Rocher de Cancale, on the 18th of January. *Rupes Cancalensis, esto perpetua!*

Maxim One Hundred and Fourteenth.

At a restaurateur's, when you ask for any wine above the pitch of vin ordinaire, always examine the cork before you allow the sommelier to draw it. This is a maxim worth any money. The French have an odious custom of allowing people to have half bottles of the higher wines. The waiters, of course, fill up the bottle with an inferior sort, and seal it again; so that you frequently get your Sauterne christened with Chablis. I am sorry to be obliged to say, that at the Rocher de Cancale, this trick is very commonly played off. It certainly injures the respectability of the house, and even endangers the throne of the Bourbons. I ought here in gratitude to mention, that at Prévot's, one of the best of the second-rate restaurateurs, I have drunk delicious *Chateau grillé*—a wine very rarely found in the *Cartes*.

Maxim One Hundred and Fifteenth.

In Paris, when you have two invitations for the same evening, (one from an English, and one from an Irish lady,) always accept the latter. You may be quite sure of having supper at the Irish house, which will not be the case at the English one; and you may depend upon having the best punch.

Maxim One Hundred and Sixteenth.

As a general rule, never accept an invitation to a French Soirée, unless you are fond of *Eau sucrée Écarté* at night, and disorder of the colon next morning.

Maxim One Hundred and Seventeenth.

When you have an invitation to one or more parties in the same evening, always accept that of an *old maid* (if you receive one) in preference to the

others. You are sure of being better received, and—I don't know for what reason, but the fact is so—old maids are generally fond of that last meal of the day, commonly called supper. Your attention, besides, to the lots of iced punch, dispenses you from paying much to the ladies *à la glace*, who muster in great force on such occasions.

Maxim One Hundred and Eighteenth.

Never wear a bright purple coat—it does not harmonize well with any colour of trousers.

Maxim One Hundred and Nineteenth.

All the poets whom I have ever seen, except Sir Walter Scott, look lean and hungry. I do not except Coleridge, because he never writes.

Maxim One Hundred and Twentieth.

The best coffee in Paris is made at the *Café des Mille Colonnes*—or, as Mr Jeffrey rejoiceth more to spell it, the *CAFFEE des MILLES Colonnes*; and the liqueurs are superb. The Belle Limonadière, alas! hath passed away—but the rooms are more splendid than ever. There is a paradise opened lately on the Boulevard, called the *Café Turc*; but then it is on the Boulevard du Temple—and who ever went there since the Revolution? The gardens are but half lighted—so as to throw a delicious and dreamy twilight about you—and this contrasts admirably with the blaze of glory which flashes on you as you enter the saloon itself, all glittering with mirrors, and glowing with gold, and fretted with what seem diamonds, rubies, and amethysts! The *Café* is built in the form of a superb Turkish hall, and is gorgeous as the Opium-Eater's Oriental Dreams, or a Chapter in *Vathek*! Mr Wordsworth described this *Café*:

“ Fabric it seems of diamond and of gold,
With golden column upon column high
Uplifted—towers, that on their restless fronts
Bear stars—illumination of all gems—
Far sinking into splendour, without end !”

Maxim One Hundred and Twenty-First.

Nothing is so humiliating to a man of reflection, on awaking in the morning, as the conviction which forces itself upon him that he has been drunk the night before. I do not mean, gentle reader, that he repents him of having been drunk—this he will, of course, consider meritorious—but he cannot help the intruding persuasion, that all the things he uttered after he entered into a state of civiliation (if he recollects anything about them) were utter stupidities, which he mistook at the time for either wit, wisdom, or eloquence.

Maxim One Hundred and Twenty-Second.

People often say of a man that he is a cunning fellow. This can never be true—for if he were, nobody could find out that he was.

Maxim One Hundred and Twenty-Third.

Cayenne pepper in crystals is a most meritorious invention of those worthy lads, the Waughs in Regent Street. Before their time the flavour of Cayenne could never be equally distributed through soups and sauces.

Maxim One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth.

No artist or musician, that was ever good for anything *as such*, was ever good for anything else. Even Michel Angelo was a very indifferent poet—though Mr Wordsworth has taken the trouble to translate some of his sonnets.

Maxim One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth.

It is singular that scarcely any tailor who can make a coat well, can make pantaloons. Such tailors are like those historical painters who could paint figures, but not landscapes. Stulze is the Raphael of tailors, but he is falling fast into a hard and dry style of cutting: Nugee is the Correggio—but there is no Michel Angelo—no master of the *gran Contorno*. Place is the Radical tailor—but since he became a Westminster reviewer, he is more engaged in cutting up than cutting out. I wonder if he sends in his bills quarterly as well as his reviews! Cameron & Co., the army tailors of Henrietta Street, make the best pantaloons in London: and nobody can achieve like them a pair of tight pantaloons—a thing, as Dr Johnson pathetically observes, always expected, and never found!

Maxim One Hundred and Twenty-Sixth.

There is one sort of tie which it is very difficult to make, and which I cannot explain to my readers without a diagram. It contains in itself, however, the elements of all other ties: and when a man can make this one well, he has the secret of all the rest.

Maxim One Hundred and Twenty-Seventh.

Much is said about the French politeness. I do not think them a polite people, and for this reason: In France, if you ever do get drunk, it must be while the ladies are at table—for they quit it along with you. Now, I hold it to be a proof of utter want of politeness to get drunk before women—and not to get drunk at all, proves a man to be equally unfit for a state of civilization.

Maxim One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth.

Despise humbug.—I once dined with Wilberforce, in company with a black who had been manumitted. Mr Wilberforce's reason for placing him at table with gentlemen, was, that "he was a man and a brother." I think Mr Wilberforce's black servants must have thought their case very hard as compared with that of the ex-slave.

Maxim One Hundred and Twenty-Ninth.

Of Whisky there are more numerous varieties than of any other spirit. Perhaps, however, in this I may be deceived, for my greater intimacy with that fluid may make me more sensitive as to the minute distinctions of taste. It is probable, that in France the palate of the connoisseur is equally cognoscent of the varieties of brandy. I repent, that during my late tour in that country, I did not make inquiries on this most important point; but I shall decidedly ask my friend the Vicomte d'Alinecourt, a man for whom I have a particular esteem, concerning it, when I next shall have the pleasure of seeing him at Ambrose's.

Maxim One Hundred and Thirtieth.

With respect to the last maxim, it is to be remarked, in corroboration of the hypothesis there hinted at, (*hinted at*, I say, for I by no means pledge myself to the dead certainty of the fact,) that a most particular diversity of taste exists in the several rums. Antigua has a peculiar smack and relish, by which it is to be known from Jamaica at first gulp. Yet it is very possible, *experto crede*, to bam even a connoisseur, by giving him good whisky—free from the emphyreumatic taste which is frequently observable on several even of licensed whiskies, and *always* on *potheen*—mixed subdolosly with burnt brown sugar. It is a great imitation.

Maxim One Hundred and Thirty-First.

To return to whisky. Inishowen is generally accounted the best potheen; but as far as regards my own private drinking, I prefer that manufactured at Roscrea, in the county of Tipperary, where I have frequently drunk it with the Rev. John Hamilton, who, by the by, is most untruly and unfairly abused by the little Whig libeller, Tom Moore, in his *Fudge Family*, (p. 61,) in company to be sure with much higher people, which, of course, is a consolation. Potheen improves much by age. I must say, that one principal reason of its being preferred to Parliament whisky, arises from the natural propensity to do what is forbidden; and I add as my candid opinion, that if it were taxed, it would not be in such estimation, as that procured by scientific distillation from large stills—that is, if the great distillers could be depended upon for honesty, and were not to be suspected shrewdly of making use of other ingredients than malt.

N. B.—I here intended to have gone in at some length to the divers qualities of all the whisky fluids of the empire, and, with a minute and critical, and, on mine honour, an impartial survey of the whole, to have given my opinion on their various merits or demerits; but I fear that the consideration would be too lengthy for a list of mere maxims. Brevity is the very soul (not of wit, to be sure, in this case, for that vain and frivolous ingredient ought to be far from our thoughts when discussing subjects of interest to the human race, but—) of apophthegms; but when these my Maxims are gathered, as, God willing, they shall be, into a separate volume, I shall about this part of them insert a long and deeply meditated paper, in which I shall chemically, scientifically, compotically, and empirically,—a word which I here use, Mr Coleridge, in its true and original sense,—discuss the whole subject, in such a way, that, like Dr Barrow preaching before King Charles the Second, it will be universally conceded to me that I have exhausted it. Mr William Thomas Brande and Sir Humphry Davy have kindly consented to draw up the chemical tables, with the same precision as they have already done those for wines. I have also in hand a paper written by a couple of ingenious philosophers, “On the Uses and Abuses of Porter,” seriously summed up by them with that skill and talent which so truly marks those eminent and erudite men; and that, too, I shall insert in some conspicuous part of my volume. It will be found to be a very instructive and interesting paper.

Maxim One Hundred and Thirty-Second.

In parts out of Ireland, you cannot convince people of the right method of pronouncing and spelling POTHEEN. They will have it that it is Potch-cheen, or some such thing. It is simply the diminutive of *pot*, and would, indeed, be more correct without the medial *h*, which, however, has gained insertion in consequence of the thick utterance of the people. So *squire* makes *squireen*, a poor little squire, as

“We'll take it kind if you provide
A few *squireens*.”

THOMAS MOORE.

Devotee, contracted (by aphæresis) to *'votee*, becomes *'voteen*, to signify a little, mean, superstitious worshipper. *Buckeen* is a poor attempt at being a *buck*, such as you see in Prince's Street, Edinburgh, for instance, &c. &c. So *Potteen*, corrupted to *Potheen*, is a little pot; and thence, by a natural metonymy, signifies the production of that utensil.

A curious book might be written on mispronunciations. Is there a man in ten who calls Bolivar correctly? Every one almost is ready to rhyme him as

Bold Simon Bolivar,
Match for old Oliver, &c. &c.

Whereas it should be,

Few can deceive, or
Baffle Bolivar.

Maxim One Hundred and Thirty-Third.

In playing domino, you cannot be said to have a good hand unless you have five of one number, and one of these a double. This, well played, with first move, ought in general to win the game.

Maxim One Hundred and Thirty-Fourth.

In vino veritas is an old saying, but scarcely a true one. Men's minds, when elevated by wine, or anything else, become apt to exaggeration of feeling of every kind. I have often found *In vino asperitas* to be a much truer dictum.

Maxim One Hundred and Thirty-Fifth.

Some people tell you that you should not drink claret after strawberries. They are wrong, if the claret be good. The milky taste of good claret coheses admirably with the strawberry—somewhat like cream. If the claret be bad, it is quite a different affair; and suspect it, if you find the master of the house anxious not to make the test. George Faulkner of Dublin—I was going to say, my friend Faulkner, until I recollected that he was dead some thirty odd years before I was born—Swift's printer, Foote's Peter Paragraph—who does not know George?—used to sit a whole night with a solitary strawberry at the bottom of his glass, over which he used to pour generally four bottles of claret. I do so, George would say, because a doctor recommended it to him for its cooling qualities. The idea that cold wine should not be drunk after cool fruit is nonsense. If you feel the claret chill you, you will find the remedy in the seventy-fifth maxim of this series.

Maxim One Hundred and Thirty-Sixth.

If you be an author, never disturb yourself about little squibs, &c. against you. If you do, you will never be at rest. If you want to annoy the squibber, pretend never to have heard of them. It is only five days ago since I was in company with Rogers and Tom Moore, and no pair could harmonize better.—Yet who does not know Tom's epigram on Sam? Rogers had made him a present of a copy of *Paradise Lost*, in which there was the very common frontispiece of the devil in shape of a serpent, twining round down the tree of knowledge, with the fatal apple in his mouth, which he was in the act of presenting to Eve; and under it Tom, instigated no doubt by the evil spirit, whose picture he was inspecting, wrote—

“WITH EQUAL GOOD NATURE, GOOD GRACE, AND GOOD LOOKS,
AS THE DEVIL GAVE APPLES, SAM ROGERS GIVES BOOKS.”

An unkind return certainly for civility. The cut at the looks was particularly unfair, as Mr Rogers is a bachelor; but he only laughed, as he always does, and the thing passed off like water from a duck's back.

Maxim One Hundred and Thirty-Seventh.

Never repine on account of that mediocrity of station in which it has pleased Providence to place you. Why should you do so? Would you wish to be the King? I, for one, should unquestionably consider that situation as a decided bore. What! submit to have all your motions placarded in the papers? low scribes spouting away pro and con every time you alter your dress, your house, your ministers, your tippie—anything, in short? What! to be surrounded by an eternal retinue of lords and grooms, and God knows all what? A shocking state of suffering indeed, and demanding more than Christian endurance. I would not be King, in anything like a free country at least, upon any possible terms. If one were a real despot, the case might be better, I admit; for then one could appoint some under-scrub of a Viceroy, or Lord Lieutenant, or Captain-General, or so, to hold the courts, give the grand dinners, sign the

death-warrants, ride in state, and all the rest of it, in place of one ; while you enjoyed yourself, as it pleased your fancy, in some central retreat, such as Caprea, or the Happy Valley in Rasselas. But even that is not what I envy. I have no wish to exercise despotic power, and therefore I have no wish to possess it. Any crown would be to me so much *du trop*. What is the object of human life ? to be happy ?—admitted. In what does happiness consist ? In deciding who shall, and who shall not, be hung ? In having a flag on the top of the house ? In talking politics with Canning, Eldon, Liverpool, Metternich, Hardenberg, Pozzo de Borgo ?—I despise all such doings. Does a man enjoy his beef-steak, his bottle of excellent port or claret, his segar, his flirtation, his anything you please to think of, a bit the more for being called King, or Duke, or Emperor, or so ? Not one bit. I utterly deny the thing. Were I not Morgan O'Doherty, I should like to be Mustapha Abn Selim.

Maxim One Hundred and Thirty-Eighth.

I scarcely look upon it as much better to be a Duke than to be a King. On the contrary, I have often thought it is almost as bad. You are annoyed with the same eternal troop of hangers-on, only they are, if possible, of a still inferior description. Your house is not your own, nor your time neither ; for the one is always full of hum-drum bores, crack-wits, assenting idiots, lions, lionesses, and I know not what trash ; and the other is taken up all the after-part of every day with doing the civil to these creatures ; and all the morning you have cursed letters to write about country gentlemen's sons wanting to be promoted, learned lads wanting livings, dandies that aspire to sit in the Foreign Office, political tracasseries, farms to let, money to raise, bonds, mortgages, promises to and from Mr Peel—in short, as I said before, you are never your own man. The late Duke of Norfolk, to be sure, used to dine every day by himself, in one of the boxes of a common coffee-house in Covent-Garden, drink two bottles of port, and then rumble home to St James's Square in a jarvic. He did so—Well, and can't I do the same thing quite as well, without being called your grace at the end of every pint of wine ? I can, and I know it. Nay, I am of opinion that I can do the same thing more comfortably than the Duke, for I can do it without any human creature taking the slightest notice of what I do. He was not merely the stout gentleman in the grey coat, and I am the tall one in the blue—no, there was always some suspicion of his rank floating about, or at least suspected of doing so—no real sense of the delights of perfect obscurity. In point of fact, such adventitious affairs have no influence whatever on the real sum of human felicity. I remember one day I was walking with my friend Dr Mullion, and we came in front of Burlington House. "Mull," says I, "what a noble mansion this is ! Look at it attentively, my hearty." He fixed his fine grey eye upon the stately pile, and after perusing it with the utmost diligence of admiration for some space, made answer, "It *is* a grand house indeed, man. Hech me, man ! what a dinner I could eat in a house like that !" Chewing the cud of this philosophical reflection, we jogged along for a minute or two, till the well-known azure pillars of Cork Street happened to attract my friend's notice. My mind was still brim-full of the beautiful architecture, stately air, grand outline, &c. &c. &c. of the patrician mansion which we had just left to lee-ward, when, lo and behold ! the Doctor gives me a little touch on the elbow, just as much as to hint whereabouts we were. "Pooh, pooh !" said I, starting round upon him—"Confound your blood, Dr Mullion, what makes you attract my attention to this low, shabby, dirty, abominable piece of plebeian brick-work, ornamented in front with two vile, shapeless wooden posts, with foreheads villainous low, and daubed over with a little sky-blue paint ?—pooh, pooh !"—"Weel, aweel," quoth Mull, "say what you like—but, hech me, man ! what a dinner I could eat in a house like that !" This did me.

Maxim One Hundred and Thirty-Ninth.

It was a long while ere I discovered the most convenient method of supporting my drawers. It is a bore to have a separate pair of braces, and the usual

schemes of looping are, all of them, liable to objections. The true way is, have two small pieces of tape placed *horizontally* along the waistband of the nether integuments, at those parts of them which correspond to the parts of the upper, touched by the extremities of the braces; have these horizontal tapes, say three inches to each, attached firmly to the substance of the waistband; and then pass the brace under the open part of the tape, before you bring it in contact with the button on the breeches. This is one of those inventions which will stand the test so long as the present general system of breeches-making is retained; but that, I freely admit, appears to me to be by no means free from radical defects. The pressure comes too exclusively on particular parts of the shoulders. By a row of buttons all round, this evil might be remedied. That again would involve inconveniences of quite another, though perhaps an even more distressing order. On the whole, this is a matter which modern artists have too much neglected, and I hereby promise, by means of a separate and distinct MAXIM, to make not only the fame, but the fortune, of the man who, within six months from this date, satisfies me that he has paid proper attention to the hint now conveyed.

Maxim One Hundred and Fortieth.

No young lady should ever go to a masquerade in any dress associated in the minds of mankind with the habits of an inferior order of society. Put you on the dress of a pretty Abigail, and the devil is in it, if there be no gay lad ready enough to treat you as he would treat a pretty Abigail. The same objection applies to the whole race of milk-maids, hay-makers, nuns, &c. &c. Every one thinks it fair to be a little particular in his attentions to beings of these orders. So, if you go after the publication of this Maxim, we shall all know what you are expecting.

Maxim One Hundred and Forty-first.

Instead of a Maxim there ought to be a volume, aye, a quarto, upon the order to be observed in the wines handed round during dinner. I have long ago mentioned, that I disapprove, on general and philosophical principles, of a great mixture of wines during the repast; but this was said with an eye to those, on the one side, who, unlike myself, are of a delicate, stomachic organization, and to those, on the other, who, like myself, intend to take a proper doze after dinner is down. The man who has the stomach, or the man who intends to exemplify the sobriety, of a horse, may mix wines to a very considerable extent, nay, in fact, ought to do so. The rule is this: Begin with the wines of the most delicate aroma and flavour, and terminate with those of a more decided character. Let the burgundies come immediately after the soup, then the champagnes, the hocks last. Burgundy, after anything sweet has touched the mouth, is not worth drinking. After champagne, and still more after hock, it is quite insipid. Attend to this carefully, for I often see things grievously misplaced.

Maxim One Hundred and Forty-Second.

The preceding Maxim will probably give rise to much and anxious discussion. To narrow the field, therefore, I take this opportunity of declaring, that there are two liquids which may be eternally varied in their application during dinner, with which you may begin and end, and which you may intersperse, *ad libitum*, whenever you like, and whatever you have been eating and drinking. These two gifts are sherry and cold rum-punch. With regard to them you never can go wrong. They can no more be out of place in a dinner, than a fine tree in a landscape, or a fine woman in a boudoir.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

The Travels of General Baron Minsitoli in Lybia and Upper Egypt, with Plates, Maps, &c. are announced for early publication.

Mr Percival has in the press, a History of Italy, from the Fall of the Western Empire to the Extinction of the Venetian Republic.

Letters from Spain, in the years 1821, 1822, 1823. By Lieutenant-General Guillaume de Vaudoucourt, &c. &c. &c.

Letters of Horace Walpole (afterwards Earl of Orford) to the Earl of Hertford, during his Lordship's Embassy in Paris.

The Analysis of the Human Spleen. Translated from a scarce Latin Work by George Murray Paterson, M. D., Honourable East India Company's Service, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, and of the Asiatic Society of Calcutta, &c. &c.

Mr Mills, Author of the History of the Crusades, is preparing for the press, a History of Chivalry.

A Chronological History of the West Indies is announced, by Captain Thomas Southey, Royal Navy.

Dr Dawson, of Sunderland, is about to publish a New System of the Practice of Physic, together with an original Nosology, which embraces Physiology and Morbid Anatomy.

Gilmore, or the Last Lockinge, A Novel.

Early in the winter will appear, a Description of the Island of Madeira, by the late S. E. Bowdich, Esq. Conductor of the Mission to Ashantee; to which are added, a Narrative of Mr Bowdich's Last Voyage to Africa, terminating at his death: Remarks on the Cape de Verde Islands; and a Description of the English Settlements on the River Gambia, by Mrs Bowdich.

Sir Richard C. Hoare, Bart. is about to publish the Second Part of the Modern History of Wiltshire, containing the Hundred of Heytesbury.

Illustrations of Conchology, according to the System of Lamarck, in a Series of Twenty Engravings on royal 4to, each plate containing many Specimens. By E. A. Crouch.

Alice Allan, the Country Town, and other Tales. By Alex. Wilson.

Christian Truth, in a Series of Letters, on the Trinity, the Atonement, Regeneration, Predestination, and on the indifference to Religion. By the Rev. Mr Powell, is in the Press.

A Description of the Genus Pinus, Vol. II. By G. Lambert, Vice-President of the Linnæan Society.

The Hermit in Italy; or Observations on the Manners and Customs of the Italians, at the commencement of the Nineteenth century.

Captain Charles Cochrane has in the press an Account of a Twenty Months' Residence in Columbia.

Dr Blackall has nearly ready for publication, a third edition of his Observations on the Nature and Cure of Dropsies.

An additional volume of Letters by Anna Seward, is preparing for publication, developing the progress of an early attachment, disclosing her more private opinions on various subjects, and embracing anecdotes of her contemporaries; to which will be prefixed, an Essay on her Life and Character, by J. Harral.

A Statistical Account of the British Settlements in Australasia, including the Colonies of New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land. The third edition, embellished with New Maps, &c. By W. C. Wentworth.

In the press, an Outinian Lecture on the Drama; shewing, in a comprehensive point of view, its adaptation to the variety of human taste and genius.

The Lectures of Sir Astley Cooper, Bart. on the Principles and Practice of Surgery, as delivered at St Thomas's and Guy's Hospitals, with additional Notes and Cases, by Frederick Tyrrell, Esq. of St Thomas's Hospital.

A History of the French Revolution, accompanied by a History of the Revolution of 1335, or of the States-General under King John. By A. Thiers and Felix Bodin. Translated from the French.

A Poem is announced, entitled, Arnaldo, or the Evil Chalice, and other poems.

Mr Fosbroke, surgeon, is about to publish some Observations on the Treatment of Deafness, on improved principles; illustrated by one case of twenty years, and other cases of long standing, successfully treated.

The Topography of all the known Vineyards; containing a description of the kind and quality of their products, and a Classification. Translated from the French, and abridged so as to form a Manual and Guide to all Importers and Purchasers in the Choice of Wine.

Part III. of the Animal Kingdom; described and arranged in conformity with its Organization. By the Baron Cuvier, Member of the Institute and Academy of France, &c. &c. with Engravings, chiefly from the living Subjects in the Museum of Natural History at Paris, and other Public Collec-

tions. With large additional descriptions of all the Species hitherto named, and of many not before noticed, and other original matter by the Translators. By Edward Griffith, F.L.S. and others—Will soon appear.

Der Freischutz; or, the Seventh Bullet; a Series of Twelve Illustrations of this popular Opera; drawn by an Amateur, and etched by George Cruikshank; with a Travestie of the Drama.

Commentaries on the Diseases of the Stomach and Bowels of Children. By Robley Dunglison, M.D. &c. &c.

Travels among the Arab Tribes inhabiting the countries East of Syria and Palestine. By James Buckingham, Esq. author of Travels in Palestine, &c. with Illustrations.

Mr G. Carey, has in the press a new edition of Every Man his own Stock-Broker, considerably enlarged, including the Foreign as well as the English Funds.

Shortly will appear, Part I. of a General and Bibliographical Dictionary of the Fine Arts; containing Explanations of the principal Terms used in the Art of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and Engraving, in all their various branches; Historical Sketches of the Rise and Progress of their different Schools; Descriptive Accounts of the best Books and Treatises on the Fine Arts; and every useful topic connected therewith. By James Elmes, M.R.I.A. Architect.

This Work will consist of Six Parts, which, including an Index, Preface, &c. will form one handsome volume in 8vo.

Mr Foster is preparing for publication, two vols. of MSS. Letters, of the celebrated John Locke, and other contemporary writers.

The Rev. W. Eastmead has nearly ready for publication, a Memoir of the Hy-ema's Den, lately discovered at Kirkdale, near Kirby-Moorside, with a History of the latter place and its vicinity, to the distance of fifteen miles.

Fire-Side Scenes. By the Author of Bachelor and Married Man, &c. &c.

Comic Tales, in Verse. By Charles Dibdin.

The British Code of Duel; a Reference to the Laws of Honour, and the Character of Gentlemen. An Appendix, in which is strictly examined the case between the 10th Hussars and Mr Battier, with Notes of Captain Callan, Mr Finch, of the Life Guards, &c. &c.

Stanmore; or, the Monk and the Merchant's Widow. A Novel.

Monsignor Marini, Prefect of the Vatican Archives, already advantageously known to the public by several learned productions, has completed his *MONUMENTA AUTHENTICA Angliæ, Scotiæ, et Hiberniæ*. This work will extend to three volumes folio: and contains above five hundred Papal Letters, besides other precious documents, from the time of Pope Honorius III. A.D. 1216, to a recent period. The documents are faithfully transcribed from the authentic register of the Vatican; and none of them have been hitherto published. Such articles as have correctly appeared in Rymer, and our historians, are omitted in the present work. This publication, which cannot fail to interest the historian, the antiquarian, and the topographer, opens with a learned preface, and an elegant dedication to His Majesty.

The Rev. Miles Jackson, of St Paul's, Leeds, has a new edition of his Sermons nearly ready, in 2 vols. duodecimo, including many new ones.

Journals of the Sieges of the Madras Army, in the years 1817, 1818, and 1819, with Observations on the System according to which such Operations have usually been conducted in India, and a Statement of the Improvements that appear necessary. By Edward Lake, Ensign of the Honourable East India Company's Madras Engineers. With an Atlas of Explanatory Plates.

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Claims of the late Patrick Miller, Esq. of Dalswinton, as Inventor of the Steam-Boat, vindicated. By William Miller, late Major in the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards.

An Account of the Life and Writings of Dr William Cullen, and also an Edition of his Physiology, and of his First Lines of the Practice of Physic; to which will be added various Original Papers, taken from the unpublished Manuscripts of that Author. By John Thomson, M.D.

An Historical Sketch of the Town of Hawick, and its Vicinity, including a number of Circumstances and Anecdotes, illus-

trative of the Manners and Character of the Inhabitants, with occasional observations. By a Trader in the Town.

In the press, and speedily will be published, with embellishments, in one volume, large 8vo, Saint Baldred of the Bass, a Pictish Legend; the Siege of Berwick, a Tragedy; and other Poems and Ballads, descriptive of East Lothian and Berwickshire. By James Miller.

Preparing for publication, in a neat volume, foolscap 8vo, Don Giovanni, and other Poems.

Mr Galt has nearly ready for publication, a Novel, entitled Rothelan.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ARCHITECTURE.

Olympia, or Topography, illustrative of the Actual State of the Plain of Olympia, and the Ruins of the City of Elis. By John Spencer Stanhope, Esq. F.R.S. Imp. Fol. L.4. 4s.

Observations on the rebuilding of London Bridge, by John Seaward, Esq. 12s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Some Account of the Life of Richard Wilson, Esq. R.A. with Testimonies to his Genius and Memory, and Remarks on his Landscapes. By T. Wright, Esq. L.1, 7s. bd.

Royal Naval Biography, or Memoirs of all the Flag Officers, superannuated Rear-Admirals, retired Captains, Post Captains, and Commanders, &c. By John Marshall, (B.) Lieutenant in the Royal Navy. Vol. II. Part I. 8vo, 15s. bds.

Memoir of the Life and Character of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, with specimens of his Poetry and Letters, and an Estimate of his Genius and Talents, compared with those of his great contemporaries. By James Prior, Esq. 16s.

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Superfine ditto	52 to 56	Ditto, boilers	38 to 40	Old	— 0 to —	Do. in bond	— 0 to — 0
Ditto	— to —	Small Beans, new	36 to 40	Waterford	6 to 7	Sour bond	13 0 to 20 0
White, old	40 to 43	Ditto, old	— to —	Drogheda	6 to 7	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	—
Fine ditto	43 to 48	Tick ditto, new	50 to 53	Dublin	7 0 to 8	English	28 0 to 30 0
Superfine ditto	53 to 55	Ditto, old	— to —	Scotch	7 3 to 8	Scotch	27 0 to 30 0
Ditto	— to —	Feed oats	16 to 18	Irish	5 5 to 9	Irish	25 0 to 28 0
Rye	28 to 34	Fine ditto	19 to 21	Bonded	4 6 to 5	Bian, p. 21 lb.	0 9 to 11 0
Barley	26 to 28	Poland ditto	18 to 19	Barley, per 60 lbs.	—	Butter, Beef, &c.	—
Fine ditto	29 to 30	Fine ditto	20 to 23	Eng.	4 4 to 4	Butter, p. cwt. s. d.	—
Superfine ditto	31 to 32	Potato ditto	20 to 22	Scotch	4 0 to 4	Belfast, new 84	0 to 85 0
Malt	53 to 56	Fine ditto	23 to 24	Irish	3 9 to 4	Newry	80 0 to 81 0
Fine	56 to 60	Scotch	25 to 27	Oats, per 45 lb.	—	Waterford	77 0 to 79 0
Hog Pease	53 to 55	Flour, per sack	50 to 55	Eng.	2 10 to 3	Cork, p. c. 2d.	75 0 to 76 0
Maple	36 to 38	Ditto, seconds	45 to 50	Irish	2 6 to 2	3d dry	70 0 to — 0
				Scotch pota.	2 10 to 3	Beef, p. tierce.	—
				Rye, per qr.	55 0 to 58 0	Mess	65 0 to 70 0
				Malt, per b.	8 6 to 8	p. barrel	48 0 to 50 0
				Middling	8 0 to 8	Pork, p. bl.	—
				Beans, per q.	—	Mess	76 0 to 78 0
				English	35 0 to 40	Middl.	75 0 to 75 0
				Rapeseed, p. l.	nominal	Bacon, p. cwt.	—
				Pease, grey	50 0 to 52	Shortmids.	48 0 to 52 0
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Ditto Oak,	2 9 3 3	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid.)	2 2 2 7	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany, .	1 0 1 6	1 3 1 4	0 11 1 2	0 10 1 0
St Domingo, ditto, .	1 6 3 6	1 6 3 0	1 7 2 10	1 9 2 0
TAR, American, brl.	19 20	—	15 0 16 0	13 0 14 0
Archangel,	17 0 17 6	—	—	15 6 —
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10 11	—	—	11 0 —
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Canl.	35 6	37	36 6	35 0 35 3
Hone melted,	36 —	—	—	29 0 —
HEMP, Polish Rhine, ton,	40 41	—	—	£41 0 —
Petersburgh, Clean, .	37 —	38 —	39 40	36 0 36 15
FLAX,				
Higa Thies & Druj. Rak.	—	—	—	£52 10 —
Dutch,	50 —	—	—	50 —
Irish,	33 50	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, . .	— 100	—	—	—
BRISTLES,				
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	17 —	—	—	14 —
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	40 —	—	—	36 —
Montreal, ditto, . .	39 —	40 41	38 6 39	39 —
Pot,	35 —	36 —	34 6 —	39 —
OIL, Whale,	22 —	21 22	—	21 22
Cod,	—	—	—	20 20 10
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	7 7½	7½ 7½	0 5½ 0 8	0 7½ —
Middling,	5½ 6½	5½ 6½	0 3½ 0 5	4 0 5
Inferior,	4 —	4 —	0 2 0 2½	0 2½ 0 2½
COTTONS, Bowd Georg.	—	0 7½ 0 9½	0 8 0 9½	7 0 8½
Sea Island, fine, . .	—	1 4 1 6	1 3 1 5	1 0 1 8
Good,	—	1 2 1 5	1 0½ 1 2	—
Middling,	—	1 1 1 1½	1 0½ 1 2	—
Demerara and Berbice,	—	0 10 1 0	0 10½ 1 0½	0 10 0 11½
West India,	—	0 9 0 10	0 7½ 10	0 9 0 10½
Pernambuco,	—	0 10½ 0 11½	0 11½ 1 0	0 11 0 10
Mazamban,	—	0 10½ 0 11	0 10½ 0 11½	0 10 0 11½

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

July.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
July 1	A. 45 M. 55	29.289 .255	A. 60 M. 59	W.	Dull, with shrs. rain.	July 17	A. 48 M. 50	29.936 .999	A. 64 M. 61	W.	Dull, h. sh. rain aftern.
2	A. 45 M. 57	.275 .168	A. 61 M. 60	W.	Fair, with sunsh. warm.	18	A. 46 M. 57	.999 50.216	A. 63 M. 66	NW.	Clear & dull alternately.
3	A. 45 M. 55	.168 .236	A. 60 M. 60	Cble.	Aftern. thun. & light. rain.	19	A. 41 M. 59	.193 .102	A. 61 M. 66	W.	Foren. sunsh. dull aftern.
4	A. 46 M. 56	.598 .881	A. 62 M. 61	NW.	Fore. h. shrs. aftern. sunsh.	20	A. 51 M. 62	.102 .101	A. 67 M. 67	W.	Dull, morn. after. sunsh.
5	A. 45 M. 51	.675 .675	A. 59 M. 60	Cble.	Dull, but fair.	21	A. 49 M. 65	29.999 .995	A. 66 M. 68	W.	Clear sunsh. very warm.
6	A. 45 M. 59	.672 .615	A. 63 M. 62	Cble.	Foren. sunsh. aftern. rain.	22	A. 51 M. 65	.976 .822	A. 67 M. 68	W.	Dull morn. day sunsh.
7	A. 48 M. 58	.495 .434	A. 60 M. 61	Cble.	Foren. dull. h. rain aftern.	23	A. 58 M. 62	.765 .676	A. 68 M. 66	W.	Shrs. morn. day sunsh.
8	A. 54 M. 62	.05 .20	A. 64 M. 63	W.	Foren. fair, aftern. shry.	24	A. 47 M. 58	.580 .582	A. 61 M. 61	Cble.	Morn. cold. day sunsh.
9	A. 52 M. 65	.59 .528	A. 67 M. 67	W.	Fair, with sunshine.	25	A. 46 M. 59	.488 .645	A. 61 M. 61	Cble.	Day dull. h. shrs. even.
10	A. 50 M. 57	.525 .622	A. 61 M. 62	W.	Morn. cold, day sunsh.	26	A. 46 M. 66	.791 .816	A. 66 M. 64	NE.	Foren. fair, aftern. dull.
11	A. 50 M. 57	.530 .530	A. 60 M. 63	NW.	Dull, slight rain, morn.	27	A. 48 M. 59	.841 .928	A. 65 M. 65	Cble.	Daysunshine
12	A. 52 M. 61	.511 .589	A. 65 M. 62	W.	Foren. dull, h. rain aftern.	28	A. 45 M. 58	.951 .955	A. 65 M. 61	W.	Day sunsh. shrs. even.
13	A. 50 M. 58	.731 .675	A. 62 M. 59	Cble.	Ditto.	29	A. 57 M. 60	.818 .728	A. 65 M. 61	W.	Dull, but fair.
14	A. 55 M. 66	.616 .570	A. 67 M. 74	W.	Fair, sunsh. very warm.	30	A. 14 M. 59	.570 .556	A. 60 M. 59	E.	Rain foren. fair aftern.
15	A. 54 M. 67	.555 .606	A. 71 M. 66	W.	Fair, with sunshine.	31	A. 11 M. 51	.560 .575	A. 65 M. 64	E.	Fair, sunsh. and warm.
16	A. 50 M. 60	.632 .759	A. 66 M. 64	W.	Ditto.						

Average of Rain, 1.980 Inches.

August.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind		
Aug. 1	M. 42 A. 57	29.664 .708	M. 64 A. 66	Cble.	Fair, with sunshine.	17	M. 45 A. 57	29.562 .216	M. 60 A. 60	Cble.	Foren. fair, aftern. h. rain
2	M. 45 A. 55	.752 .741	M. 62 A. 65	W.	Dull, with rain after.	18	M. 15 A. 51	28.999 .251	M. 59 A. 59	Cble.	Thun. & light. dr. with hail.
3	M. 11 A. 51	.755 .752	M. 60 A. 60	Cble.	Rain most part of day.	19	M. 15 A. 56	29.402 .558	M. 60 A. 60	Cble.	Day dull, but fair.
4	M. 15 A. 58	.542 .586	M. 65 A. 61	Cble.	Ditto.	20	M. 16 A. 57	.558 .529	M. 60 A. 59	Cble.	Fair foren. show. aftern.
5	M. 17 A. 51	.597 .378	M. 59 A. 60	Cble.	Showery for the day.	21	M. 16 A. 56	.570 .689	M. 58 A. 58	NE.	Rain for the day.
6	M. 18 A. 55	.557 .686	M. 58 A. 58	E.	Dull, with h. rain.	22	M. 39 A. 51	.949 .939	M. 58 A. 62	N.	Fair, with sunshine.
7	M. 18 A. 54	.761 .601	A. 58 M. 55	E.	Dull, but fair, warm.	23	M. 40 A. 60	.950 .925	M. 62 A. 62	SW.	Rain for the day.
8	M. 16 A. 60	.117 .576	A. 62 M. 62	W.	Sunsh. and warm.	24	M. 18 A. 59	.914 .998	M. 61 A. 61	Cble.	Fair foren. show. aftern.
9	M. 50 A. 59	.502 .416	A. 61 M. 65	W.	Morn. show. day fair.	25	M. 47 A. 57	20.211 .241	M. 62 A. 59	Cble.	Day fair, even. h. fog.
10	M. 15 A. 57	.425 .482	A. 65 M. 62	W.	Foren. dull, aftern. sunsh.	26	M. 46 A. 59	.256 .160	M. 62 A. 65	W.	Fair, warm, foggy even.
11	M. 17 A. 58	.416 .415	M. 65 A. 62	Cble.	Dull and sunsh. alter.	27	M. 47 A. 59	29.166 .999	M. 61 A. 61	NE.	Fair, with sunshine.
12	M. 45 A. 57	.551 .451	M. 65 A. 60	W.	Thun. & light. with hail.	28	M. 41 A. 59	.988 .783	M. 65 A. 62	E.	Morn. dull, day fair, sun.
13	M. 46 A. 57	.489 .574	M. 62 A. 61	W.	Morn. cold, day fair.	29	M. 41 A. 57	.788 .730	M. 62 A. 61	E.	Dull, but fair
14	M. 46 A. 57	.650 .296	M. 62 A. 65	W.	Day fair, h. rain night.	30	M. 15 A. 55	.755 .764	M. 60 A. 59	E.	Dull, but fair and warm.
15	M. 47 A. 59	.177 .186	A. 65 A. 62	W.	Fair, with sunshine.	31	M. 48 A. 58	.720 .720	M. 60 A. 63	E.	Ditto.
16	M. 46 A. 56	.186 .239	M. 62 A. 61	SW.	Changeable.						
Average of Rain, 1.938 inches.											

Average of Rain, 1.938 inches.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of June, and 20th of August, 1824; extracted from the London Gazette.

- Air, R. Lower East Smithfield, wine-merchant.
 Akint, T. Bilston, Staffordshire, earthenware-manufacturer.
 Alib, W. Greenwich, coal-merchant.
 Andrew, G. Manchester, merchant.
 Archer, J. Lynn, draper.
 Atkinson, W. Clement's-lane, merchant.
 Austin, E. Bedford-place, Commercial-road, baker.
 Barber, J. Pump-row, St Luke's, chumman.
 Bardwell, G. Bungay, linen-draper.
 Barker, T. Medbourn, Leicestershire, corn-factor.
 Barnard, J. G. Skinner street, printer.
 Batger, W. Henley-on-Thames, grocer.
 Battey, W. and E. Staaf ad, boot-makers.
 Bennett, R. Woodford, Essex, blacksmith.
 Birks, E. Sheffield, grocer.
 Blackburn, T. Seacombe, Cheshire, tea-gardens-keeper.
 Braddock, J. W. Portsmouth, musical-instrument-seller.
 Blake, J. Constitution-row, St Pancras, boot-maker.
 Blakey, T. Mould-green, Yorkshire, fancy-manufacturer.
 Blundell, R. Liverpool, distiller.
 Bower, J. jun. Wimslow, Cheshire, cotton-spinner.
 Boutville, W. H. Aldersgate-street, goldsmith.
 Brett, R. Temple place, Black-barn-road, tailor.
 Brooks, R. Oldham, Lancashire, shop-keeper.
 Brown, G. Regent-street, upholsterer.
 Brettargh, J. Manchester, merchant.
 Brown, J. Waterloo-wharf, Strand, coal-merchant.
 Burn, A. W. Three-tun-court, Miles-lane, Canon-street, wine-merchant.
 Capling, J. Holloway, makeuper.
 Chandler, J. Sandwich, corn-factor.
 Chorley, T. Bristol, cordwainer.
 Cluet, R. Liverpool, soap-boiler.
 Collingwood, W. S. Sunderland, baker.
 Cohen, S. Holywell-street, Shoreditch, linen-draper.
 Cragg, J. Salm-bury, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
 Crawford, W. jun. Chapside.
 Critchley, J. Manchester, spirit-merchant.
 Croke, C. Burnley, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
 Devey, W. Holland-street, Blackfriars-road, coal-merchant.
 Dewe, B. T. Lechlade, Gloucestershire, mercer and draper.
 Driver, J. Knowl-green, Dutton, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
 Duff, J. Gloucester, draper.
 Dubois, C. King-street, Covent-Garden, auctioneer.
 Eaton, S. and T. Sheffield, entlers.
 Errington, G. and C. D. Nicholls, Croydon, dealers.
 Evans, H. Lower East Smithfield, oil-merchant.
 Fawcett, R. and J. Atkinson, Albion-place, Batholomew Close, colour-men.
 Field, S. L. Martin's-lane, Cannon-street, silk-manufacturer.
 Fielding, J. Motttram in Longendale, Cheshire, corn-dealer.
 Fry, W. Type-street, letter-founder.
 Gibbins, T. Holy well street, Westminster, scavenger.
 Gibson, J. Liverpool, merchant.
 Gilbert, E. Liverpool, spirit-merchant.
 Gompertz, H. Clapham-road, merchant.
 Green, T. Vassal-row, Kennington, builder.
 Green, W. Wellington, Northamptonshire, carpenter.
 Green, J. Ross, imholder.
 Grunshaw, G. Blackburn, grocer.
 Hair, J. Scotswood, Northumberland, coal-tan-manufacturer.
 Halse, T. Bristol, chemist.
 Harding, R. Bristol, timber-merchant.
 Harnett, E. and J. J. Kelly, Lower Shadwell, coal-merchants.
 Harrison, J. Padham, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
 Hawkey, J. Cock-hill, Stepney, tobacco-manufacturer.
 Hendrick, J. Liverpool, watch-maker.
 Hicks, H. W. Connaught-news, horse-dealer.
 Hilton, W. Braxton hill, stage-coach-master.
 Holagh, G. Size-lane, tea-dealer.
 Holdworth, R. Calcutta, Yorkshire, flax-spinner.
 Holl, F. Piccadilly, tavern-keeper.
 Holl, G. Louthbury, hat-manufacturer.
 Hooker, J. Sheerness, woollen-draper.
 Hunt, G. Leicester-square, linen-draper.
 Izod, J. London-road, auctioneer.
 Japha, D. M. Colehester-street, Savage-gardens.
 Johnson, J. Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, grocer.
 Johnson, J. and J. Davies, Ferry-wharf, Vauxhall, coal-merchants.
 Jones, J. Liverpool, brewer.
 Kentish, N. L. St Michael, near Winchester, dealer and chapman.
 Kershaw, A. Ramsbottom, Lancashire, timber-dealer.
 Laing, B. Fenchurch-street, ship-owner.
 Lawton, J. Rob. Cross, Saddleworth, wool-stapler, Yorkshire.
 Lees, J. N. Wigan, linen-draper.
 Lowrieston, D. Manor-row, Rotherhithe, master mariner.
 MacGeorge, W. Lower Fore-street, Lambeth, brewer.
 MacRae, J. Liverpool, grocer.
 Marchant, T. Brighton, miller.
 Marshall, J. Black-Horse-yard, Gray's-Inn-Lane, box-maker.
 Martin, J. Beccles, farmer.
 Matthews, B. Chamber-street, Goodman's-fields, liquor-merchant.
 Meek, E. Knaresborough, linen-merchant.
 Mogford, H. Craven street, Strand, tailor.
 Moore, N. Wigan, hop and seed-dealer.
 Moody, W. Holywell-row, Shoreditch, carman.
 Morgan, W. Llanally, butcher.
 Munk, W. Waiwick-place, White-Cross-street, dealer in spruce.
 Nathan, N. and W. Mansel-street, Goodman's-fields, quilt-merchants.
 Neise, M. G. Parliament-street, accoutrement-maker.
 Newal, J. Beaconsfield, Bucks, draper.
 Newbold, W. Bouverne-street, Fleet-street, tailor.
 Nicholson, R. Plymouth, wine-merchant.
 Nichols, F. Olley, Yorkshire, corn-merchant.
 Noyce, P. T. Richmond, shoemaker.
 Parker, T. Charles street, City-road, grocer.
 Pearce, W. Oreston, Devonshire, flour-merchant.
 Penn, W. B. Datchet, Bucks, bookseller.
 Phelps, G. H. Martin's-lane, Cannon street, volum-binder.
 Pickthill, W. Broughton-in-the-Furness, Lancashire, calmet-maker.
 Place, R. Mountsorrell, victualler.
 Powell, L. Dover, miller.
 Powell, T. Forest-wharf, Earl-street, Blackfriars, corn-factor.
 Price, W. late of Fetter-lane, optician.
 Pulley, H. Bedford, draper.
 Ranson, J. Sunderland, carrier.
 Rice, J. Cornmarthen, draper.
 Ritchie, R. P. London, merchant.
 Robinson, W. Liverpool, upholsterer.
 Rooke, R. Halifax, merchant.
 Sheffield, T. Durham, ironmonger.
 Shortis, T. Bristol, soap-manufacturer.
 Smith, J. Bristol, tallow-merchant.
 Smith, M. Cockernouth, mercer.
 Speakman, J. Hardshaw-within Windle, Lancashire, shopkeeper.
 Stebbing, H. Reigate, coal-dealer.
 Swindells, J. Brimington, Cheshire, house-builder.
 Sykes, J. Wood-street, woollen-warehouseman.
 Taylor, T. Shad Thames, flour-factor.
 Tierrey, C. de, late of Cambridge, patentee of patent bits.
 Travis, W. Andenshaw, Lancashire, hatter.
 Trna, A. Davenham, Cheshire, currier.
 Tute, B. N. Wakefield, bookseller.
 Wake, W. J. and T. M. Southwick, Durham, ship-builders.
 Wase, L. Warwick-place, Great Surrey-street, merchant.

Watson, J. Bromsgrove, draper.
 Wightwick, J. W. Greenhamerton, Yorkshire,
 vintner.
 Wintle, J. North-street, City-road, silversmith.
 Williams, M. Old Bailey, eating-house-keeper.
 Wise, C. Sandling, near Maidstone, paper-maker.

Wise, R. and G. Wood-street, merchants.
 Witham, R. Halifax, banker.
 Wood, J. Leeds, woolstapler.
 Wright, R. Low Treby, Cumberland, grocer.
 Wright, E. Oxford-street, linen-draper.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st of July and 31st of August, 1824, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Brown, William, senior, grocer in Ayr.
 Carrick, John, stone and china-merchant in Glasgow.
 Chisholm, Duncan, solicitor in Inverness, general merchant, and dealer in leather there.
 Ewart, John, cabinet-maker and upholsterer, Gilmore-street, Paul's Work, Edinburgh.
 Gillfillan, John, and Co. late manufacturers in Glasgow.
 Graham, James, manufacturer in Glasgow.
 MacCulloch, John, and Co. merchants in Glasgow.
 Marr, Robert and Son, merchants, Leith; and
 Mari, Alexander, sole surviving partner of that concern.
 Moon, Duncan, late china-merchant and tavern-keeper in Edinburgh.
 Orr and Company, masons and builders in Glasgow.
 Phillips, Lawrence, manufacturer and merchant in Glasgow.
 Stevenson, Simon, haberdasher in Edinburgh.
 Thomson, Robert Scott, druggist and apothecary in Edinburgh.

DIVIDENDS.

Adam, James, the deceased, some time merchant and ship-owner in Arbroath; a final dividend after 30th August.
 Anderson, William, late tanner in Glasgow; a final dividend on 15th July.
 Byars, Richard, and Company, spirit-dealers in Glasgow; a first dividend after 17th August.
 Caniswell, Walker and George, and Robert Caniswell and Company, manufacturers in Paisley; a dividend after 17th August, to those creditors only who were too late in lodging their claim for the first division.

Caw, James, some time merchant in Perth, afterwards at Benchil, county of Perth; a final dividend 25th September.
 Cumming, John, ship-owner, agent, and wharfinger, Leith; a first and final dividend 1st September.
 Davidson, David, merchant in Glasgow; a dividend on 51st July.
 Dryden, William, skinner in Jedburgh; a dividend on 21st September.
 Hay, William, late merchant in Perth; a first dividend on 10th September.
 Hume, James, late wine-merchant and spirit-dealer in Edinburgh; a dividend after 23d August.
 Jameson, Peter, and Company, clothiers in Glasgow; a second dividend after 21st August.
 M'Phedran, Dugald, and Son, late merchants and fish-curers in Greenock; a final dividend after the 31st August.
 Pent, Robert, manufacturer in Dundee; a final dividend after 21st August.
 Rae, John, candlemaker in Edinburgh; a dividend after 31st July.
 Roger, James, junior, merchant in Greenock; a final dividend 21st September.
 Saunders, John, junior, merchant, Leith; a dividend after 12th August.
 Scott and Macbean, merchants in Inverness; a dividend 1st October.
 Sloan, Anthony, cloth-merchant in Wigton; a dividend after 18th August.
 Steel, William, merchant in Glasgow; a dividend on 27th September.
 Stevenson and Duff, merchants in Dunkeld; a dividend of 1s. on the estate of James Stevenson.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

July.

L. Gds.	Lt. Douglas, Cap. by purch. vice Lord Belhaven and Stenton, ret. 30 June, 1821	1 F	Lt. M'Combie, from h. p. Afric. Cor. Lt. vice Graham, 17 F.	24 June
	Cor. and Sub.-Lt. Cuthbert, Lt. do.		A. H. Ormsby, Ens. vice Glover, 2 W. I. R.	29 do.
	Dr. Cor. and Sub.-Lt. do.	4	T. Bryne, do.	30 do.
2 Dr. G.	Capt. Chamberlayn, Maj. by purch. vice Lt. Col. Gordon, ret. 1 July	7	A. W. Alloway, do. by purch. vice Warde, 7 Dr.	24 do.
	Lt. Knox, Capt. do.		Ens. Lord F. Lennox from 62 F. Lt. vice Bourke, dead.	do.
	Cor. Smith, Lt. do.	8	Capt. Ball, Maj. by purch. vice Lt. Col. De Courcy, ret.	do.
7	— Curtis, from h. p. 7 Dr. Cor. do.		Lt. Baynes, Capt. do.	do.
	J. Osborn, Cor. by purch. vice Payne, ret.		Ens. Calder, Lt. do.	do.
1 Dr.	T. J. Skipwith, Cor. by purch. vice Beaumont, ret.		— Clark, from 76 F.	8 July
6	Cor. H. T. Lord Pelham, from 15 Dr. Cor. vice Sparrow, h. p. 17 Dr. rec. diff.	10	J. J. Fenton, Ens. vice Berwick, Afr. Colonial Corps.	26 June
		16	Ens. Carr, Lt. vice Orr, dead.	29 Dec. 1823
7	Ens. Warde, from 4 F. Cor. by purch. vice Pringle, prom.		— Smith, do. vice Claney, dead.	31 do.
10	Troop Serj. Maj. Kinkie, Qu. Mast. vice Rogers, dead.		— Mackenzie, late of 70 F. Ens.	25 June 1821.
15	Cor. Shedden, f. m. h. p. 17 Dr. Cor. (paying diff.) vice Lord Pelham 6 Dr.	17	G. M. Archer, Ens.	26 do.
17	R. F. M. Greville, Cor. by purch. vice Edwardes, 2 Life Gds.	19	Lt. Graham, from 1 F. Lt. vice Harrison, h. p. African corps.	24 do.
Gren. Gds.	Lt. Vernon, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Bruce, ret.		— Vignoles, from h. p. R. Art. Lt. vice Sullivan, h. p. rec. diff.	do.
	G. V. Wigram, Ens. and Lt. by purch. do.	24	C. C. Hay, Ens. vice Soden, 2 W. I. R.	27 do.
			Bt. Maj. Hughes, Maj. vice Craig, 2 W. I. R.	25 do.

- Lt. Ewing, Capt. do.
 Ens. Dirom, Lt. do.
 C. Sturgeon, Ens. do.
 27 Capt. Landon, from h. p. 70 F. Capt.
 vice Franklyn, cancelled, 24 do.
 29 — Chambers, from 99 F. do. vice
 Jolliffe, h. p. Bourbon R. do.
 51 Ens. Murchin, from h. p. 100 F. Ens.
 vice Boileau, 2 Vet. Bn. do.
 W. N. Thomas, do. vice Burrows,
 African Colonial Corps, 28 do.
 58 Gent. Cadet E. Thowld, from R. Mil.
 Coll. do. vice Bagot, 62 F. 21 do.
 — W. Zuhleke, from R.
 Mill. Coll. do. vice Woodburn,
 dead, do.
 47 W. D. Hewson, do. vice Smith, dead,
 25 do.
 48 Lt. Vander Meulen, Capt. by purch.
 vice Mackay, ret. 24 do.
 Ens. O'Brien, Lt. do.
 A. Erskine, Ens. do.
 Gent. Cadet J. J. Louth, from R. Mil.
 Coll. Ens. vice Mackenzie, R. Afri-
 can Colonial Corps, 5 July
 50 Ens. Gill, Lt. vice Ross, 2 W. I. R.
 25 June
 H. M. Otway, Ens. do.
 61 S. Hood, do. vice Conran, 2 W. I. R.
 28 do.
 62 Ens. Bagot, from 58 F. do. vice Lord
 F. Lennox, 7 F. 24 do.
 67 Bt. Lt. Col. Gubbins, from 75 F. Lt.
 Col. by purch. vice Mackay, ret.
 8 July
 75 J. J. H. Boys, Ens. vice Patterson,
 African Colonial Corps, 27 June
 Bt. Maj. Stewart, Maj. by purch. vice
 Gubbins, 67 F. 8 July
 Lt. Orr, Capt. do.
 Ens. Vernon, Lt. do.
 G. Davison, Ens. do.
 76 Gent. Cadet C. Clark, from R. Mill.
 Coll. Ens. vice Langmead, 44 F.
 24 June
 Hon. C. Gordon, Ens. by purch. vice
 Clark, 8 F. 8 July
 77 R. Harper, Ens. vice Congreve, dead,
 25 June
 78 Ens. M'Alpin, Lt. vice Fraser, Afr.
 Col. Corps. do.
 N. Cameron, Ens. do.
 81 Gent. Cadet G. Reeves, from R. Mil.
 Coll. Ens. vice Splaine, Afr. Col.
 Corps, 1 July
 85 R. Kelly, Ens. vice Lisle, dead,
 25 June
 85 Hosp. As. Brown, As. Surg. vice
 Whitney, 90 F. 8 July
 87 Serj. Carr, Qua. Mast. vice Paul,
 dead, 24 June
 88 Hon. C. Monckton, Ens. by purch.
 vice Hartopp, ret. 1 July
 95 Lt. Rafter, from h. p. 81 F. Paym.
 21 June
 96 T. A. Souter, Ens. vice Oxley, Afr.
 Col. Corps. 30 do.
 97 Ens. Leslie, Lt. by purch. vice Scott,
 ret. 1 July
 W. T. Stannus, Ens. do.
 F. C. Barlow, Ens. vice Burlton, Afr.
 Corps. 2 do.
 98 Surg. Vassall, from h. p. 24 F. Surg.
 1 do.
 99 Capt. Hill, from h. p. Bourbon R.
 Capt. vice Chambers, 29 F. 21 June
 Rifle Brig. G. Mackinnon, 2d Lt. vice Robertson,
 Afr. Col. Corps. 29 do.
 1 W. I. R. Lt. Myers, Capt. by purch. vice Hall,
 ret. 24 do.
 Ens. Johnston, Lt. do.
 J. Pentland, Ens. do.
 Maj. Craig, from 24 F. Lt. Col. 25 do.
 — Hill, from h. p. 6 W. I. R. Maj.
 vice Jolly, cancelled 24 do.
 Lt. Ross, from 50 F. Capt. 25 do.
 Ens. M'Vear, Lt. do.
 — Henry, do. do.
 Lt. Griffiths, from h. p. Art. Driv. Lt.
 26 do.
 — Henry, from h. p. 52 F. do. do.
 — M'Ghee, from h. p. 56 F. do. do.
 Lt. and Qua. Mast. Hughes, do. 27 do.
- Ens. Soden, from 19 F. do. 27 June
 — Conran, from 81 F. do. 28 do.
 — Glover, from 1 F. do. 29 do.
 J. M'Donnell, Ens. vice Wetherell,
 dead, 25 Mar.
 R. Grey, do. 25 June
 J. Brennan, do. 26 do.
 W. Iardner, do. 27 do.
 A. Tomkins, do. 28 do.
 As. Surg. Ritchie, Surg. vice Tedlie,
 dead, 1 July
 Hosp. As. Wilson, As. Surg. do.
 Ceylon R. Hosp. As. M'Dermot, As. Surg. vice
 Hoatson, dead, 25 Dec. 1823.
 Lt. Afr. Col. C. Maj. Gen. C. Turner, Colonel
 vice Sir C. M'Carthy, dead,
 1 July, 1824.
 Lt. Fraser, from 78 F. Capt. vice
 Sparks, dead, 25 June
 — M'Combie, from 1 F. Capt. vice
 L'Estrange, dead, 1 July
 Ens. Erskine, Lt. 25 June
 — Greetham, do. do.
 — Berwick, from 10 F. do. 26 do.
 — Patterson, from 75 F. 27 do.
 — Burrows, from 51 F. do. 28 do.
 2d Lt. Robertson, from Rifle. Brig.
 Lt. 29 do.
 Ens. Oxley, from 96 F. do. 30 do.
 — Splaine, from 81 F. do. 1 July
 — Burlton, from 97 F. do. 2 do.
 — Mackenzie, from 48 F. do. 3 do.
 J. M. Calder, Ens. 25 June
 J. Stapleton, do. 26 do.
 Hosp. As. Geddes, As. Surg. vice
 Pictou, dead, 8 July
 2 Vet. Bn. Ens. Boileau, from 51 F. Ens. vice
 Ella, ret. list. 24 June
- Unattached.*
- Major D'Este, from Dr. Gds. Lt. Col.
 of Inf. by purch. vice M. Gen. Mac-
 quarie, ret. 1 July, 1824.
 — Somerset, from Cape Corps Cav.
 do. by purch. vice M. Gen. Sir C.
 Holloway, ret. 17 do.
- Ordinance Department.*
- 2d Capt. Butts, Cap. 18 June, 1824.
 — Maunsell, from h. p. 2d
 Capt. do.
 1st Lieut. Woolcombe, do. do.
 2d Lieut. Trebeck, 1st Lieut. do.
 Gent. Cadet Beger, 2d Lieut. do.
 1st Lieut. Ramsden, from h. p. 1st
 Lieut. vice Monroe, h. p. 25 do.
 — Symons, from h. p. do. 21 do.
 Bt. Maj. and 2d Capt. Ord. Adj. vice
 Stewart, res. Adj. only. 1 July
- Chaplains Department.*
- The very Rev. R. Hodgson, D. D.
 Dean of Carlisle, Chaplain General
 to the forces, vice Archdeacon
 Owen, dead. 12 July, 1824.
- Hospital Staff.*
- Assist. Surg. Fenton, from h. p. 15
 Assist. Surg. vice Hosp. Assist. For-
 gusson, African Col. Corps, 25 June,
 1824.
 Acting Hosp. Assist. Bell, Hosp. As-
 sist. vice Wilson, 2 W. I. R. 1 July
 P. Campbell, do. vice Geddes, Afri-
 can Col. Corps. do.
- Exchanges.*
- Cap. Christie, from 5 Dr. G. rec. diff.
 with Cap. Hay, h. p. 57 F.
 — Bond, from 17 Dr do. with John-
 son, h. p. 19 Dr.
 — M'Lean, from 44 F. with Jacob,
 65 F.
 Lieut. Warren, from 51 F. Lieut.
 Campbell, h. p. 24 F.
 — Lacy, from 75 F. rec. diff. with
 Salmon, h. p. 10 F.
 — Sparks, from 2 W. I. R. with
 Wigmore, h. p. 2 Gar. Bn.
 — Lewis, from Ceylon Regt. with
 Emslie, h. p. 83 F.
 Paym. Wood, from 15 F. with Capt.
 Walker, h. p. 44 F.

Assist. Surg. Cutler, from 2 Life Guards with Assist. Surg. Gilder, p. h. Gren. Gds.

Resignations and Retirements.

Major-Gen. Macquarie, from 73 F.
— Sir C. Holloway, from R. Eng.
Lieut.-Colonel Gordon, 2 Dr. G.
— De Courey, 8 F.
— Mackay, 67 F.
Captain *Lt.* Belhaven and Stenton, Life Gds.
— Bruce, Gren. Gds.
— Mackay, 48 F.
— Hall, 1 W. I. R.
Lieut. Scott, 97 F.
Cornet Payne, 7 Dr. G.
— Beaumont, 1 Dr.
Ensign Hartopp, 88 F.

Appointments Cancelled.

Major Jolly, 2 W. I. R.
Capt. Franklyn, 27 F.

Deaths.

Major Gen. Macquarie, late of 73 F. July 1824
Major Maxwell, Lt. Art. at Pau. 18th June
— Kuper, h. p. 3 Huss. Ger. Leg. Verden, 3 July
Captain M'Combie, Afric. Col. Corps.
— Robinson, h. p. 55 F. 6 July
Lieut. M'Kenzie, 5 F. Dominica, 7 June, 1824
Orr, 16 F. Badula, Ceylon, 28 Dec. 1825

Lieut. Clancy, 16 F. Kandy, Ceylon, 30 do.
— Church, 21 F. Portsmouth, 25 June, 1824
— Campbell, h. p. 1 F. Glasgow, 9 May
— Locke, h. p. 10 F. 15 Feb.
— Summers, h. p. 62 F. Rainsay, Isle of Man, 16 June
— Gordon, h. p. 71 F. 29 May
— Crauc, h. p. R. Art. Portsee, May
— Allan, h. p. Queen's Amer. Rangers, New Brunswick, 11 Oct.
— M'Kenzie, h. p. 1 Lt. Dr. Ger. Leg. drowned in Hanover, 9 June
— Muller, h. p. Brunsw. Inf. 24 Sept.
Cornet Spicer, h. p. Waggon Tr. Calais, 14 May, 1824.

2d Lieut. Wilson, late Inv. Art. Woolwich, 12 July
— O'Brien, h. p. 21 F. Sligo, 8 June
Ensign Smith, 47 F.
— Congreve, 77 F.
— O'Meara, Afric. Col. Corps.
— Archer, h. p. 12 F. Lymington, 9 July, 1824
— Whiteford, h. p. Campbell's Rec. Corps, 28 April
— Cogan, 68 F. killed by lightning at Quebec, 9 June
— Gunn, late 3 Vet. Bn. Edinburgh, 5 July
Quar-Mast. Rogers, 10 Dr. Dublin, 5 June, 1824
— Mitchell, 20 F. Tralee, 23 do

Medical Department.

Surg. Tod, 4 Dr. Kalra, Bombay, 20 Feb. 1824
— Ritchie, 2 W. I. R. St Jago, Africa, 26 Mar.
— Braid, h. p. 81 F. 18 June
Staff Assist. Surg. Kent, London, 31 May

August.

Brevet.	Capt. Owen, h. p. (employed as Chief Eng. in New South Wales) Major in the Army 29 July, 1824	19	Bt. Major Lockyer, Major by purch. vice Broomfield, ret. 22 July
	Capt. Pudner, East Ind. Comp. Serv. and Paym. of Comp. Depot at Chatham, to have local rank of Capt. while so employed 22 do.		Lt. Rose, Capt. do.
	A. Nicholl, late a Serj. 49 F. and Port Adjut. in Canada, to have rank of Ens. while so employed 5 Aug.	20	Ens. Stirling, Lt. do.
4 Dr. G.	Capt. Chatterton, from 7 Dr. G. Maj. by purch. vice d'Este, prom. 22 July	21	R. F. Poore, Ens. do.
7	Lt. Nugent, Capt. by purch. vice Chatterton, 4 Dr. G. do.		Ens. Young, from 18 F. Lt. vice Church, dead 12 Aug.
	Cor. Unett, Lt. do.		2d Lt. Booth, 1st Lt. vice Brady, Afr. Col. Co. 15 July
	J. Bolton, Cor. do.		Ens. Pentland, from 1 W. I. R. 2d Lt. do.
4 Dr.	Serj. Major Hickman, Rid. Mast. from 15 Dr. Cor. 15 do.	26	Maj. M'Laine, from h. p. 5 Ceylon R. Maj. vice Gordon, 10 F. 29 do.
	Assist. Surg. Thompson, from 59 F. Surg. vice Tod, dead 5 Aug.	30	Ens. Babington, do. vice Roberts, dead 12 Aug.
	Paym. Wildley, from h. p. 40 F. Paym. vice Kerr, exch. 12 do.		R. J. E. Rich, Ens. do.
7	Lt. Hill, Capt. by purch. vice Gordon, ret. 29 July		Quar. Mast. Serj. Knee bone, Quar. Mast. vice Mitchell, dead 15 July
	Cor. Broadhead, Lt. do.		Bt. Lt. Col. Ludesay, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Sturt, ret. 12 Aug.
12	A. W. Biggs, Cor. do.	43	Bt. Maj. Macpherson, Maj. do.
	Lt. Pallisar, Capt. by purch. vice Craufurd, Cape Corps 12 Aug.		Lt. Calicuti, Capt. do.
15	Ens. England, from 77 F. Lt. 19 do.	51	Ens. Leckie, Lt. do.
	Capt. Lane, Major by purch. vice Booth, ret. 5 Aug.	53	G. C. Borough, Ens. do.
	Lt. Temple, Capt. do.	54	Lt. Marshall, Capt. vice Cuthbertson, dead 22 July
	Cor. Musgrave, Lt. do.		2d Lt. Hay, from 54 F. Lt. do.
	J. Shelley, Cor. do.	55	Lt. Tyndale, Capt. by purch. vice Jas. Ross, ret. 5 Aug.
1 F.	Ens. Williamson, Lt. vice M'Combie, Afr. Col. Corps 22 July	57	Lt. Haleott, from 87 F. Lt. vice Anstey, h. p. 22 Dr. 29 July
5 F.	— Hill, Lt. vice M'Kenzie, dead 8 June	58	C. Warren, Ens. vice Hay, 48 F. 22 do.
	J. W. King, Ens. 12 Aug.	60	Serj. Maj. Laddeol, from 7 F. 2d Lt. and to act as Adj. 19 Aug.
	J. Campbell, Ens. 22 July	68	W. Smith, Ens. vice Cogan, dead 29 July
10 F.	2d Lt. Dayrell, from Rifle Br. Lt. by purch. vice Birch, ret. do.	71	Ens. Connor, Lt. vice Coates, dead 19 Aug.
	Major Gordon, from 21 F. Major, vice Rudsell, h. p. 3 Ceylon Regt. 29 do.		— Seymour, Ens. do.
14	W. L. O'Halloran, Ens. vice La Roche, res. 11 Jan.	72	Lt. Murray, from h. p. 24 F. Lt. vice Rose, exch. do.
18	Ens. Latouche, Lt. by purch. vice French, prom. 15 July	73	Maj. Bamford, from 97 F. Maj. vice Cameron, h. p. York Chass. 12 do.
	G. H. Peel, Ens. do.	77	J. Lomax, Ens. by purch. vice England, 12 Dr. 19 do.
	T. C. Graves, do. vice Young, 20 F. 12 Aug.	79	Capt. Marshall, Maj. by purch. vice Campbell, prom. 23 July
			Lt. Browne, Capt. by purch. vice Marshall, prom. 12 Aug.
			Ens. Maule, Lt. do.
			T. Crombie, Ens. do.
		82	Lt. Mortimer, vice Field, dead, 9 Mar. 8

Ens. Greene, Lt. 13 Aug.
 J. Trollope, Ens. do.
 84 Capt. Colomb, from h. p. 37 F. Capt.
 vice Tinson, exch. do.
 86 Lt. Grey, Capt. by purch. vice Hogg,
 ret. do.
 Ens. Close, Lt. do.
 P. Le Poer Trench, Ens. do.
 87 Lt. Mildmay, from h. p. 22 Dr. Lt.
 vice Halcott, 53 F. 29 July
 88 W. P. Galloway, Ens. vice Boyes, 2
 W. I. R. do.
 92 Capt. Cameron, from h. p. 79 F.
 Capt. vice Phelan, exch. 19 Aug.
 97 Maj. Paterson, from h. p. York
 Chass. Maj. vice Bamford, 73 F.
 12 do.
 98 Lt. Goodiff, from h. p. 31 F. Lt. vice
 Logan, exch. do.
 Rifle Brig. W. Lloyd, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Day-
 rell, 10 F. 22 July
 Lt. Molloy, Capt. vice Skeall, dead
 5 Aug.
 2d Lt. Maclean, 1st Lt. do.
 C. Bagot, Page of Honour to the
 King, 2d Lt. do.
 1 W. I. R. E. G. Ellis, Ens. vice Pentland, 21 F.
 15 July
 2 Ens. Spence, Lt. vice M'Carthy,
 dead, do.
 F. W. Watson, Ens. do.
 Hosp. As. Murray, As. Surg. 22 do.
 Ens. Boyes, from 88 F. Lt. 29 do.
 Staff As. Surg. O'Beirne, Surg. vice
 Ritchie, dead 5 Aug.
 Ens. and Adj. Curry, rank of Lt.
 6 Aug.
 Ens. Sutherland, Lt. vice Dunne,
 dead 7 do.
 E. E. Nicolls, Ens. do.
 Cape C. (Cav.) Bt. Maj. Craufurd, from 12 Dr.
 Maj. by purch. vice Somersset, dead
 5 Aug.
 R. Afr. Col. C. Lt. Brady, from 21 F. Capt. vice M'-
 Cornbie, dead 15 July
 D. Turner, Ens. vice O'Meara, dead
 do.
 Capt. De Barrallier, from h. p. 32 F.
 Capt. vice Baynes, exch. 12 Aug.
 1 Vet. Bn. Ens. Russel, from h. p. 6 F. Ens.
 (repay the diff. he rec. upon exch.
 to h. p.) vice Karr, ret. list 29 do.
 2 Lt. Gray, from h. p. 6 F. Lt. vice
 Pope, ret. list 15 do.
 Vet. Comps. } Bt. Lt. Col. Burke, from h. p. Dil-
 for Newf. } low's R. Maj. 25 July
 Capt. Pilkington, from h. p. 5 F.
 Capt. do.
 — Rudkin, from h. p. 100 F. do.
 — Mackenzie, from h. p. York
 Lt. Inf. Vol. Capt. do.
 Lt. Campbell, from h. p. 72 F. Lt. do.
 — Croly, from h. p. 81 F. do.
 — Daunt, from h. p. 62 F. do.
 — Stanley, h. p. 15 F. do.
 — Dunne, from h. p. 25 F. do.
 — Ingall, from h. p. 70 F. do.
 Ens. Clarke, from h. p. 50 F. Ens. do.
 — Philpot, from h. p. 62 F. do.
 — Walker, from h. p. 90 F. do.
Garrison.
 Lt. Col. Belford, of late 3 Vet. Bn.
 Fort Maj. of Dartmouth Castle,
 vice Wright, dead 12 Aug. 1824.
Unattached.
 Maj. Campbell, from 97 F. Lt. Col.
 of Inf. by purch. vice Maj. Gen.
 Lamont, ret. 10 July, 1821.
Royal Military College.
 Capt. Cliss to be Superintendent of
 Gymnastic Exercises, with rank and
 pay of Capt. in the Army while so
 employed. 5 Aug.
Staff.
 Bt. Maj. Cochrane, h. p. 103 F. Insp.
 Fld. Off. Mil. Nova Scotia, with
 rank of Lt. Col. in the Army,
 15 July
 Capt. Bentley, from late 1 Vet. Bn.
 Staff Capt. at Chatham, vice Dal-
 gety, ret. list. 13 Aug.

Commissariat Department.

Comm. Clerk, T. Walker, Dep. As.
 Comm. Gen. 13 July
 — T. Stafford, do.
 — W. Bishop, do.
 — J. Finlay, do.

Hospital Staff.

Staff Surg. Tully, Dep. Insp. of Hos-
 pitals 22 July
 Dr Arthur, from h. p. Physician to
 the Forces, vice Denecke, h. p.
 15 do.
 As. Surg. Rosser, from h. p. 3 F. As.
 Surg. vice Wharrie, dead 22 do.
 Hosp. As. Young, As. Surg. vice Law,
 dead 14 Aug.
 E. J. Bulteel, Hosp. As. do.

Exchanges.

Major Macintosh, from 93 F. with Major Boson,
 h. p. 81 F.
 Bt. Major Cane, from 65 F. with Capt. Senior,
 h. p. 18 F.
 — Meachan, from 24 F. with Capt. Stack,
 h. p. 88 F.
 Capt. Phillimore, from Gren. Gds. rec. diff. with
 Capt. Sanderson, h. p. 81 F.
 — Mahon, from 29 F. with Capt. Hon. J. H.
 Cradock, h. p. 3 W. I. R.
 — French, from 81 F. with Capt. Scoones,
 h. p.
 — Hart from 82 F. with Capt. Brutton, h. p.
 75 F.
 — Driberg, from 83 F. with Capt. Haggerston,
 Ceylon Regt.
 — Heard, from 87 F. with Capt. Moore, h. p.
 101 F.
 Cornet Simpson, from R. Ho. Gds. rec. diff. with
 Ensign Lt. Russell, h. p. 48 F.
 Ensign Thomson, from 8 F. rec. diff. with Ensign
 Byron, h. p. 42 F.
 — Bennett, from 68 F. with Ensign Bernard,
 h. p. 16 F.
 Qua. Mast. Cockburn, from 17 Dr. with Lieut.
 Nicholson, h. p. 8 Dr.
 Surg. Walker, from 32 F. with Surg. Bampfield,
 h. p. Meuron's Regt.
 Assist. Surg. Latham, from 57 F. with Assist.
 Surg. Doyle, h. p. 35 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Maj. Gen. Lamont, late of 92 F.
 Col. Earl of Granard, Longford Mil.
 Maj. Booth, 15 Dr.
 — Broomfield, 19 F.
 Capt. Gordon, 7 Dr.
 — James Ross, 51 F.
 Lieut. Birch, 10 F.
 Ens. La Roche, 14 F.

Deaths.

Maj. Gen. D. Campbell.
 — Prevost, from 67 F. Bath, 9 Aug. 1824.
 Lieut. Col. Warren, 47 "
 Major Percival, late of 14 F. Malta, 8 May, 1824.
 — Ashton, late 12 F. Egham, 14 Aug.
 — Richardson, late 5 Veteran Bn. Amboise,
 France, 24 May.
 Capt. Gell, 1 F. at Chingput, on march for Tri-
 chinopoly, 18 Feb. 1824.
 — Rotton, 17 F.
 — Field, 82 F. Mauritius, 8 March.
 — Yorke, 95 F. Malta, 1 July.
 — Skeil, Rifle Brig.
 — Lumsdaine, late invalids, Invergellic, N. B.
 17 Nov. 1823.
 — Thompson, late Garr. Bat. near Birming-
 ham, 24 June, 1824.
 — Allott, late 5 Vet. Bn. Hague Hall, York-
 shire, 15 do.
 — J. Wingate Weeks, h. p. Nova Scotia Fenc.
 and Town Adje of Cape Briton, Cape Briton,
 23 do.
 Lieut. Roberts, 26 F.
 — Skelton, 46 F. Belgaum, Madras,
 10 Feb. 1824.
 Cottman, 60 F. Barbadoes, 2 July.
 Coates, 71 F. Glasgow, 28 do.
 — 2 W. I. R.
 M'Carthy, do.
 Hayter, R. Eng. Colombo, 21 March.
 Wright, Fort Maj. Dartmouth Castle.
 Sir J. Foulis, Bt. late Inval. Dublin 3 June.

Lieut. Bailey, h. p. 6 F. Brough, Westmoreland,
29 do.
— Elmore, h. p. 72 F. Secunderabad,
15 Dec. 1823.
— Laird, h. p. 86 F. Gateshead, Durham,
22 July, 1824.
— Crean, h. p. 1 Gar. Bn. Stream's Town.
Co. Mayo, 11 June.
Ensign Glass, late 6 Vet. Bat. Musselburgh,
22 July.
— M'Cabe, h. p. Cape Co. Jersey, 21 June.

Ensign Bond, late 5 R. Vet. Bat. Brewood, Staf-
ford, 17 July.
Paymaster Williams, 82 F. Mauritius, 7 Apr. 1824.
— Harrison, h. p. 83 F.
Quart. Mast. Murray, h. p. Durham Fenc. Cav.
Feb. 1824.
Surg. Buchanan, h. p. 9 F. Glasgow, 14 Aug. 1824.
Staff Assist. Surg. Law, Africa.
Vet. Surg. Harrison, h. p. York Huss. Tedding-
ton, 27 May, 1824.

NAVAL PROMOTIONS.

Names.	Ships.	Names.	Ships.
<i>Captains.</i>		<i>Lieutenants.</i>	
William Sandom	<i>Ætna</i>	Thomas Stevenson	<i>Isis</i>
Lord Byron	<i>Blonde</i>	Geo. Read (b)	<i>Lively</i>
Thomas Favell, (com.)	<i>Bramble</i>	Geo. Wyndham	<i>Maidstone</i>
Philip Pipon	<i>Britannia</i>	Edward C. Earle	<i>Meteor</i>
Octavius V. Vernon	<i>Britomart</i>	Andrew Smith (b)	ditto
John F. Studdert	<i>Champion</i>	Jas. B. Whitelocke	<i>Orestes</i>
Hon. J. A. Maude	<i>Dispatch</i>	Wm. Dickey	ditto
Lord Napier	<i>Diamond</i>	Andrew Kennedy	<i>Niemen</i>
John M. Laws, (com.)	<i>Falmouth</i>	Wm. H. Molyneux	ditto
John M'Causland, (com.)	<i>Hamouaze</i>	Thomas Cole (b)	ditto
Henry J. Leeke	<i>Herald</i>	C. H. Binstead	<i>Owen Glendower</i>
Robert H. Barclay	<i>Infernal</i>	C. G. Lloyd	ditto
C. H. Fremantle	<i>Jasper</i>	George Kennedy	<i>Prince Regent</i>
James Scott	<i>Meteor</i>	Joseph West	<i>Pylades</i>
Provo W. P. Wallis	<i>Niemen</i>	Chas. Geo. Butler	ditto
Henry Litchfield	<i>Orestes</i>	Henry O. Love	<i>Pyramus</i>
Thomas Pennington	<i>Pike</i>	Charles Brand	<i>Ramilis</i>
Francis Fead	<i>Pylades</i>	W. H. Routledge	ditto
William Hotham	<i>Sappho</i>	John Conjuht	ditto
Charles Sotheby	<i>Seringapatam</i>	Joseph Roche	ditto
Gr. E. Hamond, C. B.	<i>Wellesley</i>	James Ing Sullivan	ditto
Charles Church, (com.)	<i>Zephyr</i>	Aaran Games	ditto
<i>Lieutenants.</i>		Thomas Phelps	ditto
Joseph Cammilleri	<i>Ætna</i>	Samuel H. Laston	ditto
John Fletcher	<i>Albion</i>	Peter White	ditto
Dur de Saumarez	<i>Argus</i>	Wm. B. Fabian	ditto
John Walkie	<i>Astrea</i>	Joseph Reay	ditto
William Pedder	<i>Bann</i>	Arthur T. Morley	ditto
Mitch. W. Wroot (flag)	<i>Blanche</i>	Joseph F. Thompson	ditto
Thomas Ball	<i>Blonde</i>	Wm. Flinn	ditto
Hon. W. Keith	ditto	John Hills	ditto
Robert F. Gambier	ditto	Charles M. Chapman	ditto
Hon. H. J. C. Talbot	ditto	John Coleman (a)	ditto
James W. Cairnes	<i>Britannia</i>	Abraham Whitehead	ditto
Edward Kelly	ditto	Fred. Phillips	ditto
George Sayer	ditto	Richard Jones (b)	ditto
John M'Causland	ditto	Wm. Henry Brand	ditto
Charles Andros	ditto	Nath. Newenham	ditto
Edm. Yonge	ditto	Chas. Henry Seal	ditto
Phil. Gostling	ditto	Henry Stroud	ditto
William C. Gerrard	ditto	Redmond Moriarty	ditto
Henry E. Atkinson	<i>Britomart</i>	W. Syfrett	ditto
Fred. Thackeray	ditto	Wm. H. Braddy	ditto
Henry Layton	<i>Bulwark</i>	Thos. M'Williams	ditto
E. R. Marley (act.)	<i>Bustard</i>	Robert H. Stanhope	<i>Rose</i>
Robert Campbell	<i>Carnation</i>	J. J. F. Newell	<i>Sappho</i>
Charles Inglis	<i>Champion</i>	Cornw. Ricketts	ditto
Edm. H. Pace	ditto	Wm. Johnstone	<i>Satellite</i>
Jos. Fra. Forster	<i>Dartmouth</i>	Lewis Davies	<i>Seringapatam</i>
Geo. G. Stewart	ditto	Wm. H. Henderson	ditto
William Molyneux	ditto	Wm. Worafold	ditto
William Robertson (b)	<i>Diamond</i>	Wm. Dickson (b)	ditto
J. T. Warren	ditto	Chr. Bagot (act)	<i>Superb</i>
S. B. Peacock	ditto	Wm. H. Kitchen	<i>Terror</i>
Ro. Beaumont	ditto	Wm. Cotesworth	<i>Theais</i>
Chas. Thurtell	<i>Dispatch</i>	Geo. Henslow	ditto
Jos. B. Driffell	<i>Doterel</i>	Thos. E. Hoste (flag)	<i>Victory</i>
Samuel Hellard	<i>Dover</i>	Wm. H. Pierson	<i>Wellesley</i>
Jos. M. Wood	ditto	David Welch	ditto
Thomas E. Hodder	<i>Eden</i>	Geo. Delme	ditto
John Hathorn	<i>Fly</i>	John M. Laws	ditto
Hon. T. Austin	<i>Fury</i>	Chas. H. Akerley	ditto
Fred. Wood	<i>Genoa</i>	John D. Robinson	ditto
Francis Harding	<i>Griper</i>	Henry Knolles	<i>Windsor Castle</i>
Sam. R. Whitcombe	<i>Harrier</i>	G. F. Dawson	<i>Hyperion</i>
John Christie	<i>Infernal</i>		
C. J. F. Newton	ditto		

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Jan. 7. At Nagpore, the lady of Andrew Ross, Esq. assistant-surgeon, 2d battalion, 18th Regiment, of a son.

Feb. 4. At Negapatam, the lady of Alexander Fairlie Bruce, Esq., civil service, of a son.

March 3. At Bellary, Madras, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, 16th regiment, of a son.

21. At the Cape of Good Hope, the Lady of Lord Charles Somerset, of a daughter.

May 5. At Sympheropole, Sultana Katte Ghery Krim Ghery, of a daughter.

23. At Bourn Hall, Cambridgeshire, Countess Delawarr, of a daughter.

29. At Government-House, Montreal, Canada, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel M'Grigor, 70th regiment, of a daughter.

30. At Dalkeith, Mrs Dr Morison, of a daughter.

31. The Hon. Lady Paget, of a daughter.

June 26. At Netherhouse, the lady of Major Peat, of a daughter.

July 1. At Hiton Park, the seat of Lord Montagu, the Lady Isabella Cust, of a daughter.

3. At Briary Bank, Mrs Hutchins, of a daughter.

— At 19, York Place, Mrs Abercrombie, of a daughter.

— At Colinton Bank, Mrs Logan, of a daughter.

4. At the Royal Circus, the lady of William Stirling, Esq. of a daughter.

5. At Kennay House, Mrs Burnett, of a son.

— At Mungall Cottage, Mrs Stainton, of Biggarshiels, of a son.

8. Mrs Fisher, 15, Forth Street, of a son.

— At Rosemount, Mrs Christie, of a daughter.

9. At her father's, the Right Rev. Bishop Sandford, the lady of Montagu B. Bere of Morebath, in the county of Devon, Esq. of a son and heir.

11. At London, the lady of G. R. Dawson, Esq. M.P. of a son.

13. Mrs W. C. Learmonth, of Craigend, of a son.

16. At 79, Great King Street, Mrs Kinnear, of a son.

20. At Lauder, Mrs Allan, of a son.

— At Belgavies, in Angus-shire, the lady of A. M'Kenzie, Esq. surgeon, 69th regiment, of twin sons.

— At Beddington, in Surrey, the Hon. Lady Helen Wedderburn, of a son.

— At Balcarrais, the lady of Captain Head, of a daughter.

21. At Drummond Place, the lady of A. Scott Broomfield, of a daughter.

— At Blebo, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel Bechune, of a son.

22. At Middleton Terrace, Pentonville, London, the lady of the Rev. Edward Irving, of the Calcedonian Chapel, of a son.

23. At Pwlytycrochan, North Wales, the lady of Sir David Erskine, of Cambo, Bart. of a son and heir.

24. Mrs Walker, Stafford Street, of a daughter.

27. At Baberton House, the lady of Archibald Christie, Esq. of Baberton, of a son.

— At St Anthony's Place, Leith, Mrs William Wyld, of a daughter.

31. At Kibhage, Mrs Stein, of a son.

Aug 1. At Paris, her royal highness the Duchess of Orleans, of a prince.

— The lady of Major Johnston, 99th regiment, of a daughter.

4. At London, Mrs A. Baxter, of a daughter.

4. At Inverlochry, the lady of Colonel Gordon, of a son.

5. At Naples, the lady of Alexander Thompson, Esq. of a daughter.

— At the British hotel, the lady of Thomas C. Hagart, Esq. of a daughter.

8. At Duncan Street, Drummond Place, Mrs William Maxwell Little, of a son.

— At Dundee, the lady of John Sandwith, Esq. of Bombay, of twin daughters.

9. At Castle Fraser, Mrs Fraser, of a daughter.

10. In Melville Street, the lady of James Edmund Leslie, Esq. of a son.

— At Ely Place, London, Mrs Tweedie, of a son.

11. At Beaumont Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Fulton Gibb, of a son.

14. At No. 15, London Street, Mrs Thomas Grahame, of a son.

20. At Holkham, Norfolk, Lady Ann Coke, of a son.

— At Putney Heath, the lady of the Hon. Thomas Erskine, of a daughter.

22. At Beaufort Castle, the Hon. Mrs Fraser of Lovat, of a daughter.

24. At Heriot Row, Mrs Dalyell, of Lingo, of a son.

25. At Park House, Mrs Gordon of Park, of a daughter.

27. At No. 1, Fettes Row, the lady of Captain Pearson, Royal Navy, of twin sons.

— At Eldon Hall, the Lady of the Hon. J. E. Elliot, of a son.

29. At Dean House, near Edinburgh, the lady of General Sir Thomas Bradford, K.C.B. of a daughter.

30. In Queen Street, the lady of John Archibald Campbell, Esq. of a daughter.

— At 26, Heriot Row, Mrs Morison, of a daughter.

31. At Pittenerieff, Mrs Hunt of Pittenerieff, of a daughter.

— At Invermoriston, the lady of James Murray Grant, Esq. of Glenmoriston and Moy, of a daughter.

Lately. At North Aston, Oxfordshire, Vicountess Chetwynd, of a daughter.

— At the seat of the Earl of Winchelsea, the Lady of Captain Drummond, Coldstream guards, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

March 29. At the Cape of Good Hope, Major Thomas Webster of Balgarvie, to Agnes, daughter of the late John Ross, Esq. Meadow Place, Edinburgh.

June 29. At Hartpurry, Gloucestershire, Robert Hill, merchant, Edinburgh, to Rose Bellingham Martin, daughter of Mr Thomas Martin, Hartpurry.

July 1. At Masham, Yorkshire, the Rev. John Stewart, minister of Sorn, to Mary, daughter of the late Lieut.-General Gannell.

— At Eldersly House, Robert C. Bontine, Esq. of Ardoch, eldest son of William C. C. Grahame, Esq. of Gartmore, to Frances Laura, daughter of Archibald Spicer, Esq. of Fyvie.

2. At Phantassie, James Aitchison, Esq. second son of William Aitchison, Esq. of Drummore, to Janet, second daughter of George Rennie, Esq. of Phantassie.

3. In St Paul's Chapel, York Place, Dr John Argell Robertson, to Anne, second daughter of the late Charles Lockhart, Esq. of Newhall.

5. At Dundee, the Rev. Dr Ireland, Catherine Bank, North Leith, to Catherine, second daughter of the late Dr Henderson, physician, Dundee.

6. At Glasgow, Captain Lauchlan Macquarrie, 55th Regiment of Foot, to Margaret, fourth daughter of the late Daniel Macalpine, Esq. of Ardnakaig, Argyllshire.

— At Drylaw, Captain Charles Hope Watson, Royal Navy, to Miss Mary Ramsay, youngest daughter of the late William Ramsay, Esq. of Barnton.

— At Sackville House, county of Kerry, Ireland, Major David Graham, 59th Regiment of Foot, to Miss Honoria Stokes, daughter of Oliver Stokes, Esq. of the above county.

— In Great King Street, Richard Pantton, Esq. of the Island of Jamaica and University of Cambridge, to Sophia Eliza, eldest daughter of the late David Morrison, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's civil service, Bengal establishment.

8. At Kirkaldy, Hugh Lumsden of Pitcairle, Esq. advocate, to Isabella, fourth daughter of Walter Fergus, Esq. of Strathore.

— At Morningside, Mr George G. Thomson,

merchant, Leith, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late John Richmond, Esq. wine-merchant, Edinburgh.

9. At London, Lord Garvach, to Rosabelle Charlotte, eldest daughter of Henry Bonham, Esq. M. P. for Sandwich.

12. At Edinburgh, John Campbell, Esq. younger of Succoth, to Anne Jane, youngest daughter of Francis Sitwell, Esq. of Barmoor Castle, Northumberland.

— At Edinburgh, David Greig, Esq. W. S. to Catherine, daughter of Mr Josiah Maxton, Albany Street.

13. At Burntisland, the Rev. Matthew Leishman, minister of the gospel at Govan, to Jane Elizabeth, daughter of the late Robert Boog, Esq.

— In London, the Hon. and Rev. Henry Edward John Howard, youngest son of the Earl of Carlisle, to Henrietta Elizabeth, daughter of J. Wright, Esq. of Mapperley, Nottinghamshire.

— At Biddenden, Kent, Lord George Henry Spencer Churchill, third son of the Duke of Marlborough, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr Nares, Rector of Biddenden, and niece of the Duke of Marlborough.

— At London, Lord De Dunstanville, to Miss Lemon, daughter of Sir William Lemon, Bart.

14. At Knesworth House, the residence of Francis Pym, jun. Esq. Henry Smith, Esq. third son of Samuel Smith, Esq. of Woodhall Park, to Lady Lucy Melville, eldest sister of the Earl of Leven and Melville.

15. At Orchardmains, the Rev. Thomas Struthers, Hamilton, to Isabella, eldest daughter of Adam Brydon, Esq. of Orchardmains.

— At the Haining, Archibald Douglas, Esq. son of Archibald Douglas, Esq. of Alderstone, to Margaret Violetta, daughter of the late Mark Pringle, Esq. of Clifton.

— At St Mary's, Woolwich, William Hunter, Esq. of Chesnoek Hall, Lanarkshire, to Mary, only daughter of James Keir, Esq. (royal horse artillery).

16. At Balranald, the Rev. Finlay M' Rae, minister of North Uist, to Isabella Maria, daughter of Colonel Macdonald of Lyndale.

— At Cleghorn, Mr James Somerville, surgeon, Lanark, to Miss Margaret Baxter.

19. At Edinburgh, Mr Joseph Cook, bookseller, St Andrews, to Isabella, daughter of Mr George Girdwood, candle maker, Cupar Free.

— At Edinburgh, by the Rev. James Henderson, according to the forms of the Presbyterian church, and on the 17th August, by the right Rev. Bishop Sandford, according to the forms of the English church, Sir Alexander Don of Newton Don, Bart. representative in Parliament for the county of Roxburgh, to Grace Jane, eldest daughter of John Stein, Esq. Heriot Row.

20. At Castleknock, James Hotchkiss, Esq. of Templehall, W. S. J. Margaret, youngest daughter of Thomas Hart, Esq. of Castleknock.

21. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Mr John Turner, Rector of Welmslow, Cheshire, to Miss Louisa Lewis Robertson, third daughter of the late Captain George Robertson, of the Royal Navy.

— At Edinburgh, James W. Dickson, Esq. advocate, to Jeanette Helen, daughter of the late James Morison, of Greenfield, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Plenderleith, Boreland, Elderstone, to Miss Jane White, Peebles.

26. At St Paul's Chapel, Samuel Deazley, Esq. to Miss E. F. Conway.

— At Edinburgh, Henry Euglefield, Esq. son of Sir Henry Charles Euglefield, Bart. to Catharine, eldest daughter of Henry Witham of Lartington, in the county of York, Esq.

27. John Hutton, Esq. merchant, Leith, to Jane, youngest daughter of Peter Wood, Esq. Rosemount, Leith.

— At Kensington church, the Lord Bishop of Jamaica, to Miss Pope, daughter of the late E. Pope, Esq.

28. At Gilmore Place, Edinburgh, Mr John Dudgeon, Loanhead, Kirkliston, to Margaret youngest daughter of the late Mr David Stodart.

30. At Woodside, Harvey Strong, Esq. American consul, to Janet, eldest daughter of Colin Gillespie, Esq.

— At Belhaven Park, Elles Dudgeon, Esq. to

Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late George Johnston, Esq.

Aug. 3. At Portobello, David Watson, Esq. writer in Edinburgh, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Francis Beaumont, Esq. Knockhouse, near Dunfermline.

— At Dalryell Lodge, Fifeshire, Robert Lindsay, Esq. second son of the Hon. Robert Lindsay of Balcarres, to Frances, daughter of Sir Robert Henderson of Stralton, Bart.

4. At Kirkbyhill Church, near Boroughbridge, James Mellor Brown, Esq. formerly of Gattonside, Roxburghshire, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr Jacob Smith, of Givendale Grange.

6. At Edinburgh, Captain Thomas Paterson, his majesty's 63d regiment, to Mary Ann, youngest daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel William Sherriif, Madras cavalry.

9. At Southfield Cottage, Mr William Phipps, Cramond, to Clementina, second daughter of the late Alexander Dick, Esq. accountant, Edinburgh.

11. At St George's Church, Hanover Square, London, Captain Sanderson, Bengal cavalry, to Elizabeth Oswald, eldest daughter of Alexander Anderson, Esq. Chapel Street, Grosvenor Square.

16. At Crauford, the Hon. George Charles Grandley Fitzhardinge Berkeley, sixth son of the late Earl of Berkeley, to Caroline Martha, second daughter of the late Paul Henfield, Esq.

— At Braxton, George Rennie, Esq. East Craig, to Isabella, only daughter of the late John Turnbull, Esq. of Braxton.

— At Edinburgh, Peter Hill, junior, Esq. to Ann, only daughter of Daniel Macdowall, Esq. of St Vincent.

17. At Haddington, the Rev. Benjamin Laing, Arbroath, to Georgina, sixth daughter of the Rev. Mr Chalmers, Haddington.

— At Glentyan, the Rev. Henry John Ingilby, rector of the West Keal, Lincolnshire, to Elizabeth, second daughter of the late David Hart M'Dowall, Esq. of Walkingshaw.

— At Dumfries, John Clark, physician to the forces, Albany Barracks, Isle of Wight, to Mary, daughter of John Giechrist, M.D.

20. At Edinburgh, Mr Gilbert Adcock, clothier, Hanover Street, to Agnes, youngest daughter of Thomas Williamson, Esq. of Northfield.

— At Dublin, Anthony P. Marshall, Esq. of Edinburgh, to Frances, fourth daughter of the late Smollett Holden, Esq. of Dublin.

24. In Windsor Street, Mr Archibald Paterson, merchant, to Jane, daughter of Mr Walter Scott, Lauder.

25. At St Martin's in the Fields, London, George Rennie, Esq. jun. of Phantassie, East Lothian, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late John Rennie, Esq.

— At Merton Hall, Wigtownshire, James Hal-dane Tait, Esq. Captain Royal Navy, to Miss Marion Yule, youngest daughter of the late Benjamin Yule, Esq. of Wheatfield, near Edinburgh.

— At Traprain, James Murray, Esq. to Clari-ssa, daughter of the late Rev. George Guldie, Athelstoneford.

29. At Taunton, Somerset, Lieutenant William Bryant, R. N. to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Kenneth Mackenzie, Esq.

30. At Portland Place, Adam Dawson, Esq. jun. Limplithgow, to Helen, daughter of the late Mr John Ranage, merchant, Edinburgh.

— At Overshiels, Mr A. O. Turnbull, Edinburgh, to Margaret, daughter of the late James Sommerville, Esq. Lanton.

— At Heatherwick House, East Lothian, Samuel Anderson, Esq. wine-merchant, to Anne, eldest daughter of the late James Milnes, Esq. and niece to Lieutenant-General Hardyman.

31. At Dolls, Shropshire, William Haig, Esq. Bomington, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of John Philp, Esq.

— At St George's, Hanover Square, London, Lieut.-Col. Allan, of the late 23d Lancers, to Miss Mitchell, eldest daughter of the late Colonel Campbell Mitchell.

Sept. 4. At Shrewsbury, Richard, son of Bryan Smith, Esq. of Liverpool, to Marianne, daughter of W. Egeiton Jeffreys, Esq. of Cotton-Hill, Salop.

Lately, in Keir Street, Edinburgh, Mr William Crawford, merchant, Montrose, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr James Aikman, jun. distiller, House of Muir.

DEATHS.

Sept. 1, 1823. At Madras, in the East Indies, (on his way home to Britain,) **Thomas Fraser**, Esq. of Gorthleck, in the Civil Service of the Hon. East India Company, at Nellore.

February.—At Calcutta, **Colonel John Paton**, honorary aide-de-camp to the Governor-General, and late commissary-general, after a period of 41 years' service in the Hon. East India Company's military service.

April 2. At Quebec, **Robert**, son of the late **Henry Johnston**, Esq. Meadowbank.

15. At Belluay, East Indies, **Captain James Weir**, 7th Madras Light Cavalry.

16. At sea, on board the *Asia*, from Calcutta, **Thomas Livingston Reid**, Esq. lieutenant R. N. commander of the *Asia*, and eldest son of Sir John Reid, Bart.

20. At Rio Janeiro, **Mr John C. Macdougall**, midshipman, on board of his Majesty's ship, *Spartiate*, and youngest son of the late **Duncan Macdougall**, Esq. Ardnamurchan.

22. On board the ship *Charlotte*, off the Cape of Good Hope, **Mr William Campbell Farquharson**, second son of the late **Dr William Farquharson**, physician in Edinburgh.

29. At Jamaica, **Mr Peter Grace**, son of the late **Dr Grace** of Cupar.

May 6. At sea, **Colin Bruce**, Esq. on his passage from Jamaica.

11. In Kingston, Jamaica, **Mr George James Muirhead**, son of the late **Mr George A. Muirhead**, merchant, Glasgow.

June 9. At Quebec, **Ensign J. D. Cogan**, of the 68th regiment.

17. At Pau, capital of the Basse Pyrenees, **Major Stuart Maxwell**, of the royal artillery.

18. At Madeira, in consequence of a fall from his horse, **Ensign Robert Hamilton Fotheringham**, of the Bengal Infantry.

19. At Moffat, **Alex. Moffat**, Esq. of Loch Urr.

22. At Aberdeen, **Janet**, eldest daughter of the late **Right Rev. Bishop Skinner**, of Aberdeen.

— At Dunbar, **Isabella**, second daughter of **Mr John Veitch**, surgeon.

27. At Haddington, **Mr William Shiells**, late brewer there.

— At Thornton House, **Anna**, eldest daughter of **Colonel Cunningham**.

— At George Town, in the district of Columbia, North America, **Thomas Wilson**, Esq. of Dullatur, advocate.

28. In James's Square, **Mrs Mary Hardy**, relict of **Mr James Gilchrist**, navy agent, London.

— At Heatherwick House, East Lothian, **George**, eldest son of **Captain W. H. Hardyman**, Hon. East India Company's naval service.

— At Prestons, **Ann Comb**, daughter of the late **James Comb**, Esq.

29. At Bandirran, **William**, only son of **J. M. Narne**, Esq. of Dunsinane.

— At Burghhead, the **Rev. Lewis Gordon**, D.D. one of the ministers of Elgin.

30. At Burnside of Dalbratne, **David Copland**, Esq. late of Gregory.

July 1. In Duke Street, St. James's, London, **Major-General Lauchlan Macquarie**, in the 63d year of his age. His conduct, from earliest youth, was marked by a most amiable disposition, a high sense of honour, and animated zeal for his profession. He entered the army at the age of 15, and served his king and country for 47 years, in all parts of the world, with great credit.

2. **Mrs Grizel Smart**, relict of **Mr William Cunningham**, Haddington.

4. At London, after a sudden relapse of illness, the Countess of Brownlow.

— The **Rev. Mr George Graham**, minister of Fossoway.

— At his house, No. 5, Buccleugh Place, **Mr Charles Moodie**, of the Auditor's Office, Exchequer.

— At Dennerara, **John Macintyre**, Esq. late merchant, Liverpool.

5. At Park Place, the infant son of **William Grant**, Esq. of Congalton.

— At Abbey St Bathans, **Mr Andrew Wallace**, teacher of mathematics in Edinburgh.

— At North Leith, the **Rev. Dr David Johnston**, in the 91st year of his age, the 66th of his ministry, and the 59th of his incumbency of that

parish, chaplain in ordinary to his Majesty for Scotland. During the period of sixty years, which the **Rev. Doctor** performed the pastoral duties of North Leith parish, he was well known to have put his hand to every good work that was going forward, not only in the town of Leith, the more immediate object of his charge, but his benevolent and philanthropic views extended to a fatherly care over the Charitable Institutions of Edinburgh, towards which, through a long and most active life, he rendered a ready and effective assistance. In the foundation of one of the best of our Charities, the Asylum for the Industrious Blind, the extension of the resources and benefits of which was to the last the peculiar object of his anxiety and fostering attention, an imperishable monument has been erected to his fame. **Dr Johnston** was, and we believe had been for a considerable time, the Father of the Presbytery of Edinburgh.

7. At London, in his 81st year, **Sir George Wood**, Knt. late one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer.

8. At London, **Tamechamalu**, Queen of the Sandwich Islands; and on the 14th, **Tamechamcha**, the second King of the Sandwich Islands. They had both been attacked by measles and inflammation in the lungs, which unhappily ended fatally. Their bodies have been embalmed according to the custom of the Sandwich Islands, and are to be conveyed back to their native country together.

8. **George Earl of Tyrone**, eldest son of the Marquis of Waterford.

9. At Wellington Place, Leith, **Mr James Marr**, corn merchant.

— At Dalkeith, **Mrs Ann Aitken**, wife of **Mr John Grey**, merchant there.

— At Fort William, **Mr Thomas Gillespie**, tenant in Ardachy, one of the most extensive store-farmers in the north of Scotland.

— At Mortimer Cottage, Berkshire, **Elizabeth**, relict of **David Murray**, Esq. brother of **Lord Elbank**, and daughter of the late **Right Hon. Thomas Harley**.

10. At Balfour Manse, the **Rev. James Jeffrey**.

11. At Inverary, **Major-General Dugald Campbell**.

— At Newek, **Mrs James Haig**.

13. At Leith, **William Henderson**, Esq. of Bardister, Shetland, in the 69th year of his age.

— At Freeland, **Penelope Leslie**, daughter of **Major Walker**.

— At Ironside-house, Abbeyhill, **Mrs Ann Somerville**, relict of **Mr David Gray**, merchant, Edinburgh.

15. At the Cottage of Rockhall, **Mary Anne**, third daughter of **Alexander Grierson**, Esq. younger of Lag.

— At Edinburgh, **Gilbert Hutcheson**, Esq. Deputy Judge Advocate for Scotland.

16. At Edinburgh, **Mrs Margaret Macdonald**, wife of **Captain John Macdonald**, Barrack-master, Edinburgh.

17. At Ploughlands, **Mary**, daughter of **Alexander Fraser**, Esq. accountant.

— At Meadow Place, **Mrs Catharine Webster**, widow of the **Rev. John Webster**.

19. At London, in the 21st year of his age, **Mr Keith Turner**, youngest son of the late **Keith Turner**, Esq. of Turnerhall.

— At Edinburgh, the **Rev. Dr Thomas Fleming**, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, in the 70th year of his age, and 45th of his ministry.

— At Goslar Lodge, **Mrs Dr Stewart**.

20. At his house, Bridgend, Perth, **Patrick Richardson**, Esq. of Flatfield.

— At Miliken, **Henry**, second son of **William Stirling**, Esq.

21. At the Priory, Stanmore, Middlesex, **Lady Jane Gordon**, eldest daughter of the Earl of Aberdeen.

22. At Portobello, **Mr William Dalmahoy**.

— At Balmuto, the Hon. **Claud Irvine Boswell**, Lord Balmuto.

— **William Pattison**, Esq. in his 69th year, late merchant, Glasgow.

25. At Bristol, **Mr Stewart Cruickshank**, son of the late **Rev. Alex. Cruickshank**, minister of Mearns.

— At Leith, on the 24th ult. **Mr Alex. Smith**, merchant.

25. At Edinburgh, Major James Ballantyne of Holylee.
 — At Falkirk, Mr Robert Taylor.
26. At Mary's Place, Stockbridge, Mrs Susan Sangster, wife of Mr John Parker, Solicitor Supreme Courts.
 — At Edinburgh, the Rev. Robert Doig, one of the ministers of the parish of St Nicholas, Aberdeen, in the 56th year of his age, and 34th of his ministry.
 — At Ashmore, Robert Gordon, Esq. of Ashmore, younger of Invernettie.
 — At Edinburgh, the Hon. Miss Bethia Hamilton.
- At Manse of Wamphrey, the Rev. Mr Joseph Kirkpatrick, in the 75th year of his age, and 47th of his ministry.
 — Her Grace the Duchess of Gordon, after a most severe illness of above a twelvemonth.
28. At Edinburgh, Susan, youngest daughter of the late Major Hamilton Maxwell of Ardwell.
 — At Dun House, Miss Erskine of Dun.
29. At her house, Hope Street, Miss Blair.
30. At London, on the 30th ult. Mr Wm. Sharp, an eminent engraver.
 — At Kileonquhar, Fife, Mrs Magdalene Lizars, wife of Mr John Brewster, printer, Society, Edinburgh.
31. At his house, Park Street, John Brown, Esq.
 — Tweedie Crawford, infant daughter of Mr Douglas, writer to the signet, Drummond place.
 Aug. 1. At Scotseraig House, William Dalgleish, Esq. of Scotseraig.
 — At Manse of Irongray, Mrs Ann Campbell, wife of the Rev. Dr Dow, minister of Irongray.
 — At Burnhouse, Joseph Calder, Esq.
 — At Burntisland, Mr Andrew Hutchison, town clerk.
- At Manchester, Alexander Livingstone, a native of Haddington, aged 98 years. In the early part of his life he served a number of years in the Scotch Greys, during the German war. He had two horses shot under him at the memorable battle of Minden. He was a pensioner of Chelsea Hospital upwards of fifty years.
2. At Godstone, Surrey, Alexander Waugh, A.M. minister of the Scots Church, Mules-Lane, London; and son of the Rev. Dr Waugh, minister of the Scots Church, Wells Street.
 — At his house, Richmond Hill, near Aberdeen, Thomas McCombie, of Easter Skene, Esq.
4. At Orkney, Perthshire, Mrs Richardson, wife of the late James Richardson, Esq. of Pitfour Castle.
5. At St Mary's Cottage, Trinity, Mrs John Linning.
7. At Edinburgh, Mrs Jessie Hamilton, wife of John Glassford Hopkirk, Esq. W.S. in the 28th year of her age.
8. At Marseilles, whither he had gone for the recovery of his health, the celebrated German philologist, Frederick Wolf, in his 66th year.
9. At Bath, Major-General William Augustine Prevost, C.B. son of the late Major-General, and brother of the late Lieut.-General Sir George Prevost, Bart.
 — At Juniper Green, Colinton, Lieutenant Henry Rymer, R.N.
10. At his house, Cornhill, near Perth, Laurence Robertson, Esq. in the 64th year of his age.
 — In Laurieston Lane, Francis, the only son of Leonard Horner, Esq.
11. At Aberdeen, Miss Jane Allan Kidd, daughter of the Rev. Dr Kidd.
 — At Edinburgh, Maria Jane Craigie, eldest daughter of Captain Edmund Craigie, of the Hon. East India Company's service.
13. At Edinburgh, Mrs Christian Godman, relict of the late Ebenezer Marshall, minister of Cockpen.
 — In Upper-Gower Street, London, Lucy Elizabeth, wife of Lord Muriel Drummond.
14. At Glasgow, Dr William Buchanan, late surgeon of the 82d regiment of foot.
15. At Burnside, George Rodger, Esq. of Burnside, in the 70th year of his age.
 — At Drummond Place, Edinburgh, the Rev. James Duguid, third son of the Rev. John Duguid, minister of Evie and Rendal, Orkney, in the 27th year of his age.
16. At Crieff, Mrs Elizabeth Arnot, relict of Mr James Arnot, merchant there.
 — At Portobello, Elizabeth, third daughter of Mr D. Cowan, Canongate, Edinburgh, aged ten years.
 — At Edinburgh, Mr James Richardson, surgeon and druggist.
 — At Greenock, at an advanced age, Mr Thomas Potts, writer there, and formerly writer in Kelso.
17. At Leith, Peter F. Hay, son of Mr John Hay, ship-owner.
 — At Meadowside, near Strathaven, James Miller, Esq. advocate.
 — At Rockhill, Argyllshire, Mrs M'Lachlan, sen. of M'Lachlan, in the 91st year of her age.
 — At No. 9, Queen Street, Edinburgh, aged 4 years, Jemima, fifth daughter of Mr William Bell, W.S.
18. Mrs Heugh, relict of John Heugh, of Gartcows, Esq.
19. At Edinburgh, William Calder, Esq. late Lord Provost of this City, much and deeply regretted.
- Mrs Susanna Davidson, wife of William Kirkaldy, Esq. merchant in Dundee.
20. At London, Thomas Trevor Hampden, Viscount Hampden and Baron Trevor of Bromham.
 — At Dalnaspical, Blair Atholl, Lieut.-Colonel George Johnston, brother to the Right Hon. Lady Gray.
22. At Inverleith Mains, Mr George Lauder, farmer.
 — At Southope, Mr James Shiell, tenant there, aged 75 years.
 — At Adlington, Agnes, third daughter of John Simson, Esq. of Blaunsie.
23. At Blairlogie, Strathgryshire, Miss Emilia Husband Baird, daughter of the Very Rev. Dr G. H. Baird, Principal of the University of Edinburgh.
24. At Edinburgh, Miss Elizabeth Dickson, North St Andrew's Street.
 — At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Douglas, late of the Advocates' Library.
 — At Duntrune, Mrs Stirling Grahame.
 — At the residence of his son, in the Vale of Neath, the Right Hon. Earl of Dunraven, aged 72.
25. At Halyburton, Berwickshire, after a few days' illness, Mr John Fairbairn, long tenant there, and author of a "Treatise on Sheep-Farming, by a Lammermuir Farmer."
26. At Bankhead, South Queensferry, Captain William Gordon, second son of the late James Gordon, Esq. of Roselarn.
- In Argyll Square, Janet, the wife of William Wallace, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh.
28. At Pentonville, after a short illness, Mr Alex. Greig, in his 69th year.
29. At her house, Ann Street, St Bernard's, Mrs Jean Spalding, eldest daughter of the late Alexander Spalding Gordon, Esq. of Holm and Shirmers, and relict of James Fraser, Esq. of Gorthleck, W.S.
- At Edinburgh, James Butter, Esq. W.S.
 — At St John's Hill, James Sutherland Bruce, son of the late Mr Wm. Bruce, banker in Edinburgh.
- At Edinburgh, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late William Cumming, Esq. of Riga.
30. At Craigleith Hill, Elizabeth Grahame, youngest daughter of Mr William Bonar.
- Lately.* On his passage to Europe for the recovery of health, Ensign George Huntly Gordon, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, youngest son of Lieutenant-General Gordon Cumming Esq. of Pitruig and Dyce.
 — At Lyons, whither he had proceeded for the benefit of his health, Mr Abraham Montefiori, the brother of M. Rothschild, aged 58.
 Suddenly, off Algiers, Mr William Rogers, master of his Majesty's ship Glasgow.

BLACKWOOD'S

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No. XIX.

Goetz von Berlichingen, a Tragedy, by Goethe.

THIS tragedy was a very early production of the author. It was his first appearance upon the stage;—his first attempt to embody the result of those studies, which, from the dawn of his manhood, had occupied the largest portion of his intellect.

Never, perhaps, was the first dramatic work of any author more decidedly entitled to the praise of originality. Few, very few, mature works of any genius are more resplendently instinct with the spirit of energy. It is no wonder, therefore, that some signal errors of taste were, at the moment of its appearance, altogether overlooked—that it was hailed with all the enthusiasm of unchastised applause—that it covered its author with honour, at the time unrivalled—and that, from that day to this, the influence of its success may be read in broad and indelible characters all over the surface of the literature which it had reanimated. That such are the qualities, and that such were the effects of Goethe's first drama, we have, in a former paper of this series, had occasion to state generally. We now purpose to examine *Goetz von Berlichingen* somewhat more at length, and to give our readers some specimens of the materials of which it is constructed, and of the style in which it is composed, in order that they may judge for themselves, whe-

ther the opinion we expressed was, or was not, one of exaggerated praise.

In order to judge of this piece, however, it is not a whit more necessary that we should examine itself, than that we should endeavour, in so far as is possible, to throw ourselves back into the time when it made its appearance. And, in truth, it is no easy matter to throw ourselves from *this* time into *that*. What were the most popular works of literature in those days,—the works that exerted the widest influence—that enjoyed the most European reputation—that gave the tone of thought—that, by turns, echoed and dictated the feelings of the largest portions of society? There cannot be a question that these were the writings of VOLTAIRE, and his numerous followers, in France and out of France. The German literature of the period was, in spite of national pride and personal pique, saturated with the spirit of the great Revolutionary Cynic. In this spirit even WIELAND wrote poetry. The translator of Lucian changed but little of his character when he composed the beautiful cantos of his *Oberon*; there was more of the Princess of Babylon in them, than of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Herder, indeed, had followed the footsteps of Lessing, and the only really excellent criticism even of that time in Ger-

many was hostile to the French school; but what were a few private scholars and professors, dispersed over the obscure and powerless states of Germany, when opposed to the influence of the only intellectual prince of whom Germany could boast, reigning in a capital upon which the eyes of all Europe were fixed, drawing around him everything that was most likely to adorn the monarchy he might be said to have created, and exerting all his immense influence, personal and regal, in favour of that literature, the spirit of which, although even his lynx eyes could not see it, was not less fixedly and irreconcilably at variance with his own interests and those of his crown, than with all the best and dearest interests of Germany, of Europe, of Christendom? The star of Frederick blazed an evil portent in the intellectual sky of Germany; its meteor-like splendour, though of "the earth earthy," was sufficient to dim for a time the more distant and scattered vessels of purer and more steadfast light.

Even the gigantic mind of Johnson, such as the effects of contemporary spleen, could not enter the lists against Voltaire, without denying the greatness of his genius. It is pitiable enough to perceive that this folly still lingers among some who ought to be above it; but what such people say now has certainly no influence upon the general feelings of men. Posterity is, as usual, just; and they who are in the best condition to render a reason for their aversion to Voltaire, are the readiest also to admit, that were nothing but mere power of intellect to be taken into account, there are but very few names on record among mankind, entitled to be placed upon a level with his. He had the daring to design and to commence a warfare, to which even LUTHER'S was but child's-play; and he brought to its service a perseverance the most audacious and undaunted, and weapons and skill the most varied and the most exquisite that ever were exerted simultaneously for an unholy and an unhappy cause. That in the government of France, and the religion of Rome, he found many subjects of just reprehension, who can deny? But these merely furnished this Archimedes with a resting-place, from which to bend his myriad engines against the whole system and fabric of European thought. He hated all

alike, and he warred equally against all. He hated the despotism of the French king, and he assaulted all European government. He despised the cruel mummeries of the half-heathenized Christianity he saw in operation immediately around him, and he declared war against the Bible. Through the feeble points of *manners*, he stabbed at the eternal foundations of *morals*;—Pretence and Purity, Cunning and Wisdom, all were alike the objects—thank God, not the victims—of his impartial rancour.

His grand error was, that he could not distinguish between the systems themselves, which he found in operation, and the adventitious absurdities which he found attached to these systems. He determined, therefore, instead of lopping off unseemly excrescences, to make root and branch work of it. He found all the bad things which he hated or despised existing amidst nations professing a certain religion, and accustomed to live under certain forms of government;—the fundamental principles of that religion, therefore, and the whole substructure of recollections and reverence on which these governments apparently rested their strength, were to be assailed with every art which his ingenuity could devise, and his pertinacity direct. His ambition was to effect a thorough revolution in the political and in the religious feelings and principles of the European mind; and it was no difficult matter for him, having once formed this audacious scheme, to perceive, that his first and great object must be to destroy altogether our respect for our own ancestors. The institutions which he abhorred were all derived from them. They were consecrated in the eyes of living men, by the belief that they had come down from the wise and the noble dead;—our oracles were also our monuments.

An European antiquity was in his eyes the badge of all abomination. We moderns were treading blindly in the footsteps of generations which we ought altogether to despise. His business was to persuade us, that the mists of the dark ages were only beginning to be dispelled; that it was reserved for him and his contemporaries to have the glory of *first* beholding the real dawn of truth and light; and that nothing but bigotry and interest could possibly withstand the

influence of the blaze which his bold hand had been destined to reveal.

He was, among other things, at the pains to write a history of the whole world, with the express and single purpose of enforcing these new ideas. In this book, and in the more ponderous *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, there was no one institution subsisting anywhere among the peoples of Christendom which he did not assault through those in whom he supposed it to have originated, and by respect for the memory of whom he supposed it to be in any measure maintained. Everywhere he found or feigned some vile trick of interest or ignorance to come in place of some revered foundation of charity or wisdom. Priesthood, monarchy, nobility, were so many *aliases* for the domination of impudence, hypocrisy, and fraud. Dexterous was he in the management of his weapons, and deadly the extent to which his cruel paradox for a time prevailed. Plays and romances were written to insinuate the same poison into minds or moods of the most opposite descriptions,—to blend it with the sympathies of the serious, as well as the mirth of the jocular. It was worked up in imposing forms for the would-be-wise—it was mixed in wine for men, and in milk for babes. The ambition of the proud in mind—the scorn of the unsatisfied evil—the secret yearnings of the luxurious—for each of these elements he had his appropriate viand. He at once enlisted the bad passions on his side; and, by his skillfulness in the arts of deceit and perversion, he was enabled also to entrap beneath his banner not a little of what was meant to be good.

The massive intellect and the prodigious influence of Dr Johnson formed a rampart against the influx of these pernicious notions for which England can never cease to be grateful. Hume, Tory though he was, did more against us, than for us. Gibbon was Voltaire's partisan, as far as it was possible for a man of his personal virtue and great erudition to be so. Even Robertson stooped to be his apologist. Johnson alone stood firm, cased in the armour of knowledge, of wisdom, and of pride; and opposing a resistance which certainly would not have been the less effectual, had he conciliated, in some measure, the judgment of the lookers-on, by confessing, instead of eternally

deriding, the ingenuity and vigour of his Proteus antagonist.

This haughty opposition, however, was entirely a philosophical one, and that was not enough to set against a system which had not disdained to assault everything that is imaginative, through imagination itself, as well as through other channels. But others fortunately arose to supply that in which both the plans and the powers of Johnson were deficient. The publication of Percy's *Reliques* gave a new turn to the imaginative literature of England. That work certainly had great influence in Germany also. But its business there was not to originate, but to encourage; for, before its treasures were opened, the comprehensive genius of Goethe had already struck the kindred note by this very drama. If it had been otherwise, we had still been abundantly repaid; for a translation of *Goetz von Berlichingen* was the first publication of Sir Walter Scott; and it is not perhaps too much to say, that as but for Percy we might have had no Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, so, but for Goethe, the genius of the most successful author of our time might have taken some direction less fortunate, in every point of view, than that, the triumph of which is now before us.

The wise, no less than magnificent, design which Goethe too soon abandoned, and which the other great poet has so splendidly pursued, was the only one through which there could be any just hope of opposing, in the hearts of modern men, the influence of those new doctrines by which the revolutionary literature of France had appealed so powerfully to the self-love of its generation. The main-spring of this rival engine was a noble disbelief in the possibility of men's soon or easily losing all sympathy for those who had gone before them. Its object was the vindication of the past—not the vindication of its errors—not the denial of its evils—but the assertion of the fact that the old times had their good also—that our fathers were neither the fools nor the slaves it suited the audacity of living conceit to represent them—that we were sprung from noble and virtuous races, and ought to imitate their virtues and amend their errors, but not draw a broad line of separation between us and them—nor hug the flattering unction, that it was a

nobler and a better part to demolish and rebuild than to preserve and embellish.

In Germany, all things considered, it is not perhaps to be wondered at that the chief characteristic of the new spirit had been, from the very beginning of its influence, a savage hatred and scorn for the institution of nobility. The abuses which had grown around that institution in Germany were great—and unhappily they have not yet been corrected, except in a few portions of the old empire. It was obvious, however, to Goethe, and to every man capable of taking a calm and philosophical view of the subject, that this institution was far too deeply inwoven into the whole frame and fabric of society in that country, to admit of its being pulled down without peril of the most deadly effects upon its national character—the root of all real good, and the source of all really philosophical expectation of good. This poet, therefore, undertook to vindicate the old chivalry, which was every day assailed in every form of banter—he undertook to make men sympathize once more with the reverence which their fathers had felt for the frank and lofty virtues of the old German Baronage; that body, which, in despite of all the sneers of ungrateful posterity, had stood, throughout a long course of troubled ages, the eternal barrier between the prince and the people, fighting the battles of both, and preventing the one from the active, the other from the passive curse of despotism. He undertook to meet in the teeth the insulting array, of which “*Guerre aux Chateaux*” was the war-cry. He undertook to shew that the place which men envied had been won; and with great and consummate art he undertook to do all this, without betraying openly what was the purpose he had in view—he undertook to insinuate, not to declaim—he appealed to the hearts of men, not doubting that his doctrine would from thence find its own way to their heads.

There was great art as well as boldness in the selection of the period, and of the hero of this dramatic attempt. The poet has taken a time of the utmost turbulence and confusion—exactly one of those periods which had been most frequently decried as made up of nothing but brutal ignorance on the one side, and brutal oppression on

himself was one of the knightly freebooters of old Germany—one of those petty barons, who, by means of brotherhoods established within their own rank, contrived to set at defiance the power of the greater authorities of the empire, even when that power was exerted apparently for worthy purposes. This, however, was perhaps the necessary result of their being systematically, and as a class of men, accustomed, and indeed very often compelled, to make common cause against princely and imperial ambition. We must take the evil with the good in all things. These noble robbers laid abbeys and freetowns under contribution; but they more than repaid this, both to the clergy and the commonalty, by that spirit of daring which they nourished, and in which they gloried; that high and haughty soul of independence which animated them to the great and perpetual struggle which they alone had the power of maintaining, and to withdraw them from which, all the blandishments and temptations of courtly intrigue and proffered favour were continually exerted.

But perhaps enough of all this disquisition—in which we are by no means certain, after all, that there may not have been a good deal of over-refining upon things. Let us come to the play itself, or rather to the translation of it, which was published in London “by Walter Scott, Esq. Advocate, Edinburgh!” (such is the style of the title-page,) in 1799; and which, never having been reprinted, has long since become, according to an old phrase of ours, “as good as *MS.*” The tone of the preface to this version is very modest.—The writer talks of the obligations he has been under to “a gentleman of high literary eminence,” for revising his performance. This, we suppose, was that clever and audacious plagiarist of the Germans, Monk Lewis, to whose *Tales of Terror* Mr Scott contributed not long afterwards his two splendid ballads, *Glenfinlas*, and the *Eve of St John*, pieces which at once established his reputation, and effectually lowered that of his eminent friend’s Alonzo the Brave, *et hoc genus omne*, with which, until then, the public had been marvellously contented. We are rather surprised, that, if it were but for the curiosity of the thing, Mr J. Bell, of Oxford Street, the publisher of this translation, or

be, has not been induced to favour us with a second edition; but we are stepping *ultra crepidam*.

We find Goetz, and the *iron hand* which furnished his popular cognomen, in full activity at the opening of the drama. A conspiracy has been formed against him by the Bishop of Bamberg, and others; and one of the most active of its instruments is a certain Lord of Weislingen, once the bosom friend of Goetz's youth, and almost the lover of his sister, but now estranged from him and his, by intrigues and the vile turns of this world's affairs. This man, lying in wait for Goetz in the Forest of Haslach, is, with his attendants, overpowered by the valour of the iron-handed Baron, and we soon have him making his appearance as a prisoner in Goetz's paternal castle of Jaxthausen. Before he and his captor arrive, we are allowed a glimpse of Goetz's wife, sister, and child, engaged in the quiet domestic pursuits of the time, and this preparation has an admirable effect.

Enter GOETZ, WEISLINGEN, HANS, and other Cavaliers, as from horsback.

Goetz. (*Laying his helmet and sword on a table.*) Unclass my armour, and give me my doublet.—Ease will refresh me.—Brother Martin said well—You have put us out of wind, Weislingen!

[*Weislingen answers nothing, but paces up and down.*]

Goetz. Be of good heart!—Come, unarm yourself!—Where are your clothes? Not lost, I hope, in the scuffle?—(*To the attendants*) Go, ask his servants; open the trunks and see that nothing is missing—or I can lend you some of mine.

Weis. Let me remain as I am—it is all one.

Goetz. I can give you a handsome clean doublet, but it is only of linen. It has grown too little for me—I had it on at the marriage of the Lord Palsgrave, when your Bishop was so incensed at me.—About a fortnight before, I had sunk two of his vessels upon the Maine—I was going up stairs to the venison in the inn at Heidelberg, with Francis of Seckingen. Before you get quite up, there is a landing-place with iron rails—there stood the Bishop, and gave Frank his hand as he passed, and the like to me that was close behind him. I laughed in my sleeve, and went to the Landgrave of Hanaui, who was always my noble friend, and told him, "The Bishop has given me his hand, but I wot well he did not know me." The Bishop heard me, for I was speaking loud—He came to us angrily, and said, "True, I gave thee my

hand, because I knew thee not indeed."—To which I answered, "I marked that, my Lord, and so take your shake of the hand back again." The manikin's neck grew red as a crab for spite, and he went up the room and complained to the Palsgrave Lewis and the Princes of Nassau.—But we have had much to do together since that.

Weis. I wish you would leave me to myself!

Goetz. Why so?—I entreat you be at rest. You are in my power, and I will not misuse it.

Weis. That I am little anxious about—Your duty as a knight prescribes your conduct.

Goetz. And you know how sacred it is to me.

Weis. I am taken—what follows is indifferent.

Goetz. You should not say so—Had you been taken by a Prince and shut up fettered in a dungeon, your gaoler directed to drive sleep from your eyes—

Enter servants with clothes. WEISLINGEN warms and shifts himself. Enter CHARLES.

Charles. Good morrow, papa!

Goetz (*kisses him*). Good morrow, boy! How have you been behaving?

Charles. Very well.—Aunt says I am a good boy.

Goetz. That's right.

Charles. Have you brought me anything?

Goetz. Nothing this time.

Charles. I have learned a great deal—

Goetz. Aye!

Charles. Shall I tell you about the good boy?

Goetz. After dinner.

Charles. And I know something else.

Goetz. What may that be?

Charles. 'Jaxthausen is a village and castle upon the Jaxt, which has appertained in property and heritage, for two hundred years, to the Lords of Berlichingen.'

Goetz. Do you know the Lord of Berlichingen? (*Charles stares at him.*) With all his extensive learning, he does not know his own father.—Whom does Jaxthausen belong to?

Charles. 'Jaxthausen is a village and castle upon the Jaxt—'

Goetz. I did not ask about that—I knew every path, pass, and ford about the place, before ever I knew the name of the village, castle, or river. Is your mother in the kitchen?

Charles. Yes, papa! They are dressing a lamb, with nice white turnips.

Goetz. Do you know that too, Jack Turnspit?

Charles. And my aunt is roasting an apple for me to eat after dinner.

Goetz. Can't you eat it raw?

Charles. It tastes better roasted.

Goetz. You must have a tid-bit, must you?—Weislingen, I will be with you immediately.—I go to see my wife.—Come, Charles.

Charles. Who is that man?

Goetz. Bid him welcome. Tell him to be cheerful.

Charles. There's my hand, man! Be cheerful—for the dinner will be ready soon.

Weis. (*Takes up the child, and kisses him.*) Happy boy! that knowest no worse evil than the delay of dinner.—May you live to have much joy in your son, Berlichingen!

Goetz. Where there is most light, the shades are deepest. Yet I thank God for him.—We'll see what they are about.

[*Exit with Charles and Servants.*]

Weis. O that I could but wake, and find this all a dream!—In the power of Berlichingen!—of him from whom I had so far detached myself—whose remembrance I shunned like fire—whom I hoped to overpower!—And he still the old true-hearted Goetz!—O Adelbert! could'st thou recall the days when we played as children, and drove the mimic chase round this hall; then thou lovedst him, prizedst him, as thy soul! Who can be near him and hate him? Alas! I am not here such as I was.—Happy days! ye are gone.—There, in his chair by the chimney, sat old Berlichingen, while we played around him, and loved each other like cherubs!—How anxious will be the Bishop and all my friends!—Well; I wot the whole country will sympathize with my misfortune. But what does it avail? Can that reflection give me the peace after which I struggle?

Re-enter GOETZ with wine and beakers.

Goetz. We'll take a glass till dinner is ready. Come, sit down—think yourself at home! Consider you are once more the guest of Goetz. It is long since we have sat side by side, and emptied a flagon together.

[*Fills.*] Come—A light heart!

Weis. Those times are over.

Goetz. God forbid! We shall hardly find more pleasant days than those which we spent together at the Margrave's court—when we were inseparable night and day. I think with pleasure on the days of my youth.—Do you remember the battle I had with the Polander, and how I broke his frizzled pate for him?

Weis. It was at table; and he struck at you with a knife.

Goetz. However, I came off conqueror—and you had a quarrel upon the account with his comrade—We always stuck together like brave boys.—[*Fills and hands it to Weislingen.*] I shall never forget how the Margrave used to call us Castor and Pollux. It does me good to think of it.

Weis. The Bishop of Wurzburg

Goetz. That bishop was a learned clerk, and withal so gentle—I shall remember as long as I live how he used to caress us, praise our union, and describe the good fortune of the man who has an adopted brother in a friend.

Weis. No more of that.

Goetz. Does it displease you? I know nothing more delightful after fatigue, than to talk over old stories. Indeed, when I recall to mind how we were almost the same being, body and soul, and how I thought we were to continue so all our lives—Was not that my sole comfort when this hand was shot away at Landslut, and when you nursed and tended me like a brother?—I hoped Adelbert would in future be my right hand—And now—

Weis. Alas!

Goetz. Hadst thou followed me when I wished thee to go to Brabant with me, all would have remained well. But then that unhappy turn for court-dangling seized thee, and thy coquetting and flirting with idle women. I always told thee, when thou would'st mix with these lounging, begging court-sycophants, and entertain them with gossiping about unlucky matches, and seduced girls, and such trash as they are interested about—I always told thee, Adelbert, thou wilt become a rogue.

Weis. Why all this?

Goetz. Would to God I could forget it, or that it were otherwise!—Art thou not as free, and as nobly born, as any in Germany, independent, holding under the Emperor alone—and dost thou not crouch amongst vassals?—What is the Bishop to thee? Allow he is thy neighbour, and can do thee a shrewd turn, hast thou not an arm, and friends to requite him in kind? Art thou ignorant of the noble situation of a free knight, who rests only upon God, the Emperor, and himself, that thou canst bear thus to crawl at the footstool of a selfish, malicious priest.

Weis. Let me speak.

Goetz. What canst thou say?

Weis. You look upon the princes, as the wolf upon the shepherd. And yet canst thou blame them for uniting in the defence of their own territories and property? Are they a moment secure from the unruly chivalry of your free knights, who plunder their vassals upon the very high roads, and sack their castles and towns? While upon the frontiers the public enemy threaten to overrun the lands of our dear Emperor, and, while he needs their assistance they can scarce sustain their own security—is it not our good genius which at this moment suggests a mean of bringing peace to Germany, of securing the administration of justice, and giving to great and small, the blessings of quiet? For this purpose is our confederacy; and dost thou blame us for securing the protection of the

of relying on that of the Emperor, who is so far removed from us, and is hardly able to protect himself?

Goetz. Yes, yes, I understand you. Weislingen, were the princes as you paint them, we should be all agreed—all at peace and quiet: yes, every bird of prey naturally likes to eat its plunder undisturbed. The general weal!—They will hardly acquire untimely grey hairs in studying for that.—And with the Emperor they play a fine game. Every day comes some new adviser, and gives his opinion. The Emperor means well, and would gladly put things to rights—but because a great man can soon give an order, and by a single word put a thousand hands into motion, he therefore thinks his orders will be as speedily accomplished. Then come ordinances upon ordinances, contradictory of each other, while the princes all the while obey those only which serve their own interest, and help them to press under their footstool their less powerful neighbours—and all the while they talk of the quiet and peace of the empire!—I will be sworn, many a one thanks God in his heart that the Turk keeps the Emperor from looking into these affairs.

Weis. You view things your own way.

Goetz. So does every one. The question is, which is the right light in which they should be regarded?—And your plans are of the darkest.

Weis. You may say what you will, I am your prisoner.

Goetz. When your conscience is free, so are you. But we talked of the general tranquillity. I stood as a boy of sixteen with the Margrave at an Imperial Diet. What harangues the princes made! And worst of all, your spiritual allies. The Bishop rung into the Emperor's ears his regard for justice, till one wondered again. And now he has imprisoned a page of mine, at the very time when our quarrels were all accommodated, and I thought of nothing less. Is not all betwixt us settled? What is his business with the boy?

Weis. It was done without his knowledge.

Goetz. Then why does he not release him?

Weis. He has not borne himself as he should do.

Goetz. Not as he should do! By my honour, he has done as he should do, as surely as he was imprisoned both with your knowledge and the Bishop's. Do you think I am come into the world this very day, that I cannot see the tendency of all this?

Weis. Your suspicions do us injustice.

Goetz. Weislingen, shall I tell you the truth?—Inconsiderable as I am, I am a thorn in your eyes, and Selbiss and Seckingen are no less so, while we retain our firm resolution to die, sooner than to thank any one but God for the air we breathe, or pledge our faith and homage to any one but

the Emperor. Hence they goad me from every quarter, blacken my character with the Emperor, and among my friends and neighbours, and spy about for advantage against me. They would fain take me out of the way; that was the reason for imprisoning the page whom I had dispatched for intelligence: And you now say he did not bear himself as he should do, because he would not betray my secrets. And thou, Weislingen, art their tool!

Weis. Berlichingen—

Goetz. No more about it—I am an enemy to long explanations; they deceive either the maker or the hearer, and, for the most part, both.

Enter CHARLES.

Char. Dinner, father!

Goetz. Good news!—Come, I hope the company of my women folks will revive you—you always liked the girls—Aye, aye, they can tell many pretty stories of you.

(Exit aut.)

Weislingen is thus thrown once more into the society of Berlichingen's lovely sister, Maria; and the reader may easily guess the result. The following scene, however, is too full of merit to be omitted. We know of few modern attempts to pourtray the open-hearted simplicity of old manners, by half so successful.

Maria. You love me, you say—Alas! I am perhaps but too much inclined to believe it.

Weis. Why not believe what I feel so well, that I am entirely thine? *(Embraces her.)*

Maria. *(Softly.)* I gave you one kiss for earnest, but you must encroach no farther.

Weis. You are too strict, Maria!—Innocent love is pleasing in the sight of Heaven.

Maria. It may be so. But I must not build upon what you say; for I have been taught that caresses are as strong as fetters, and that damsels, when they love, are weaker than Sampson when he lost his locks.

Weis. Who taught you so?

Maria. The abbess of my convent. Till my seventeenth year I was with her; and only with you, for the first time, have I ceased to regret her company. She had loved, and could tell—She had a most affectionate heart.—Oh! she was an excellent woman!

Weis. Then you resemble her—*(Takes her hand.)*—What would become of me were I to lose you?

Maria. That, I hope, is not likely to happen. But you must away.

Weis. I know it, dearest, and I will. Well do I feel what a treasure I have purchased by this sacrifice!—Now, blessed be your brother, and the day on which he undertook to seize me!

Maria. His heart overflowed with hope for you and himself. 'Farewell,' he said; 'I go to recover my friend.'

Weis. That has he done. Would that I had studied the arrangement and security of my property, instead of neglecting it, and dallying at that worthless Court!—then could'st thou have been instantly mine.

Maria. Delay enhances pleasure.

Weis. Say not so, Maria, lest I dread that thy feelings are less keen than mine. True, I deserved punishment, deserved to lose every glimpse of this heavenly prospect. But now! to be wholly thine; to live only in thee, and in thy circle of friends—far removed from the world; to live for the enjoyment of all the raptures which two hearts can bestow. What is the favour of princes—what applauses of the universe—to such simple, yet unequalled felicity? Many have been my hopes and wishes; henceforth I am equally above both.

Enter GOETZ.

Goetz. Your page is returned already; he can scarcely bring out a word for hunger and fatigue. My wife has ordered the poor knave to be taken care of. 'This much I have picked out—the Bishop will not give up my boy—an imperial commission is to be granted, under which all matters are to be adjusted. But be it as he will, Adelbert, you are free. Pledge me but your hand, that you will neither give open nor underhand assistance to my avowed enemies.

Weis. Here I grasp thy hand. From this moment be our union and friendship as firm and unalterable as a primary law of nature!—Let me take this hand also—(*Takes Maria's hand*)—and with it the possession of this lovely lady.

Goetz. Dare I promise for you?

Maria. (*Timidly.*) If—if it is your wish. . . .

Goetz. By good luck our wishes will not differ on this point. Thou needst not blush—the glance of thy eye betrays thee. Well, then, Weislingen, join hands, and I say *Amen!* My friend and brother!—I thank thee, sister; thou spin'st more than flax, for thou hast drawn a thread which can fetter this wandering bird of paradise. Yet thou lookst not quite open, Adelbert. What ails thee?—I am fully happy! What I but hoped in a dream I now see with my eyes, and feel as if I still dreamed. Now my vision is out, I thought to-night, that, in token of reconciliation, I gave thee this iron hand; and that you held it so fast that it broke away from my arm. I started, and awoke. Had I but dreamed a little longer, I should have seen how thou didst make me a new living hand. You must away this instant, to put in order thy castle and property. That damned Court has detained you long from both—I must call my wife—Elizabeth!

Maria. How transported!

Weis. Yet I am still more so.

Goetz. (*To Maria.*) You will have pleasant quarters.

Maria. They say Franconia is a fine country.

Weis. And I may venture to say that my castle lies in the most delicious part of it.

Goetz. That thou mayst, and I will swear to it. Look you, here flows the Mayne, around a hill clothed with corn-fields and vineyards, its top crowned with a Gothic castle—then the river makes a sharp turn, and glides round behind the very rock on which it stands. The windows of the great hall look perpendicularly down upon the river—a prospect which would detain one for hours.

Enter ELIZABETH.

Eli. What would'st thou?

Goetz. You, too, must give your hand, and say, God bless you!—They are a pair.

Eli. So soon?

Goetz. But not unexpected.

Eli. May ye ever love each other with the same affection as now—and as your love, so be your happiness.

Weis. Amen! On that condition I ensure it.

Goetz. The bridegroom, my dear, must perforce away for awhile; for this great event makes it needful for him to settle some concerns at home. He must bid adieu to the Bishop's court, in order that that connexion may be broken off by degrees. Then he must rescue his property from the hands of some selfish stewards; and—But come, sister—come, Elizabeth, his squire has, perhaps, some private message to him.

Weis. None but what you may hear.

Goetz. Needless:—Franconians and Swabians! now that you are one of us, we may bid their Mightinesses the princes defiance to their beard.

[*Exeunt Goetz, Elizabeth, Maria.*

Weis. (*Alone.*) God in heaven! And canst thou have reserved such happiness for one so unworthy? It is too much for my heart. How meanly I depended upon wretched fools, whom I thought I was governing by superiority of intrigue, subservient to the glance of homage-demanding princes!—Goetz, my faithful Goetz, thou hast restored me to myself—and my beloved Maria has completed my reformation. I feel free, as if brought from a dungeon into the open air. Bamberg will I never more see—will snap all the shameful bands that have connected it and me. My heart rejoices, never more to undergo the degradation of struggling for boons that may be refused—He alone is great and happy who fills his own station of independence, and has neither to command nor to obey.

Weislingen makes fine resolutions, but he does not keep them. Goetz re-

permits, or rather requests him, to go to Bamberg, there to arrange his private affairs, and break off his connexion with the Bishop in a respectful style, previous to his marriage with Maria. To Bamberg Weislingen goes;—but there new temptations, as well as old, await him. A beautiful, artful, and worthless dame, of high rank, the widow lady of Walldorf, admires him, and resolves, partly from this motive, and partly from views of interest, to bind him, *per fas aut nefas*, in the chains of her fascination. The Bishop is at hand, meantime, with flatteries and with dispensations—he persuades the weak-minded man that there is more evil in keeping than in breaking the engagement under which he had come while a prisoner at Jaxthausen. In a word, Adelbert yields, marries Lady Walldorf—is once more the enemy of Goetz, and, as a natural consequence of his conscious ingratitude, his enmity soon becomes the deadliest and the most determined of all against which our hero has to contend.

The Emperor is persuaded to send his troops against Berlichingen. Weislingen heads a formidable army, and leads it to Jaxthausen. Goetz assaults them in detachments on their way, and comes off victor in many bloody skirmishes—in regard to which, we must quote *one passage*, chiefly on account of its being, in so far as we know, the *first* example of that particular species of *narrative*, which has since been carried to its utmost perfection in the famous description of the siege of Front-de-Bœuf's Castle, in *Ivanhoe*, given through one person stationed at a window to others, who do not see anything beyond the walls of a dungeon.

The scene of the following affair is the high-road to Jaxthausen. On one side there is an eminence, with a ruined watch-tower—on the other, the forest stretches wide over the valley—the Imperialists enter on their march—drums beating and colours flying—when, behold, Goetz is seen stationed on a rising-ground almost immediately in front of them. [Selbiss and Lérse are two of Berlichingen's chief friends and allies.]

Captain. He halts upon the high road! That's too impudent. He shall repent it—What! not to fear the torrent that bursts loose upon him!

Officer. You will not run upon iron pikes? He looks as if he means to plant the first that comes upon him in the mire,

with his head downmost—Here let us wait him.

Capt. Not so.

Off. I entreat you.

Capt. Sound, trumpeter—and let us blow him to hell.

[*A charge sounded—Exeunt in full career.*]

Selbiss, with his troopers, comes from behind the hill, galloping.

Selbiss. Follow me! Shout—shout!

[*Loud alarm—Lérse and his party rally from the wood.*]

Lérse. Fly to the help of Goetz! He is surrounded. Gallant *Selbiss*, thou hast cut thy way—we will sow the high road with these thistle-heads. [Gallop off.]

[*They gallop across the stage, et exeunt.*]

[*A loud alarm, with shouts and firing for some minutes—Selbiss is borne in wounded by two troopers.*]

Scl. Leave me here, and hasten to Goetz.

First Trooper. Let us stay. You need our aid.

Scl. Get one of you on the watch-tower, and tell me how it goes.

1st Troop. How shall I get up?

2d Troop. Get upon my shoulder; you can then reach the ruined part.

[*First trooper gets up into the tower.*]

1st Troop. Alas! alas!

Scl. What seest thou?

1st Troop. Your cavaliers fly to the hill.

Scl. Hellish cowards! I would that they stood, and I had a ball through my head! Ride one of you full speed—Curse, and thunder them back to the field.—Seest thou Goetz?

[*Exit second Trooper.*]

Troop. I see the three black feathers in the midst of the tumult.

Scl. Swim, brave swimmer—I lie here.

Troop. A white plume—Whose is that?

Scl. The Captain.

Troop. Goetz gallops upon him—Crash! down he goes!

Scl. The Captain?

Troop. Yes.

Scl. Brave! brave!

Troop. Alas, alas!—I see Goetz no more.

Scl. Then die, *Selbiss*!

Troop. A dreadful tumult where he stood. George's blue plume vanishes too.

Scl. Climb higher. Seest thou *Lérse*?

Troop. No; everything is in confusion.

Scl. No further—come down. How do Seckingen's men bear themselves?

Troop. So so—one of them flies to the wood—another—another—a whole troop—Goetz is lost!

Scl. Come down—tell me no more.

Troop. I cannot—Bravo! Bravo! I see Goetz—I see George—I see *Lérse*.

Scl. On horseback?

Troop. Aye, aye, high on horseback—Victory! victory! They fly!

Scl. The Imperialists?

Troop. Standard and all. Goetz behind them. He seizes the standard—he has it, he has it! A handful of men with him. My comrade reaches him—they come this way.

Enter GOETZ, GEORGE, LERSE, and Cavaliers, on horseback.

Sel. Joy to thee, Goetz!—Victory, victory!

Goetz, (dismounting.) Dearly, dearly bought! Thou art sorely wounded, Selbiss?

Sel. But thou dost live, and hast conquered! I have done little; and the dogs my troopers—How hast thou come off?

Goetz. For the present, well. And here I thank George, and thee, Lersc, for my life. I unhorsed the Captain—they stabbed my steed, and broke in upon me. George hewed his way to me, and sprang off. I threw myself like lightning on his horse, and he appeared suddenly like a thunderbolt upon another.—How camest thou by thy steed?

George. A fellow struck at you from behind; as he raised his cuirass in the exertion, I stabbed him with my dagger, down he came; and so I rid you of a backbiter, and helped myself to a horse.

Goetz. Then we stuck together till Francis here came to our help; and then we cut our way out.

Lersc. The hounds whom I led made a good show at first; but when we came to close, they fled like Imperialists.

Goetz. Friend and foe fled, except this little party of my own domestics, who protected our rear. I had enough to do with the fellows in front; but the fall of their captain dismayed them—they wavered, and they fled. I have their banner, and a few prisoners.

Sel. The captain has escaped you?

Goetz. They rescued him during the scuffle. Come, boys—come, Selbiss—make a bier of lances and boughs. Thou canst not to horse—come to my castle. They are scattered, but we are very few; and I know not what troops they may have in reserve. I will be your host and physician.—Wine tastes so well after action!

[*Excunt, carrying Selbiss.*]

This, however, is only a temporary advantage—the Imperialists gather round the fortress at last, and Goetz finds himself besieged. George, a favourite youth, whom Goetz is training in arms, is the bearer of the conclusive tidings.

George. They are near!—I saw them from the tower. The sun is rising, and I perceived their lances glitter. I minded them no more than a cat would do a whole army of mice. 'Tis true, we play the rats at present.

Goetz. Go to the battlements—I look to the gates—See they are provided with

their patience, and their fury may discharge itself at the expense of their own nails. (*A trumpet from without. Goetz goes to the window.*) Aha! there comes a red-gowned rascal to ask me whether I will be a scoundrel! What says he? (*The voice of the Herald is heard indistinctly, as from a distance. Goetz speaks at intervals.*) A rope for thy throat! (*Voice again.*) "Offended Majesty!" Some parson has drawn up the proclamation. (*Voice concludes, and Goetz answers from the window.*) Surrender myself—surrender myself at all discretion!—With whom speak ye? Am I a robber? Tell your Captain, that for his Imperial Majesty I entertain, as ever, all due respect; but for himself, he may—

(*A sharp discharge of musketry, answered by firing from the castle.*)

SCENE—The Kitchen.

ELIZABETH preparing food—to her
GOETZ.

Goetz. You have hard work, my poor wife!

Elk. Would it could but last!—but you can hardly hold out long.

Goetz. We have not had time to provide ourselves—

Elk. And so many people to feed!—The wine is well nigh finished.

Goetz. If we hold out a certain time, they must give us articles. We keep them at a fine distance—They may shoot the whole day, and wound our walls, and break our windows.—That Lersc is a gallant fellow—He slips about with his gun; if a rogue comes too nigh—Ba!—there he lies!

(*Firing.*)

Enter Cavalier.

Cavalier. We want live coals, gracious lady!

Goetz. For what?

Cav. Our bullets are spent: We must cast new.

Goetz. How lasts the powder?

Cav. There is yet no want: we spare our fire.

[*Firing at intervals—Excunt Goetz and Elizabeth.*]

Enter LERSE with a bullet-mould.

Lersc. Go, see for lead about the house—meanwhile I will make a shift with this. [*Goes to the window and takes out the lead frames.*] Everything is fair. So it is in this world—no one knows what a thing may come to; the glazier that made these frames little knew that the work of his hands was to give some fellow his last headache; and the father that got me little thought that the fowls of heaven, and the beasts of the field, were to pick my bones.

Enter GEORGE with a leaden spout.

we have used the half of it, there will none return to tell his majesty "we have not sped."

Lerse, (cutting it down.) A famous prize!

George. The rain must seek some other way—but never mind that—a gallant trooper, and a smart shower, will always find their road. *(They cast balls.)*

Lerse. Hold the crucible—*(Goes to the window.)*—Yonder comes a fellow, creeping forward with his pop-gun; he thinks our fire is spent.—He shall have the bullet warm from the pan. *(He loads his carbine.)*

George. (Sets down the mould.) Let me see—

Lerse. (Fires from the window.) Yonder lies the game!

George. One of them fired at me, as I got out on the roof to get the spout—He killed a pigeon that sat near me; it fell into the spout—I thanked him for my dinner, and stepped in with the double booty. *(They cast balls.)*

Lerse. Now let us load, and go through the castle to earn our dinner.

Enter GOETZ.

Goetz. Stay, *Lerse*, I must speak with thee—I will not keep thee, *George*, from the sport. *[Exit George.]*

Goetz. They demand a parley.

Lerse. I will out and hear what they have to say.

Goetz. They will require me to enter myself into ward in some town on my knightly parole.

Lerse. That's a trifle—What if they would allow us free liberty of departure? for we can expect no relief from Seckingen. We will bury all valuables, where they shall never find them—leave them the bare walls, and come out with flying colours.

Goetz. They will not permit us.

Lerse. It is but asking.—We will demand a safe-conduct, and I will sally out. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE—*A Hall.*

GOETZ, ELIZABETH, GEORGE, and troopers, at table.

Goetz. Danger draws us together, my friends! Be cheery—don't forget the bottle! The flask is empty—Come, another, my dear wife. *(Elizabeth shakes her head.)* Is there no more?

Elizabeth, (low.) Only one, which I set apart for you.

Goetz. Not so, my love!—bring it out; they need strengthening more than I.

Eliz. Hand it from the cabinet.

Goetz. It is the last, and I feel as if we need not spare it. It is long since I have been so much disposed for joy.—*(They fill.)* To the health of the Emperor!

All. Long live the Emperor!

Goetz. Be it our last word when we die! I love him, for our fate is similar; and I

am happier than he.—He must direct his imperial squadrons against mice, while the rats gnaw his parchment edicts. I know he often wishes himself rather dead than to be the soul of such a crippled body as the empire. *(They fill.)*—It will go but once round—And when our blood runs low, like this flask—when we pour out its last ebbing drop, *(Empties the wine dropways into his goblet.)* what then shall be our word?

George. Freedom!

Goetz. Freedom!

All. Freedom!

Goetz. And if that survives us, we shall die happy: Our spirits shall see our sons, and the Emperor of our sons, happy! Did the servants of princes shew the same filial attachment to their masters as you to me—Did their masters serve the Emperor as I would serve him—

George. It is widely different.

Goetz. Not so much so as would appear. Have I not known worthy men among the princes? and can the breed be extinct?—Men, happy in their own minds and in their undertakings, that could bear a petty brother in their neighbourhood, without feeling either dread or envy; whose hearts were opened when they saw their table surrounded by their free equals, and who did not think free knights unfit company till they had degraded themselves by Court homage.

George. Have you known such princes?

Goetz. Well!—I recollect when the Landgrave of Hlanau made a grand hunting party, the princes and free feudatories enjoyed themselves under the open heaven, and the vassals were as happy as they; it was no selfish masquerade, instituted for his own private pleasure or vanity—To see the great round-headed peasant lads, and the pretty brown girls, the sturdy hinds, and the respectable ancients, all as happy as if they rejoiced in the pleasure of their master, which he shared with them under God's free sky.

George. He must have been such a master as you.

Goetz. And shall we not hope that many such will rule together some future day—to whom reverence to the Emperor, peace and friendship with neighbours, and the love of vassals, shall be the best and dearest family treasure handed down from father to son? Every one will then keep and improve his own, instead of reckoning nothing gained that is not ravished from their neighbours.

George. And shall we then have no skirmishing?

Goetz. Would to God there was no restless spirit in all Germany, and still we should have enough to do; we might then chase the wolves from the cliffs, and bring our peaceable laborious neighbour a dish of game from the wood, and eat it together. Were that too little, we would join our

brethren, and, like cherubims with flaming swords, defend the frontiers of the Emperor against those wolves the Turks, against those foxes the French, and guard for our beloved Emperor both extremities of his empire. There would be a life, George! to risk one's head for the safety of all Germany—(*George springs up.*)—Whither away?

George. Alas! *I forgot we were besieged—besieged by that very Emperor; and before we can expose our lives in his defence, we must risk them for our liberty.

Goetz. Be of good cheer!

Enter LERSE.

Lerse. Freedom! Freedom! You are cowardly poltroons—hesitating, irresolute asses—You are to depart with men, weapons, horses, and armour—Provisions you are to leave behind.

Goetz. They will hardly find enough to tire their jaws.

The terms of this capitulation are broken in a shameful manner, and Goetz is wounded, and a prisoner, ere he has descended the hill on which his old castle stands. We now find him on his parole in the city of Heilbron, and there he appears to take his trial before certain commissioners, who, being under the influence of Weislingen, are not very likely to give the poor Iron-handed much fair play.

Enter Serjeant.

Serj. Goetz von Berlichingen waits at the door.

Commissioner. Admit him.

Enter GOETZ.

Goetz. God greet you, my lords!—What would ye with me?

Com. First, that you consider where you are, and with whom.

Goetz. By my faith, I know it well, my lords!

Com. You do but your duty in owning it.

Goetz. From the bottom of my heart!

Com. Be seated. (*Points to a stool.*)

Goetz. What, there?—Down below?—I can stand—That stool smells of the criminal;—as indeed does its whole apparatus.

Com. Stand, then.

Goetz. To business, if you please.

Com. We'll go on in order.

Goetz. I am happy to hear it—Would every one did as much!

Com. You know how you fell into our hands, and are a prisoner at discretion.

Goetz. What will you give me if I know no such thing?

Com. Could I give you good manners, I would do you a good office.

Goetz. A good office! Can you render

any?—Good offices are more difficult than the deeds of destruction.

Secretary. Shall I enter all this on record?

Com. Only what is to the point.

Goetz. Do as you please, for my part.

Com. You know how you fell into the power of the Emperor, whose paternal goodness overpowered his justice, and, instead of a dungeon, ordered you to wait your future doom, upon your knightly parole, in his beloved city of Heilbron.

Goetz. Well, I am here, and wait it.

Com. And we are here to intimate to you his Imperial Majesty's grace and clemency. He is pleased to forgive your rebellion, to release you from the ban, and all well-deserved punishment, provided you do, with suppliant humility, receive his bounty, and subscribe the articles which shall be read unto you.

Goetz. I am his Majesty's true servant as ever. One word ere you go farther—My people—where are they?—what is to become of them?

Com. That concerns you not.

Goetz. So may the Emperor turn his face from you in your need! They were my companions, and they are so—What have you done with them?

Com. We owe you no account of that.

Goetz. Ah! I had forgot—Never was promise kept by you to the oppressed. But, hush!

Com. Our business is to lay the articles before you. Throw yourself at the Emperor's feet; and, by humble supplication, you may find the true way to save the life and freedom of your associates.

Goetz. Your paper!

Com. Secretary, read it.

Sec. (Reads.) "I, Goetz of Berlichingen, make public acknowledgment, by these presents, that I having lately risen in rebellion against the Emperor and the empire—"

Goetz. 'Tis false! I never offended either.

Com. Compose yourself, and hear farther.

Goetz. I will not compose myself, and I will hear no farther. Let any one arise and bear witness. Have I ever taken a step against the Emperor, or against the House of Austria? Have I not, in all my feuds, conducted myself as one who felt what all Germany owes to its head, and what the free knights and feudatories owe to their liege lord the Emperor? I should be a liar and a slave could I be persuaded to subscribe that paper.

Com. Yet we have strict orders to persuade you by fair means, or else to throw you into jail.

Goetz. Into jail?—Me!

Com. Where you may expect your fate from the hands of Justice, since you will not take it from those of Mercy.

Goetz. To jail! You abuse the Imperial power. To jail! That was never his command. What, ye traitors, to dig a pit

for me, and hang out your oath, your knightly honour, as the lure ! To promise me permission to ward myself on parole, and then to break your treaty !

Com. We owe no faith to robbers.

Goetz. Wert thou not the representative of my prince, whom I respect even in the vilest counterfeit, thou should'st swallow that word, or choke upon it. I was taken in honourable though private war. Thou mightest thank God that gave thee glory, hadst thou ever done as gallant deeds as the least with which I am charged. (*The Commissioner makes a sign to the Magistrates of Heilbron, who go out.*) Because I would not join the iniquitous confederacy of the great, because I would not grasp at the souls and livings of the helpless—'Tis in this lies my crime ! I defended my own life, and the freedom of my children—see ye any rebellion in that ? The Emperor and empire were blinded to our hard case by your flatteries. I have, God be praised, one hand, and I have done my best to use it well.

Enter a Party of Artisans, armed with halberds and swords.

Goetz. What means this ?

Com. Ye will not hearken—Apprehend him !

Goetz. Is that the purpose ? Let not the man whose ear does not itch come too near me : One salutation from my trusty iron fist shall cure him of headache, toothache, and every ache under the wide heaven ! (*They make at him—He strikes one down, and snatches a sword from another—They stand aloof.*)

Com. Surrender !

Goetz, (with the sword drawn.) What ! Wot ye not that it depends but upon myself to make way through all these hares, and gain the open field ? But I will teach you how a man should keep his word. Promise to allow me free ward, and I give up my sword, and am again your prisoner.

Com. How ! Would you treat with your Emperor sword in hand ?

Goetz. God forbid !—Only with you and your worthy companions. You may go home, good people : here deliberation is of no avail, and from me there is nothing to gain save bruises.

Com. Seize him, I say !—What ! does your allegiance to the Emperor supply you with no courage ?

Goetz. No more than the Emperor supplies them with plaster for the wounds which their courage would earn for them.

A Police Officer enters hastily.

Officer. The warder has just discovered from the castle-tower a troop of more than two hundred horsemen hastening towards the town. They have already gained the hill, and seem to threaten an attack.

Com. Alas ! alas ! what can this mean ?

The meaning of the affair is, that one of Goetz's oldest and best friends, the Lord of Seckingen, has found means, ere this, to comfort Maria for the slight she had received at the hands of Weislingen, and that this brave Baron is now in the midst of Heilbron, at the head of two hundred mounted men, to set his brother-in-law of Berlichingen free from the clutches of these lawyers, and the Burgher-guard, in whom they have put their trust. The result is, that this expedition of Seckingen is crowned with success ;—that Goetz is once more his own man ;—and that, after a little negotiation, he makes his peace with the Emperor, (who, indeed, had all along had a private and personal leaning in his favour,) on condition that he shall keep himself and his followers strictly within the limits of his domain of Jaxthausen, until the whole affairs of these troubled districts shall have been effectually settled, and harmony restored all over the empire. To these terms Goetz submits, and, by way of shewing fight against the ennui of this quiet existence, the good man takes to composing his auto-biography. [*This, by the way, is no fiction : the said auto-biography exists, and has been printed, and a most singular performance, as might be supposed, it is.*]

Unfortunately for Goetz, there springs up an insurrection among the peasantry of a district not far distant from that in which he resides. The infuriated rustics sack, burn, and destroy everything, for miles around ;—murder the gentlemen ; and, in a word, it is a real *jacquerie*. The Imperial soldiers march against these outlaws, and a great deal of blood is shed on both sides, without any decisive advantage being gained. It occurs, unfortunately, to the peasants, that their want of complete success is owing to nothing but their want of a skilful leader, and knowing that Goetz had recently been an outlaw himself, and not doubting that insurrection in the abstract must always be a pleasant thing in his eyes, they determine to place themselves under the guidance of the iron-handed hero. They come upon him in great numbers, and will take nothing but himself for their general, or his head for their standard. In short—between threats of immediate violence to himself and his family, and the idea, which some of the in-

surgeons are artful enough to introduce, and to make the most of, that he by his influence might be enabled to repress outrage and bloodshed on the one side, and on the other to obtain, in a quiet manner, redress of certain real grievances of which these peasants had reason to complain—the die is at last thrown, and the noble Goetz becomes the nominal leader of this rebellion.

We say the nominal leader, because in reality he is never their commander. They are eternally jealous of him—of his honour and of his pride—and they break forthwith the oath, which they had taken to him when he joined them, against rapine and bloodshed. Goetz feels, too late, that it had been better for him to die at once, than to throw himself into the arms of these ruffians. A violent scene of mutual recrimination occurs—Berlichingen strikes down the most insolent of the mob leaders, and rides away from them *solus* into the forest.

It rains and thunders at midnight in the forest. He comes suddenly in front of a gipsy hut—there is a fire before the hut, at which the mother of the tribe and a little girl are sitting.

Mother. Throw some fresh straw up the thatch, daughter; it rains fearfully.

Enter a Gipsy-boy.

Boy. A dormouse, mother!—and here, two field mice!

Mother. Skin them and roast them, and thou shalt have a cap of their skins.—Thou bleedst!

Boy. Dormouse bit me.

Mother. Gather some thorns that the fire may burn bright when thy father comes; he will be wet through and through.

Other Gipsy-women enter with children at their backs.

1st Wom. Hast thou fared well?

2d Wom. Ill enough—The whole country is in uproar—one's life is not safe a moment. Two villages are in a light flame.

1st Wom. So it was the fire that glared in the sky—I looked at it long; for flaming meteors have become so common.

The Captain of the Gipsies enters with three of his gang.

Capt. Heard ye the wild huntsman?

1st Wom. He passed by us but this minute.

Capt. How the hounds gave tongue!—Wow! Wow!

2d Man. How the whips clang!

3d Man. And the huntsman cheered them—Hollo—ho!

Mother. 'Tis the devil's chase.

Capt. We have been fishing in troubled waters. The peasants rob each other; we may be well pardoned helping them.

2d Wom. What hast thou got, Wolf?

Wolf. A hare and a cock—there's for the spit—A bundle of linen—some kitchen ware—and a horse's bridle.—What hast thou, Sticks?

Sticks. An woollen jacket have I, and a pair of stockings, and one boot, and a flint and tinder-box.

Mother. It is all wet as mire, and the clothes are bloody. I'll dry them—give me here!

(Trampling without.)

Capt. Hark!—A horse!—Go see who it is.

Enter GOETZ on horseback.

Goetz. I thank thee, God! I see fire—they are gipsies.—My wounds bleed sorely—my foes close behind!—Great God, thou endest dreadfully with me!

Capt. Is it in peace thou comest?

Goetz. I crave help from you—My wounds are stiff with cold—Assist me from horse!

Capt. Help him!—A gallant warrior in appearance and language.

Wolf. (Aside.) 'Tis Goetz of Berlichingen!

Capt. Welcome! welcome!—What we have is yours.

Goetz. I thank you.

Capt. Come to my hut.

(Exeunt to the hut.)

SCENE—*Inside of the Hut.*

Captain, Gipsies, and GOETZ.

Capt. Call our mother—let her bring blood-wort and bandages. *(Goetz unarms himself.)* Here is my holiday-doublet.

Goetz. God reward you!

(The Mother binds his wounds.)

Capt. I rejoice from my heart you are here.

Goetz. Do you know me?

Capt. Who does not know you, Goetz? Our lives and heart's blood are yours.

Enter Gipsy-man.

Gipsy. Horsemen come through the wood—They are confederates.

Capt. Your pursuers!—They shall not reach you—A way, Schricks, call the others: we know the passes better than they—We shall bring them down ere they are aware of us.

(Exeunt Captain and Man gipsies with their guns.)

Goetz. (Alone.) O Emperor! Emperor! Robbers protect thy children—*(A sharp fire of musketry is heard.)*—The wild foresters! Steady and true!

Enter Women.

Women. Save yourself!—The enemy have overpowered us.

Goetz. Where is my horse?

Women. Here!

Goetz. (*Grinds his horse and mounts without his armour.*) For the last time shall you feel my arm—Never was it so weak.

(*Exit.—Tumult.*)

Women. He gallops to join our party.
(*Firing.*)

Enter WOLF.

Wolf. Away! Away! All is lost.—The Captain shot dead.—(*Goetz a prisoner.*)

(*The Women scream and fly into the woods.*)

This, the final capture of Berlichingen, brings us near to the end of the fourth act of the drama. The fifth is full of action, however, and of interest—the scene, throughout, lying not, as heretofore, in woods, wilds, and castles, but in imperial dungeons, and the still more murky caverns, where the famous *Secret Tribunal* holds its mysterious meetings.

The wicked woman who seduced Weislingen from his vows of love and honour, having accomplished all the purposes for which she made him the victim of her artifices, has transferred her affections, (if such a term may be admitted) first to his servant Francis, and afterwards to a more noble rival, Charles, the heir-apparent of the Imperial throne. In order to pave the way for a union with the Prince, she persuades the page Francis that he alone is the lord of her desires, and engages him to the nefarious plan of poisoning the new husband, of whom she has had time enough to be thoroughly weary. Weislingen dies in the midst of pain, agony, and deadly remorse for his behaviour to his benefactor Goetz. The arm of the law is too weak to avenge him; but a terrible arm, never seen but in the blow it deals, is not wanting to supply the defect, and Adela's doom is pronounced by the invisible judges whose decrees can neither be changed nor resisted. The reader must bear in mind, that Goetz of Berlichingen appeared long before the same materials were made use of by the authors of the well-known romances of Hermann von Unna, and Alf von Duillmann.

SCENE—*A narrow vault dimly illuminated.—The Judges of the Secret Tribunal discovered seated, all muffled in black cloaks, and silent.*

Eldest Judge. Judges of the Secret Tribunal, sworn by the cord and the steel to be unpyting in justice, to judge in secret,

and to avenge in secret, like the Deity! Are your hands clean and hearts pure?—Raise them to heaven, and cry, Woe upon misdoers!

All. Woe! woe!

Eld. Judge. Cryer, begin the diet of judgment.

Cryer. I cry for accusation against misdoers!—Whose heart is pure, whose hand is clean, let him accuse, and call upon the steel and the cord for Vengeance! vengeance! vengeance!

Accuser (*comes forward.*) My heart is pure from misdeed, and my hand clean from innocent blood:—God pardon my sins of ignorance, and frame my steps to his way!—I raise my hand aloft, and cry, Vengeance! vengeance! vengeance!

Eld. Judge. Vengeance upon whom?

Acc. I call upon the cord and upon the steel for vengeance against Adela von Weislingen.—She has committed adultery and murder—She has poisoned her husband by the hands of his servant—the servant hath slain himself—the husband is dead.

Eld. Judge. Swearst thou by the God of truth, that thy accusation is true?

Acc. I swear!

Eld. Judge. Dost thou take upon thy own head the punishment of murder and adultery, should it be found false?

Acc. I take it.

Eld. Judge. Your voices?

(*They converse a minute in low whispers.*)

Acc. Judges of the Secret Tribunal, what is your doom upon Adela von Weislingen, accused of murder and adultery?

Eld. Judge. She shall die!—shall die a bitter and double death!—By the double doom of the steel and the cord shall she expiate the double misdeed. Raise your hands to heaven, and cry, Woe unto her!—Be she given to the hand of the avenger.

All. Woe! woe!

Eld. Judge. Come forth, avenger. (*A man advances.*) There hast thou the cord and the steel!—Within eight days must thou take her from before the face of heaven: wherever thou findest her, let her no longer cumber the ground.—Judges, ye that judge in secret and avenge in secret like the Deity, God keep your hearts from wickedness, and your hands from innocent blood!

(*The Scene closes.*)

We must now come to the closing scene of Goetz von Berlichingen. He is alone with his wife in the prison at Heilbron.

Eli. I entreat thee, my dear husband, be comforted!—Thy silence distresses me—thou retirest within thyself. Come, let me see thy wounds; they mend daily!—In this moody melancholy I know thee no longer!

Goetz. If thou seekest Goetz, he is long since gone!—One by one have they robbed

me of all I held dear—my hand, my property, my freedom, my renown!—My life! what is that to what I have lost?—What hear you of George? Is Lersé gone to inquire for George?

Eli. He is, my love!—Raise yourself—you will sit more easily.

Goetz. Whom God hath struck down raises himself no more!—I best know the load I have to bear—Misfortune I am inured to support—But now it is not Weislingen alone, not the peasants alone, not the death of the Emperor, or my wounds—It is the whole united—My hour is come! I had hoped it would have come only with my death—But his will be done!

Eli. Wilt thou eat anything?

Goetz. No, my love!—Does the sun shine without?

Eli. A fine spring day.

Goetz. My love, wilt thou ask the keeper's permission for me to walk in his little garden for half an hour, to enjoy the clear face of heaven, the open air, and the blessed sun?

Eli. I will—and he will readily grant it.

The Garden belonging to the Prison.

LERSE and MARIA.

Maria. Go, see how it stands with them.

(Exit Lersé.)

Enter ELIZABETH and Keeper.

Elizabeth, (to the Keeper.) God reward your kindness and mercy to my husband! *(Exit Keeper)*—*Maria*, what bringest thou?

Maria. Safety to my brother!—But my heart is torn asunder—Weislingen is dead! poisoned by his wife.—My husband is in danger; the princes will be too powerful for him: they say he is surrounded and besieged.

Eli. Harken not to rumour; and let not Goetz remark aught.

Maria. How is it with him?

Eli. I fear he will hardly long survive thy return: the hand of the Lord is heavy upon him—And George is dead!

Maria. George!—The gallant boy!

Eli. When the miscreants were burning Miltenberg, his master sent him to check their villainy—At that moment a body of cavalry charged upon them: had they all behaved as George, they would have given a good account of them—Many were killed: and poor George—he died the death of a cavalier!

Maria. Does Goetz know it?

Eli. We conceal it from him—He ask me ten times a-day about him, and sends me as often to see what is become of George. I fear his heart will not bear this last wound.

Maria. O God! what are the hopes of this world!

Enter GOETZ, LERSE, and Keepers.

Goetz. Almighty God! how well it is to

be under thy heaven! How free! The trees put forth their buds, and all the world hopes.—Farewell, my children! my buds are crushed, my hope is in the grave!

Eli. Shall I not send Lersé to the cloister for thy son, that thou may'st see and bless him?

Goetz. Leave him where he is—he needs not my blessing—he is holier than I.—Upon our wedding, Elizabeth, could I have thought I should die thus?—My old father blessed us, and a succession of noble and gallant sons arose at his prayer—Thou hast not heard him—I am the last.—Lersé, thy countenance cheers me in the hour of death, as in our most noble fights: then, my spirit encouraged you; now, yours supports mine—Oh, that I could but see George once more, to warm myself at his look!—You look down and weep—He is dead? George is dead?—Die, Goetz!—Thou hast outlived thyself, outlived the noblest—How died he?—Alas! they took him at Miltenberg, and he is executed?

Eli. No—he was slain there!—he defended his freedom like a lion.

Goetz. God be praised! He was the kindest youth under the sun, and a gallant—Now dismiss my soul—My poor wife! I leave thee in a wretched world. Lersé, forsake her not! Lock your hearts carefully as your doors. The age of frankness and freedom is past—that of treachery begins. The worthless will gain the upperhand by cunning, and the noble will fall into their net.—*Maria*, God restore thy husband to thee! may he never fall the deeper for having risen so high!—Selbiss is dead—and the good Emperor—and my George—Give me some water!—Heavenly sky!—Freedom! freedom!

[He dies.]

Eli. Only above! above with thee!—The world is a prison-house.

Maria. Gallant and gentle!—Woe to this age that has lost thee!

Lersé. And woe to the future, that cannot know thee!

Such is the conclusion of this performance. We know few dramas in which the catastrophe is more simply and pathetically complete. We shall not injure its effect by any comments.

One word at closing.—We have no doubt that many readers will be inclined to smile at what they will consider the apparent want of all due proportion and relation between the specimens of this piece which we have given, and the general remarks with which we introduced them. This picture of freebooting, insurrection, rapine, faithlessness, bloodshed, meant to make men in love with the days of Gothic antiquity! Such will be the cry. But all this, gentle reader, proceeds upon a totally false view of the

matter. No one ever wished to defend the lawlessness of those old times—no one in his senses ever wished to represent the era of barons, and burghers, and rapine, and rebellion, as better than the days of quiet, and subordination, and settled government. But an attempt was made in the last age in Europe, and made with astonishing skill as well as zeal, to persuade men that there was, in the days of their forefathers, everything to be ashamed of, nothing to be proud of. The most successful literature of our age has been directed to meet *this* attempt, and *this* only: And the author of *Goetz von Berlichingen*, has the honour of having been the first to give this direction to the most potent engine in the modern world. The lesson, the great lesson to be derived from this drama, and from all the works which have been composed in the same view—is simply this, that in spite of all the sneers of *philosophers*, the elements of virtue and excellence were predominant among those who formed the Gothic institutions of Europe; and, secondly, that in spite of all the outcry of dema-

gogues, the modern world has been continually and progressively improving in everything that really concerns the wellbeing of men and of societies. We have no need to be ashamed of our ancestors; and, instead of hewing out entirely new institutions for our posterity, we ought to be contented with preserving for them those which we ourselves inherited—gradually amending and refining themselves, as these always have been, and always must be, in proportion to the increasing civilization and illumination of the world.

The translation, from which we have quoted so largely, appeared in the midst of the first volunteering enthusiasm in this country; and we are old enough to entertain a distinct recollection of the powerful impression which its fine warlike tone, and lofty character of sentiment throughout, made upon the minds of many, who were then, for the first time, beginning to think, as well as to sing,

“No music like my bugle-horn.”
P. K.

THE SHEPHERD'S COT.

You ask me, do you, for the Shepherd's cot,
That with its honey-suckled walls, and roof
Of neatest thatch, stood, at the time you speak of,
Throwing its blue smoke o'er the orchard trees?
It was a figure of my youthful mind,
A spectacle that oft, in reverie,
I conjured up 'mid city noise and strife,
To whisper me of sweetest solitude;
And, as I wander'd 'mid these scenes, which bring
Still to the eye of memory such delight,
How could I otherwise than seek the spot,
Woven with ancient thoughts, and gaze upon it?
Renewing, in the landscape all around,
A bright acquaintanceship with boyish days.

In the park I stood; but lo! the orchard trees—
Wild plum, and cherry dark, and pear convolved—
Met not my view. I look'd to left—to right—
I saw the old hereditary forest;
But orchard there was none. Instead, behold
A wide and open plain, a level field,
Where oxen low'd, and melancholy sheep
Reposing, nibbled the autumnal grass;
Yet the tall ash-tree, from the ravage spared,
Stood in the corner, shadowing with hoar boughs
The shepherd's cot.—How alter'd!

Ruin grey
Had made an altar of its wasted walls,
O'er which aslant the mouldering roof-tree hung;
Piled on the gable chimney, sticks and straw
Told that the raven, undisturb'd, built there

Its loose nest, fearless of rude schoolboy's hand ;
 Into some patches of remaining thatch,
 Rotten and dark, the glutinous houseleek struck
 Its roots, and flourish'd with the dock. To rains
 Open, and to the howling winds of night,
 Stood the bare lattice boles, still whitening-stain'd ;
 Wall-flowers, long-seeded, green'd the window-sills ;
 And on the floor, once sanded o'er so nice,
 Lay straw and stones, rank weeds and stagnant water.
 'Twas desolate ! and when I thought how oft,
 How oft in happiness, and hopeful fear,
 By the chimney in my boyhood I had sate,
 While blazed the faggot, hissing as it glow'd
 On winter eves, listening the old man's tale
 Of legendary lore, wild sights, and sounds,
 Dark superstitions dread, and tempests dire,
 Such as in modern times the eye beholds not ;—
 When I thought how oft, at noon, the housewife kind
 Proffer'd us, wandering schoolboys, her new cheese,
 Tempting, and oaten cakes, and fragrant milk ;
 And how we lay luxuriously along,
 'Mid sunshine, the green turf-seat by the door,
 I sigh'd, and o'er my feelings lay a cloud
 Of gloom, that only deepen'd as I sigh'd.—
 The shepherd and his wife, his family,
 Our rustic playmates, where was each, were all ?
 Deep is the tomb, and countless are its crowds,
 Wide is the world, and much is scatter'd there !

Brief though our human life may be, my friend,
 Its pleasures still are briefer. Surely they
 Who hold that this fair earth is destitute
 Of joys, do deeply err ; or, if not, why
 Is grief allow'd so oft to cloud the brow
 For loss of what is valueless—so oft
 Doth disappointment shadow us, for what,
 Even if our hearts attain'd, is nothing worth ?
 Truly such doctrine errs—vicissitude
 Makes both our misery and happiness,
 Life's poison, and its antidote. Our fears
 People with hideous shapes the shadowy future ;
 And, out from the abyss of coming years,
 Conjures unreal phantoms, frowning all,
 Children of doubt and death ; while blue-cyed Hope,
 With iris-hues, colours the fields of earth,
 Pierces through the dark, and, triumphing in faith,
 Sees gold-illuminated pinnacles—bright joys—
 Calm cloudless skies—and bliss without an end.

As the mind sinks and soars, (you have felt it so,)
 Tinged by the mind, reality becomes
 Darker or brighter, ever trembling, like
 The needle to the pole, it follows still.
 The wintry cloud that, with its sombre shade,
 Seems to involve the universal sky,
 Showers, and at length is scatter'd by the wind—
 So pass our earthly sorrows ; while our joys
 Are like the bright forms of a summer heaven,
 Beneath the reign of evening : all seems fix'd
 In beauty, permanently fair, while lo !
 Even as we gaze, change follows change ; at length
 The pageant, glorious in magnificence,
 Wanes ray by ray, and tint by tint, and ends
 In unilluminated twilight, sad and cold !

MEN AND WOMEN ;

Brief Hypothesis concerning the Difference in their Genius.

MR NORTH,

HEAVEN be praised !—the cause of woman has at last found a serious defender among the northern coalition—the men of Scotland—the Knights of the Black Wood. This is as it should be. I am glad of it. I have been looking, impatiently, for a champion to appear in that quarter, who would enter the tilting ground, in full panoply, with a lance of bright steel, sharpened ; not with his collar open, his clothes falling off, a wreath of wet vine leaves rustling, smoking, and steaming about his temples ; no, nor in white kid gloves, covered with bride-favours, boarding-school keepsakes, sky-blue ribbons, true-lovers' knots, flowers, &c. &c. ; with a run-away sash fluttering at the end of a yard-stick, or an umbrella.

As I live, I haven't seen a spectacle half so exhilarating, this twelvemonth, as the opening of this new tournament, in favour of women—a young knight, (he must be young, and desperately brave,) leaping, with one blast of the trumpet, into the old place of contention ; and throwing down his iron gauntlet before all the world, in defence of a wronged woman—a woman whose extraordinary power and superb talent have been, hitherto, almost universally misunderstood, and misrepresented—I mean Joanna Baillie. For many years, I have thought and spoken, and, on one occasion, written, of her dramatic genius and brave style of poetry, with very much the same kind of serious enthusiasm, and absolute confidence, which characterize the writer, who took up her cause in the late Number of your Magazine.

I have long regarded Joanna Baillie (ever since I read her *De Montfort*, indeed) as a woman of more simple, masculine energy—more amplitude of mind—and more beautiful boldness of thought, (without being rash, or passionate,) than any other woman, of whom we have any account ; and I rejoice, therefore, to find her cause undertaken, as it is, against the unrighteous and perverse judgment of the *Edinburgh Review*—the melancholy indifference of the world—and

the sad insensibility of men, to female power, so extraordinary as hers.

I hate blarney, and I hate sentimentality, everywhere ; but nowhere so heartily, as where one is eternally meeting with both ; to wit, where women are concerned.

I am for treating women like rational beings—not like spoilt children, who are never to be contradicted or thwarted, though we catch them playing with tilted coffee-pots, poisoned arrows, or lighted thunderbolts, in a powder magazine. I would have them reasoned with, ('pon my soul, I would) not laughed at ; put aside, reverently, with an appeal to their good sense, not by a sarcasm, a bow, or a joke ; dealt plainly with, not flattered ; spoken to, peremptorily, when they deserve it, but kindly and respectfully, nevertheless. In one word, I would have women treated like men, of common sense. Take my word for it, whatever we may now think, we shall find them worthier of our love ; and they will like us the better for it. I never knew a woman in my life, who did not relish sincerity, when it was unquestionable sincerity ; one who would not bear admonition, at least, as well as men do ; nor one of common sense* who did not choose her husband (if she had her own way) from among those, who were sincere with her, and would neither flatter, nor coax her.

I appeal, for the truth of this, to every man of much experience among women. Let him reflect ; and he will find that (whatever were his object—their destruction, their friendship, or their love) plain dealing, and absolute sincerity, were the only things for him to depend upon, in the long run ; that the favourites of women, who may be justly reckoned formidable, or dangerous, are seldom, or ever, young or handsome men ; and yet more rarely, coxcombs or flatterers ; and that every man, who has ever held women, whatever were their capacities, in a strong and permanent thralldom, will be found to have done it, by sincerity and boldness.

Now, if this be true, in any degree, (and who, of even moderate experi-

* Quere.—If the period should not end here—to please most people ?

ence among women, will deny it?) how unworthily do we behave, in treating them as we do? particularly, when we address ourselves to their intellectual faculties.

I am led into these remarks, by having met of late, in several of the periodical publications of the day, (yours among the number, for which that wicked O'Doherty will have to answer, yet,) a number of little, short, spicy impertinencies respecting women, which are excessively exasperating. Some, to be sure, are whimsical and striking enough; some, wicked and spiteful; some, very funny; some, very silly; and some, very startling; but all, every one, I believe, likely to do more mischief, than was intended, when they were first let off.

There are men, you know, who cannot be laughed or stared out of countenance, where woman is the subject of their ribaldry; and yet, if we get in a huff about the matter, it only makes them worse. "Poh, poh!" they say, "you take the affair altogether too seriously—it's only a little bit o' fun, you know!" Fun! to be flinging squibs and crackers about, in tea-parties; transmitting electricity by post; and hysterics, in the shape of a love-letter, (with fulminating powder in the seal,) a criticism, or a copy of verses, to this or that fine woman. Fun, indeed! very like the fun of the whale-fishers, blowing up whales in the family way—with Congreve rockets.

In fact, I had begun to think of undertaking some of these profane young gentlemen, myself; and had actually tossed up a considerable quantity of retribution, in my own mind, when your August Number (an august number, it is, by the way,) came to me, and I found the thing already done so much to my liking, that I have abandoned all that relates to *particular* women.

Still, however, four or five pages, in aid of the good cause, may not be amiss; a cause, that concerns, directly and materially, one-half, if not two-halves, of the whole human family.

It is bad policy to depreciate women. I would sooner teach them to overvalue than to undervalue themselves, so long, at least, as they are our companions for life, and the mothers of our children. We all act according to our own standard of self-estimation;

and, the more sensitive we are, the more are we influenced, in our behaviour, by the opinion of others concerning us. Women are more sensitive than we; and, therefore, more at the mercy of opinion. It is women, after all, that form our characters. I never knew an extraordinary man, whose mother was an ordinary woman; or whose wife was a fool, unless he married her in his dotage.

But among other pleasantries of the day concerning women, it has come to be said so frequently of late, that women are *inferior* to men, in their intellectual faculties; and said, in such a variety of ways, that, if the theory be not overhauled, in a serious manner soon, it may become a settled popular belief.

Wherefore, a word or two on that, in a serious way. I maintain that women are not *inferior* to men, but only *unlike* men, in their intellectual properties; and I believe that all the confusion of thought, which has arisen upon the subject, is owing to this one circumstance; that men have attempted to *compare*, for certain purposes, things which cannot be compared, for those purposes; and that all, who have written upon the subject, have mistaken what is *different* from a certain standard, (which very standard was unphilosophical and uncertain,) with what is *inferior* to it; that they have confounded *similitude* with *quality*, *resemblance* with *value*, in trying two different things, by one and the same standard, when they should have been tried by two separate standards.

Would it be philosophical to say that women are *inferior* to men, in their animal organization, because they are not the *same*? Are women more degenerated from their original standard? Are they worse fitted for their offices and appointments (in their physical properties) than men?

Things unlike cannot be compared, so as to justify any inference respecting the *inferiority* of either. Homer and Shakespeare are *unlike*; but who shall decide upon the superiority of either? The Thames and the Atlantic; the Transfiguration and the Laccoon; Demosthenes and Alexander; Handel's Messiah, and the enterprize of Columbus—they are all *unlike*. Yet who but a poet, an orator, or a madman, would, thereby, infer the superiority of either? How are they to be

compared?—(by a moralist or a mathematician, I mean,)—for poets, orators, and madmen, will compare anything; and take especial delight, in detecting resemblances, which are invisible to other men.

It has been said that women have less imagination than we have. Now, I believe it capable of *proof*, that women have *more* imagination than men. I am no flatterer of women; but I love the truth. I am no advocate for their intellectual superiority, take all their faculties together; but I believe that they are *equal* to men; and that, while they are inferior in some things, they are superior in others, *by nature*; that, while they have less of one quality, intellectual or physical, they have more of another, such as that of imagination, for example.

I hold that, as women are unlike men in their bodies, so are they unlike them in their minds; and that all the education in the world (notwithstanding the visions of Rousseau, Mary Wolstoncraft, and all their followers) would never make women more like men, in their intellectual organization, than in their animal organization. Do what you will; train them as you will, in athletic or warlike amusements, and there will always be as much *difference* between the minds, as there is between the bodies of men and women—a difference, that is essential and sexual. A little patience, and I shall endeavour to prove this.

Education will do much, but it cannot do everything. It may, now and then, produce a *woman* stronger in body, and stronger in mind, than many, who are thought strong *men*. But then, all the education in the world will never produce a woman as *strong* as the strongest man, either in mind or body; and all the training in the world will never make the female part of the human family *equal* in bodily or intellectual *power*—by power, I mean downright and absolute strength—to the male part of the human family. Education will never do this, until it shall be able to give a mane to the lioness, and plumage, or voice, to the female bird.

But then, the female will always be endowed with other properties, in a greater degree than the male; each will have some, of which the other is destitute, either entirely, or in part—but all will be fitted and designed for the mutual comfort of both.

Imagination, I believe, to be always in proportion to animal sensibility, and to the delicacy of animal organization; women, I believe, to have more animal sensibility, because they are more delicately organized, than men; and, therefore, do I believe that women have *more* imagination than men.

And I contend further, that, if women were educated precisely as men are; and, that, if they had the same opportunities and excitements, that men have—with no more discouragements—they would be more fruitful in works of imagination—in poetry, music, sculpture, painting, and eloquence, than men are; but altogether less fruitful, in the abstract and profound sciences; in mathematics, theology, logic, &c. &c.

But then, whatever were the education of women; and however fruitful they might be, in one department, or barren in another, I contend that there would always be an *essential*, *specific* difference, between the productions of women, and those of men.

This difference would not be so apparent, in the common productions of either; but it would be, in a comparison of *all*, that women have produced, with *all* that men have produced; and thoroughly evident, and express, in the leading productions of both.

There might be women, who would write like men; and men, who would write like women. But then, the *first* among women, would write wholly different from the *first* among men. There would always be a *something* in the poetry, music, painting, sculpture, and eloquence of women, to distinguish them from the poetry, music, painting, sculpture, and eloquence of men, wherever the character of either was decided and peculiar enough, to make it distinguishable from other productions, in the same branch, by the same sex.

Take an example—Angelica Kauffman's pictures—all her men are women; so are those of Mr Westall—beautiful apparitions, with nothing to shock or terrify. A picture, by one of these painters, might, on some accounts, be mistaken for a work of the other; but would hers be ever mistaken, for the work of a giant in painting; or his, for that of a giantess?

The women of Rubens, now, are very often, (particularly, in his more vigorous compositions,) downright,

powerful men. Rubens was one of the giants. Nobody, therefore, would find any difficulty in distinguishing one of his women, from the woman of any female painter that ever did live, or ever will live. And yet easier would it be, to distinguish *his* men from *her* men.

But let Rubens have undertaken *such* women as Angelica Kauffman, or Rosalba Carriera did, (in her inimitable portraits,) and you would see, at once, that Rubens drew his women *from* men—just as Angelica Kauffman drew her men *from* women; that each took for models, those, who least resembled their own sex: that he painted from feminine men—she, from masculine women.

And so, do I contend, would be the manifestation of female genius, in every other department of art or science. It would be less courageous, magnificent, and sublime. But it would be more delicate, beautiful, and affecting. The woman would be found lurking in whatever she did. There would be more tenderness, more delicacy, more timidity in it.

Put all the men and women of the earth in training. Choose the greatest of men, and the greatest of women. Give them the same subject, for a drama, a poem, a painting, or an oratorio; and the result, I say, would be an unequivocal revelation of their several distinguishing sexual properties.

Let it be the DELUGE, for example. The woman would think only of the day before, the man of the day after, the destruction of the world. She would rely on the calm sunset—the tranquillity of the skies—the beauty of the blossoming herbage—the powerful and grand population of the world, before the giants were destroyed: He, upon the time, when the skies were dissolving—the whole earth in travail—and the whole animal creation shrieking upon the waters. She would pour in the melodies of evening, shower and star-light; he, the noise of thunder, the rushing of wind and flame.

She would imagine the distraction and sorrow of a mother, moaning over her half-drowned babe—her newly-born; the consternation and beauty of a wife, reaching over a precipice, at the drifting body of her husband; her dark hair flashing over the waters; or,

the doating tenderness of some pale, fond girl, asleep in her dead lover's bosom, under a mass of overthrown trees, whose foliage was yet green; or, both in some haunted cavern, among sea-shells; the waters rising slowly about them, on every side, without being perceived.

But the male would put forth his power, in the fierce delineation of some youthful giant, overthrown by the waters, and bearing away the great branches of some tree, which had abandoned their hold; or convulsed, and wrestling, in the waters, with a shadow, perhaps, of unintelligible shape and proportions; or, of many beautiful women, swept away, as it were, while embracing at some festival; their long melancholy tresses (encumbered with drenched flowers, intertangled with glittering and obscene reptiles) afloat upon the still, dead wave.

And so, too, were the parting of Hector and his wife to be given for the subject of a picture,—though the execution of both might be wonderful, how *unlike* they would be! You may swear that the female Hector would be a younger man, with redder lips, a whiter forehead, and straighter legs; and that the male Andromache would have a sort of unnatural determination, and loftiness of stature, look, and bearing.

Educate men and women alike, in every respect,—give them the same opportunities, and the same occupations—make no difference between them,—and a giantess, like Joanna Baillie, or Madame De Stäel, may appear, now and then, among them; but then she will be, in certain points, only a *female* giant—no match for the male giants. She might be able to overlook the second class of men; but the first class would certainly overlook her. She would be, after all, in the masculine operations of her mind, or body, only a woman—"a giant among pigmies—a one-eyed monarch of the blind."

But then, our male giants would be, in the same way, but sad pretenders to the beauty and gracefulness of the female—their affection for their young, and their essentially feminine properties.

But, I have promised some endeavour at proof. I have asserted that imagination is always in proportion to

animal sensibility.—Is this denied? Look about you, and call to mind those persons, poets, orators, or musicians, who are most remarkable for imagination; and you will find them all, more or less distinguishable from other men, by the delicacy of their organs, or, in other words, by their greater animal sensibility—their more exquisite powers of sensation. Are they not, without one exception, volatile, hasty, capricious, and petulant? Do they ever pursue any one thing, steadily? Are they ever great proficient in science? Have you ever heard of a great mathematician, mechanick, or theologian, who was remarkable for his imagination, or at all remarkable for his animal sensibility,—or very irritable in his temper,—or exceedingly alive to the delicacies of touch, flavour, sound, sight, or smell?—never. For, if he had been so, he would never have been distinguished for abstract, severe, thoughtful science.

Call to mind that man, whom you believe to have the most imagination; and, my life on it, that you find him the most irritable creature alive, for his years and constitution—the most unaccountable in his whims—and the most exquisitely sensible to all that *can* affect the senses. Will not the ringing of a glass, carelessly struck; the catching of a nail in a silk handkerchief; any irregularity in the arrangement of the table; or any unhappy combination of colour in the furniture; or the smell of cheese, or new paint, (or anything else, when he is out of humour,) keep him in one eternal fidget? Yet you never knew this to be the case with a man of profound science—no; for, if it were, he could not pursue his investigation, for a single hour;—no—because men of profound science have little or no animal sensibility,—if they had, they could not study profoundly—they would be beset with continual allurements, provocation, and sources of uneasiness.

Milton was blind. So was Homer. Their poetry is all the better for it. And had they both been deaf, palsied, incapable of tasting or smelling, (after their minds were full of images, provided that their intellectual faculties were not thereby impaired,) their poetry would have been yet better. There would have been a more devout and blazing concentration, steadily, upon one point, of all their genius and power,

without any interruption from appetite, or sense.

Very devout people shut their eyes, you know. So we all do, when we desire to think, steadily; and be alone with any subject. Now, if they could stop their ears, and seal up every other avenue to sensation, as easily as they could their eyes, would they not be able to think more steadily, and more intensely? and if we were able to become, in all our animal functions, like stocks and stones, at will, without hearing or smelling, tasting or feeling, would not our abstraction be more profound?

Nay, have we not, every one of us, continual proof of this? Do not men appear sometimes to lose all their animal consciousness, while deeply engaged in study, calculation, reading or composition?—Do we not find that those, whose senses are continually on the alert, are never severe thinkers? And, on the contrary, if we see a very *absent* man, as he is called; that is, a man who neither hears, sees, tastes, feels, nor smells, like other men, do we not immediately conclude, that he is a severe thinker, occupied in profound meditation? Men will hear their own names called, without knowing it; suffer their shins to be roasted alive, (like Sir Isaac Newton,) without feeling it; and endure the extremity of hunger, if their watches are wrong, without any suspicion of the cause.

And why? because no man of acute animal sensibility *can* think so severely; and those who are able so to think, *prove*, thereby, that, whatever their animal sensibility may have been, it is no longer sufficiently active, or troublesome, to interfere with the sublime abstractions of the mind, when such men become all intellect, all soul.

Now, let us try the question in another shape, for a minute or two. Suppose the organ of hearing, in some profound mathematician, to become as exquisitely sensible, as it is, under certain diseases (in what is called a nervous fever, for example,) when the ticking of a watch is enough to drive one distracted. Suppose the whole surface of his body to become as exquisitely sensible also, to the touch, as it is, in many disorders, when a breath makes the blood tingle; suppose the organ of sight quickened in the same proportion, so that every fluctuation of light and shadow, and every combination

of colour, should attract his regard, in spite of himself; and that every other bodily faculty and sense were exasperated and afflicted in the same degree. And all this, while his intellectual powers are as healthy and vigorous as ever—I ask how it would be possible for him to continue the character of a profound mathematician; or even to think, steadily, for a minute. Think steadily! why, one might as well expect a man to think steadily, in the situation of *Regulus*; or, after he had been flayed alive, anointed with honey, and left, in the hot sunshine, to be devoured by insects, like a *St Domingo* slave.

But what would I infer from this?

Ans.—*This*, that where the intellectual faculties are equal, and other circumstances, (as education, age, &c. equal,) he who has the *least* bodily sensibility, will be able to think *most* abstractedly and steadily; and that he, who has *most* bodily sensibility, will be *least* able to think, either abstractedly, or steadily.

Let us now take another step. I have asked who are they, that are most remarkable for their imagination; and I ask again, if they are not men of delicate frame, and great sensibility of nerve, whose senses are surprisingly active and vigilant; continually taking impressions—and collecting imagery, for future purposes? I would ask also, when the poetical faculty is in flower? is it not most vivid and brilliant in youth? or when the subject is in love; or after some fiery revolution of the animal spirits, of a similar nature?—and, if the faculty of imagination does not become more and more reasonable, torpid, and ineffectual, as we grow older?—and just in proportion to the decrease of animal sensibility in our bodies? Is there a man alive, think you, of two-score, who can look back, with complacency, upon the poetry of his youth—or upon any other work of imagination, produced by him, in that season of sunshine? Probably not—and hence, I infer, that our estimate of imagination, as well as our imagination itself, undergoes a progressive change with our bodily sensibility—as we grow wiser and wiser. Full grown men are prone to regard works of imagination—even their own—as young men do, the frivolities and gay trifling of their boyhood.

Who ever heard of a robust, powerful man, with a fine imagination?—nay, who ever heard of a man, with coarse hair, steady eyes, and a thick skin, who was at all remarkable for the faculty of imagination? Either may be distinguished for grander properties; but neither will be, for the lighter ones of the mind.

All men, who have been greatly, and *peculiarly* distinguished, for splendour and activity of imagination, so far as I know anything of them, have been men of inflammable bodily temperaments; great irritability of nerve—with clear, changeable eyes, thin skin, and fine hair, like women.

We are now coming to a conclusion. I desire to make myself intelligible; and shall, therefore, avoid the use of terms and phrases, which are not universally understood. There is no need of great precision, for the present.

Now let us imagine a case, which must continually happen. Two children are born of the same intellectual capacities; one is robust, hardy, and not at all remarkable for animal sensibility—a healthy child, with organs of sensation like the multitude—nothing more. The other, we will suppose to be exceedingly delicate, tender, and sensible, with organs of sensation remarkably fine, active, and excitable.

Give the first one a bauble to play with; and you will find it occupy him for hours, (after he has learned the use of his hands, I mean.) He will be insensible to everything else, for a time. All his faculties will be occupied upon that one thing. The ticking of a watch; the gingling of silver bells; or the colour of the coral; or the feeling of it in his mouth, will be enough to keep such a child quiet, for a considerable time. Why?—because, his animal sensibility being only of an ordinary degree, his attention is not disturbed by other sounds, and sights, &c.; and he is able to concentrate all his thinking faculty upon that one thing, which does engage him. Such a child, therefore, will be likely to think more abstractedly, and more profoundly, than if his animal sensibility were more acute; and will be more likely to excel in matters of science, research, and calculation, than his fellow, whom I shall presently describe. But then, while he will be more remarkable for a thoughtful, investigating temper,

steadiness of pursuit, perseverance, patience, and comprehensiveness, he will never be so remarkable, as that other, for the brilliancy, variety, unexpectedness, or rapidity of his intellectual combinations.

But give the same bauble to the other, and he will hardly stop to examine it. The first sound that passes his ear; the first gay colour that flashes on his eye; the first active, tingling sensation that intrudes itself in any way, through any sense, every one of which is on the alert, will carry him away; he is all eagerness, impatience, and caprice—he reaches for everything—cries for everything—crams everything into his mouth; while his eyes are taking in the colour of the coral, he will be blowing away at the whistle, shaking the bells, and pulling at his mother's watch chain. That child will never be profound. He will never think steadily enough, to become a great mechanick, theologian, linguist, or man of science. He will be chiefly remarkable for brilliant and hasty coruscations of intellect, spirited adventure, and splendour of theory—precipitation, showyness, and hardihood. Such a man, too, will be likely to turn out a poet, a painter, a musician, or an orator; and, in either case, he will force his own spirit, like a flood of fire, into every subject with which he comes in contact. He will never reason, never convince; but he will dazzle and confound, terrify and illuminate, all who hearken to him, by the flashing and brightness of his imagination.

It may be said, perhaps, that, on the contrary, in proportion to the animal sensibility of the child, will be the fixedness of his attention, upon any one subject—being more affected by it, he will be more engaged. To this, every person's recollection will furnish a complete reply. Place a man in the middle of the Louvre, (as it was)—a man of enthusiasm—a lover of the fine arts—a man of surpassing animal sensibility—and will any one master-piece be able to fix his attention, as it would, if he had it *alone*, and apart from all the rest? But, in the midst of the dazzling confusion of colour and spectacle, that surround him, let the galleries be all lighted up; fill them all with incense; beautiful women, extraordinary men, banquetting, pageantry, and procession, so that every sense may be

kindled to delirium, at the same instant, what will he hear, or see, or remember of any one thing? what, in comparison with some other man, who was blind, or deaf, or insensible to show and beauty; or, who had the faculty, no matter how acquired, of abstracting himself instantaneously, and concentrating all his powers of observation upon any one object?

These are precisely the two children: One sees, hears, feels, tastes, smells everything, and all at the same time, owing to the vivacity of his temperament; the other goes thoughtfully over one thing at a time, without feeling so intensely *altogether*, but feeling more intensely upon some division, some *part* of the spectacle. One sees double, in the ardour and intoxication of every sense; the other, singly and soberly. The first becomes a poet, or an orator; the latter, a reasoner, a mathematician. One looks for resemblances, types, apparitions, and shadows; the other will have nothing to do with resemblance—he must have proof—substantial, unequivocal, undeniable *proof*.

Well then, if this be substantially true, (and, what more can we ask for a new theory?)—if it be true, that people of the most imagination are always remarkable, for a nervous temperament, great animal sensibility, and a certain delicacy of animal organization; if it be true that (other circumstances being equal—as age and education,) people so distinguished, by delicacy of bodily structure, great animal sensibility, and a nervous irritability of temperament, have more imagination than their fellows, (and are more subject to the diseases and disorders of the imagination, as they certainly are—witness nervous women, and delicate men)—and if the faculty of imagination waxes and wanes with our animal sensibility—flourishing precisely in that season, when our animal temperament is most irritable, irritating, and active—(as in youth, or under disease, when the whole atmosphere becomes luminous with beauty, and crowded with a magnificent population; or when we have taken wine, musick, or opium, till our animal nature is inflamed,) and gradually decaying with our animal sensibility,—if this be substantially true, (and who will deny it?)—then have I established my first proposition—

that *imagination is always proportioned to animal sensibility, and delicacy of animal organization.*

My second, that women have more animal sensibility; and are more delicately organized than men, will require no farther proof, than the observation of every human being will furnish, at a glance.

The conclusion, then, is unavoidable, that women have *more* imagination than men.

But while I believe this, and consider it so evident, as to be incapable of dispute, I would add that their imagination is different from that of men; and that I do not allow them any superiority, in consequence of their having *more* imagination than we—any more than I allow young people to be *superior* to full-grown men, although the former have undoubtedly *more* imagination than the latter.

Another inference to be drawn from what I have said, is this, that we must expect women to be productive in those departments of literature, and the fine arts, where young men are, of similar animal sensibility. The delicacy of their organs, and, of course, the vivacity of their impressions, will prevent either from becoming profound—or so profound, as others, whose temperament is less irritable; but then, they will be, for that very reason, altogether more

remarkable for splendour and beauty of imagination—adventure—chivalry—feverish enterprize, and surprising combinations of thought.

Perhaps, also, it will not be going too far to say, that, admitting the original *intellectual properties* and *capacities* of man to be alike in every man, this difference alone, of *animal sensibility* and *animal organization*, will be sufficient to explain and account for all the differences in the subsequent intellectual appetites, pursuits, and disclosures of men; and, perhaps, for all the phenomena attendant upon what we call the genius of men—a difference of *genius* being, after all, chiefly, if not entirely, owing to a difference of animal organization.

It is not fair then—it is worse—it is unphilosophical, and cruel, to ask, where we are to look for a Shakespeare or a Cervantes, among women?—Wait until women are educated like men—treated like men—and permitted to talk freely, without being put to shame, *because* they are women:—wait, indeed, until there have been as many female writers, as there *were* male writers, before Shakespeare and Cervantes appeared; and, so far as the *imagination* alone, of either, is concerned, I do not scruple to say, that they will be fully *equalled* by women.

OMEGA.

SONG.— *There is not a breath."*

THERE is not a breath on the breast of the ocean,
The sun-beams on yonder blue waves are asleep;
The bright-feather'd tribes of the sea are in motion,
Or bask on the verdureless brow of the steep:
The bark is at rest, by the breezes forsaken,
And the mariner anxiously plies at the oar,
Till the fresh stirring gales of the twilight awaken,
And waft him along to his cot on the shore.

Yet mournful I wander, though beauties surround me,
The glories of nature no raptures impart;
In her mantle of darkness affliction hath bound me,
And dried up the fountain of peace from my heart:
The hopes that were dear, and the dreams that I cherish'd,
Like the prophet from Carmel, have taken their flight;
And the shadows that brood o'er the bliss that hath perish'd
Encompass my path with disaster and night.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND THE DISSENTERS.

WE are not among those who could witness with pleasure the total annihilation of the Dissenters. We do not agree with them in doctrine; we dislike some of their conduct; but, nevertheless, believing, as we are taught to believe, that the creeds of many of them, in essential points, will lead to Heaven, we think they have their uses in more ways than are dreamed of; and that, so long as they are kept within a certain limit, with regard to power and numbers, they produce far more rational benefits than evils.

Speaking, in the first place, of religious matters—The dissenting ministers act upon the regular clergy, much as the Opposition acts upon the Ministry; and the loss of them would be almost as severely felt, in a religious way, as the loss of the Opposition would be in a political one. A national clergy can only be taken from the mass of mankind; it cannot be perfectly freed from the infirmities of human nature, and it necessarily needs those stimulants to right conduct and the due discharge of duty, which are needed by all bodies of men, whatever may be their character. Freedom from opponents and competitors—absolute monopoly—in our judgment, mainly produced those monstrous errors and abuses which have so long characterised the Roman Catholic Church; and we think the same cause would produce, to a very great extent, in any church, the same consequences. We doubt that any laws—any church regulations—any interference of the government, or of the laity—could prevent the evils; or that anything, save rival religious teachers, could operate with due effect upon a national clergy, so as to spur it to the discharge of duty on the one hand, and to restrain it from ecclesiastical tyranny on the other.

We are well aware that it is charged upon the Dissenters, that they destroy the knowledge and practice of genuine religion, and that they produce fanaticism and party animosity. Now, the greater part of the charge is abundantly refuted by the state of the country; and if we grant the remainder to be just, it is unworthy of notice, when placed in comparison with the benefits which flow from the Dissenters. In no country in the whole world is religion—not nominal and spurious,

but genuine Bible religion—so generally understood and practised as in our own. The people of other states may be the slaves of their priests; they may be much more attentive in the observance of religious formalities than ourselves; they may be religious fanatics; but with regard to true religious knowledge and practice, they fall very far below us. In no other people do religious principles operate so unremittingly and powerfully; and in no other people do such principles produce such abundant portion of justice, integrity, benevolence, and virtue. Public morals in Ireland, France, Spain, Italy, &c. are in the lowest state; they have reached an elevation in Great Britain, to which they never previously ascended in any great nation.

In Ireland, and in every continental nation where the clergy have an actual or virtual monopoly, fanaticism of the worst kind abounds; but with us it is little known; it only shews itself among the most ignorant, and it assumes its mildest and most pardonable form. We, as a people, cannot be made to believe, that a clergy can work miracles, and exercise the other attributes of the Deity; we cannot be taught to hate and consign to perdition our fellow-creatures, because they belong to another religion; and our religious teachers cannot drag us after them beyond the point to which the Scriptures command us to follow. Where monopoly exists, and discussion is prohibited, it is the manifest interest of the clergy to establish superstition and fanaticism, and to assume the attributes of God; in an opposite state of things, contrary conduct is the manifest interest of religious teachers. If a minister of religion among us propagate doctrines glaringly at variance with the Bible and common sense, his opponents immediately attack him, expose his errors, and strip him of all but the most worthless followers. He can only hope to gain proselytes where he wishes to gain them, and where he must gain them, to keep his sect in existence—among the middling and respectable classes—by making his creed to harmonize in essentials with the Scriptures and reason. Our Joanna Southcotes and Prince Hohenlohes can only pick up a few disciples among

the dregs of the nation ; and the monstrous absurdities with which they commence, are either gradually abandoned as they proceed, or the teachers themselves are abandoned. Even more powerful bodies of Dissenters have been long silently modifying their creed and conduct to protect them from attack, and to adapt them to the taste of the wealthy and intelligent. The Calvinists keep their more obnoxious principles in the back ground—and the Methodists openly condemn the field-preachings, groanings, convulsions, sudden conversions, &c. which were so highly in favour in the days of Wesley.

In Catholic nations the most gross fanaticism is combined with the most gross immorality ; but with us, fanaticism is almost invariably united with peculiar purity of life. We are so well acquainted with the Scriptures—we know so well what the lives of religious people ought to be—that no sect can flourish or exist among us, which does not profess to hold vice and immorality in abhorrence. Fanaticism here may produce preposterous and even guilty errors with regard to belief ; but it almost always amends the life, and renders essential service to public morals. The Dissenters undoubtedly create a certain portion of fanaticism, and a considerable portion of party animosity ; but these kick the beam when thrown into the scale against the sobriety, integrity, and general good conduct which they produce among the lower classes of the community.

It is chiefly to the practical want of rival religious teachers—to the virtual monopoly enjoyed by the Catholic clergy—to the absence of religious discussion and controversy—that we ascribe the present benighted and horrible condition of Ireland. It is true, that two rival churches have long existed in that unhappy country ; but while the one is followed by nearly the whole of the people, the other makes scarcely any proper efforts to obtain proselytes. In England, the government encourages the clergy to resist the Dissenters ; wealth and dignities are showered upon those who distinguish themselves in behalf of the church ; but in Ireland, the clergy are encouraged to remain passive in the most important part of their duty, and to bury their heads in the sand.

that would more effectually thwart his promotion, than to exert himself to the utmost in attacking the errors of Popery. The clergyman receives nearly the same income without, as with, a congregation ; and in so far as he is acted upon by interest, it leads him to avoid all contest with his rivals. While this is the case, the Catholic priests are stimulated by interest and everything else to strain every nerve to fill their followers with detestation of their opponents ; they are almost exclusively heard by the people ; and as to morals, it is clear, from the state of their flocks, that they take no pains to teach them.

Ireland, therefore, has the evils of a religious opposition, if we may so speak, without the benefits. The two churches are much in the same situation as the Ministry and the Opposition would be placed in, were the former to be restricted from defending its own creed and attacking that of its adversary, and the latter to be possessed of almost boundless liberty. The toleration of which we boast so much is virtually denied to the regular clergy, while their opponents enjoy what amounts to much more than toleration. Were the Whigs and the Tories to be placed in the relative circumstances in which the two churches stand, the people of England would very speedily be all converted to Whiggism. The consequences are, that real and beneficial religious discussion and controversy are in a great measure unknown, and of course real and beneficial religious knowledge is unknown. The followers are engaged in strife instead of the leaders, and Ireland has religious war, but not religious argumentation and instruction.

The argument that the active exertions of the clergy against Popery would produce additional party animosity and turbulence, is below contempt. It is refuted both by experience and reason. In England, the zealous struggles between the dissenting ministers and the clergy, have stimulated both to sanctity of life, and the laborious discharge of duty. The discussions and controversies to which they have given birth, have destroyed the mischievous parts of ecclesiastical discipline and authority, have explained what seemed ambiguous, and reconciled what seemed discordant in the Scriptures—have cut off, or ren-

dered harmless, the rotten parts of almost every creed, and have at the same moment engaged the nation in the study of religious matters, and placed before it the most ample supply of instruction. If any reason exist, why the same cause should not produce in due season the same effects in Ireland, it is not within the range of our powers of vision. Nothing can permanently pacify and reform Ireland, but the overthrow of the fabric of Popish tyranny and superstition under which the people groan; and this cannot be overthrown if it be not attacked—if it be not, moreover, attacked by the proper assailants and with the proper weapons.

Having spoken of the religious benefits that flow from the Dissenters, we will now speak of the political ones, which are, in our judgment, of very high importance.

Our government is called one of checks and balances; the definition would perhaps be more perfect if it included the term—stimulants. Now it must be obvious to every man who can use his eyes, that the stimulants, checks, and balances, must operate duly upon the whole mass of the community, or they will never operate duly upon the government. The Opposition would be nearly worthless, if it did not stand upon, and receive support from, a large portion of the nation. All the component parts of the government to which the characteristics—stimulants, checks, and balances belong, must virtually derive their power of acting from the party and other divisions of the community. Those who support the Ministry, cannot at the same time support the Opposition; the House of Commons, the House of Lords, and the Crown, must have their respective parties to support them. Our Three Estates—our government of stimulants, checks, and balances—are in reality but the acting members of the grand parties into which the community at large is divided; and to assume that such a government could exist in anything but name, amidst a unanimous population, would be the most monstrous of assumptions. If we look into our history, we find that whenever the nation was generally unanimous, the stimulants, checks, and balances ceased to operate, and the Constitution was

practically laid aside, to make way for the tyranny of a king or a faction.

The division of the population merely into Whigs and Tories, is very far from being sufficient for the preservation of our constitution and liberties. It ought to be divided into many parties, we could almost say the more the better, provided every one be faithful to the Constitution and laws. Were the population to consist principally of two, it would be almost impossible for the equipoise to be maintained between them; the one would frequently be powerless and passive, and the other would as frequently be without any effectual stimulant, check, and balance. The fewer parties we have, the greater is the danger that one of them will obtain mischievous preponderance. Every one knows that when a party comprehends the great majority of a people, has its passions inflamed by conflict and victory, and is irresistible, it will resort to the wildest measures of outrage and tyranny, even though the consequences ultimately fall on itself.

If we dissect the form of society in England, the operation throws a flood of light upon the secret of our liberty. In no other country in the world does it possess a frame so strong and so perfect. Every inch, from its prodigious base to its towering and splendid apex, displays the most solid materials and the most finished symmetry—the most accurate proportions of stone, cement, wood, iron, and gold—everything save flaw and defect—nearly everything that can render a fabric everlasting. In most other countries, society presents scarcely anything but a void between an ignorant labouring population, and a needy and profligate nobility; its parts have but little connexion, are disproportionate, and cannot balance and bind each other; but with us the space between the ploughman and the peer, is crammed with circle after circle, fitted in the most admirable manner for sitting upon each other, for connecting the former with the latter, and for rendering the whole perfect in cohesion, strength, and beauty.

This multiplicity of classes has its natural attendant, a multiplicity of interests. We have a mighty shipping interest, a mighty mercantile interest, a mighty trading interest, a

mighty manufacturing interest, a mighty moneyed interest, and a mighty agricultural interest. Most other nations have only two of these interests, which are disproportionate to, and cannot counterpoise, each other.

To render the form of society still more perfect among us, it is in addition composed of an infinity of distinct political and religious parties.

The consequences are, that while every class, interest, and party, are powerful for good, they are impotent for mischief; each throughout the whole is effectually controlled and bound to the proper line by its fellows. If the lower orders be turbulent and rebellious, the rich are so numerous and powerful, that they can generally keep them in order by moral weight and influence alone. Were the nobility to be animated with the worst views, it could accomplish nothing against the rest of the community. The rich are divided into numberless unmixable classes, and the vast majority would always oppose any portion of them that might seek unjust aggrandisement. Every class, interest, and party, is without preponderance, and the hope of obtaining it. The nobility, the country gentlemen, the clergy, the agricultural, manufacturing, and other interests, the labouring classes, the thick and thin Tories, the thick and thin Whigs, the Saints, the Methodists, the Calvinists, &c. &c., are each more or less mighty in their sphere for obtaining their due, and for purposes of general defence, but they are impotent for offensive objects of their own. The Tories are by far the most powerful party in the land, and yet they are but a regiment to an army, when weighed against the rest of the community.

While this is the case, society among us is profusely supplied with ministers of religion, who teach a religion of feeling as well as form—of conduct as well as opinion. Public morals are therefore in an excellent state in every class, conscience operates powerfully; in many of our parties turpitude is punished by the party without the aid of law; and men cannot publicly offend against integrity and good principles, without being gibbeted by public opinion.

This multiplicity of classes, interests, and parties, and this flourishing

state of public morals, constitute, we think, a main source of our liberty and happiness. When we say this, we, however, admit, that other things aid them most essentially in producing both. They tend powerfully to give us the liberty of the immortal Burke: "*That state of things in which the liberty of no man, and no body of men, is in a condition to trespass on the liberty of any person, or any description of persons, in society.*" This, and this alone, constitutes liberty. If ever, by any moral earthquake, any one of our parties be enabled to preponderate over all the rest, and public morals be in a great degree destroyed, we may then, in spite of our laws and constitution, bid adieu to our freedom. The struggles of the minority, and the passions, interests, and lawlessness of the majority, will combine, without anything to oppose them, to plunge us into the worst kind of slavery—that of a faction. We are free, not merely because the power of the sovereign is limited, but because the power of party and faction is limited likewise.

While we admit that the constitution has largely contributed to give us this state of things, we think it is preposterous to ascribe it altogether to the Constitution. We owe much of it to our geographical situation, much to our personal disposition, much to our valour, much to our wisdom, and much to our good fortune. Our foreign possessions and trade, which the Constitution did not give us, formed, and now maintain, very many of our classes and interests. Our transmarine territories, which the Constitution did not give us, have contributed greatly to fill the country with men of fortune, and to give to the wealthy classes their numbers and power. Our country cannot be otherwise than immensely rich. We labour for a vast portion of other nations, and we monopolize a large part of the revenues of the world. The proprietors of our gigantic mass of colonies, dwell and spend their fortunes here; the numberless fortunes which are daily gleaned in these colonies, are brought here to be enjoyed, and we not only receive the rent of our own soil, but the rents of foreign estates, which, in point of extent, reduce our island to a speck, continually stream into our lap. Our people of large and moderate fortune are, of

course, almost as numerous as the poor; and a mass of wealthy, independent, intelligent bodies, connect the lower orders with the nobility, render both almost powerless for evil, and bind both to the due line of conduct.

So long as society was in this country what it *now is* in most of the continental nations—composed principally of the nobility and the lower orders, having no variety of interests of nearly equal weight, being almost wholly undivided in respect of religious and political parties, and possessing but a small part of the flood of foreign wealth, which now incessantly rolls into our coffers—so long our Constitution was rather a source of oppression than of liberty. The machine existed, but not the hands to give it proper operation. It was only when society among us assumed its present shape and *animus*, that the Constitution was put into due motion, that many of our best laws were made, that public opinion obtained circulation and power, that the community was enabled in a considerable degree to govern itself, and thus to deprive with safety the government of a large portion of its authority.

It was not the Constitution that planted in this country the Protestant religion, that divided the followers of this religion into such a number of bodies, and that prescribed to the Dissenters their severe discipline in respect of morality. Public morals, to a large extent, are indebted for nothing to the Constitution and laws, save neutrality. The Constitution existed for centuries before a seat in Parliament was an object of much ambition, before a sufficient number of proper candidates could be found, and before our variety of political parties was known. If the candidates for seats in Parliament were not so numerous, rich, intelligent, and well-principled as they are, we fear the House of Commons would produce as many evils as benefits. The history of the House, at any rate, justifies this apprehension.

In saying this, we wish not to detract from the Constitution; we think it the best that the world ever saw, or ever will see. We wish merely to point out the distinction between the *machine*, and the *power that gives it due motion*, in order that while the one is guarded, the other may not be abandoned to destruction, and that the silly

fools may be silenced, who imagine that wherever a constitution is set up, general liberty must be its fruit.

While we readily admit that it would be possible to set up a constitution in any of the continental nations, we believe, from what we have advanced, that it would yield worse consequences than their present absolute governments in many of them. In very many of these nations we can find scarcely any of the great primary causes which give to our Constitution its value; but, on the contrary, we find many things that, if they existed here, would frequently render it useless, and not seldom highly mischievous. We are, however, qualifying these nations for the attainment of liberty as rapidly as we can. We are revealing to them our secrets of trade, giving them our best workmen, enabling them to obtain our machinery, admitting them into our monopolies, giving them our manufactures and commerce, sinking ourselves to their level, and attacking with all our might the bonds that unite us to our foreign possessions to serve them. If this do not in due time make them, not merely our equals, but our superiors—if it do not transfer to them a large portion of what we at present possess—if it do not make them whatever it may make ourselves, rich and great, and then free—what can? The generosity of all this, old as the world is, is unquestionably without example, but the wisdom of it is another matter. If our system have made us so wealthy, great, and glorious, we may surely be pardoned if we think that, by the laws of nature, an opposite one will make us the contrary.

So vitally connected as public morals are with general liberty, we are compelled to think that the Dissenters, by contributing so greatly to the former, contribute very essentially to the political interests of the nation. They provide a vast additional number of religious teachers and places of worship, their discipline jealously watches the moral conduct of every member, and punishes the most trifling irregularities of life, and they operate principally among the lower classes, over which the regular clergy have the least influence.

A monopoly over the consciences of a whole nation, can scarcely fail of establishing ecclesiastical tyranny. This

makes almost as wide inroads on individual rights and liberty as civil tyranny, and it almost inevitably leads to it. A clergy has its worldly interests as well as its spiritual duties; it is but a body of men, and, like all other bodies of men, it will ever strive to aggrandize itself to the utmost, and to render its authority as great as possible. To insure success, it will even lay the greatest number of fetters upon its followers practicable. Ecclesiastical tyranny and civil liberty are natural enemies, and the former is never secure until it renders—which it generally easily can do—the government despotic. Those who control the conscience can commonly guide the actions; religious influence and authority can generally be converted into political influence and authority at pleasure. The zealous churchmen, the Catholics, the Methodists, Calvinists, Unitarians, &c., almost to a man follow their ministers in politics. In truth, every religious creed links itself to a political one, and the adoption of the one is almost constantly the adoption of the other. The mass of men think but little even of interest when they are inflamed with party zeal, and led to believe that their escape from perdition depends on their obedience to their religious teachers. At this moment the great body of the Catholic laity in Ireland is, in submission to its church, fighting in the maddest manner against its own highest interests.

If, therefore, a clergy possess exclusive control over a nation's conscience, it will possess overwhelming political influence in that nation; its favour will be the first object of courtship in the eyes of the civil ruler; it will be enabled to dictate to him in matters relating to its own interest; its command will be, establish despotism, and the command will be too palatable to be obeyed with anything but alacrity. Such a clergy will in reality possess the actual sovereignty, and it must render the civil ruler a despot, to be a despot itself. The continental governments were at one time almost all of them of a limited form. The Popish Church obtained a monopoly in matters of religion, it then established ecclesiastical tyranny, it then obtained the chief portion of political

power, and it then rendered the governments despotic. These things, we think, followed each other as matters of course, and we doubt that the governments could have regained lasting arbitrary power, after being once deprived of it, by any other means.

Every religious creed, as we have said, links itself to a political one. The ministers of each of our sects go in a body with their followers to one or another of our political parties, but they do not divide themselves between two. The regular clergy have powerful inducements to divide themselves between the Whigs and the Tories; but still, though many of them support the former, as a body they support the latter. With regard to their flocks, almost every zealous churchman, particularly in the classes below the upper ones, is a Tory. A body of religious teachers has generally a sufficiency of distinct political interests of its own, to render it reasonably unanimous in politics; and, in addition, religious unanimity, and the party bonds and spirit of a religious society, can scarcely fail of producing political unanimity. We therefore think, that if the Dissenters did not exist, and the regular clergy possessed a virtual monopoly, one of our parties would preponderate over the rest of the community, and put our liberties, to say the least, in imminent danger. It matters not though this might be the Tories, for parties are governed by anything rather than their principles, when they are flushed with conquest, and irresistible. We believe the clergy to be as admirable a body as could be formed; but still they are but men; and we therefore think they would use monopoly as it has hitherto been always used by a clergy. As we think that society could not be sufficiently divided into manageable bodies, and that dangerous preponderance could not be kept from one or another of them without the Dissenters, we of course think that on these points the Dissenters render most important political benefits to the nation.

It is said, that the Dissenters regularly range themselves with the Whigs; but this is not the fact. Our dissenting population consists chiefly of the different kinds of Calvinists,* and the Unitarians on the one hand, and the

* Whenever we use this term, we must be understood to mean only such of our Dissenters as profess the tenets of Calvinism.

Methodists on the other. These are fiercely opposed in religion, and perhaps this is one cause why they are opposed in politics. The former are Whigs, the latter are moderate Tories; and the Methodists are a sufficient counterpoise, in weight and numbers, to the other sects. If we could divide the Dissenters between our political parties at our pleasure, we would alter nothing. The Whigs should have half of them, but they should have the half that consists of a number of distinct bodies. The Opposition must be powerful to be beneficial; but, irresponsible and lawless as it is, it ought not on any account to be composed solely of one compact body, animated only by personal interest or political zeal. It should consist of many bodies, and not a few of them should be perfectly independent of it, should be without any desire for political aggrandizement, and should have a manifest interest in abandoning it, whenever its conduct might militate against the public good. It is of the first importance that the Opposition Members should be, as far as possible, elected by conscientious men, by religious men, by men having neither interests nor propensities to lead them to abuse the elective franchise. It is likewise necessary that the Opposition and its followers should be plentifully supplied with religious teachers, holding its political opinions. In other states, where the clergy have a monopoly, the party opposed to the government is composed chiefly of deists. The clergy support the government, and therefore they are hated as political enemies, and deserted by those who oppose it. There are no other religious bodies for the latter to court or to attach themselves to, and they almost naturally become infidels. An Opposition that stands upon deism, may be powerful for a moment, but it will only be a public plague, and it will then vanish into air, or dwindle into a despicable shadow. It is indispensable for the preservation of public morals, that the two grand parties which our smaller ones form, the one as well as the other, should have a direct personal party interest in the maintenance of religion.

We are well aware that it is possible for the dissenting preachers to propagate the most pernicious doctrines from the pulpit—that it is possible for

them to produce such a combination of religious and political fanaticism as would have the most fearful consequences; but their own interest, and the moral checks with which they are surrounded, render it highly improbable that they should do this. Almost all the more valuable parts of our system are as well able to destroy it as the Dissenters. The House of Commons could ruin us, and yet we must have it. The Opposition, for some years before the last session, was little better than a public curse, and yet no one will say that it ought to be put down. Every valuable thing that we possess, produces minor evils with its benefits. The sun scorches us, the rain drenches us; but what do they not do beside? Despotism is a plant so hardy as to require but little care, and to be almost indestructible; but Freedom is a tender, fragile exotic, which must have a mixture of almost every kind of compost to nourish it, and which can only be kept alive by culture equally skilful, costly, and hazardous. What we have said will, we think, only apply to a populous nation. If a population be small, it can rarely be divided into more than two parties; these will push party spirit to a pernicious height, and the one will generally be the tyrant of the other. It is especially inapplicable to our West India colonies. When the inhabitants of an island amount only to a few thousands, and have but little to divide them in politics, they ought to be, if possible, preserved from religious divisions. It is, in our judgment, greatly to be lamented, that the dissenting missionaries have entered the West India islands. The masters will cleave to the Church, the slaves will cleave to the Dissenters; the distinctions of rank and colour will be rendered more striking by the distinctions of religion, and the animosity which now rages will be reinforced by religious animosity, while religious unanimity would have softened the bad feelings on both sides, and contributed powerfully to produce that state of things in which only it will be possible to abolish slavery.

Having said so much in favour of the Dissenters, we must now say, that we are not among those who place all religions on an equality, and who seem to think that all bear alike upon government and public good. Putting

our church out of sight, our other religious bodies may be divided into three classes: One labours merely for proselytes, and entertains no wish for the overthrow of the Church; another, without professing to covet the Church's possessions, holds that no national church should exist; and a third labours to destroy the Church and to seize its possessions. The two first profess warm attachment for civil and religious liberty; the last insists upon monopoly, wars against popular liberties, and allies itself with despotism. It is impossible even for the mere politician to place these on an equality; he must regard the first with favour, the second with jealousy, and the last with hostility. What we have said in favour of the dissenting bodies, must be understood to apply to such of them *ONLY* as hold no religious principles hostile to Christianity, and no political ones hostile to the Constitution.

Our limitation necessarily excludes the Catholics. As it is understood that a mighty effort will be made in the approaching session to give to this body political power, we will state more fully the reasons which will not suffer us to number it with the beneficial dissenting bodies.

Every religious body, as we have already said, has its political, as well as its religious creed; and it clings about as unanimously and tenaciously to the one, as to the other. This is more especially the case with the Dissenters, from their being so highly organized as bodies, from their having so many enemies, and from their being, unlike the Church, almost the only guardians of their own interests. In giving power, therefore, to any religious body, its political creed must be as strictly scrutinized as its religious one. We must look for this creed not among a few moderate members of the body, but among the leaders and the vast mass of the followers; and we must, moreover, seek it, not in professions, but in general conduct.

The Catholic Church on the Continent is at this very moment, not in one country, but in almost every country, taking the most decided part in politics, and is zealously labouring not only to put down deism and democracy, but to preserve monopoly to itself, and absolute power to the civil ruler. This Church is the most bitter and active enemy that liberty, civil and re-

ligious, has in the world. This is not matter of conjecture or dispute: the proofs are overwhelming, and they are before every one. That the overwhelming mass of the laity follows the clergy, is equally beyond controversy.

To this Church the Catholics of these realms belong; with its head they are in constant communication, and to this head they give supremacy. The Catholic Church in Ireland is, we believe, called among the Catholics, the Irish mission; that is, it stands in much the same relation to the Church of Rome as the Methodist mission in Demerara stands in to the parent and controlling society in England. The new Pope has proved himself to be a furious bigot, and to be bent upon maintaining the worst pretensions of the Catholic Church, to the utmost of his ability.

If there were nothing whatever to quarrel with in the conduct of the Irish Catholics, this alone would be sufficient to cover them with jealousy—this alone could be sufficient to render the removal of the disabilities a matter of most doubtful policy. But, alas! their conduct will warrant anything rather than the belief that they disagree with their foreign brethren—with their Head, in political creed. While they clamour so loudly for what they call liberty for themselves, they cast from them with disdain the liberty of the press, the liberty of discussion, the liberty of opinion, and almost the whole of popular liberty. To protect and extend the bondage which the Clergy have established, the Laity would gladly overthrow our free constitution. At this very time the heads of the Laity, men who are rich, well educated, and who move in the best society, are investing the clergy with the attributes of God, resisting the distribution of the Scriptures, and straining every nerve to protect their more humble brethren from the inroads of just knowledge and real liberty. Although the Irish Catholics held themselves to be so much oppressed, and professed so much animosity towards the government, they would not support the Radicals, or the Queen, anxiously courted as they were by both; and they never would join our popular parties in any struggle, however just, in favour of popular rights and privileges. It matters not who fights for

them, it matters not who attacks their enemies, they are always a distinct party, looking with almost equal dislike upon all others. The Catholic Association eternally speaks of liberty; it is composed of demagogues of the first order, and yet it never can take up a single Whig or radical object that does not relate to its own particular benefit, while its first care is, to uphold ecclesiastical tyranny, and to restrain its poorer followers from the exercise of the greater portion of their political rights.

All this is perfectly natural. It would be just as wise to expect the Independents of Demerara to be Tories, when their governing brethren in England are Whigs, as to expect the Catholics of Ireland to be friendly to liberty, when the Catholics of Spain, Italy, &c. are the decided champions of despotism. The political creed must ever go hand in hand with the religious one, inseparably connected with it as it is.

The Catholics call themselves the friends of the constitution; but this is a small matter, when we remember that the Radicals assumed the same name. The principles of the former, say what they will, bring them into direct conflict with the constitution. The Pope, but a moment since, publicly prohibited the general circulation of the Bible. When the clergy prohibit their flocks from reading almost everything that the press circulates, and from entering a Protestant place of worship, can they be the friends of that constitution which establishes the freedom of the press, and religious liberty? When the Catholics pronounce the Protestant religion to be a false one—claim the whole of the possessions of our Church as a right—and demand a portion of them immediately—can they be the friends of that constitution, which makes the Protestant religion the religion of the state, and which gives to this religion the whole of the ecclesiastical wealth and dignities of the nation? If they had power to do it, will any man say that they would not destroy the liberty of the press, and religious freedom, and appropriate to themselves the whole that our Church possesses? The man who would say this would likewise say, that, because he hated beef, he loved oxen. A man must be the enemy of the constitution, who is the enemy of what it has established, and of what it

produces. The demand of the Catholics for a portion of the possessions of the Church, is as direct an attack upon the Constitution, as the demand of the Radicals for universal suffrage and annual Parliaments. They may, no doubt, act conscientiously, but nevertheless their conduct and objects lead to political revolution.

Our Protestant sects were born after the establishment of religious and civil liberty; to these they mainly owed their birth, and they framed their respective creeds on the principle of maintaining both. Their existence would be endangered by the loss of either. They never lost anything by the Established Church, and they do not profess to desire anything that it possesses save its congregations. If they ask for political equality, they ask nothing else; and it is not very probable that, weak as they singly are, they would be able to obtain anything else if they received it. They are in the main more or less friendly to the general products of the constitution. But the Catholics were trampled in the dust by civil and religious liberty, and they can only hope to rise again by the injury of both. They possessed all that our Church now possesses, and they are most anxious to regain it. Political equality is but a small portion of what they now openly seek, and it is evident that they wish for this to enable them to obtain their other objects. They are the enemies, from both conscience and party interest, of many of the best fruits of the Constitution.

The foreign brethren of our Protestant sects are all zealously ranged on the side of civil and religious liberty; the foreign brethren of the Catholics, including their Head, are all zealously ranged on the side of religious tyranny, and nearly all on the side of civil despotism.

Our Protestant sects are influenced by no foreign head, and they can change their creed at their own pleasure; but the Catholics have a foreign leader, to whose principles they must conform. Catholicism must of necessity be always in sentiment, as far as practicable, the same in England and Ireland as on the Continent. It is idle to say, that the Pope has no other than spiritual authority in these realms. He who is the religious Head of a large portion of the people, must always possess prodigious political influence

in the nation, particularly if his followers have an equality of political power. Does the King derive no political power from his being the Head of the Church? Do the regular clergy draw no political power from their office? Do not the heads of the Methodists, the Calvinists, &c. possess what is tantamount to great political power? The Government, at this moment, seeks to put the Bible into the hands of the Irish Catholics; the Pope forbids it; and which will the Catholics obey? The Government permits them to read what they please, and to enter any place of worship whatever; the Pope prohibits it, under heavy penalties. The Government is endeavouring to establish in Ireland a system of general education, and the Catholics are in consequence travelling to Rome for instructions. If the Pope cannot sue in our civil courts, he can yet inflict, at his pleasure, tremendous punishments. One part of his late letter was fiercely levelled against our Constitution, and some of our best possessions. If this do not vitally affect our political interests, nothing whatever can affect them. A Catholic may declare, that the Pope shall not influence him in politics—a zealous Churchman may declare, that his clergy shall not influence his political opinions—a Methodist may declare, that he will not be guided in political matters by his preachers—and who will believe any of them? Let the minister say, that the political matter is likewise a religious one, and then whom will his flock follow in politics? Party feelings, and party interests, will always be sufficient to carry the Catholics, as they would any other body, after their Head, without compulsion. The Pope has most admirable means for taking our Catholics along with him in political matters. The heads of their clergy are in a great degree his creatures; the inferior clergy can be deprived of bread at pleasure by, and therefore they are in a great degree the creatures of, these heads; and the laity, as every one knows, are little better than the slaves of the general clergy.

If the Continental governments should use the Pope and the Catholic clergy generally, as their chief instruments in accomplishing any political projects, would our Catholics be inaccessible to their influence?

The Protestant sects are almost altogether confined to the lower and the

middling classes; they have few followers among the rich commoners, and none among the nobility. They have very few men among them who would accept a seat in Parliament, and they can scarcely return one member for each body. But the Catholics pervade every class; they have powerful nobles, and rich and ambitious country gentlemen. Men anxious to get into Parliament abound among them; and if they returned members in proportion to their numbers, they would return little short of two hundred. Their Parliamentary influence would not be confined to Ireland,—it would speedily become great in this country.

Putting the Catholics out of sight, our sects and other bodies are each contemptible when weighed against the rest. We doubt if the most numerous of the sects reaches half a million, and if the whole exceed two millions, in number. Do the zealous Churchmen—those who would contend as warmly for the Church, as the Catholic for his place of worship—amount in the three kingdoms to four millions, reckoning the Established Churches of England and Scotland as one? Do the thick-and-thin Whigs exceed a million of families? Do the thick-and-thin Tories exceed two millions of families? A large portion of our population frequents both church and chapel, without having any decided preference for, or being controlled by, either; and a large portion, we regret to say, seldom sees a place of worship. A vast portion of us professes to be independent between the Whigs and the Tories, and a vast portion knows nothing of either.

The Catholics amount to six or seven millions—to one-third of our whole population. Putting the neutrals out of sight, they nearly equal the aggregate of the whole of our other sects and parties.

The most powerful of our Protestant and political bodies are almost wholly without discipline. The Church does not know its lay-members, and it has practically no control over them. A large portion of both Whigs and Tories are free from bonds and restrictions, and act altogether from choice.

The discipline of the Catholics is of the most comprehensive and perfect description. They are indissolubly knit together by party-spirit; and they are as effectually under the command of their heads, as pains and penalties, and

every variety of means resorted to for controlling mankind, can place them. On this point, the whole of our bodies, religious and political, fall far below them.

Some of our Protestant sects go with the Whigs, and others with the Tories. This is much the same in effect, as though each body was pretty fairly divided between the two parties. But the Catholics would form a tremendous distinct political party. The former make it a matter of sin to join in political broils that are merely of a party nature; but the latter, clergy as well as laity, have always been notorious for the love of political intrigue, and the thirst of political power. Our Protestant sects are comparatively enlightened, and they are actuated by no dangerous share of party-spirit; but the vast mass of the Catholics are men barbarous, fiery, incapable of calculation, the slaves of demagogues, and infuriated with party-spirit political as well as religious. The great body of the former could hardly be drawn into very dangerous conduct by their leaders; but the great body of the latter could be led to anything. The sects, in any struggle for aggrandisement, could receive but little assistance from abroad; but the Catholics, in their contests for supremacy, would be assisted to the utmost by nearly the whole Continent—by the governments as well as the people.

The Established Church, as a political body, is effectually under the control of the general government; but the Catholic Church, as a political body, is in effect controlled by nothing within these realms.

If the Catholics be not now very numerous in England, the removal of the disabilities would speedily render them so. They have at present no very strong inducements for fixing themselves among us, and still we think their numbers must be very much on the increase from the continual influx of Irish labourers. But the case would be wholly different were they admitted to an equality of political privileges. They would then have every possible inducement for strengthening themselves as a party in England, and they would possess ample means for doing it. The English Catholics are, many of them, rich, they would have great patronage and influence, and they would have the population of Ireland

to draw adherents from. A large number of public trusts would be at once filled with Catholics, who would plant their brethren as thickly around them as possible. The wealthy Catholics of Ireland would be irresistibly tempted to fix themselves where they could combat the most advantageously and profit the most, and nothing could prevent the body from becoming exceedingly numerous and powerful in England. Do not the Whigs constantly strain every nerve to render their body as numerous as possible? Do they not regularly expel every tenant and servant who will not vote as they wish, and fill the vacancies with persons of their own persuasion? Do not the Tories do the same? Are not the Methodists, the Calvinists, &c. eternally endeavouring to add to their numbers? And is there any man so besotted as to suppose that all this would not be done by the Catholics?

From what we have said, we believe that if the disabilities were removed, the following would be some of the consequences.

The Catholics would form a mighty distinct political party. They would never act with the Whigs, much less with the Radicals, except for objects of their own. With this exception, their weight, whenever it should go with our existing parties, would go with the Tories. Whiggism is abhorrent to the Catholic religion, and we do not know anything that the Catholics would be more hostile to than a Whig ministry—a ministry made up of puff of civil and religious liberty, and abuse of the tyranny of a priesthood. The accession of the Catholics to political power would be the exclusion from office of the Whigs for ever.

While this would be the case, the Catholics, in everything relating to the humbling of the Established Church, and the abolition of the checks on the Dissenters—in the chief things that militated against Catholic omnipotence—would be zealously supported by the Whigs and Radicals, and would be thus rendered irresistible.

The Catholics would hold but few opinions in common with the Tories. They would, with the latter, fight against Whiggism, Radicalism, and Liberalism—they would set their faces against deism and democracy; but beyond this the two parties would travel little together. That which is the

grand object of all parties, would be the grand object of the Catholics—party aggrandisement and supremacy. They would do what the members of the Established Church and both Whigs and Tories would most assuredly do in their circumstances—labour most assiduously to make their Church the national one, and themselves the ruling party.

The Catholics would immediately obtain a large portion of office. The members of Parliament whom they would elect, would displace an equal number of Whigs, Tories, or Independents, and they would be at once one of the most powerful of the parties that compose the House of Commons. If they voted with the Opposition, they would overturn the Ministry; they would not support the latter except on the usual terms, and to these terms the Ministers would, no doubt, gladly accede. Thus, while our Protestant sects can scarcely get a single member into the House, or obtain a fragment of office, the Catholics in the first moment would obtain a large share in the legislature, the executive, the magistracy, and almost every description of public trusts. They would become a leading portion of the general government. We should, of course, have a Ministry disunited, torn, by intestine feuds, or none.

All the arts that parties employ for their own benefit would be, of course, resorted to by the Catholics. They could not profit by the liberty of the press; it would be almost certain to do them great injury, and this would combine with their general principles in making them its enemies. While the press is the best friend of the Protestant religion, it is the worst enemy of the Catholic one. The Whigs canted for an age of their affection for the press, and then two years ago, when they found they were suffering from it, they made upon it the most scandalous attacks. The reformers in Scotland never laid down their arms until they stripped the Catholics of everything—the reformers in England acted in the same manner; if the members of our Church were in the circumstances of the Catholics, they would leave nothing undone to gain the Royal Family and the heads of parties to their religion, and to obtain the possessions of the Church—and is there anything in the history or principles of the Ca-

tholics to lead us to suppose that they would act differently? Assuredly not. They would strain every nerve to make a convert of the King, and to obtain the whole, or a part, of the property of the Church—they would do this, not more to benefit their religion, than to strengthen themselves as a party. Their Church would be their grand bond of union, and their main weapon of war, and they would protect the system of their clergy to the utmost: they would consequently make war constantly upon particular liberties. In proportion as the people might be ignorant and superstitious, in the same proportion they would be enabled to retain their followers and to gain more.

The whole weight of the Catholics would be thrown into the scale on the side of arbitrary measures; and, of course, the whole that the people have gained in late reigns upon the executive, would be immediately lost. A party would be established in every department of the government, that would eternally labour to undermine our civil and religious liberty.

The war which now rages between Protestant and Catholic in Ireland, would immediately commence in England. This war would not, like that between our Church and the Dissenters, relate chiefly to religious doctrines, but it would be as much a political war as that between the Whigs and Tories, and it would combine the extremes of religious and political fanaticism. Many millions would fiercely combat on each side, and the consequences would be most calamitous. Foreign governments would zealously support the Catholics, and they would obtain the most powerful means of interfering in our domestic affairs, and of weakening and distressing us.

If the Catholics obtained the ascendancy, and were disposed to grant what they now everywhere refuse—in the republics of South America, as well as the monarchies of Europe—toleration, nothing could secure their power and preserve the public peace but the placing of the Protestants under the most galling restrictions and disabilities.

Putting the principles of the Catholics wholly out of sight, they are far too numerous as a party for the public weal. If they possessed an equality of power, they would be, to the government and the nation at large, unma-

nageable, and in a great degree uncontrollable as a party. A small increase to their numbers would enable them to preponderate over the rest of the community, to virtually destroy our freedom, and to place us under the tyranny of a faction. If the Unitarians, or the Calvinists, or the Methodists, or the Whigs, &c. &c. amounted to six millions, and pervaded every class of the community, what would become of the Church—what would be the operation of the Constitution—where would be the efficient Opposition—where would be the freedom to the King and nation with regard to the choice of a ministry—and where would be our general liberties? In the difficult circumstances in which we are placed, the only wise policy for us to pursue is, to continue the disabilities, and to labour to break up the population of Ireland into a multitude of weak, manageable, religious and political parties, like that of England. The seeds of such parties already exist in Ireland; let them be encouraged. Strengthen the weak and weaken the strong; swell out the small parties and reduce the large one. When the Catholics are reduced to two or three millions—to the level of our other leading parties—and are as much enlightened as the people of England and Scotland, then remove the disabilities, and let them take their chance in the general struggle.

That there are many excellent well-meaning people among the Catholics we willingly admit, but we cannot take our opinion of the party from their words and conduct. The moderate Whigs do not guide the Whigs as a body—the moderate Tories do not guide the Tories as a body—the moderate Calvinists do not guide the Calvinists as a body, and the moderate Catholics do not guide the Catholics as a body. In divinations, touching the future conduct of the Catholics, we must look at the character of their leaders, and the vast mass of their followers. In party strife, the moderate members of a party are always without influence over the rest, and they are constantly dragged along after the violent ones. A party always prefers its own good to that of the nation. The Whigs, for some years previously to the last one, to promote their party interests, pursued conduct that was

directly calculated to plunge the state into ruin.

In all that we have said, we have been silent touching the past—we have been silent touching matters purely religious—we have spoken only of that which now is, and of things which are either altogether or principally *POLITICAL IN THEIR NATURE*. We have merely assumed that the Catholics are conscientious men with regard to their peculiar creed, and that, as a party, they would act as all our other parties have invariably acted, and still act. Our reasoning may be erroneous, but bitter names bestowed on ourselves will scarcely be sufficient to overthrow it.

Our readers must understand that we have spoken favourably of our Protestant sects, strictly in reference to our whole system. The Opposition is most valuable, but it is only so because we have a Ministry; and the destruction of the Church would, in our judgment, be the annihilation of very many of the benefits which flow from the Dissenters.

The Established Church, for learning both religious and political, for scriptural purity of doctrine, for just and sober opinions, and for mildness of discipline, stands infinitely above all the chapels; and it is almost our only national agent for keeping down religious faction, and preventing religious doctrines and authority from assuming an improper and dangerous character. The Dissenters, in both doctrine and discipline, are almost wholly beyond the control of the law, and their preachers are generally men of little education, of little learning, of no political information, of no knowledge of the world; enthusiasts, and anxious to push their creed and authority to the utmost point. The regular Clergy are themselves under the control of the state, in what they teach and establish, and they indirectly control the sects, in what they teach and establish. The regular Clergy are almost our sole religious teachers who can use the press with any effect; they keep public opinion in a just direction with regard to religious matters; they prevent fanaticism from being mischievous, and they tie up the hands of the dissenting preachers from dangerous conduct. They have had the chief hand in reforming Methodism

and Calvinism ; and they are the chief means of preventing our lower and middling classes from being overrun with fanaticism, bigotry, strife, and religious tyranny ; and our upper ones from forsaking religion altogether.

In spite of the wretched theories of the times, the rich and great, whose temptations to vice are the most powerful, would be almost wholly in effect without religious instruction, if no religious instructors were rich and great. A minister must mix with his hearers out of the pulpit, as well as preach to them in it ; he must be the private friend, as well as the public instructor ; he must be on an equality with them in all the essentials of worldly equality, in order that he may have due influence over them, and that he may not be the parasite and the tool, instead of the guide. When men were equal, it was proper that the clergy should be equal ; but when the former divided themselves into classes, it was proper that the latter should be so divided, to give them admission into, and due influence in, every class ; and moreover to secure them the proper means of acquiring just knowledge.

Proper political, as well as proper religious knowledge and conduct, are of the very highest importance in those who guide the conscience of a nation ; and we do not think that these would either possess the one, or follow the other, if their heads did not mix in the highest society. A large portion of the necessary knowledge and conduct even of a clergyman must be learned from men, and not from books. The Dissenters, with all their zeal and industry, cannot reach the upper circles, and he must know but little of human nature who cannot see that the case would be very different if a portion of their ministers possessed wealth and title—The Heads of our Church move in the best society, they have access to the best sources of intelligence, opinion, and feeling, and this enables them to keep the clergy in the just line of conduct. In truth, they are, in a very great degree, the guides of the Dissenters ; they guide the Church, and by the Church, as we have already said, the Dissenters are to a great extent governed.

If America be quoted upon us, we will answer, that its religious bodies resemble our own, and that they are

in constant communication with, and draw their conduct from, their brethren in this country. That, therefore, which is the virtual guide of our religious bodies, is, in reality, the guide of the religious bodies of America. It is not for us to say how long this will continue, but that it will have an end is sufficiently certain. America as a country is yet but an infant, and he will make but a sorry statesman who shall draw his creed from its history. Another century will establish very different opinions, touching its form of government, from those which now prevail, or we are egregiously mistaken.

We stated at the outset, that the Dissenters were only beneficial so long as they were kept within certain limits, with regard to power and numbers. It will, we trust, be seen from what we have said, that as the Church is under the control of the state, as it forms almost the only instrument by which the state can control the Dissenters, and as its influence over them is wholly moral, it ought to be the preponderating religious body. If the Dissenters predominated, they would practically give law and conduct to, instead of receiving them from the Church ; and we should be convulsed by mischievous religious factions, instead of being instructed by moderate religious parties. The Dissenters would, moreover, obtain a most dangerous share of positive political power. Hitherto they have been too weak to elect members of parliament from among themselves, but they would then be enabled to return a large number of representatives of their own persuasion, and the consequences, we think, would be very calamitous. Methodists, Calvinists, &c. are excellent members of society, but their doctrines render it impossible to mould men into wise, acting statesmen. The conduct of the Scottish Covenanters, of the English Puritans, and of our present dissenting bodies, with regard to slavery in our colonies, abundantly proves that the Dissenters are incapacitated for taking a leading part in guiding the affairs of the nation. If the Dissenters had a powerful party in the House of Commons, this would have the effect of ranging the different bodies on one side in politics out of it, and of filling them with political rancour. Our religious parties would then, instead of acting

the part of moderators to our political ones, push them into every kind of excess ; and religious fanaticism, instead of acting as a check upon political fanaticism, would combine with it to produce every kind of public evil.

That the Dissenters are at present passing the proper limits, seems to us to be undeniable. They have increased prodigiously in late years, they are still increasing ; and of course as they gain numbers and weight, the Church loses both. A few steps more would give preponderance to them, and all the evil consequences of such preponderance to the nation. If they cannot be weakened, they ought at any rate to be prevented from becoming more powerful ; but then, what must be the means ? Laws could not do it, Parliament could not do it, the government could not do it. The Dissenters, in their religious character, are literally lawless, and the time is past for making laws to restrain them, even if such laws could be reconciled with liberty.

We nevertheless think, that we possess ample means for preventing the Dissenters from becoming dangerously powerful. BUILD A SUFFICIENT NUMBER OF NEW CHURCHES—PURGE THE CLERGY OF WORTHLESS AND DISCREDITABLE MEMBERS—PROVIDE EVERY CHURCH THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM WITH A PIOUS, ZEALOUS, ELOQUENT CLERGYMAN—LET DIVINE SERVICE BE PROPERLY PERFORMED, IN VILLAGE AS WELL AS TOWN AND CITY—ATTEND TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CHURCH IN ITS COLLECTIVE CAPACITY, AND THE LEGITIMATE NEEDS AND DESIRES OF CONGREGATIONS, INSTEAD OF THE BENEFIT OF INDIVIDUAL CLERGYMEN.—If this be done, the Church will never be injured by the Dissenters, and it ought to be done if no Dissenters existed. Whatever may be said of doctrines, it is not the difference of doctrine which draws the body of the people to the chapel. Scarcely one in ten of the great mass of Dissenters can point out how they differ in creed from the Church. They mistake superior oratory for superior doctrine ; they think the instruction of the dissenting preacher excellent, because it is emphatically and powerfully delivered, and they fancy the service of the Church to be defective and erroneous, because it is badly performed.

With regard to the building of additional churches, government most wisely directed its attention to this in the first moment of peace, and we trust it will persevere in spite of all opposition. If the people have not churches to go to, they will, of necessity, become Dissenters, and if the churches be not built by the state, they will scarcely be built at all. Those who say that they ought to be erected as the chapels are, know but little of the matter : there are causes which render it almost impossible. The dissenting bodies have generally each a common fund, from which they can take sums in aid of building chapels ; but the Church has no such fund. The Dissenters can make productive collections in all their chapels to assist in building new ones ; but the Church can make no such collections, for its bishops procure hardly anything. Many of the dissenting ministers, those of the Methodists in particular, receive their salaries out of the common fund ; and if a small part of the requisite sum for building a chapel can be raised by subscriptions and collections, the remainder can be borrowed upon it, and the money arising from the letting of the pews is devoted to the payment of the interest and principal ; but the stipend of the clergymen of the new church arises almost wholly from the letting of the pews, consequently no money could be borrowed upon the church, for there would be no revenue for paying either principal or interest. If the Dissenters had to build their chapels wholly by voluntary contributions, they would build but few.

It is a truth too self-evident to be denied, that every part of divine service ought to be properly performed. The prayers ought to be properly read, the psalms ought to be properly sung, and the sermon ought not only to be good as a composition, but it ought to be properly delivered. Shakespeare fills us with disgust from the lips of a bad performer, and our transcendently beautiful liturgy and the best sermon are heard with impatience and pain from the lips of a bad orator. A clergyman who is not a reasonably good orator is not qualified for the pulpit ; he cannot perform in a proper manner the most important of his duties ; he cannot withstand the competition of the Dissenters ; and he cannot avoid

losing that flock which the Church commits to his keeping. Every clergyman who is a bad orator, no matter what his life and learning may be, immediately loses the body of his congregation when the dissenting preacher raises his voice to oppose him; and people will scarcely go to hear him even if he have no competitor.

On this matter we think our church government is exceedingly defective. Our candidates for holy orders are compelled to qualify themselves with regard to learning, doctrine, and character, but not with regard to oratory. One of the main qualifications—that which is necessary to give due effect to all others—is entirely disregarded, and the poorest orator may, without any difficulty, become a clergyman. The natural consequence is that a very large number of our clergy are most wretched readers and preachers. Some have impediments, and cannot be understood; others have no voice, and cannot be heard; and many, who have proper powers, will not exert them. This holds good to a very great extent in the country. In the churches of the metropolis, particularly those of the west end, eloquent preachers are numerous, but the readers are generally miserable ones. How any man can read our service in an idle, lifeless, unemphatic, hurried manner, we cannot conceive, and still we rarely can hear it read differently. This is deeply to be lamented; such a service, if read with due feeling, emphasis, and solemnity, could scarcely fail to rivet the attention, and reach the hearts, of any congregation whatever.

The Dissenters manage these matters differently. With them, no man can be admitted as a regular preacher who has not preached some time previously on trial. They make oratorical ability, as well as proper life and doctrine, a *sine qua non*, and the consequence is, that the worst of their regular preachers would, as an orator, put to shame a very large number of our clergy.

Declamations against “itching ears,” “criticizing,” “schism,” &c. are useless, however just; people, in these days, care not a straw for them. The fact is this—the prejudice which formerly existed among the lower and middling classes against the Dissenters has vanished, or rather, thanks to the

Whigs! it has directed itself against the Church; dissenting ministers and places of worship have become so numerous, that the people almost everywhere can choose between the Church and the Chapel; the people place these on an equality with regard to truth of doctrine, and they prefer the chapel wherever it offers the most attractions to the senses. The population cannot be compelled to attend the Church; it will no longer adhere to it as a matter of duty without reference to the character of the minister; the clergyman and dissenting teacher are placed on equal ground, and involved in active competition; and the best orator will assuredly carry the day. The superior learning and mental ability of the clergyman will not prevail with the mass of mankind against the superior oratory of the dissenting preacher. This is the fact, and it is useless to descant on what it ought to be. The proof may be found in the deserted state of every church in the kingdom, where the clergyman is a bad orator; in truth, every private party will furnish the necessary evidence. The empty ungrammatical nothings of the man of good voice and emphatic delivery are listened to with pleasure, while the correct and beautiful thoughts of the man of bad voice and enunciation are disregarded.

This must be remedied, and it will not be remedied by railing against the Dissenters and those who follow them. Human nature cannot be changed, and we must frame our institutions according to what it is, and not according to what it ought to be. The Dissenters have prevailed chiefly by superior oratory, and superior oratory must be the chief means of resisting and humbling them. Make the clergyman a more animated and eloquent preacher than the dissenting minister, and the latter will have but few hearers. A vast number of those who regularly attend the chapels are not members of them; they do not know the difference of doctrine between the Church and the Dissenters; they have no decided partiality for the latter, and they would be drawn back to the Church immediately by a zealous, eloquent clergyman. Several of the London churches, particularly those of St Pancras and St Mary-le-Bone, where not a single seat can be taken, abundantly prove that the Dis-

senters would not be numerous if our officiating clergy were all reasonably eloquent. It is a matter of necessity to provide the new churches with powerful preachers to insure the letting of the pews, and the consequence is that they are filled as soon as opened.

A remedy might be easily applied. Let the heads of the Church reject all candidates for holy orders who cannot give proofs that they are competent orators. This will prevent all from preparing themselves for the Church who do not possess the requisite powers, and it will incite those who possess such powers to cultivate them. Such a rule would be natural and just; it would stand on that principle which ought to dispose of all public trusts—qualification. It would benefit alike both the Church and the people; and, what is of some consequence, it would be as popular a measure as could be devised. It is of the very highest importance to the state that every clergyman should be properly qualified for the pulpit; and we say once more, that bad oratory is a positive disqualification. A bad orator virtually drives his flock to the chapel, and he thus robs the Church, and makes the Dissenters more powerful. Some of our Bishops are sufficiently scrupulous with regard to doctrine, and surely it is of far more importance to prevent a congregation from being altogether lost to the Church, than to prevent it from being misled in minor points of belief.

We must now say something of our church singing. This important and attractive part of our service is almost totally neglected. In the London churches, even those of the most fashionable parts, we can rarely hear any one sing save the charity-children. This is not only a violation of duty, but it renders that useless which ought to be of essential service to the Church. The Dissenters pay particular attention to singing—we have known chapels pay one hundred per annum to the leaders of their singers—and they profit largely from it. Their singing draws great numbers to the chapel who would otherwise never see it.

We are not here called upon to name the motives which ought to lead people to a place of worship; every one, alas! knows that these motives have no influence over a very large part of man-

kind. The young, thoughtless, gay, pleasure-seeking portion of us, will not seek a place of worship from religious feelings, and, therefore, divine worship should possess every attraction compatible with religion that can captivate human nature. It fortunately happens that the more perfectly divine service is performed, the more attractive it is even to the irreligious. The wicked, as well as the pious, can find a powerful charm in sacred eloquence and music; these cannot produce pleasure of a sinful kind, and they can scarcely produce it at all without creating a certain degree of devotion. Independently of this, it is our duty to our Maker to employ all our eloquence, science, skill, talents,—all the gifts with which he has endowed us,—in worshipping him. Convinced as we are that if the psalms were properly sung in our churches, it would not only be the discharge of a neglected duty, but it would contribute materially to render the congregations more numerous, we trust that some attention will be at length paid to the subject, and that a deficiency, which has been long, loudly, and justly declaimed against, will be removed.

In the new churches a liberal number of free seats are properly provided for the poor, but in the old ones the poor are in a great measure excluded. This ought to be remedied; for, on the ground of convenience, as well as justice, the poor ought to have equal accommodation in all churches. Notwithstanding the new ones that have been built, the vast majority, we might almost say nine-tenths, of the lower orders of London and other large places, are still virtually excluded from the Church. This is the case when the lower orders are precisely that portion of the community which can be the most easily entrapped by the Dissenters, and which the Dissenters can lead to almost any lengths of fanaticism and hostility to the Church and the government. Would it not be wise to purchase, with a part of the money that is voted for the building of new churches, a certain number of pews in the old ones, to be converted into free seats for the poor? A small sum would be sufficient; a very great public benefit would be gained for comparatively nothing.

We are ourselves intimately ac-

quainted with several country villages that contain from one hundred and fifty to three hundred inhabitants, in which no clergyman resides, in which divine service is never performed at the church more than once on the Sabbath, and in which, on every fourth Sunday throughout the year, it is never performed at all. There are, we believe, many villages throughout the country similarly circumstanced, and there are few places in the country in which church service is performed more than once in the week. In these villages the Dissenters have service three times on every Sunday, and perhaps twice in the week beside. What is the consequence? Only half the population of any place, but more especially that of a village, can conveniently attend divine service at the same time, of course half the inhabitants must go to the chapel, or absent themselves from public worship altogether; and on the *blank* Sunday the whole must attend it, or have no divine service at all. The inevitable consequence is, that the inhabitants are in a manner compelled to frequent the chapel; they become familiarized with it; they acquire a partiality for its service, and lose their relish for that of the Church; the dissenting preacher fills them with the belief that the clergy do not preach the gospel; the chapel is crowded, and the Church is deserted. What hastens this consummation is, that, while the chapel has all these mighty advantages over the Church, the clergyman is perhaps the most miserable orator that could offend human ears. We who write are yet comparatively young, and still we can remember the time when these villages contained no Dissenters, and when the inhabitants were violently prejudiced against them. At present, a considerable number of the inhabitants are members of the chapel, the whole attend it, and nearly all are more or less prejudiced against the Church.

If no remedy be applied to this, we are convinced that no long period of time will elapse before the vast mass of our country population will become **either** regular members of the chapel, **or** its decided friends and the enemies of the Church. Such a state of things **ought** not to be if no Dissenters existed; it is in truth a disgrace to a country so rich, great, intelligent, and reli-

gious as our own, for it does not provide half the requisite portion of religious instruction for the people. Divine service should be *twice* performed in every parish, not merely on three Sundays out of the four, but on every Sunday throughout the year, to give the *whole* of the inhabitants an opportunity of attending it; and as every parish has its own separate living, it ought to have its own separate clergyman. If a clergyman have two parishes under his care, and some have three, he cannot reside in both; he cannot preach twice in either, and it is impossible for him to discharge his duty and guard the interests committed to his keeping in the one in which he does not reside. He cannot ingratiate himself with his parishioners, watch over their conduct, visit the sick, and relieve the distressed; and he cannot prevent his flock from being taken from him by the Dissenters.

The evil is not incurable. We conscientiously believe that if the government, on the one hand, would abolish *all pluralities whatever*, and they ought to be *all* abolished, for they are alike injurious and disgraceful to the Church and the State, the people, on the other hand, would readily give the money for at once raising the small livings to the proper standard. The sum necessary could not be very large, for we have no wish to see a country clergyman roll in riches. He ought not, in our judgment, to have less in any case than 150*l.*, nor more than 300*l.* per annum, except in special cases. We have already said, that we wish to see the clergy divided exactly as society is divided, and too much income raises the village clergyman above the class in which he is destined to labour, to the infinite injury of the Church and the country.

We are decided enemies to the performing of duty by deputy in all cases. Our ministers of state, judges, and almost all other public functionaries, are compelled to labour assiduously in their own proper persons for their stipends, and why are not our clergymen? Why are these of all other public servants to be permitted to make a sinecure, so far as regards themselves, of their holy office? We cannot look at the vast political as well as religious importance of the duty of the clergyman, without being convinced that he

ought to be the most active and industrious of all to whom public trusts are confided. Our curate system has been alike injurious and disgraceful to the country. It has rendered the master slothful and negligent, by enabling him to provide himself with a slothful and negligent deputy; it has sunk our officiating clergy to the feelings and need of paupers; it has robbed the poor of that which the Church ought to bestow on them; and it has multiplied the Dissenters in all directions. In almost all other cases, it is the interest of the master to provide the most efficient servant possible; but it is actually the interest of the incumbent to provide the most inefficient curate that he can find. The latter must be got for the lowest possible wages, and he must, on no account, be equal to his employer in eloquence and piety. This employer must, whatever may be the consequence, be the first man whenever he may condescend to appear in his pulpit. The new law is we hear grossly evaded, and it will always be evaded. A clergyman, when his labour is excessive, should be permitted to provide himself, not with a substitute, but with an assistant, and beyond this the curate system should be abolished.

The dissenting preachers are compelled to retire from the pulpit when they are incapacitated by age and infirmities for discharging their duty properly; our ministers of state, judges, &c. are compelled to retire from office when they are similarly incapacitated; and we think there would be neither hardship nor degradation in placing the clergy under the like regulations. The worn-out clergyman might retain for life a portion of the proceeds of his living when the amount would admit of it, and a superannuation fund might supply all he might lack of an adequate income. What we recommend may perhaps be impracticable, but it would not be so if common sense and justice could prevail over prejudice and interest, and if the interests of the people and the church, in its collective capacity, could be as much attended to as those of the clergy.

We wish that the Heads of the Church were somewhat more vigilant in watching the conduct of the inferior clergy. A clergyman is but a man, and like all other men he needs spur-

ring to the discharge of his duty. In the country he has his living for life; if he be a curate, he has no one to please but his employer, who cares nothing about his conduct; provided he perform divine service the requisite number of times, he is independent of his congregation; the press and public opinion cannot reach him, and he is almost wholly without those stimulants to exertion which operate upon almost all other public servants. A clergyman may punctually perform divine service, and still he may perform it in such a manner that it will benefit no one; his life may give the lie to his prayers and sermons, and thus he may do far more injury than service to religion and the church. He may be reasonably efficient in the pulpit, and he may lead a moral life; and still he may neglect the visiting of the sick, the relieving of the distressed, and those other smaller duties the fulfilment of which is of such essential importance. When this is the case, the Heads of the Church ought to watch the conduct of the officiating clergy with sleepless anxiety. Wide as the difference is between positive offences and the neglect of duty, the latter ought not on any account to be tolerated.

With regard to amusements, far be it from us to say that a clergyman should have none, but still he ought to shun many that may be permitted to the laity. The world assigns different conduct to different men, and its regulations cannot be violated with impunity. We should look with scorn upon a secretary of state who should be the leading dancer at a ball, who should regularly associate with fox-hunters, and who should be a constant loungee at the opera. We should do this, because we should think that such conduct was utterly inconsistent with the dignity and duties of his official station, and that the mind which could devote itself to such pleasures could not be such as the statesman ought to possess. On this principle, public feeling forbids many amusements to the clergy, which are perhaps in themselves innocent; and it is perfectly justified in so doing. The mixing in scenes of levity, jollity, and dissipation, must inevitably unfit the clergyman for the performance of his solemn, sacred, and important duties.

There are several other points which are nearly as important as those on which we have briefly touched, but we must reluctantly leave them unnoticed. We will say one word to the laity. If those who so zealously cry up the Establishment and declaim against the Dissenters, would, with their servants and dependents, regularly attend the Church, they would render it essential service, and we fear, that on this head, many of them are very culpable. Why do our Church of England Nobility, and our Church of England Ministers of State, give their "*grand dinners*," and other entertainments, on the Sabbath? The servants of these people are compelled to labour more industriously on the Sunday than on any other day of the week; and as to their attending a place of worship, it is out of the question. What Sunday buying and selling does not this produce; and where is the limit to its operation in the way of example? Why do not our Prelates do their duty against this monstrous and scandalous evil? We do not say this from puritanism. We are commanded to say it by the Bible, the Church of England, and the political interests of the nation. Public morals form the root and life-blood of our constitution and liberty; and whatever militates against the former, militates in an equal degree against the latter. Sunday-labour deprives our lower orders of the best of their few enjoyments, and it strikes at the foundation of one of the most beneficial regulations of society.

If we have said sufficient to offend all parties, the testimony of our conscience will prevent it from giving us much uneasiness. If the admission of the Catholics to power produced mighty public evils, these would ultimately

fall on the Catholic as well as the Protestant. If the Dissenters obtained the preponderance, this would at last be destructive to their own interests as religious bodies. We are laymen, but there is not a clergyman in the Establishment who is more zealously attached to the Church of England than ourselves. We believe that it has the strongest claims upon our love for both past and present benefits, and we are convinced that it is a vital part of our system, and that its destruction would be the destruction of the whole. We wish not only to see it exist, but to see it powerful and triumphant—the sun of our religious system, giving light to, and guiding the chapel-planets, and pouring the blaze of religious truth upon the people at large, both directly and by reflection. There is, however, no royal road to success of any kind; and the Church can only live, conquer, and flourish, by following the hackneyed rules which must guide the private individual. It must oppose effort to effort, and qualification to qualification; it must renew what has been destroyed, supply what is deficient, and adapt its offensive and defensive means to the altered shape and condition of society. Of the clergy we think very highly in very many particulars. There are, perhaps, too many worthless characters among them; but, as a body, they cannot be excelled for purity of doctrine and blamelessness of conduct; many of them, particularly of the country portion, might, however, be rendered more efficient in their spiritual character. To the serious consideration of all whom it may concern, we now leave what we have written.

Y. Y. Y.

AMERICAN WRITERS.

No. II.

Two or three omissions, and one or two alphabetical irregularities (hardly to be avoided, in the first concoction of an index, without assistance,) have been discovered—by ourselves—in two or three of our late papers, concerning the affairs of NORTH AMERICA.—(Our justification is—for we never make an apology—that we write altogether from recollection, without a book of any kind; a note, or a hint, of any name, or nature, to freshen our memories with. Books, indeed, except as a reference for dates, words, and figures, three things which we carefully avoid, wherever they *can* be avoided, with decency—believing, on our oaths, that there is nothing so insupportable, in *this* world, as unnecessary precision—books, indeed, would be out of the question; for, we profess to supply that, which cannot be found in any book or books, whatever. And as for notes and memoranda, about matters and things in general, we are of those, who take them, as they do perceptions of beauty—sound and colour—flavour and hue—*only* upon the invisible tablets of the heart and mind; *only* into the *lighted* chambers of both.—We use no *camera obscura*; make no drawings—no sketches—blot no paper with hints, every one of which, over a sea-coal fire, or *in* it, as the case may be (*that* generally depending upon another question—as whether it be in print or in manuscript; the property of the author or the purchaser, &c.)—at some future period may become the nucleus of a chapter—perchance, of a volume.—We like to carry our young till they are fully grown, where nature intended them to be carried—not in memorandum-books, cotton, raw-silk, or hand-baskets—within us, not without—in our hearts, not in our hands:—and would be delivered of them, if not precisely as Jove was, of his, in panoply complete—at least, not before their teeth and claws are grown, so that they can take care of themselves. A short season of gestation is had enough—but whelping in a hurry is the devil—one full-grown cub of the lion (as we have well nigh said before) will outlive a litter of lap dogs.

We make no apologies, as we *have*

said before; but—we do what is better, we make atonement; correct our irregularities, and supply our omissions, just so fast as they become obvious to ourselves—but no faster.

We shall do it, on this occasion (after a few minutes,) because we pique ourselves, not a little, upon our scrupulous impartiality, truth, exactness, and plain dealing, in our treatment of whatever concerns the United States of North America:—a country, about which, all circumstances considered, there would seem to be not only a lamentable mis-apprehension, but a lamentable ignorance, in quarters, where one might look for better things; for positive and exact information,—instead of rignaroll (serious or profane)—for manly and severe criticism, instead of loose rambling, and superfluous recrimination:—among those who are extravagantly partial to whatever is American, chiefly because it is *not* English—and partly, because it *is* American; and among those, who are as decidedly partial to whatever is English—chiefly because it *is* English, and partly, because it is *not* American.—Many laughable, some serious, some provoking, and some extraordinary errors, concerning one another, *do* prevail, at this hour, among both of these great parties—on both sides of the Atlantic:—errors, which, if they be not speedily seen to, with a strong hand, or a sharp knife, will sow their own seed; multiply and perpetuate their poison; drug the very atmosphere with mischief; overgrow and strangle whatever is wholesome or precious, in the neighbourhood of our posterity, on both sides of the water.—This must not be—shall not be—if we can prevent it: and we shall try hard.—Let Americans be what they pretend—Americans. Let our men of Great Britain, be what *they* pretend—Britons—let each *prefer* his own country, as he would his own mother; let each be *partial*, if you please, in any reasonable degree, to his own country,—for that is natural—(nay, to be otherwise, were so *un-natural*, that we should suspect any man's heart, and pity his understanding, who should not be somewhat partial—so far as affection, or judgment, but not veracity, were

concerned—to his own country; just as we should, *his* understanding and heart, who should not be *partial* to his own mother:—)—but, while we say this; while we encourage a natural partiality, in every man's *heart*, for his own country, and his own mother; and are ready to forgive much—very much, that proceeds from an affection so honourable to humanity, even when it influences the *head*—Yet, we see no reason for encouraging anybody in running afoul of other people's countries and mothers:—and are not very willing, either to overlook or forgive, the folly and wickedness of that man, be he who he may, who, in the superfluity of his affection and zeal, for what relates to his own country, and his own home, is eternally breaking in upon the repose of every other man's country and home.—Defence is one thing—attack another. A brave manly quarrel, in withstanding aggression, is always creditable:—but, where we are the aggressor, shameful. Family feuds are absurd: national feuds, worse. Nothing was ever gained by either—not even reputation.

Would you flatter the Americans?—Don't puff them—don't exaggerate—stick to the truth. There is no flattery in falsehood. Acquaint yourselves thoroughly with your subject: and, whatever else you do, speak the plain truth. Poetry, declamation, rhetoric, and all that, are out of place; wit, is mischievous; and humour, profane, (unless employed for seasoning; and *only* for seasoning,) on a subject of such importance. Nothing can be worse, for the stomach of this public, nor in much worse taste, than to dish up anything American—game or not game; wild meat,* or not—with a superabundance of sweet sauce, or Cayenne pepper.—No—if you treat of America at all, do it soberly—righteously—in the main, however, you may have to sprinkle it, now and then, with fire and brimstone, for the palate of the over-fed.

And so, too—if you would be severe on the Americans; severe, we mean, to any good purpose, either for yourself, or for them—for your country, or for theirs; severe, beyond the petty tingling sarcasm of the hour;

severe, beyond the miserable severity of that miserable insect, which *cannot* sting but once—and then, dies;—that noisy nothing, which, when it is exasperated, strikes in a hurry—and is glad to escape in a hurry—always losing his weapon—often his life—never drawing blood—and sometimes backing out, like the scorpion, by downright suicide—or, as the fashion is, to call it now, by derangement, visitation, or accidental death:—if you would be severe on the Americans, in a better way—a way more worthy of yourself, if you are a man—speak the truth of them. *Nothing cuts like the truth*:—or, as the QUARTERLY would have it, in a late criticism, NOT ANYTHING—cuts like the truth.

In one word—Let us understand what we are talking about, whether we praise or condemn these brother Jonathan's, these western Englishmen; these children of *our* fathers—on the other side of the world.—To illustrate our observations, to some purpose—from recent occurrences—we would ask what can be more absurd, in the estimation of a statesman; or more wicked in that of any person, of common-sense, or common humanity, than to hear the people of America called our *inveterate* enemies; our *implacable* enemies—and, worst of all, our *NATURAL* enemies.—Our *natural* enemies!—for what?—Why, forsooth, because (if they can help it—which is very doubtful) they won't let *us* manufacture for *them*: and, because, if they *can* (which is, also, very doubtful) they *will* manufacture for themselves.—Does that make them our *natural* enemies?—we have no fear—nor they, any hope, (unless their heads are turned), of their ever being able to out-manufacture us; or to undersell us, in any but their own markets: nor even there, without a system of taxation, which, whatever may be the ultimate good, operates in a very equivocal manner, *now*, by obliging one part of the community to maintain the other, without an equivalent;—that is, by obliging the consumer to feed the manufacturer, by purchasing of him, at much higher prices than he *might* purchase elsewhere.

* As the late case of Mr JOHN D. HUNTER—for example: of whom a word by and by.

This is their look-out—not ours—They won't employ us for ever—granted—but what right have *we* to complain?—*They* do not become our *natural* enemies, by refusing to employ us—it is only by out-working us; or underselling us to a third party.—O, but they *are* our natural enemies, nevertheless.—Why?—Because they multiply so fast—empire upon empire—from ocean to ocean.—Alas! if they were not their *own* enemies—the most unnatural of all enemies—they would roll back again to their ancient boundaries—retreat into their citadel, the thirteen Original States—or, at least, build a wall of brass about them, for a place of refuge, in the time, that *will* come.—They are, now, in a fair way to fall asunder by their own weight—or perish, like a monster, by exhaustion of the heart, while the extremities are preternaturally enlarged.—New England is the heart of the confederacy.—New York and Pennsylvania, the back-bone—but, at the rate they are now going on, they will soon want a dozen such hearts, and as many more such back-bones, to keep them in shape.

Some people talk of staying the northern inundation, by making use of Mexico.—This cannot be done—the very idea is absurd—chillish—Mexico would be swept away, before it could muster on the frontiers—but if it could, why should it be done?—Is it either wise, necessary, or expedient?—*Are* the people of the United States—are they indeed our NATURAL enemies?—If they are, it is time to look about us—and if they are, in the name of God, where are we to look for our natural friends?—If we cannot look to them, who are of the same blood, and the same religion; whose language is the same; whose laws are the same; whose very form of government is more like ours, than any other government upon earth; whose literature is the same; whose antipathies and prejudices are the same—where shall we look—to whom?—

One word more—the people of North America know their own interest. They do not want anybody to flatter them. They do not want *miss*

WRIGHT, nor *miss* anybody else, (whether she wear a hat, or a bonnet; shippers, or spurs,) to go all over the world prattling and gossiping about any of their institutions—for no better reason, five times out of six, than because the *she*-traveller in America, has been treated everywhere, with pound-cake hyson tea, and the debates in Congress.—They know, for they are a shrewd people, take them all in all, that highly-coloured, romantic stories—and superfine rhapsodies, about anything, which *is* really excellent, only serve to make it ridiculous: that eulogy, however well meant, or delicately flavoured, is pretty sure to do more harm than good; that intemperate praise provokes intemperate ridicule, or censure; eulogy, satire—and that, the bitterness and asperity of the counter-acting dose, are *intended*, wisely enough, to overcome the nausea, which is natural to him, who has unexpectedly, or accidentally, swallowed a small quantity of unadulterated eulogy;—*accidentally*, we say, because nobody—not even the subject of eulogium, will swallow it, if he *knows* what it is.

“Praise undeserved, is censure in disguise.”—This is a favourite copy-slip in America.—“Heaven save us from our friends! *we* will take care of our enemies!”—they say, also, when they read such beautiful books, as have been made about them lately.—They know well, that the droll, stupid blundering of Messieurs FENOX, FAX, and Co., on one side of the water: the worse than blundering—the lie—of the ‘NEW-ENGLAND-MAN,’ on the other; and the everlasting misrepresentation, falsehood, and confusion of the newspaper-gentry, on both sides, are soon laughed out of countenance; overborne by weightier proof; smothered in their own dust, or consumed in their own acrimony.

The brother Jonathans will never think the worse of us—whatever they may think of our common-sense, if, on taking up one of our papers, they come upon a paragraph headed ‘AMERICAN ABSURDITY;’ and containing an extract from one of *their* papers,* wherein they had spoken very handsomely of two or three English

* Speaking of AMERICAN PAPERS—one word on a late MIRACLE, taken out of the NORFOLK BEACON; which seems to be doubted here, while it is going the VOL. XVI.

travellers ; (recommending them with emphasis, to the hospitality of the Americans ;) and expressed a proper anxiety for the promotion of a good understanding between America and Great Britain : —No—nor will they think a whit the better of MR MATTHEWS, when they come to hear that after the *first* night's representation of his ' JONATHAN IN LONDON ' he left out—precisely the best thing in it*—in consequence of a little shuffling in the pit, made, probably, by some junior Americans—(fresh from the dinner table)—who never well understood what they were shuffling about,—at least, we should hope so, in charity.

But enough. We have been surprised into these remarks, by the oc-

currences of the day.—Let us proceed, now, on our course. In speaking lately of the AMERICAN PAINTERS, we omitted one, who *is* an American ; one, who passes for an American ; and some three or four, actually in London, of whom we knew little or nothing.—We shall dispatch the whole of *them*, therefore, in double quick time.

R. SULLY : (nephew of T. SULLY, touched off, in our August number.) —PORTRAIT. A native American (Virginia) — young — enthusiastick ; and willing to work hard : has good notions of drawing ; has been under a capital master (his uncle, T. S.) ; handles the crayon remarkably well—for an American ; has had some prac-

rounds. We care nothing for the 200 persons, that saw it ; nor for the testimony of the Rev. gentlemen that sware to it : but, we rely upon the probability of the story.—It proves itself.—What is it ?—Only that the face of Miss Narcissa Crippen, on the 19th of August, ' say, about 8 o'clock ' (she being so ' operated ' upon by some ' spirit,' at a *camp-meeting*,) ' became too bright and shining, for mortal eyes to gaze upon,' &c. &c.—' It resembled the reflection of the sun upon a bright cloud '—' The appearance of her face for *fifty minutes* was truly angelic—(no doubt, only observe the *season*)—during which time *she was silent*'—(this, we take, to be the MIRACLE)—' After which, she *spoke*—when her countenance *gradually faded* !—There !—that is all. Now, we ask what there is improbable (bating the *silence*—which we have high authority to believe *possible*—for the same length of time, where women are supposed to be—to wit—in heaven)—in all this ?—Do you still doubt ?—make the experiment for yourself. Persuade any woman, if you *can*, to hold her tongue for ' forty minutes ; ' and see if *her* face doesn't *shine*—aye, and *fade away*, too,—when she opens her mouth.

* The passage was to this effect. We were not present on the *first* night ; but we are assured of what we say—and *know* " of our own knowledge," as the law-people say—that, whatever it was, it is left out *now*. The English negress tells the Yankee " nigger"—a slave—that, having set foot on English ground, he is *free*.—" FREE !—What is that ?"—says he—" I have heard a great deal about *him*, in America ; but never knew what *he* meant."—Now—why is this passage left out ?—Is it untrue—absurd—or what ?—*Does* an American slave *know* anything about what liberty *means*—in America ? No—he does not. Why, then, do the blockheads leave it out ?—Because other blockheads have chosen to kick up their heels about it.—What !—is it come to this ?—Are we to be intimidated in this way, by boys ?—Are our publick performers afraid of speaking the truth ?—Are we to feed the Americans with sop and caudle ?—The young of the British Lion, with pap ?—No—let us rather give them that—if it be medicine—which will take the hair off—try what they are made of—their " bone and gristle,"—about which Edmund Burke said so many fine things—Ay, and give it, scalding hot, when justifiable, though it take the skin from their plated ware—raise a blister on the solid metal, below, whatever it be, gold or brass, iron or steel, set fire to their tinsel, and shew what there is underneath.—Grant everything in favour of the United States ; grant everything against ourselves ; grant, if you please, that *we* keep slaves in our colonies ; that *we* introduced them into America (which is not strictly true, by the way :) that Virginia herself, made the first proposal that ever *was* made, for the abolition of slavery, (as the Marquis of LANDSBOUNE asserts, on the authority of ' MR JOHN RANDOLPH of ROANOKE,'—a very splendid—very honest—and very crazy gentleman, who *represents* Virginia, in the Lower House of Congress :) that the work of emancipation is going on, gradually in America : that slavery is *unknown* throughout NEW-ENGLAND, and some of the other States : that there has been everything but *open* war to prevent it, in certain of the new States : that America was the *first* power to declare the taking of slaves, *piracy* ; grant all this—Yet—yet—enough remains of *inconsistency* in herself—and of *truth* in the sarcasm, to justify it *entirely*.

tice in painting from life; and, if he have patience, will undoubtedly make a figure.

BOUMAN—PORTRAIT. A native American, we believe: now in London: a worthy man; but we *know*, of ourselves, little or no good of him, as a painter.—The only head of his (except his own) that we ever saw, was a very hard, positive sort of a thing. Good judges here, however, tell us that he has improved surprisingly.—We are glad of it—nothing is more probable—we only know that he is industrious, and *begun*, rather unfortunately, with copying Rembrandt.

MASON—PORTRAIT. A native of New-England—now in Paris: we have not seen any of his work—but, our notions are, that the chances are exactly three to one against him, as a painter.—He is young—somewhat satisfied, with himself—rather lazy—and his father is rich.

WATMULLER—HISTORY AND PORTRAIT. This gentleman passes, in America (since he painted his DANÆ,) for an American.—He is not—he is a Swede. His portraits are singularly beautiful; but we never saw his DANÆ. It has been spoken of as a masterpiece—nay, as a picture, dangerous even for a woman to look at. The plain truth is—we believe—that such a naked woman, so full of languor, richness, and beauty, has not often been met with, in this world.

KING—CHARLES, B.—PORTRAIT: “Located” in Washington: a student of WEST at the same time with SULLY.—Very clever. Makes good faces—distinct—hard and forcible; and, sometimes, a rich picture. Works most of his time upon the great men of Washington, and the “heads of department:”—works hard, “improves” every hour; and *will be* very good.

VANDERLYN—HISTORICAL. Studied in France—painted MARIUS; (a noble, strong, superbly-finished picture,) and ARIADNE; (a rather beautiful affair) in Paris.—For one of which, he obtained a prize, we believe.—He is a native American—a little Frenchified in his notions of painting; but, nevertheless, a man of decided, strong talent.—We have all heard of Aaron Burr, in this country—the American Cæsar—a very dangerous, and very extraordinary man.—When Vanderlyn

was a boy; an apprentice to a blacksmith (as the story goes—and we have good reason to believe it substantially true,) Aaron Burr fell in his way, by accident, while he was travelling: saw some of his pen-and-ink drawings, which he mistook for engravings: tried, instantly, to obtain his discharge from his master, who was inexorable (on the discovery of his prize;) and, failing, counselled the boy, if he *should* ever run away from his master, to come to him. Not long after, Vanderlyn appeared; grew up under Burr's patronage—went over to France—and, when Burr fled for his life, to this country, after having shot Alexander Hamilton—when—after having had his hand upon the presidential chair, and his foot, within one step of the American throne—he became, instantaneously as it were, an outcast, and a wanderer, in a foreign country—he was found and supported, in his misery, by VANDERLYN, the blacksmith's boy.

JARVIS is not an American. He is an Englishman. EICHOLT is either a German, or born of German parents. PEALE, (CHARLES,) father of Rembrandt, founder of the Philadelphia Museum, (an institution honourable to America,) and a respectable, solid portrait-painter—is, also, an Englishman. He was a saddler. Jarvis painted fire-buckets till he was about nineteen, when he saw, and copied one of Stewart's pictures. He is now in the foremost rank of *American* masters. *Thus*, the chief American painters are English, by birth or study, or both; and most of them were mechanicks. *Thus*, all the statesmen were lawyers; and almost all the authors are New-Englandmen, (Yankees,) and lawyers into the bargain. There are only three landscape-painters of any note; two of whom (SHAW and GUY) are Englishmen; the other, DOUGHTY, an American. SHAW is very good; but a mannerist and a plagiarist. GUY is middling; but steals very judiciously; and almost always from the same source;—CLAUDE, in his water, seamist, and vapour. DOUGHTY is young; was a tanner and currier; has made great progress; and will be something extraordinary.

Thus much for our omissions. Now for two or three errors—two of which are *not* ours.—Mr C. HARDING was not born, as we said, in Kentucky; he

only 'broke out' in Kentucky. He was born—somewhere—in the back parts of New York. We are sorry for it; we wish he'd been born where we said—it would have saved us, what we hate, a correction. In our MAY Number is an article upon the AMERICAN PRESIDENTS, which has gone the rounds of Europe; and as, in every case, the translator seems to have been confoundedly puzzled about one or two particular passages, we have thought proper to correct it;—as thus, for "Mr Jefferson's *farm at Monticello*," read *farm at Monticello*, (Mr J.'s country-seat); and, for "*continuance*," p. — (our MAY Number was borrowed, for an hour or two, some weeks ago, and we cannot recollect the page,) read *continuance*.

Thus much to relieve our conscience; avoid the recurrence of some irresistible translations; and pave the way for our AMERICAN WRITERS:—whom we now re-introduce without ceremony.

BEAZLY, or BEASLEY, Dr.—This gentleman wrote a large handsome octavo, some three years ago, to prove, among other matters—*firstly*, that one JOHN LOCKE was in his right mind, when he made his book—*about*—if we are not mistaken—the Human Understanding; *secondly*, that all our Scotch metaphysicians, (Brown, perhaps, excepted,) had miserably mistaken the said John Locke; misquoted him shamefully; and misrepresented him like the very—we won't say what—as Dr B., if our recollection serves, is a clergyman of what is called the "Church of England" * in America; and is, or was, a Professor, (perhaps of ethics,) or one of the government, at Princeton College, New Jersey, to boot—where, if Salmagundi may be trusted, "all the Professors wear boots:" and, *thirdly*, that some of the best authenticated apparitions and ghosts, that have ever been heard of—are—*probably*—mere humbugs; while others are only delusions; and the rest very true—to a certain extent—in a certain way. Nor is this all. Surprising as the work may appear so far, the best part of the story is to come.

The book is a very clever book, done up in good style; and Mr B. or Dr B. does prove—*firstly*—that John Locke was in his right mind—in times and places when and where, to tell the plain truth, (for which we take no little credit, by the way, to ourselves,) we had often had our doubts;—and, moreover, that he, the said John Locke, knew very well what he was driving at, many a time and oft, when—we did not, while studying him, (although, to come up to the scratch manfully, we confess, that we never spoke of the matter at the time, lest it might, one day or other, turn out, as it has in more than one case, that John Locke was right, and ourself wrong, after all; he surprisingly clear, and ourself a blockhead—pass that, if you please, to our credit).—Well, having proved this *firstly*, (to our satisfaction, and surprise of course,) he goes on to prove, *secondly*,—and what is more, *disprove*. *secondly*, some dull blunders, to be sure, upon our chief metaphysicians—our high priesthood, some of which are only to be accounted for,—charitably or decently,—by supposing, that our said chief metaphysicians had never seen "Locke on the Human Understanding;" quoted from some other book, by mistake—which had been so lettered by mistake; or copied from one another, what had been hastily written down, by somebody, from recollection,—and put a wrong name to it; and, *thirdly*, Dr B. does prove, not only as much as he undertook to prove respecting apparitions, &c. &c.—but (after the fashion of his countrymen, who do everything so thoroughly) rather more. It reminded us of Dr HAYDEN; who *proved* the universal deluge, and the Bible, at the same time, from the water-rolled pebbles on *one side* of a brook (Jones's Falls) in America; of IRA HILL, who proves that there was an *universal* deluge—in Europe,—*because* all North America arose instantaneously out of the water; and that all North America arose instantaneously out of the water, *because* there was an *universal* deluge in Europe, and because there is no other way of accounting for it;—

* EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—It is not a little remarkable, but we are assured (and believe it) from good authority,—that this Church, without any privilege or patronage, in any way, (except what is private,) is now increasing *faster* than any other in America. We *know*, that, in a worldly point of view, it is always more respectable there.

and of PAUL ALLEN, (all three native born Yankees,) who, while attacking slavery, went rather out of his way to prove, that the Africans were nothing more nor less, "according to the received opinion," than the children of CANAAN, whom the Almighty, by the mouth of Noah, doomed for ever to slavery (Gen. ix. 25.) saying, "Cursed be Canaan. A servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren."

BIGELOW.—A Yankee: formerly editor of a magazine, or journal, in New York—now, nobody knows where: one of those rolling-stones that gather no moss, which are so common in America. He was a bold, saucy, unprincipled writer; and was the *first* of those who ventured, headforemost, at BYRON. Mr B. began with Lord B.'s "LAMENT OF TASSO, OR PROPHECY OF DANTE;" wrote a furious, black-guard, clever article, to prove that Lord Byron left out his rhymes. He gave examples, *which* proved—either that Byron was writing blank verse at times; or that he, the critic, had mistaken a stanza for a couplet—we forget which.

BOLMAN.—Dr, a pamphleteer: wrote, very sensibly, upon many questions of importance; and somewhat about a metallic currency, and the precious metals, at a time (during the late war, in America) when there were no precious metals in the country; (out of Massachusetts, and that neighbourhood)—not enough silver and gold, if they could have been diluted to the consistence of moonshine, to wash over a thousandth part of the scoundrel trash that was in circulation, for money—of course, there was a fine opportunity for speculation, hypothesis, and theory, among the newspaper-people, and pamphleteers—concerning a *substitute* for money. Dr B. did some good, nevertheless: and one or two of his pamphlets would be worth looking into, now; and that, as we take it, is no common praise for any pamphlet or political squib, some ten or a dozen years after it has burnt out.

BROWN—CHARLES BROCKDEN.—This was a good fellow; a sound, hearty specimen of Trans-Atlantic stuff. Brown was an Amenean to the back-bone—without knowing it. He was a novelist; an imitator of Godwin, whose Caleb Williams made him.

He had no poetry; no pathos; no wit; no humour; no pleasantry; no playfulness; no passion; little or no eloquence; no imagination—and, except where panthers were concerned, a most penurious and bony invention—meagre as death,—and yet—lacking all these natural powers—and working away, in a style with nothing remarkable in it—except a sort of absolute sincerity, like that of a man, who is altogether in earnest, and believes every word of his own story—he was able to secure the attention of extraordinary men, as other people (who write better) would that of children;—to impress his pictures upon the human heart, with such unexampled vivacity, that no time can obliterate them: and, withal, to fasten himself, with such tremendous power, upon a common incident, as to hold the spectator breathless.

His language was downright prosa—the natural diction of the man himself—earnest—full of substantial good sense, clearness, and simplicity;—very sober and very plain, so as to leave only the *meaning* upon the mind. Nobody ever remembered the words of Charles Brockden Brown; nobody* ever thought of the arrangement; yet nobody ever forgot what they conveyed. You feel, after he has described a thing—and you have just been poring over the description, not as if you had been reading about it; but, as if you, yourself, had seen it; or, at least,—as if you had just parted with a man who *had* seen it—a man, whose word had never been doubted; and who had been telling you of it—with his face flushed. He wrote in this peculiar style, not from choice; not because he understood the value or beauty of it, when seriously and wisely employed—but from necessity. He wrote after his peculiar fashion, because he was unable to write otherwise. There was no self-denial in it; no strong judgment; no sense of propriety; no perception of what is the true source of dramatic power (distinctness—vividness.) While hunting for a subject, he had the good luck to stumble upon one or two (having had the good luck before, to have the yellow fever) that suited his turn of expression, while he was imbued, heart and soul, with Godwin's thoughtful and explo-

ring manner : and these one or two, he wore to death. The very incidents, which were often common-place, are tossed up, over and over again—with a tiresome circumstantiality, when he is not upon these particular subjects.—He discovered, at last perhaps, as many wiser men have done—when there was no use in the discovery—that it is much easier to suit the subject to the style, than the style to the subject ;—no easy matter to change your language, or cast off your identity—your individuality—but ‘mighty easy,’ as a Virginian would say, to change your theme.

Brown was one of the only three or four professional authors, that America has ever produced. He was the first. He began, as all do, by writing for the newspapers—where that splendour of diction, for which the Southern Americans are so famous—is always in blast : He was thought little or nothing of, by his countrymen ; *rose*, gradually, from the newspapers to the magazines, and circulating libraries ; lived miserably poor ; died, as he lived, miserably poor ; and went into his grave with a broken heart.

He was born in Philadelphia ; lived in Philadelphia—or—as his countrymen would say, with more propriety, ‘put up’—(as he *did*—with everything—literal starvation—and a bad neighbourhood, in the dirtiest and least respectable part of the town)—‘turried’—lingered in Philadelphia ; and had the good luck—God help him—to die in Philadelphia, while it was the

ATHENS OF AMERICA—the capital city, in truth, of the whole United States.

He was there, during the yellow fever of 1798—(Hence the terrible reality of his descriptions, in ARTHUR

MERVYN, and ORMOND)—a pestilence, that, like the plague of London, turned a city into a solitude—a place of sepulture—till the grass grew in the streets.—He had no means of escape—he had a large family—a wife (to whom he was greatly indebted for the accomplishment of his works—a very superior and interesting woman) and several children—daughters.—Yet—yet—he had no means of escape. The fever raged with especial malignity in his neighbourhood—he, himself, and several of his family, were taken down, with it—but, whither were they to fly?—*how*?—in dead carts, with a yellow flag steaming over them—to the hospitals, where the ‘detestable matter,’ of which he speaks, was accumulating by cartloads.—No, it was better to die at home—with his own family—dissolve in his own house, at least ;—and keep out everything—even to the very sunshine and air of heaven, both of which were smoking with pestilence—by barring the windows—secur ing the doors—and making the whole house dark.

He lived in ‘Eleventh Street’—(we mention this for the information of his townsmen—not one in a thousand of whom know it : of his countrymen—not one in a million of whom, out of ATHENS, ever would know it, but for us)—between ‘walnut’ and ‘chestnut’—on the eastern side—in a low, dirty, two-story brick house ; standing a little *in* from the street—with never a tree nor a shrub near it—late ly in the occupation of—or, as a Yankee would say, “*improved*” by, an actor-man, whose name was Darling.

By great good luck, surprising perseverance, and munificent patronage—for America*—poor Brown succeed-

* A few facts will shew what is reckoned ‘munificent patronage’ in America. Two hundred dollars (about 45*l.*)—payable partly, or wholly, in books—the *best* of paper money by the way—are *now*, even to this hour, considered a good price, for a good novel, in two American volumes, (which make from three, to four, here.) When R. WALSH, JR. ESQUIRE, was the Jupiter of the American Olympus, (having been puffed in the *Edinboro’*, for some blackguard thunder and lightning about Napoleon, whose character neither party ever understood,) he was employed by a confederacy of publishers, to *edit* a Quarterly Journal. They paid nothing to contributors, of whom Walsh made continual use—spared no trouble—stuck at nothing, in the experiment ;—paid him fifteen hundred dollars (340*l.*) a-number—and failed—of course. Allan was to have had three thousand (680*l.*) for the *AM. REVOLUTION*—but he never wrote a word of it.—NEAL and WATKINS wrote it. ALLAN got nothing ; WATKINS the same : NEAL, 1000 dollars, in promises—which produced some 3, or 400 dollars—(75*l.*)—It is in two vols. 8vo. BRECKENRIDGE got 500 dollars (110*l.*) *cash*, for the copyright of his *AMERICAN WAR* : NEAL 200 dollars—(45*l.*)—*cash*, for the copyright of *KEER COOL*—a small novel : 2 vols. ; his first literary essay.—COOPER published the *SPY* on his own account. It has produced about *six hundred pounds*—in every way, to him : but

ed—(much, as the Poly-glott Bible maker succeeded, whose preface always brings the tears into our eyes—in burying all his friends—outliving all confidence in himself—wasting fortune after fortune—breaking his legs, and wearing out his life, in deplorable slavery, without even knowing it.)—Even so, poor Brown succeeded—in getting out—by piece-meal, a small, miserable, *first* edition—on miserable paper (even for *that* country)—a *first* volume of one or two of his works—the second *volume* following, at an interval—perhaps of years—the second *edition* never—never, even to this hour.—Yet will these people talk of their *native* literature.

There has never been ; or, as the *QUARTERLY* would have it—there has *not ever* been, any second edition, of anything that Brown ever wrote—in America, we mean. We say this, with some positiveness (notwithstanding the most unprofitable uproar lately made about him there,—for which we shall give the reasons, before we have done with Brother Jonathan—cut where it may—hit or miss)—because we *know*, that, very lately, it was impossible to find, even in the circulating libraries of his native city (Philadelphia) any complete edition of his works:—Because we *know*, that, when they are found, anywhere (in America) they are odd volumes—of the *same* edition, so far as we can judge—printed ‘all of a heap’—or samples of some *English* edition:—Because a young Maryland lawyer told *OURSELF*, not long ago, that he had been offered an arnful of Brown’s novels—(by a relation of Brown’s family)—which were lying about in a garret, and *had* been lying about, in the same place, the Lord knows how long—if he would carry them away—or, as he said, ‘tote ‘em off, ye see.’ But, being a shrewd young fellow—not easily ‘coteh ;’ having heard about an executor *de son tort*, for meddling with a dead man’s goods—and suspecting some trick (like the people, to whom crowns were offered, on a wager, at sixpence a-piece,) he cocked his eye—pulled his hat over one ear—screwed up his mouth, and walked off, whistling ‘Tain’t the truck for trowsers, tho’—

Some years ago, we took up CHARLES

BROCKDEN BROWN ; disinterred him ; embalmed him ; did him up, decently ; and put him back again—(that is—one of us did so.)—Since then, poor Brown has had no peace, for his countrymen. We opened upon the North American creature—making him break cover ; and riding after him, as if he were worth our while. *Then*—but never till then—(we were the first)—did they give tongue, on the other side of the Atlantic.—We puffed him a little. They have blown him up—‘sky-high.’—We went up to him, reverently—they, head-over-heels. We flattered him somewhat—for he deserved it ; and was atrociously neglected. But they have laid it on with a trowel.—He would never have been heard of, but for us.—They are determined, now, that we shall never hear of anything else.—We licked him into shape : they have slobbered him—as the anaconda would a buffaloe (if she could find one)—till one cannot bear to look at him. We pawed him over, till he was able to stand alone—in his own woods—they—till he can neither stand nor go ; till we should not know our own cub, if we saw him.

The talking about him began, clumsily enough—and, as usual, with most absurd circumspection, in the North American Review : All the newspapers followed—of course—all the magazines—tag, rag, and bob-tail : And then, just in the nick of time, came out proposals from a New-Yorker, to publish a handsome edition of BROWN’S NOVELS ; at less, we believe, than one dollar (1s. 6d.) a volume—‘worthy of him—worthy of the age—and—worthy of America,’—by *subscription*.

There the matter ended. Nothing more was done—of course. The family were scattered—very likely to the four winds of heaven ;—and what if there *was* a niece living in Philadelphia—that was no business of theirs. They talked about his books ; but nobody thought of subscribing. They called him the “Scott” of America—and there the matter ended.

It was one thing to make a noise ; another to pay money. His countrymen had kicked up a dust, about his grave—talked of the “star span-gled banner”—and what more would

would not have sold for *fifty* in MS.—Think of that—when Mr Irving gets *fifteen hundred pounds*—for the *second* edition—of some tolerable stories, which altogether, would not make *one* volume of a Yankee novel.

ye expect of his countrymen? The whole community were up in arms—people were ready to go a pilgrimage to his birth-place—if there were no toll to pay—but not one in a million can tell, to this hour, where he was born—where he lived—where he died—or what he has written. They had ransacked the circulating libraries, anew; looked into such of his novels, as they could find, most of them for the first time, and the “balance,” for the last time; dried out the grease—righted the leaves—wrote over the margins—dog-eared what was agreeable—hurried through a part—skipped the rest—smuttied their fingers—paid a ‘fippenny bit’ a-head—and what more would you have?

They had bragged of their national spirit, as being unexampled—they were right—it *is* unexampled): of their national genius, which had been able to “extort” praise from us—in spite of our teeth;—they had made a plenty of noise about poor Brown; hurraed, like fine fellows, for American literature—and what more would any reasonable man—who knows them thoroughly—desire?

BROWN wrote ARTHUR MERVYN; EDGAR HUNTLY; CLARA HOWARD; WIELAND; JANE TALBOT; ORMOND; and some papers, which have since been collected, and called the BIOGRAPHIST.

CLARA HOWARD and JANE TALBOT are mere newspaper novels; sleepy, dull common-sense—very absolute prose—nothing more.

ARTHUR MERVYN is remarkably well managed, on many accounts; and miserably in others. It was the first, the germ of all his future productions. Walbeck was *himself*—he never equalled him, afterwards—though he did play him off, with a new name and a new dress, in every new piece. Explanations were designed—half-given, but never finished: machinery, half disclosed—and then forgotten, or abandoned.—Brown intended, at some future day, to explain the schoolmaster, that seduced the sister of Mervyn, into Walbeck:—Incidents are introduced, with great emphasis, which lead nowhere—to nothing; and, yet, are repeated in successive works.—Thus—(we speak only from recollection—and have not seen one of the books for many a year)—in Arthur Mervyn, Edgar Huntly, and, perhaps, in Jane Talbot, a sum of money comes

into the possession of “another person”—who converts it, under strong temptation, to his own use.—Let us pass on.

EDGAR HUNTLY was the second essay—ORMOND, the last. About WIELAND we are not very certain. These three are unfinished, irregular, surprising affairs. All are remarkable for vividness, circumstantiality, and startling disclosures, here and there: yet all are full of perplexity—incoherence—and contradiction. Sometimes, you are ready to believe that Brown had made up the whole stories, in his own mind, before he had put his pen to the paper; at others, you would swear that he had either never seen, or forgotten, the beginning, before he came to the end, of his own story. You never know, for example, in Edgar Huntly, whether ——— an Irishman whose name we forget—a principal character, is, or is *not*, a murderer. Brown, himself, seems never to have made up his own mind on that point. So—in Wieland—you never know whether Brown is, or is not, in earnest—whether Wieland was, or was not, supernaturally made away with. So—in Ormond—who *was* the sacred witness?—to what purpose?—What a miserable catastrophe it is!—Quite enough to make anybody sick of pulling explanations.—Now, all this mystery is well enough, when you understand the author's *intention*. Byron leaves a broken chain—for us to guess by—when his *essay* is gone. We see that he seems to explain. Byron is mysterious—Brown only perplexing. Why?—Because Brown undertakes to explain; and fails. Brown might have refused as Byron did. We should have liked him, if he had, all the better for it; as we do Byron. But we shall never forgive him, or any other man, dead or alive, who skulks out of any undertaking, with an air—as if not he, but other people are to be pitted.—We have our eye on a case, in point; but—no matter now.

Brown wanted material. What little he found, though it had all the tenuity of pure gold, he drew out, by one contrivance and another, till it disappeared in his own hands. So long as it would bear its own weight, he would never let go of it; and, when it broke—he would leave off spinning, for a time, as if his heart had broken with it. He would seem to have al-

ways taken up a new piece before he had thrown off the old one (we do not mean that Old One, whom it is rather difficult for any author to throw off, after he has once given himself up to, the harlotry of the imagination)—to have clung, always, to one or two favourite ideas—the Ventriloquist—and the yellow fever—as if they were his nest-eggs: one might have written, with as much propriety, at the end of any story that he ever wrote, as in almost any part of it—after the fashion of Magazines—"TO BE CONTINUED." This grew, of course, out of a system which prevailed, then—and is now taking a new shape in the twopenny publication of costly works, by the number. He was a story-teller by profession. Like ***** He knew, very well—as did Hajji Baba—that nobody will pay for a joke, if he can help it; that, lunging point foremost, with an epigram—is like running hilt first with a small sword; that no man likes working for a dead horse; that, if you want your pay for a fat story, you must go round with your hat, before you have come to the knob. He was a magazine writer; and rather cute. There was no stealing his bait. If you nibbled, you were in, for the whole—like a woman in love—hook, trap, and all. Money-lenders; gamblers; and subscribers to a story—which is "*to be continued*," nobody knows how long, are all in the same pickle. They must lend more; play higher; and shell out, again—or all that has been done, goes for nothing. You must have the last part of a story—or the first, is of no use to you: (this very article, now, is a pretty illustration)—our author knew this. He never let go of more than one end of a story, at a time—even when he had sold out. It is amusing to see how entirely he would forget where his own traps lay—while he was forging bait; his own hooks, while he was counterfeiting the flies. The curious box—broken to pieces, at night, so mysteriously (in the SLEEP WALKER) is in point. We could cite fifty more cases. The SECRET WITNESS is hardly anything else, but a similar box—knocked apart, in a mysterious manner—the Lord knows wherefore. So with WIELAND: In every case, you leave off, in a tease—a sort of uncomfortable, fidgetting, angry perplexity—ashamed of the concern, that you

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have shewn—and quite in a huff with him—very much as if you had been running yourself to death—in a hot wind—after a catastrophe—with the tail soaped.

Yet, our conclusion respecting CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN, is this. He was the Godwin of America. Had he lived here—or anywhere, but in America—he would have been one of the most capital story-tellers—in a serious way, that ever lived. As it is, there is no one story of his, which will be remembered or read, after his countrymen shall have done justice to the genius that is really among them. They have enough of it—and of the right sort—if they will only give it fair play. Let them remember that no man will be great, unless he work hard; that no man will work hard, unless he is obliged—and that those who do so work, cannot afford to work for nothing, and find themselves. It would be well for his countrymen to profit by—not imitate—we despise imitation even of what is excellent—it would be well for them to profit by his example. We want once more, before we die, to look upon the face of a real North American. God send that we may!

Brown's personal appearance was remarkable. He was a tall man—with a powerful frame—and little or no flesh. It was impossible to pass him, in the street, without stopping to look at him. His pale, sallow, strange complexion; straight black hair—"black as death;" the melancholy, broken-hearted look of his eyes; his altogether extraordinary face—if seen once, was never to be forgotten. He would be met, week after week—month after month—before he died, walking to and fro, in some unfrequented street of his native town, for hours and hours together—generally at a very early time in the morning—lost in thought, and looking like a ship-wrecked man. Nobody knew him—nobody cared for him—(till we took up his cause)—he was only an author—yet, when we have described him, everybody in Philadelphia will recollect him. After having walked, in this way, for several hours, he would return to his desolate, miserable, wretched family, and fall to writing, as if he had not another hour to live. We do not know his age—nor the time of his death, precisely. But it must have been about

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1813—and he was not far from 35. He went off in a lingering consumption, with a broken heart—and a spirit absolutely crushed.

I saw him, said Mr SULLY, the painter, whom we have given a sketch of, in our August number—I saw him, a little time before his death. I had never known him—never heard of him—never read any of his works. He was in a deep decline. It was in the month of November—our Indian summer—when the air is full of smoke. Passing a window, one day—I was caught by the sight of a man—with a remarkable physiognomy—writing, at a table, in a dark room. The sun shone directly upon his head. I never shall forget it. The dead leaves were falling, then—it was Charles Brockden Brown.

IRVING, in his "TALES," has purloined a head, and a scene, from BROWN—probably, without knowing it; as BROWN purloined from Godwin—if so—why, so much the better for all parties. It has been the rage of late. In WILLAND, there is a description of a murderer's face, appearing in a deserted house—at night. Irving makes *direct* use of this head, in the negro, looking over the rock; and, *indirectly*, in his account of the picture, which, in its frightful distinctness, is not only very like Brown, but wholly unlike Irving. Yet, what are we to expect of a "traveller" who does not even pretend to know his own property; whose "trunk," as he says himself, is full only of odds and ends—belonging to other people? Geoffrey used once, to remind us, in his veneration for the antique, of the man who had an old jack-knife, which he held in *such* veneration—that, in progress of time, he put—first a handle to it—and then a blade: Now, he reminds us of a very dear friend, who complains, that he never says a good thing, but he is in doubt, immediately, about its being his own; is always fancying that he must have read it, or seen it, or heard of it, before—and what is harder yet—he says, "whenever I whisper the thing, to my particular friends—they always appear to think so, too." It is a deplorable case, to be sure. More of Irving, however, in due season; and yet we cannot give him the go-by, without a question or two. Geoffrey is a devilish good fellow after all, in the genteel-comedy way; and,

sometimes, in broad quiet humour, as we mean to shew, after our own fashion, by and by. But—but—if we are not mistaken, he wrote a very fine thing, about Mr T. CAMPBELL, in America—by way of *introduction* to Mr C.'s *poetry*. Mr I. then came over the water; or, as they say on t'other side—"came out"—and Mr C. wrote some very pretty thing—in London—about Mr I., of course. Mr I. then wrote a paper or two—could he do less?—for the NEW MONTHLY. But—now, we are coming to it—and if it *be* true, it is too bad—we speak only from hearsay, not having seen the NEW MONTHLY of late; they *do* say that a certain "*some* periodical," which Geoffrey had been *told* about, or heard of, but had never seen—as containing a certain story, "in print," which Geoffrey himself tells, and, they *do* say, spoils in telling—in the NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE itself, edited by Mr T. CAMPBELL himself. If so, what a predicament! how very uncomfortable for some folks!

But let us finish with BROWN. IRVING is not alone under this charge of purloining from him—his face and eyes.—There are NEAL and COOPER—both of them have stolen his cata-mourts, and played the devil with his Indians. NEAL, however, is content with "catching the idea"—and working it up, till it scratches his own fingers. But Cooper—so far as he can—steals the broom ready made! Neal is altogether too much of a poet. He overdoes everything—pumps the lighting into you, till *he* is out of breath, and *you*, in a blaze.—In his lucid intervals, he appears to be a very sensible fellow; but, in his paroxysms—there is not a page of his, that wouldn't take fire, in a high wind. He writes volume after volume, to the tune of three or four a-month; hardly one of which it is possible to read through: and yet, we could hardly open at a passage, without finding some evidence of extraordinary power—prodigious energy—or acute thinking. He is, undeniably, the most original writer, that America has produced—thinks himself the cleverest fellow in America—and does not scruple to say so.—He is in Europe now.

So, with COOPER. The only cata-mournt, that ever he ventured upon, was a tame one, which had escaped out of Brown's clutches, first, with

his nails paired ; and out of Neal's office, at last, with a bell on.—However—all in good time. We shall soon come to him ; and if people wish it, knock up the whole alphabet of American writers, sixteen to the dozen, in a couple of hours.

CAREY—MATTHEW : An Irishman : formerly the most respectable publisher in America ; now retired, in favour of his boys. He has written upon everything—always respectably ; and, sometimes, with remarkable cleverness. He is a laborious collector of facts ; and a good reasoner. His *OLIVE BRANCH* has gone through a dozen or twenty editions in America. It was a political book, which came out “ very providentially,” and with a good effect—just when the two great parties of the country, were ready to go to loggerheads, and break up the confederacy. It is a disclosure of their “ faults on both sides.” Another work of his, about Ireland, with a *Latin title*—which we beg leave to forget—is a book which might be republished here to advantage. It is full of historical facts ; and, allowing a little for the superfluous heat of an Irishman, where the wrongs of his country are concerned, we would speak of it, as a book, which might be read, *at home*, with serious advantage.

COFFIN—a Yankee : writes under the title of “ the BOSTON BARD.”—Phœbus, as Lord Byron says—Phœbus, what a name !—We have seen so much of his poetry, of late years, in the American papers, that we are half afraid, now, to open one,—unless our fingers are fire-proof :—and, whenever we find a piece with his name to it—we always cut it out—at arm's length—and put it by. It saves phosphorus :—and is useful in many ways, as in lighting segars, &c. &c. Still, however—we do confess, (rather reluctantly,) that we have seen some poetry of his, which *was* beautiful and sincere.—We don't happen to recollect any, now ; and, if we did, would not quote it, believing that some of our own, though not counted off, will read better, here. So—pass him over to immortality.

COLEMAN—ED. NEW YORK EVENING POST : a lawyer : a pretty clever fellow, in his way : a good law reporter—but, in the *belles lettres* business, about which he is eternally gossiping to the annoyance of everybody,

but his own family,—in that 'are matter, as a Yankee would say, he cuts thick on the skull, I guess.—Some twenty-five years ago, he was delivered of half a pair of twins—and is doing well, yet ; although the other half has never appeared.—Mr Jefferson, himself, was the father—and the midwife. The half that *was* born, is a very respectable affair ; and is christened LEX MERCATORIA AMERICANA—VOL. II.—We should hardly mention Dr C., were he not considered by the people of New York—rather high authority—in polite literature. Nothing *can* be more unfortunate, either for Dr C. ; the people of New York ; or polite literature ;—for, to speak plainly—after the manner of men—(the men of old Kentuck)—his notions, about that 'are sort o' truck, are a little of the damn'dest.

COMEDIES—See DRAMA. No such thing in America. One Mr White has written two or three ; but we have never seen or read them. They are spoken well of—in America.

COOPER—Novelist : formerly a midshipman in the United States navy : wrote PRECAUTION ; THE SPY ; THE PIONEERS ; and THE PILOT.—Style without peculiarity—brilliancy, or force—very much improved of late : considerable dramatic power ; very fine talents in filling up a picture :—imitates the great Scotch Novelist—not so much, in any one thing—as altogether : has done his best.—PRECAUTION is mere newspaper stuff.—There is hardly a fine passage in it—with which *our* memory is afflicted. THE SPY—the most popular novel ever produced in that country, by a native, is very good—as a whole : but rather too full of stage-tricks and clap-traps. Thus, the SPY himself—(who is a failure, by the way—a dead hum—anything might have been made of him, after the allusion to his father—nothing is)—appears whenever he is *not* expected—it is a pretty rule in the drama—bad in a novel : and swallows, among other matters, a protection, given to save his life—just when the time arrives, *for* which it was given ; and where nothing else *can* save him :—the disguises ; the pathos ; the love-parts ; the heroicks—are all contemptible. In other matters, it is a capital novel. PIONEERS—(observe the order in which these works have appeared—it looks well, for a young author,

who grows bold with success)—a heavy piece of repetition in all the best characters : some noble scenes : and a pretty considerable share of lead. LEATHER-STOCKING is true—we have known such a fellow.—PILOT—have never read it properly : style greatly improved—some passages quite beyond Cooper—beyond our hopes of him, we mean. Mr C. is a man of sober talent—nothing more. There are no fine individualities about him. Nobody would know a work of his, by the work, itself. Talk as you please about *mannerism*. Extraordinary power cannot conceal itself. The stature of a giant cannot be hidden.

DANCE—a Yankee—a lawyer, of course ; Editor of the NORTH AMERI-

CAN ; ruined himself—and well nigh damned the work, by a beautiful article on HAZLITT'S POETS, (1819)—EVERETT followed him, in the office—a bad one—little pay, and hard work ;—one gets more kicks than coppers, in it. Dance is pure, and sound—uncommon genius—very lazy—*very*—hangs fire—is timid ; and, when he has a chance for a dead shot, shuts the wrong eye : wrote the IDLE MAN ; a sleepy, strong, quiet, indolent paper. He has written, altogether, in many years, about as much as he should have written, with his ability, in one month. Like BRYANT, he will “carve heads upon cherry-stones”—simpletons—who cares for the otto of prose ?

X. Y. Z.

MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH BRASBRIDGE.*

“Quacks put forth bills ; Jackpuddings make harangues ;
And thief at Tyburn talks before he hangs.”

“Oh, this writing and reading !”

It is a terrible thing, to be sure, for the peace and quietness of a neighbourhood, when a gentleman, who has lived fifty years in it, makes up his mind to tell all that he knows about everybody. Friend or foe, such a rogue sees no distinction of persons. Saint or sinner, your only hope is never having seen him in all your life. Whether you have fired his house, or cajoled his cookmaid—married his niece, or stood godfather to his son Jacky—so that he does but know your name,—even though he can't spell it,—the loquacious tale-spinner will have a touch at you.

But the suffering of the few is the gain of the many. He who inhabits at No. 98, in Fleet Street, can hardly write two hundred pages about what happens from No. 1 to No. 97 ; about the wart, for instance, that appeared, in the year of the comet, upon the top of Mrs Tickletoy's nose—or the corn that was cut every Wednesday, all the war, upon Sir John Go-by-the-ground's great toe, without adding something to the entertainment of the pleasant many, who are always ready to laugh, and don't much care whom, or what,

they laugh at. It was well said by a great philosopher ; (Dr Colquhoun, or some such other “learned Theban,”) that one half the world might “burst in ignorance,” for all it knows about the affairs and arrangements of the other. Some curious people, perhaps, were *au fait* in the details of Dyot Street. Here and there one might have a guess as to those of Bond Street ; but who, until the appearance of friend Brasbridge's octavo, knew anything about Cheapside, or Ludgate-Hill ? The Mayor of Garratt used to pass for a good, pleasant farce ; but who took it for a piece of veritable biography ? We laughed, all of us, about the “Nightingale Club,” and the party at “the Nag's Head in the Poultry ;” but who ever guessed that “Major Molasses,” or “Master Muzzel,” had a being independent of Samuel Russell, or Robert William Elliston ? When the world heard of “The Deputy's” being “knocked down” for a “song,” did it ever suspect that the joyous strain was actually elicited ? or, when the glass of “salt and water” was called for,—we put this to society at large,—did anybody ever sup-

* Memoirs of Joseph Brasbridge, written in his 80th year. 1 vol. octavo. Printed for the author, and sold by Simpkin and Marshall.

pose that, under such circumstances, actual deglutition ever took place?

Why, in plain candour, we ourselves, who know everything, knew nothing about haberdashers, walking-stick traders, and brace-makers. We were free, in our youth, of the straw-bonnet shops, and knew a trifle of the "millinery;" but we have walked along the Strand for weeks together, (*qua* the hosiers,) in a state of the most unsatisfactory uninformatio*n*. There was an open shop to be scen, and a counter, and a wigsby, and sometimes a wife (behind the counter) every morning. And there was the same shop shut up, and the wigsby and wife no longer behind the counter, every evening.

But we fancied, and dreamed, and speculated, over, and over, and over again, about what could be acted in the region beyond "the shop"—in the kitchen, the garret, the scullery, the beer-cellar, or the best bed-room! How was it (this was a point we never could resolve) that people who snipped ribbon came to be "lord-mayors" and "aldermen?"—Cheesemongers!—of what material, and how constructed?—their instincts, habits, length of life, disorders?—The race, how continued?—Oviparous, or viviparous?—We shall actually make up our minds to fill up this *hiatus* in the Encyclopedic information. To take a particular specimen, (say of the "mercier,") and pursue it through all its revolutions and gradations.—"Dicky!"—"Sprinkle the front in a minute, sir."—Shew you your silk in a minute, miss."—"My name is Twiddletape, ma'am!"—This went direct to the "Common Council," the "Shrievalty," and the "Mansion House." But then, that irregularity in the species puzzled us; the commencement, not as "prentice," but as "errand boy!" and the passage thence, first to "porter," then to "clerk;" and so, by a kind of back-stairs promotion, to the heights of state and dignity. In short, the very truth is—two, that *were* "living men," and button-makers, had

already, in defiance of laws and iron coffins, been turned inside out. We were farther, in our philosophic fury, meditating experiments upon the living linen, or other draper; and had actually given orders about kidnapping an old gentleman who keeps a stocking-shop just east of Temple-Bar,* that we might take a peep at his internals for the benefit of his country, when, by the grace of God, to spare us this painful task, up starts Mr Joseph Brasbridge, *ci-devant* silversmith of Fleet Street; and, after living in the bowels of St Bride's parish for fifty years, quits his "prison house," and sits down to expose the secrets of it.

"Oh! (once more) this writing and reading!" It debauches all ranks and all intellects. Here is a gentleman now lives to the ripe age of eighty, and yet must twaddle "in boards" before he dies. Example, villainous example! He reads the London Magazine—we know he does—it could never be else.—But, to the purpose.

"Sweet," says the poet, "are the uses of adversity!" ay, and very strange they are sometimes too; for sorrow, in more than one sense, may make a man a "sad dog!" and even so it was with our friend Brasbridge, who, had he never been grievous, as he tells us, would never have been gay. He "starts in business"—"towards the end of the year 1770," with every danger of becoming a sober, careful tradesman. The dignity of constable seems to wait upon him; and that of churchwarden one does not see how he can escape.

But fate relents; he may not be obscure. A domestic grief—"Dry sorrow drinks our blood!" and what can we do but drink negus in return? Our friend musters his manhood, blows his nose, damns the gravy spoons, and sends "Dr." and "Cr." to the devil; takes to "the Pewter Platter," and "the Cheshire Cheese," and posterity marks him for its own.†

But the first of the glories which our author records, and of which *purs*

* All our friends will know this shop; there are hats sold in it, as well as night-caps; and we recollect the same four beavers in the window ever since the riots in 1780. We said that the house was east of Temple-Bar, to mislead public curiosity; but in reality it is just west.

† "Posterity marks him!"—Flat Munster.—C. N.

magna he himself was undoubtedly, is the glory of the "Highflyer Club," which was held at the "Turf Coffee House," and of which every member, if he did not reach to the "top of the tree," seems to have done his best to do it. There was Mr Tattersall, the grandfather of the present sporting character—"beloved by all who knew him." Whitfield, the comedian—"with only one weakness," his attachment to the letters T. B., which stood for "T'other bottle." Then there was "Mr Colburn of the Treasury," "whose very look inspired cheerfulness and good humour." "Bob Tetherington"—(Ah! Port was a liquor then!)"—"as merry a fellow as ever sat in a chair," and "Owen, the confectioner," who used to "write songs, and sing them!"—James Smith—egad, Theodore Hook, would never have got three bars together out against him.

This shining character, we learn with horror, (page 16 only,) was on the point of being lost to good company for ever. Coming from Margate by the "Hoy," and after reaching all the way to Blackfriars Bridge in safety, he mistakes the platform "for the stairs," and is on the point of tumbling into the water. This consummation, however, is happily frustrated by the energy of Mr Brasbridge himself, who "calls out" at the critical moment, and he of the comfits is preserved. Upon the recollection of which achievement, our friend's *bonhommie* seems to expand; and he overflows at once with several anecdotes to prove that "benevolent actions" always "bring their own reward."

Of this truth (says he) I will give an instance or two, directly, though only in trifling matters, that happened to myself.—

"I was going into the pit of Drury-lane theatre, and chanced to arrive at the door at the very same moment with the late Mr Chilcot and his son. He had just had his pocket picked of all the money he had about him. The door-keeper would not admit him without he would leave his watch as a deposit. I begged him to permit me to pay six shillings for him and his son; he desired to know where he could repay me. 'Never mind that,' said I; 'when I meet you, I will ask you for the money.' He would not, however, accept my offer, with-

out receiving my address; I therefore gave him it, at 98, Fleet Street. The next day he brought me the six shillings, and the day following he came again, and gave me an order for plate to the amount of forty or fifty pounds, which I declined; remarking, at the same time, that he was the most grateful man I had ever met with, to think of repaying so trifling a civility in so munificent a manner; and that it almost seemed as if, in offering it, I had an insight into his disposition, and wished to give myself a claim on his kindness, and lead him to buy what he might not want. He assured me that he was actually intending to make the purchase, and merely gave me the preference in laying out the money; and this preference he continued to shew me to the end of his life, always taking every opportunity to serve me."

This is not an unnatural incident, and it is told with some garrulous *naivete*.

"The next instance of an act of courtesy being repaid a hundred-fold to me, originated in an incident which some might have fretted over, but which I was wise enough to make the best of, at the moment it happened. One day, when my journeyman was left alone in the shop, a person, accompanied by a boy, came into it for a pair of pinchbeck sleeve-buttons, sold at that time for eighteen-pence or two shillings a-pair. When I returned home, I saw that the glass cases which contained a quantity of gold buttons and trinkets, had been cleared of all their contents, even to the cotton that they lay upon. I asked the young man if the shop had been robbed?—till that moment he had not perceived the loss; but he then immediately recollected the man who had come in for the buttons; and, convinced that he was a party concerned, was going to run after him. I would not, however, let him do so, but told him that we would have nothing more to do with that branch of the trade, and that I felt myself much obliged to the man for clearing me of my old stock. Shortly afterwards, a gentleman came in to purchase a pair of sleeve-buttons, having lost one of his own in the street: I told him I had given up selling them, but that he was welcome to take a pair if he would accept them. He said he wanted two pair. I told him he was welcome to ten, if he liked them. He

accordingly took two pair, expressed his thanks, and departed.—Some months after, he came again, with a very elegant woman, who was, I found, his wife. He asked me if I recollected him; I told him I certainly had had the honour of seeing him in my shop before, but I could not recollect precisely when. He then reminded me of the sleeve-buttons, and added, ‘Since that time, sir, I have had the misfortune to have my house burnt down; but why should I call it a misfortune, since at least it affords me an opportunity of showing my gratitude: I have brought my wife, Lady Catharine Stanhope, here, to give you an order for plate, feeling assured that you will use her well.’”

This matter can hardly take rank, we are afraid, under the head of “benevolence;” but the next is one which does our silversmith honour.

“One instance farther only I will relate, and that more to recommend forbearance and lenity of judgment to tradesmen, who may find themselves similarly situated with myself, than to draw attention to my own behaviour. An elegant woman came into the shop one day, and asked to look at some trinkets. She did not find the sort she particularly wanted; but when she left the shop, I missed a valuable one, which my journeyman was certain she must have taken. I was of his opinion with respect to the fact, but I was not less certain that it was unconsciously; and, at any rate, I resolved that she should never hear any more about it from me. Just as I was saying so to my journeyman, the lady herself came back in the utmost agitation. She had discovered the trinket hanging to the lace of her cloak, which had most probably caught it up whilst she was stooping over the case to examine the articles. I told her, that, though I had not the honour of knowing her, yet her countenance and manners sufficiently convinced me, that any action that might have appeared wrong in her must be purely the effect of accident.”

We now leave the “Highflyer” Club, for the “Christopher,” at Eton, to which house our historian rides on a Sunday, to go out with the King’s stag-hounds on Monday. A man who hunts will have to buy horses; and a man who has to buy horses will be

taken in. This happens to Mr Brasbridge, who tries a cause against a dealer before Mr Justice Mansfield. His lordship’s judgment, in matters pertaining to the stable, is treated rather irreverently; but (with your biographer) all is fish that comes to net—if a judge had ordered our author to be driven in the tread-mill, as he went round, he would have told an anecdote about him.

“Lord Mansfield was very desirous of long life, and, whenever he had old men to examine, he generally asked them what their habits of living had been. To this interrogatory an aged person replied, that he had never been drunk in his life. ‘See, gentlemen,’ said his lordship, turning to the younger barristers, ‘what temperance will do.’ The next, of equally venerable appearance, gave a very different account of himself; he had not gone to bed sober one night for fifty years. ‘See, my lord,’ said the young harristers, ‘what a cheerful glass will do.’ ‘Well, gentlemen,’ replied his lordship, ‘it only proves, that some sorts of timber keep better when they are wet, and others when they are dry.’”

This is not quite a first-rate joke; but, in public assemblies, a little wit goes a long way.

At the “Christopher,” at “Eton,” as at the “Highflyer” Club, we meet a goodly company. There is “Mr Ramsbottom,” the “brewer and distiller,” who takes a most astonishing leap over a new staked hedge. “Honest Tom Pope,” the “Etonian book-seller,” of whom there was “an admirable portrait at Stationers’ Hall.” The same worthies appertain too, it appears, to a “card club,” at the “Crown and Rolls, Chancery Lane;” which is commemorated by an incident more tragic than those hitherto related.

“Another member of this club was a Mr Russell, a very steady gentlemanly man, who never could be prevailed upon to bet half-a-crown, and yet he finally ruined himself by gambling. A country gentleman came to lodge with him whilst the lottery was drawing; he brought a good round sum of money with him, and took back three times as much. His way of making it was by insuring a certain number of tickets in the lottery, and, if they did not come up by a particular day, his insurance money was dou-

bled or trebled ; the next year he came again, and by representing his scheme as absolutely certain of success, poor Russell was induced to join him. Fortune, however, frowned upon the partnership ; they lost everything ; the projector cut his throat ; but Russell sold a reversionary interest he had in an estate to make up his losses, and ventured into the field once more with a person of the name of G—, who had been his shopman. They laid a scheme for gaining in London the earliest intelligence of the state of the lottery in Dublin, by means of G—, who was a light weight and a good horseman. He went over to Dublin, and waited for the drawing of the first slip : as soon as that was drawn he set off ; and the tide happening to suit, he got on to Chester, where his horse was waiting for him ; relays were planted on the road ; he galloped off to London, and arrived there a day and a half before the express could reach it, on account of having to wait till the day's drawing was closed, as well as from the extraordinary speed G— had used. He and Russell had not, however, money enough between them to insure a sufficient number of undrawn tickets to mix with the others. Of course, suspicion was awakened, detection took place, and the office would only return them what they had actually paid."

Eventually, poor Russell, in his turn, commits suicide ; and this carries our author to "the Globe, in Fleet Street," which, conjointly with a six-penny card club, held at the "Queen's Arms, in St Paul's Churchyard," give rise to a great variety of interesting reminiscences. There is much chuckling over a "Mr Goodwin, of St Paul's Churchyard, a woollen-draper, whose constant salutation, when he first came down stairs in the morning, was, to his shop, in these words, 'Good morrow, Mr Shop ; you'll take care of me, Mr Shop, and I'll take care of you.'"

"Mr Curtis, a respectable stationer, who, from very small beginnings, left his son ninety thousand pounds in one line, besides an estate of near three hundred a-year," is also referred to in terms of high respect.

And the Reverend Doctor Cozens, an "elegant writer," and "admirable preacher," in his day, (who assisted

Mr Brasbridge in drawing up his advertisements,) shews an acquaintance with the science of quackery, which, if he had but been a doctor of medicine, would have made him the greatest man in the world.

Page 50 drops us for a moment into "The Free and Easy under the Rose;" founded "sixty years since, at the sign of the Queen's Arms," still in St Paul's Churchyard.

This house "was originally kept by Bates, who was never so happy as when standing behind a chair with a napkin under his arm ; but, arriving at the dignity of Alderman, tucking in the calipash and calipee himself, instead of handing it round to the company, soon did his business."

Anon, too, we get a pleasant allusion to another house—the "Spread Eagle in the Strand," famous for the resort of young men after the theatre ; of which the landlord (honest soul !) used facetiously to observe, "that his was a very uncommon set of customers, for what with hanging, drowning, and natural deaths, he had a change every six months."

But all this was about the time of the French Revolution ; and even the discussions at "The Free and Easy under the Rose" lapse now and then into a sort of political tendency.

A member named "Darwin," who is accounted not so wise quite as King Solomon, brings an inflammatory paper one evening into the room, entitled, "The Farce of the Guillotine, with the King's head in a basket." Our author, however, whose public opinions, it is only justice to say, seem always to have been of the most orthodox description, "rings the bell," and desires the waiter to "go for the city marshal." At this terrible name only, sedition becomes aghast ; Mr Darwin makes a precipitate retreat with the King's head, basket and all ; and is content to mulct himself in "a dinner for six," by way of being reconciled to the society.

The same Darwin "was very intimate with Mr Figgins, a wax-chandler in the Poultry, who was also a member of the 'Free and Easy.' They almost always entered the room together, and, from the inseparable nature of their friendship, I gave them the names of Liver and Gizzard ; and they were ever afterwards called the Liver

and Gizzard of the Common Council. Mr Figgins had afterwards the honour of receiving knighthood from the fair hand of Miss Boydell, when her uncle, that worthy patron of the arts, was the Lord Mayor, and she officiated as Lady Mayoress. She called him up to her, and said, 'Now, Mr Figgins, I will knight you;' and, giving him a smart rap with her fan over his head, which would have very safely borne a blow from a much heavier weapon, she said, 'Rise up, Sir Benjamin;' all the company laughed heartily, and Sir Benjamin retained his title among his acquaintance ever after."

This is a charming little *souvenir*; and cannot fail to be agreeable to all the parties mentioned. Mr Figgins is the gentleman who stated somewhere, that *red herrings* were caught in the *Red sea*.

But the duce is in these politics when they get into the Free and Easys. Friend Brasbridge, though he is on the right side, becomes almost as impertinent, sometimes, as if he were in the wrong. A certain Mr Lothroi, a Frenchman, gets into the club, who appears to Mr Brasbridge to be a "very suspicious character"—he "strongly suspects" him of being in England, "without a proper licence." Under these circumstances, he does what he thinks his "duty," and what most of his neighbours seem to think rather officious; he sends in earnest for the "city marshal" this time, and delivers up *Monsieur* to be taken before the Lord Mayor. Mr Lothroi gives a satisfactory account of himself at the mansion-house, and is discharged, (which is not exactly the sort of termination which one man who has brought a charge against another desires.)

A little disposition to be *Monsieur de Trop* in people's affairs, does seem, however, to form part of our worthy citizen's character. He has a cousin—one "Mrs Lewis," a lady of some property, who takes a fancy (but third persons must be interfering) to an honest gentleman of no property at all.

"The case," to tell it in Mr Brasbridge's own words, was this—

"I was informed by a person, who had in fact introduced the parties to each other, that my good cousin was in danger of making a match with a man every way very much her infe-

rior. I immediately set off for Bath, and bolted in upon the parties, who were sitting in the comfortable enjoyment of a *tele-a-tele*. I stated very roundly the business I had come about; the gentleman stormed and blustered, the lady trembled and began to weep; but, however, she had prudence enough left, to think that it was better to remain in a state of widowhood, than to make a match such as I shewed her this was likely to prove. Had the gentleman been from a sister kingdom, I might have expected a bullet in my thorax for my interference."

This, perhaps, might have happened.

"If I had been called out, I should have chosen little Deputy Harding for my second, because, if a tree had been near, he could have sheltered himself behind it. Happily for us both, however, no satisfaction was demanded, except defraying the lawyer's bill, for drawing up the writings, and the coachmaker's, for erasing the widow's lozenge, and quartering her arms with those of her intended bridegroom upon the carriage: the liveries were also to be paid for, and the expenses of sundry excursions into the country, and parties of pleasure, in which the enamoured couple had probably formed their plans of future felicity. The sum total of all these damages, the wear and tear of hearts not included, was sixty pounds; and, this being settled, I bore the lady off in triumph, the next day, to London."

This merciless meddler not only takes away the poor woman's husband, but makes her pay for a great supper. She marries somebody else, however, (out of spite,) within four years after.

"We slept the first night at Hungerford; my poor dear cousin declared she had no appetite for any supper; the deputy, therefore, contented himself with ordering a mutton-chop, but when I came in, I desired the landlord to bring his bill of fare, from which I selected, in addition, a couple of chickens, some sausages, and a tart. 'And, pray, who is to pay for all this?' inquired my cousin, who was always an economist, or else she would not have amassed such a fortune as to make her worth looking after, mind that, reader.—'You, to be sure,' I replied; 'who else ought? Have I not left my shop, and run away a hundred miles.

from it, all for your sake, and to look after your interests?"

Years go round, however, and either the politics, or the necessity for looking after the old woman, for God knows it might be the stag-hunting, and the brandy and water; but something or other has induced Mr Brasbridge all this while, to be transferring the "cares" of his shop, (i. e. we presume, the conduct of it,) to his eldest "prentice." The result our readers may imagine! Mr Ashforth, the "prentice," has, himself, a taste for the "Free and Easy." He dresses; learns to sing a song; and becomes paramount, upon the *pavé*, from "the wax-work" shop, down to Waithman's corner.

"His Sunday dinners at the Crown and Anchor cost him a guinea a-time!" says Mr Brasbridge, with a sigh. "He spent twenty shillings (page 68) in one evening for old Hock!"—"He subscribed to many different assemblies; kept an expensive lady, and a fine horse; had his letters addressed, as well became so fashionable a gentleman, To William Ashforth, Esq.;" and "gave his copperplate card," (this was too bad certainly,) at Mr Brasbridge's own shop, "98, Fleet Street."

All this while, our pernicious prentice has the "run of the house," and the "care of the cash." The business, as well it might, gets less and less profitable every day. Our friend owes the rogue's father "five hundred pounds;" which gives him room to boast that "he has his master under his thumb." He rules the roast in the family—sits with his hat on in the shop—and takes no more notice of the rightful silversmith than "of the man that swept the crossing."

The history of the bankruptcy which follows, takes up a good deal of our book; and even the recollection of it seems rather to shake the equanimity of the writer's temper. He takes vehement proceedings against Mr Ashforth, whose port-drinking propensities, he insinuates, had consumed L.1500 of his money. Forty-six pounds, however, is only recovered; and this looks a good deal like a difference in account.

The affair involves him too, and not unnaturally, in little disputes with many whom he had thought his friends.

A "Mr Smith" purchases the lease of his shop, (98, Fleet Street;) "and,

by one of the ingenious deceptions too common in modern trade, contrives to interweave the word *late* after his own name in the curve of the B in Brasbridge, so that to the passer-by it appeared as if we were in amicable union of interests; many of my customers frequented the shop as usual, imagining that they were serving me under the firm of Smith and Brasbridge."

This angers Mr Brasbridge, who, in the meantime, had taken a house next door; and a battle accordingly takes place.

"After my name had been up in this doubtful conjunction with Smith for about five years, the house was repainted; and I, thinking I had a right to use my own name as I pleased, begged leave to run up the painter's ladder, when he descended, and efface it with a broom."

Next day, Mr Smith gets the name repainted as conspicuously as possible; and sends the painter to Mr Brasbridge with his bill for the job.

"On my refusing to pay it, he summoned me to the Court of Conscience; and told the commissioners that my name 'stunk' in the parish of St Brides."

The commissioners remark, (according to our friend,) that "Mr Smith himself seems very fond of 'stinking fish;' and advise him to go home to his shop and 'mend his manners.'"

A fire then happens at the "next door" to our friend—not next door at Mr Smith's, but next door (we like to be accurate) the other way. Mr Walker, upon this, a sugar-baker, who had lent L.200 on Mr Brasbridge's lease, sends, in a sort of manner, to hint that restitution would be agreeable. "This," says Mr Brasbridge, was what I call "keeping an eye upon the thimble." But he pays him off, as usual, with an anecdote—

"I remember John, (Mr Walker,) when he was shopman with a grocer and chandler in Wells Street, Rag Fair, for a stipend of L.16 per annum, which he thought himself very happy to get. He died worth L.200,000, most assuredly not gained by lending money on doubtful security."

Again, when Mr Makepeace, of Sale Street, won't sell our biographer a pair of candlesticks, we find that he is "as much degenerated from his excellent

father in feeling, as he is in stature and appearance."

Mr Blades, too, the glass-man, displeased our author in acting as his assignee; accordingly it is noted, that "he was brought up in an ale-house, by his uncle, who was the landlord of the White Horse, in Carnaby Market."

We defend people, however, sometimes.

"I must beg leave, however, to say, that Mr Alderman Thomas Smith did *not* go to the dogs. He left to his two sons and an amiable daughter the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds among them. And to prove that I think it no disparagement for a man to rise from a humble station, I will say of this worthy man, (whose memory I respect too much wantonly to throw a stain upon it,) that he was originally servant to a gentleman in Doctors' Commons. He afterwards got an exciseman's place, next kept a public-house, then turned brandy-merchant, ran through the usual routine of civic honours, and finally reached the dignity of Lord Mayor of London."

Page 160, brings us to the time of "the riots," when our author carried arms.

"I was near Mr Kennet the Lord Mayor, who saw the Roman Catholic chapel burnt; and his remark upon it was, 'That's pretty well, gentlemen, for one day; I hope you will now go to your own homes.' Among the rioters, one dressed in a white jacket stood with a pickaxe at the door of Akerman, the keeper of Newgate; he was pretty confidently said to be the infatuated son of a respectable corn-factor; and whilst he thus maintained the post of guard, his companions set fire to the gates of Newgate. I went to the top of St Bride's steeple to see the awful spectacle of the conflagration of the Fleet prison; but the flakes of fire, even at that great height, fell so thickly as to render the situation untenable."

Mr Kennet is rebuked for his pusillanimity; but "he had begun life as a waiter, and his manners never rose above his original station."

Mr Alderman Pugh, the dealer in soap, "Came to town first in the humble capacity of drawer and porter at the Hoop and Bunch of Grapes, in Hatton Garden. He then went to live with Alderman Benn, to take care of his horse and cart; and for his good

conduct was admitted as under-clerk in the counting-house; and, being a married man, his master augmented his salary, in the sum of ten pounds, on the birth of every child. He was afterwards taken into partnership, and on the death of his old master, the son not liking his father's business, the whole of it devolved upon him, and he conducted it very prosperously."

Return after this to politics, in the shape of a furious castigation of Waithman the linen-draper, towards whom our author (as a next door neighbour should) seems almost to have been born with an antipathy.

"I believe Mr Waithman made his first essay in 1792 at Founders' Hall, Lothbury, called by some, at that time, the cauldron of sedition: it was during the mayoralty of Sir James Sanderson. Sir James ordered half a dozen constables to bring the spouters before him; but the orators, hearing of their approach, held their tongues, took to their heels, and the assembly instantly dispersed.

"About the same period that Mr Waithman made his debut at Founders' Hall, there was a meeting of merchants, bankers, and traders, held at Merchant-Tailors' Hall. Mr Waithman did not venture to present himself at this meeting. He was not at that time so rash as he afterwards proved himself, when he drew up on Kensington causeway to oppose the heroes of Waterloo. Bearing in mind with Falstaff, that 'Discretion is the better part of valour,' he would not even venture into Grocers' Hall, when a meeting of Mr Pitt's friends was assembled there; but most appropriately mounting a tub in Grocers' Alley, he from it harangued the gaping crowd, who, poor souls, unwittingly gave him credit for the truth of all his assertions."

After this, some ward notes are held; and Mr Brasbridge puts himself forward.

"At one of them, I had the rare good fortune to abash Mr Waithman himself. I demanded to have the resolution read again. After making two or three ineffectual attempts to procure silence, I succeeded in making myself heard; I did not honey my words with the epithets of the worthy or honourable gentleman, but said at once bluntly and plainly, 'Gentlemen, I wish to have the resolution

read again, for the laboured harangue of that person,' pointing to him, 'has put it all out of my head.' A loud laugh throughout the church proclaimed that it had been put out of the heads of all the assembly."

It is not, however, in the Forum only that our author knows how to distinguish himself.

"The citizens had been always in the habit of sweeping the refuse of their shops into the streets; but when an act of Parliament passed to make this punishable, I resolved to do my part towards removing such a nuisance. Accordingly, my eye being attracted by a heap of sweepings from Mr Waithman's shop, I sent the street-keeper to tell him, that I did not wish to do anything unneighbourly, but that if I did not see them removed within two hours, I should call at the Mansion House and lay an information. My hint was effective: the rubbish was speedily removed; and thus my beginning as a reformer, was, at least, as successful as Mr Waithman's."

Great credit is given (page 189) to Alderman Hammerton, for strewing the streets with gravel when the late King went to St Paul's, on recovery from his illness. Indeed, "a very appropriate compliment," says Mr B. "it was from a paviour, who had literally paved a great part of them with his own hands."

The writer himself, too, in this glorious day, fills his house "from the shop to the attic;" and honourable mention is made of "a pipe of wine;" with store of "hams," "fillets of veal," and "rounds of beef," provided for the occasion. This is over and above, the reader should take notice, "eighteen quartern loaves for sandwiches," and "six gallons of cherry bounce for the outside visitors!"

"Whilst of tea, coffee, chocolate, and Le Mans biscuits, I do not suppose any coffee-house in London, on that day, dispatched a greater proportion."

"Mister Evans" is not among the invited on this occasion, and therefore he won't let "Mrs Evans" and "Miss Evans" come!—by which means, says our good host, "I saved (besides the cherry bounce) two places. Mr Evans's politics were of a crooked cast; but retribution awaited him."

"He was in the habit of spending

his day at the house called the Coal-hole, in the Strand; and in his way home, late at night and half-seas-over, he used to enjoy ringing violently at the bell of a chemist and druggist, whose door he passed. The porter, to be revenged on him, lay in wait one night, and beat him so unmercifully, that he was obliged to be led home, and to wear bandages over his eyes for a long time afterwards." "He had a son a very worthy man; but he, poor fellow, inherited from his father a halt in his political gait."

Page 205 talks about Hamptonwick, and Sir John Fielding's powers subsequent to his loss of sight; which exceed, we dare say, anything of which his best friends ever suspected him. Sir John is fond of angling, and (though blind,) "could catch a fish as well by the steadiness of his hand, as he could ascertain the guilt of prisoners by the nicety of his auricular organs; for he could always judge by the tone of voice, whether the parties speaking had really committed what they might be accused of!!" Sir John used to be attended by a boatman of the name of Stedman, who, when the float began to sink, used to call out, 'Sir John, strike,' but by the time Sir John had struck, the fish had often escaped. He then ordered the man to say, 'Strike, Sir John,' and the time saved by the transposition made such a difference, that Sir John ever afterwards caught as many fish as he used to lose."

Much interesting information follows about "Mr Kenton, commonly called Ben Kenton," who was brought up in Sir Thomas Cass's charity school, and afterwards made £300,000 by keeping the Crown and Magpie in Whitechapel. Likewise about a "Mr Hill, a breeches-maker at Hounslow," who improves his finances in a very extraordinary manner. Mr Wilcocks, a bookseller in the Strand, gets, God knows how, many hundred thousand pounds, through a still more "unlooked for and improbable channel."

"A surgeon in Gough-square had purchased for dissection the body of a man who had been hung at Tyburn. The servant girl wishing to take a look at the defunct, previously to his coming under the dissecting knife, stole up stairs to the room where she expected to find him extended. To her surprise and horror she beheld him sit-

ting up, on the board, and instantly facing about, she was down stairs again in a moment."

The surgeon conceals this resuscitated subject in his house, and sends him privately away to America. The man afterwards (to break a proverb) makes a fortune, and leaves it to his benefactor; through whom it comes to the hands of Mr Wilcocks.

It is the consolation of people growing old, Mr Brasbridge observes, to talk of what they recollect when young; and a strange variety of heterogeneous notices (some of them, however, rather curious) leads us towards the end of our book.

"I recollect the first broad-wheeled waggon that was used in Oxfordshire, and a wondering crowd of spectators it attracted. I believe at that time there was not a post-chaise in England excepting two-wheeled ones. Lamps to carriages are also quite a modern improvement. A shepherd, who was keeping sheep, in the vicinity of a village in Oxfordshire, came running over, to say, that a frightful monster with saucer eyes, and making a great blowing noise, was coming towards the village. The monster turned out to be a post-chaise with two lamps."

Again—

"Before the members of Parliament were limited in their privilege of franking, they carried it to a most abusive extent. Messrs Thomas and John Stevenson, wholesale silk-mercers in Queen-street, Cheapside, used to buy franks for their business-letters at forty-eight shillings a-gross, of the poor relations of members of Parliament, who supplied them on purpose to sell." This was too cheap altogether, not more than twopence postage probably ["single"] between London and Dublin.

Admonitions follow against smoking tobacco, and going to sleep after dinner; but our author, notwithstanding the approach of age, continues to be what the Fancy term "a rum custom-cr." Only two years since he goes to consult with "Mr Luxmore" about an impending dropsy; and a very singular sort of patient it appears Mr Luxmore finds him.

"As to Mr Luxmore's advice, however, I found myself neither better nor worse for it: The fact was, that it was loaded with so many appendages, that it disgusted me altogether. I went to

Mr Luxmore, stated my case, and paid my guinea; for which Mr Luxmore bowed, and prescribed, and informed me, that he always got his medicines made up himself. When these nostrums appeared, they came not smelling of the apothecary's shop, in phials of a size befitting the delicate stomach of an invalid, but in two jolly quart bottles, savouring much more of the porter shop in appearance, than of any scientific compound. To these Brobdignaggian draughts was affixed a charge of one pound eight, which, considering as a most disgraceful imposition, I straight refused to pay. He (Luxmore) had the insolence to send me word that he would summon me for it. I replied by an invitation to him to come to my shop, where I kept a horn for the purpose of administering a drink to my horse, and would make him take his own medicine. To this he rejoined by a summons, which I attended, followed by a porter bearing a large hamper, which contained the draughts, or potions, by whatever name they might be called. At the sight of them the gravity of my judges relaxed; and, when they heard my statement of the case, they awarded Mr Luxmore seven shillings for his nostrums, and I returned home perfectly satisfied."

We are not quite sure (in spite of this success) that a gentleman is entitled to be cured of the dropsy for a single guinea; but Mr Brasbridge has too much logic for us to dispute the point with him. He concludes his story at Henil Hill, where he seems to be living cosily with "Mrs Brasbridge," (having made over the fatigues of 98, Fleet Street, and its profits, to "Mr Hopkinson,") in "very good humour with himself and with the world," and quite willing to continue his part in this terrestrial scene, as long as it shall please the heavenly powers to keep him here!

The manner of Mr Brasbridge's book reminds us a good deal of Lady Morgan, in the freedom of its style, and guarded accuracy of its statements. The great principle that it illustrates, seems nearly, or altogether, to be this—that, to grow rich, a man must be bred in a charity school, but that he must eschew the temptation of stag-hunting; in other words, that he should be born a beggar, but avoid, as far as possible, being set on horseback.

We were surprised to find, in a "Chronicle for St Bride's Parish," no notice taken of Mr Sheriff Parkins, or of the black man who sweeps the crossing at the corner of Bridge Street, Blackfriars. But, as an exposition of coun-

ter wit, and high life in the Ward of Candlewick, there has been nothing so good that we know of since Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle."

PROFLIGACY OF THE LONDON PERIODICAL PRESS.

No. II.

As we had anticipated, our exposure of the infamous attack on Sir Walter Scott, made by one of the vermin in the London Magazine of February 1823, and the skulking cowardice of its suppression, has had its due effect. We quoted the suppressed passage, in which every word of insult that could occur to the brain of the wretched ca-

lumniator who wrote it, was heaped together with a singular and rabid ferocity; and we added, that the "chatter of booksellers' shops" had attributed it to Mr Taylor of Fleet Street.

How has the charge been answered? Why, thus, in the last London Magazine—

"In the charge," [of our Magazine,] "there are three distinct assertions.—They are three distinct falsehoods.

"1. That our publisher, Mr Taylor, wrote the review alluded to.—He did not.

"2. That two or three hundred copies of that review were disposed of.—THERE WERE NOT FIFTY."—[We give the important contradiction the full benefit of its original capitals.]

"3. That the passage complained of in that review was suppressed through terror.—IT WAS NOT. *The passage was not a libel in law; nothing, therefore, could be feared from its publication.*"—[The typography is again from the original.] "The review in question was written by a celebrated critic—was received too late for examination—and was cleared of the passage objected to, as soon as possible, from a motive of *good feeling* towards the author of the novel."

And is this all?—All, gentle reader, with the exception of some silly vapouring about our *slander*, which we are dared to repeat to Mr Taylor's face. Poor man! He had better stick to his counter, and not expose his grey hairs, which should be a token of sense, and an object of respect, to the derision which must always attend *such* brava-does from *such* quarters. We are glad, nevertheless, that he considers it slander to be suspected as the author of such vile venom as flows from the pen of the "celebrated critic," who, however, be it remarked, is in his pay.

Passing by such unmeaning and nonsensical trash, our readers will perceive that our main charges are altogether untouched. We distinctly allowed, by the very tone we used,—*"the chatter of booksellers' shops"*—that we were anything but positive in down Mr Taylor as the author. *rely* noticed the *report*, taking *lesson* the quarter whence it was *On* what better authority *Taylor* assume Sir W. Scott

to be the author of *Waverley*? Nor does our mistake—if mistake it is—a circumstance we beg leave to doubt—as to the number issued, in the slightest degree affect our reasoning. We take the number as it is given us. Fifty of the infamous things were disseminated. So let it stand.

Our third falsehood is our assertion that it was suppressed through *terror*; and we are told it was done through *kind feeling*. How pitiful must the poor creature have felt when writing that sentence!—That such as *he* should be actuated by kind feeling towards the reputed author of *Peveril of the Peak*, by a desire of *patronizing* him, as it were, is too good. It would be quite comic, were it not too contemptible in its spirit. But mark how this kind feeling is shewn. In page 207 of that very review, after a laboured and most stupid parallel between Sir Walter Scott and Mr William Cobbett, we come to this sentence.

"If it should be said that Mr Cobbett sometimes turns blackguard, it

cannot be affirmed *that he is a cats-paw, which is the DERNIER RESORT of humanity*, into which SIR WALTER has retreated."

There is a touch of kind feeling for you! Are we to argue with such a vermin as this? Is there a blockhead in Fleet Street, including Lord Waithman, who could believe that any other motive than terror, could have operated to procure the suppression of the more lengthened, but not more lying and villainous tirade, which we dragged from its skulking corner into light? As for libel actions—Mr Tay-

lor well knew that he was in no danger from these. His fear was of a very different action indeed, and it was not less operative, because it happened to be altogether groundless.

So much for the three assertions, which, and which only, Mr Taylor, or his scribe—we see we must be cautious in assigning the works of these eminent and conspicuous authors, these "celebrated critics," to the proper quarter, else we shall be told that we lie—could find in our article. Let us mend our statement by the contradiction—

"In Mr Taylor's Fleet Street Miscellany, for February, 1803, a celebrated critic—name unknown, in Mr Taylor's wages, and so trusted by his employer, as to be allowed to send articles unseen by the editor, to the press, called one of the most honourable men in the world, and decidedly the first literary man in the country, in whatever point of view he can be regarded, intolerant, mercenary, mean, a professed toad-eater, a sturdy hack, a pitiful retailer, or suborner of infamous slanders, a literary Jack Ketch,—this *directly*; and, *by implication*, a cold-blooded hypocrite, pander, and intriguer. Of which filth, about fifty copies were circulated, when the proprietor—not out of terror—not from dread of the universal contempt which would be in consequence showered upon him and his concern—but through kind feeling suppressed. Which kind feeling he further displayed, in suffering the aforesaid celebrated critic, of the unknown name, to style the same gentleman a cats-paw, and the dernier resort of humanity."

How does it read so amended? Is the baseness, the falsehood, the cowardice, seen to greater or less advantage in our new picture? Let the unfortunate champion of Fleet Street make of it what he pleases. He has done Mr Taylor an eminent service. Until his defence appeared, we only *suspected* him of being a party in the calumny—we now, from his own admission, or that of his *friend*, *know* that he is accountable for the whole article as it stands at present. The fact, that he suppressed *part*, shews that he had the power of suppressing the *whole*; and of course he must stand up as the author of the remainder.

So much for the London Magazine. We must beg Sir Walter Scott's pardon most sincerely, for bringing his name in question, or for mentioning it in connexion with the creatures whom it is our business and our pastime to destroy; but we could not help it. We request our readers not to forget the

use we made of the whole business. We wanted to prove that in spite of this grand principle of Conciliation, of which we hear so much, the Whig writers let slip no opportunity of abusing, vilifying, insulting, and calumniating the great men of the Tory party, no matter how amiable may be the qualities of their hearts, or brilliant the power of their heads. We wished to shew that the whole set, clamorous as they are against personality, are, nevertheless, from their Magnates Moore and Byron, down to their Vermin, as the "celebrated critics" for Taylor and Co., venomously scurrilous in their language and rancorous in their feelings against the Tories. This we did, and we leave the impression we made to be weakened as much as it can be by the discovery that slander is not *written* but merely *published* by Mr Taylor; and that he sold of it not two hundred copies, but fifty.

THE MAGIC LAY
OF THE ONE-HORSE CHAY.

AIR—*Evenen's Bower.*

I.

MR BUBB was a Whig orator, also a Soap Laborator,
For everything's new christen'd in the present day ;
He was follow'd and adored, by the Common Council board,
And lived quite genteel with a one-horse chay.

II.

Mrs Bubb was gay and free, fair, fat, and forty-three,
And blooming as a peony in buxom May ;
The toast she long had been of Farringdon-Within,
And fill'd the better-half of the one-horse chay.

III.

Mrs Bubb said to her Lord, " You can well, Bubb, afford,
Whate'er a Common Council man in prudence may ;
We've no brats to plague our lives, and the soap concern it thrives,
So let's have a trip to Brighton in the one-horse chay.

IV.

" We'll view the pier and shipping, and enjoy many a dipping,
And walk for a stomach in our best array ;
I longs more nor I can utter, for shrimps and bread and butter,
And an airing on the Steyne in the one-horse chay.

V.

" We've a right to spare for nought that for money can be bought,
So to get matters ready, Bubb, do you trudge away ;
To my dear Lord-Mayor I'll walk, just to get a bit of talk,
And an imitation shawl for the one-horse chay."

VI.

Mr Bubb said to his wife, " Now I think upon't, my life,
'Tis three weeks at least to next boiling-day ;
The dog-days are set in, and London's growing thin,
So I'll order out old Nobbs and the one-horse chay."

VII.

Now Nobbs, it must be told, was rather fat and old,
His colour it was white, and it had been grey ;
He was round as a pot, and when soundly whipt would trot
Full five miles an hour in the one-horse chay.

VIII.

When at Brighton they were housed, and had stult and caroused,
O'er a bowl of rack punch, Mr Bubb did say,
" I've ascertain'd, my dear, the mode of dipping here
From the ostler, who is cleaning up my one-horse chay.

IX.

" You're shut up in a box, ill convenient as the stocks,
And eighteen-pence a-time are obliged for to pay ;
Court corruption here, say I, makes everything so high,
And I wish I had come without my one-horse chay."

X.

"As I hope," says she, "to thrive, 'tis flaying folks alive,
The King and them extortioners are leagued, I say;
'Tis encouraging of such for to go to pay so much,
So we'll set them at defiance with our one-horse chay."

XI.

"Old Nobbs, I am sartain, may be trusted gig or cart in,
He takes every matter in an easy way;
He'll stand like a post, while we dabble on the coast,
And return back to dress in our one-horse chay."

XII.

So out they drove, all drest so gaily in their best,
And finding, in their rambles, a snug little bay,
They uncased at their leisure, paddled out to take their pleasure,
And left everything behind in the one-horse chay.

XIII.

But while, so snugly sure that all things were secure,
They flounced about like porpoises or whales at play,
Some young unlucky imps, who prowld about for shrimps,
Stole up to reconnoitre the one-horse chay.

XIV.

Old Nobbs, in quiet mood, was sleeping as he stood,
(He might possibly be dreaming of his corn or hay;)
Not a foot did he wag, so they whipt out every rag,
And gutted the contents of the one-horse chay.

XV.

When our pair were soused enough, and returned in their buff,
Oh, there was the vengeance and old Nick to pay!
Madam shriek'd in consternation, Mr Bubb he swore D—mnation!
To find the empty state of the one-horse chay.

XVI.

"If I live," said she, "I swear, I'll consult my dear Lord Mayor,
And a fine on this vagabond town he shall lay;
But the gallows thieves, so tricky, hasn't left me e'en a dicky,
And I shall catch my death in the one-horse chay."

XVII.

"Come, bundle in with me, we must squeeze for once," says he,
"And manage this here business the best we may;
We've no other step to choose, nor a moment must we lose,
Or the tide will float us off in our one-horse chay."

XVIII.

So noses, sides, and knees, all together did they squeeze,
And, pack'd in little compass, they trotted it away,
As dismal as two dummies, head and hands stuck out like mummies,
From beneath the little apron of the one-horse chay.

XIX.

The Steyne was in a throng, as they jogg'd it along,
Madam hadn't been so put to it for many a day;
Her pleasure it was damp'd, and her person somewhat cramp'd,
Doubled up beneath the apron of the one-horse chay.

"Oh would that I were laid," Mr Bubb in sorrow said,
 "In a broad-wheel'd waggon, well cover'd with hay !
 I'm sick of sporting smart, and would take a tilted cart
 In exchange for this bauble of a one-horse chay.

XXI.

"I'd give half my riches for my worst pair of breeches,
 Or the apron that I wore last boiling day ;
 They would wrap my arms and shoulders from these impudent beholders,
 And allow me to whip on in my one-horse chay."

XXII.

Mr Bubb ge-hupp'd in vain, and strove to jirk the rein,
 Nobbs felt he had his option to work or play,
 So he wouldn't mend his pace, though they'd fain have run a race,
 To escape the merry gazers at the one-horse chay.

XXIII.

Now, good people, laugh your fill, and fancy if you will,
 (For I'm fairly out of breath, and have said my say,)
 The trouble and the rout, to wrap and get them out,
 When they drove to their lodgings in their one-horse chay.

XXIV.

The day was swelt'ring warm, so they took no cold or harm,
 And o'er a smoking lunch soon forgot their dismay ;
 But, fearing Brighton mobs, started off at night with Nobbs,
 To a snugger watering-place, in the one-horse chay.

THE LIBERAL SYSTEM.

Our readers are aware that we are not admirers of the fashionable doctrines of "*Liberality*"—that we think somewhat contemptuously of that which in certain quarters bears the beautiful name of the "*Liberal System*." These doctrines and the system which has grown out of them, are hugely cried up by all the weak and wicked heads in the nation, and we need nothing but this to convince us that they are neither wise nor innocent. A mass of other evidence, however, surrounds us to produce the conviction, and we feel ourselves called upon to detail it. If they were a mere matter of words—of pure speculative opinion—we might be content to despise them in silence ; but when they relate to things, when their tendency is to alter almost everything that now exists, and when nearly all the guides of public opinion are their trumpeters, our sense of duty tells us that we ought to shew them no mercy. We shall, however, deal much more in fact and argument, than in assertion and hard names ; and there-

fore we shall scarcely injure them, if we cannot *prove* that they ought to have enemies.

A set of people, whom, from the want of a better name, we shall call the Statesmen of Cockaigne, and who consist of the gentlemen of the press, the Greek, Spanish, and other committees, the loan-mongers and stock-jobbers, &c. &c. have had the chief share in fabricating the "*Liberal System*," in reducing it to practice, in cramming it down the throats of the good-natured part of the community, in smuggling it into Parliament, and even in forcing it to a certain extent upon the government. A somewhat unsparing exposure of the conduct of these people, must necessarily occupy a prominent place in our exposure of the operation and tendency of the "*System of Liberality*."

Liberty is the great earthly object of worship, with nearly all our countrymen. We rejoice at this, but we should rejoice still more if their knowledge of what constitutes the source of liberty, were proportioned to their love of it.

This, alas! is not to be hoped for. They feel that they possess liberty; they see the more bulky parts of the machinery that is employed in producing it; but beyond this they feel and see nothing. The things that form the grand moving power to the machinery—that constitute the very essence of liberty—they will not notice. The consequence is, that they frequently enough resort to that for the protection of liberty, which is only calculated for its destruction. They act as the man would act, who, to keep the piston or fly-wheel of his steam-engine in due motion, should make holes in the boiler, or destroy the furnace. When we look at almost all that is written and spoken of liberty, we are astonished that a people who have enjoyed liberty so long, who love it so devoutly, and who have it eternally in their mouths, should be so grossly ignorant touching its source, and the things necessary for its preservation.

The secret of this is not very deeply hidden. Those among us who profess to be the most ardent worshippers of liberty, and who arrogate to themselves the rank of commanders in its service, value it and use it merely as an instrument for gratifying their own malevolence and cupidity. They are ignorant enough in all conscience; but still they would not speak and act as they do, if their ignorance were not superadded to wickedness. One parcel of our liberty-chiefs cry Liberty! liberty! that they may become ministers of state, and obtain sundry thousand pounds per annum, of the public money—another parcel raise the cry that they may gain the votes of certain traitorous electors—another do it to sell newspapers—a fourth do it to gain a market for their merchandise, or to acquire a fortune on the Stock-exchange, and so on. These persons call themselves the only champions of liberty, and the prejudice in favour of liberty gains them credence with the mass of the people. Of course, to rail against the laws—to attack the constitution—to assault public morals—to undermine the interests of the nation—to scoff at the lessons of experience—and to deride the apothegms which have been sanctioned by the wise in all ages—to do all this is to combat in the cause of liberty! The beardless youngsters who write our Morning

Chronicles, set their feet upon the sacred ashes of our departed statesmen and philosophers, and cry—Here lie the fools! Do all that they forbade, and believe all that they pronounced to be false and pernicious!

An insurrection breaks out in Greece—the Spanish colonies revolt against the mother-country—this or that continental army overthrows its government—a tribe of godless profligates here and there concoct plots for changing dynasties, and seizing upon sceptres. Hurra for liberty! cry the Statesmen of Cockaigne—if you say one syllable against all this, you are a fool, a knave, a bigot, a tyrant!—Do such things then, of necessity, lead to the establishment of liberty? Is nothing more necessary for such establishment, than the huddling together of a Constitution of any kind; and the changing of the names emperors and kings, into dictators, protectors, presidents, liberators, &c.? No! Then what are the motives of the Statesmen of Cockaigne? These shall speedily be detailed.

The bread of the gentlemen of the press, is mainly drawn from their incoherent declamations in favour of liberty; they must ever puff the name, and they must ever rail against the restraints that give the reality; of course, whenever a revolt takes place against a monarch, they laud it to the skies, no matter who the revolvers may be, or what may be their creed and object. This rallies round the revolvers the ignorant and simple, and it is the first link in the system. Then the insurrection or revolution affords a capital spouting topic to those public men who are patronized by the ragged part of the electors of Westminster, Southwark, &c. and they eagerly seize it to ingratiate themselves with their patrons; they get up a dinner, or a committee and subscription, puff the revolutionists with all their might, and this aids public delusion mightily, and forms the second link in the system. Next, the revolutionists are in great want of money, and they can get it no where save in England; they send a brace of agents to us forthwith, who are joyfully received by our loan-mongers and stock-jobbers; the latter persons, to enrich themselves by the sale of the new stock, circulate all kinds of fine things in favour of the revolu-

tion, and this forms the third link of the system. Then sundry merchants adventure a few cargoes among the revolutionists; to save these from seizure, they cry out lustily, Liberty; and this is the next link in the system. The gentlemen of the press write furiously in favour of the revolutionists; the committees, loan-mongers, and merchants, supply them profusely with glorious news, and ravishing descriptions; they drown opposition by huzzaing Liberty! and Liberality! and, although the main object of each is his own dirty benefit, the public gapes, believes, applauds, and follows them.

Such is the "Liberal System" in origin and motives. Now for some of the consequences.

We grant that the Turkish government is a despotic one—we grant that it is a cruel one. We grant that every friend of mankind ought to wish to see the Greeks properly governed, and possessed of a due portion of liberty. In examining, in the first place, the "Liberal System," as it affects the Greeks, we speak as the friends of the Greeks themselves. Now, what are the actual condition and character of the Greeks? Are they reasonably wealthy? They are almost wholly without resources. Are they intelligent and moral? They are among the most ignorant and depraved of God's creatures. Are they unanimous? They are split into factions, which can scarcely be kept from tearing each other to pieces by the presence of the common enemy. Is it likely that they will triumph? The probabilities are all against them; their affairs are barely not hopeless. Government and society can scarcely be found among them; with regard to knowledge, they hardly equal our West India slaves; and with regard to morals, they fall far below them. The Greeks are much more familiarised with the vices and crimes that are the most dangerous to a community, than our negroes.

Now, what would have been the advice of a wise and sincere friend to a people like this? He would have said, Obey the Turks, until you become intelligent, virtuous, and reasonably powerful. You must become this, or you will never win freedom. It will release you from half your bondage without a battle—it will enable you easily to throw off the other half, and it will preserve you from becoming

your own tyrants after you destroy your Turkish ones. But if you revolt now, it will either lead you through carnage and devastation into still harsher Turkish tyranny, or it will give you a tyranny of your own as grinding as that which now rules you. If the Greeks, notwithstanding, had revolted, such a friend would have laboured to place them under wise and virtuous leaders; and he would have been indefatigable in his efforts to give them good principles and views touching society and government.

Well, the Greeks rose in insurrection, and the Statesmen of Cockaigne, without knowing anything of their motives, character, resources, and chances, or caring a straw for such things, were ravished with them for it. We were instantly stunned with the most fulsome panegyrics on the wisdom, virtues, valour, riches, and power of the Greeks. A committee was at once formed to aid and counsel this people—and of whom did it consist? Was it composed of such men as the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Liverpool, or the Marquis of Lansdown? Good God! persons like these to be capable of directing a barbarous, depraved, divided people, in a contest for liberty. Impossible! The committee consisted of such men as Mr Hobhouse, Mr Bowring, and Mr Hume! These were the wise and experienced fellows who were to give conduct, principles, and institutions to the Greeks. Lord Byron—the aristocratic despot—the reviler of religion and virtue—the teacher of lewdness and licentiousness—the assassin of the principles of social order—the man who, according to the evidence of his friends, knew nothing whatever of the constitution of society or the principles of government—this Lord went to put himself at the head of the Greeks, to be their guide, to give them opinions, and to fabricate for them institutions!! Did not the nation, from compassion for the Greeks, view all this with disgust and abhorrence? Oh, no! The Gentlemen of the Press, the Greek Committee, the loan-mongers, and Lord Byron, raised the cry of Liberty and Liberality! The nation re-echoed it, and not to join in it, was regarded to be little better than treason against our own freedom.

The consequence to the wretched Greeks is, that they are goaded and

on into a desperate contest, which is distinguished by the most appalling ferocity, and the most horrible butcheries, by a set of people in this country, *who do it for their own beggarly personal profit*, who are incapable of advising them, and whose instructions must inevitably lead to slavery and ruin. Precious "*Liberality*" this, unquestionably!

Pass we now to South America.—The Statesmen of Cockaigne were, of course, thrown into raptures when the colonies of Spain separated themselves from the mother-country. The people of South America were ignorant and licentious in the highest degree, and their leaders were, in creed, neither Tories nor Whigs, but republicans—men untutored, inexperienced, and, generally, excessively unprincipled and selfish. Republican principles were the most unsuitable, and the most dangerous ones, that could have been taught to the South Americans, and the republican form of government was the most unfit one for them of all others. Well, the Statesmen of Cockaigne, after puffing the Spanish colonies immeasurably for declaring themselves independent, next puffed them as immeasurably for their republicanism. The North American gentleman of the press is reasonably consistent; he lives under a republic, and he maintains that a republic is the best form of government. But a Cockney gentleman of the press is a creature of another stamp; he lives under a monarchy, professes to think it the best form of government, and still to advocate it against a republic, would be, in his judgment, heinous wickedness. He calls the British constitution the best in the world; but as to advising the revolutionists, whom he takes under his wings, to make it their model, it is out of the question; and if one resembling it be established elsewhere, he instantly abuses the latter as a despotism. The French constitution was an abomination in his eyes; but the Spanish one, which made the king a cipher, and the South American republics, he regarded as absolute perfection.

It mattered not that the vast mass of the people of South America were grossly incapable of choosing a form of government for themselves—that the intelligent portion of them wished

for monarchy—that their character and condition called for monarchy, and shewed the utmost unfitness for republicanism—that the dividing them into republics was the worst step that could have been taken touching the interests of England—and that their leaders were generally incapable men, seeking their own aggrandisement. All this mattered nothing to the Statesmen of Cockaigne, to the friends of the "*Liberal System*." These wiseacres did not labour to teach the people of South America just principles—they did not call upon them to look to England for opinions and institutions—they did not fight for the wishes of that part of them who could judge, and for the interests of the whole, against the demagogues who deluded them—they did not combat for the interests of England—No! but they constantly defended the Dictators, Liberators, Congressers, &c., no matter how absurdly and tyrannically these acted. The French constitution grants liberty of conscience—it is a despotism. The South American republics prohibit it—they establish pure freedom. The fools who at present manage matters in South America, pretend to raise republican liberty on the basis of religious tyranny—they are excessively wise and liberal men. To hold, with Burke, that freedom cannot exist if the liberty of any man, or body of men, can trespass on that of any other individual, or description of persons, is preposterous. The liberty of the South American Dictators, Liberators, Congresses, &c., shoots individuals without trial, banishes and ruins whole classes of men for mere difference of opinion, establishes the most absurd and unjust regulations of trade, lays the press under the most severe restrictions, tyrannizes over the conscience, and does nearly what it pleases with the liberty of the people at large,—and this is unmixed and boundless national liberty;—at least, so say the Statesmen of Cockaigne, the friends of the "*Liberal System*;" and who shall dare to contradict them? That this is surpassingly "*liberal*" towards the Dictators, Liberators, Congresses, &c.—the despots of South America—is a matter that admits not of controversy; but its "*liberality*" towards the PEOPLE of South America may fairly be questioned.

The inhabitants of Peru will not be reconciled to republicanism. The men in power have proclaimed a republic, but the overwhelming majority of the inhabitants,—the voice of the people,—is against them, and they are in danger of being blown up with their paper republic into the air. What must be done? That most magnificent, ancient, and liberal republic, Colombia, marches its armies forthwith among the Peruvians, to *force* upon them the blessings of republicanism. To make up the requisite number of deputies for the mock congress of Peru, Colombians are elected! The Colombian general, Bolivar, assumes the title and powers of Dictator of Peru—places the inhabitants under martial law—proclaims all to be traitors who oppose him—and compels Peru to become a republic! Oh, *liberal* Colombia! Oh, fortunate Peru, to become the object of such stupendous *liberality*! It has enraptured the Statesmen of Cockaigne. These marvellous gentry no doubt heartily cursed France for intermeddling with the affairs of Spain, at the request of both king and people; but then France is in one quarter of the globe, and Colombia is in another. The law of nations is regulated by geography, and that which is unjust and tyrannical in our northern climes is the reverse in the tropics.

Turn we now to Europe.—A set of people, as our readers well know, have been for years labouring to revolutionise almost every nation on the continent. The Statesmen of Cockaigne,—the friends of the "*Liberal System*,"—have done their utmost to aid these people. To furnish such aid, they have labelled the continental governments in every possible way, and they have strained every nerve to render the continent one blaze of civil war. Now, who were these revolutionists? Did they comprehend the majority of the people? They formed the insignificant minority. Doubtless they consisted of the wealthy and intelligent classes—of men of character and patriotism? They consisted chiefly of profligate adventurers, brainless fanatics, and the dregs of the people. At any rate, their creed was Toryism, or at the least Whiggism? Their principles were those which we have so long execrated in our own country, under the names Radicalism and Liberalism. Still, perhaps they wished to establish

constitutions modelled after our own? They scorned us, our principles, and our constitution; they sought to establish forms of government every way unsuited to the nations of the continent,—impracticable, absurd, virtually deposing the monarch and rendering faction absolute, and which were certain of producing worse fruits to the people than the governments that already existed. Notwithstanding all this, perhaps these revolutionists were the friends of England? While they were in power in Spain and Portugal, they reviled us,—called us tyrants, and our government a despotism; deplored the slavery of our Radicals, and prayed for their success, and made the most severe laws against our trade.

While the Statesmen of Cockaigne—the friends of the "*Liberal System*,"—furiously fought the battles of these revolutionists, they were perfectly acquainted with their real character, with their real motives, with their real creed, and with the forms of government which they wished to establish. While this was the case, not one of them knew the actual condition of any one continental nation. Not one of them knew that the people of Spain, Portugal, Italy, &c. were sufficiently intelligent and moral to be entrusted with political power—that the higher classes possessed the requisite qualifications for discharging the duties which freedom would have imposed upon them—and that those elements existed in any of these states which are absolutely essential for giving form and vitality to liberty. Not one of them knew what the real conduct of the continental governments was—what degree of practical freedom the people already enjoyed—what the form and character of society were on the continent—and what the genius, wants, feelings, and wishes, were of any one continental people. Not one of them could point out what form of government would best suit any one of the States. These, in good sooth, were things not to be thought of; it was a war against kings and priests—against royalty and religion—against civil obedience and public morals—and, of course, it was just and necessary. The same constitution was to suit all; the same system was to serve all; the same party was to rule all: religion of all kinds was to be trampled

under foot ; public morals were to be dissolved ; kings were to be virtually disowned ; factions were to be rendered despotic ; the soldiery of Europe was to seize upon the sovereign authority ; civil obedience was to be rooted up ; and this, in the judgment of British constitutionalists—of British monarchists—was to deluge the continent with liberty. Oh, wonderful Statesmen of Cockaigne ! Oh, brilliant and miraculous "*Liberal System* !"

If none can tyrannize but those who bear the names of emperors and kings—if the gagging and hand-cuffing of monarchs be sufficient to prevent one man, or one body of men, from tyrannizing over another, our friends of the "*Liberal System*" were right, but not otherwise. If what the revolutionists sought to establish were manifestly fraught with licentiousness, anarchy, civil war, and the worst kind of slavery, what were those Englishmen who supported them ? If the destruction of religion and public morals, the reducing of the king to a cipher, and the rendering of a faction absolute, composed of Benthamites and Byronites, would in this country destroy our freedom, would it establish freedom on the continent ? If the forms of government which the revolutionists sought to establish were evidently calculated and meant to virtually depose the sovereign in the first moment, were the sovereigns to be blamed for refusing them ? If, in our war with our Radicals, the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, the government was made practically despotic, and new laws were enacted, considerably abridging our liberties, does this form no excuse for the continental monarchs in coercing the factions that made their thrones totter under them ? Let us be just—let us banish this wretched prejudice—let us allow others to do what we ourselves do. Whatever might be the wishes of the continental governments, their preservation from ruin was only to be found in the measures to which they resorted. The tender plant is not to be raised amidst the storms of winter ; liberty is not to be for the *first* time established when a people is convulsed with treason and rebellion ; and the *first* representative assembly is not to be formed when the populace is clamouring for the crown, and the majority of the representatives are

likely to be infidels and democrats, fanatics and adventurers.

If the Statesmen of Cockaigne—the friends of the "*liberal system*"—had dealt honestly in the matter, we would have treated them with more tenderness, but they did not. They made the most false representations touching the state of foreign nations, and they lavished the most groundless and atrocious abuse on the continental monarchs. As to the nation expecting to hear from them truth and fair reasoning, or moderate distortion, and not over-dark misrepresentation, good heaven ! it might as well have expected to hear the moon sing Maggy Lauder. While one extreme was adopted towards the governments, the other extreme was adopted towards their enemies. The senseless, perjured, lawless army, that would turn its arms against its government, was trumpeted forth as a paragon of knowledge, patriotism, and virtue ; the brainless fanatic was eulogised as a sage—the monster of profligacy was held up as a saint—the crimsoned satellites of the crimsoned Buonaparte, were worshipped as most spotless people, and most ardent adorsers of liberty—the most absurd constitution was represented to be perfection—and the most mad and wicked deeds were graced with all the splendours of panegyric. Glorious "*Liberality*" this, no doubt, for it had not the least taste of old prejudices or restrictions ; and, moreover ; it was all exhibited to serve the holy cause of—liberty !

If our friends of the "*Liberal System*" had told the continental nations how much we had suffered, even in respect of freedom, from our own Liberals—had warned them against following any but honest, experienced, intelligent men—had exhorted them to cleave to religion, and to protect public morals—had called upon them to look at the Constitution, and the constitutional opinions of England—had done justice to the sovereigns, and softened the asperities on both sides—had pointed out to the people their errors, and the defects of their constitutions—and had held up to the scorn of the world, the godless, senseless fanatics and profligates, who were lighting up civil war on every side, merely to make themselves tyrants—this would have been *Liberality*—this would have been maintaining the cause of

liberty—this would have been labouring to make the continent free and happy. But the conduct of these sagacious persons could not have any other effect, and it had no other effect, than to render the chains of despotism more powerful. To the revolutionists—to the Liberals—to the would-be tyrants of the continent—the conduct of the Statesmen of Cockaigne was “*liberal*,” superlatively “*liberal*,” but to the PEOPLE at large, it only produced delusion, phrenzy, error, convulsion, bloodshed and devastation in the first moment, and more grinding slavery in the second. That which yielded these, ought, we humbly presume, to bear another name than “*Liberality*.”

At the same time, when the “*Liberal System*” was born, the continental monarchs were occupied in endeavours to give to their subjects rational liberty; the monster came into the world, and it immediately employed them in endeavours to strengthen despotism, to save themselves from destruction. This was, perhaps, in effect, great *Liberality* towards the monarchs, but still it was anything but *Liberality* towards the people.

A few weeks since, some of the runaway “constitutionalists” of Spain returned to that unhappy country, to render it the theatre of civil war. Every one knew that the vast mass of the people detested them; that it was impossible for them to overturn the government, supported as it was by the French army; that at the best they wished to set up the old, impracticable, tyrannical constitution; that their proclamations warranted the conclusion, that they meant to establish a republic; and that they could accomplish nothing beyond leading a portion of the people to slaughter and ruin, and removing rational freedom still farther from Spain. Yet this actually threw the Statesmen of Cockaigne into paroxysms of transport, and they laboured to persuade us that the helpless vermin who were swept out of the country without a battle when they were its rulers, and had its whole resources in their hands, could now, in the character of destitute rebels, triumph over the government and the French army. The friends of the “*Liberal System*” were enraptured with prospect of the Spanish provinces being uselessly overspread with blood

and horrors. What prodigious *Liberality*!

It is notorious that the overwhelming majority of the people—the wealth, intelligence, and virtue of the continental nations, abhorred the revolutionists; yet our friends of the “*Liberal System*” wished to cram down the throats of this majority, by the aid of the cannon and the bayonet, the opinions and schemes of the revolutionists. What stupendous *Liberality*!

Upon the whole, the “*Liberal System*” has been prodigiously *liberal* to the heads of the continental revolutionists, although these persons, we suspect, have now no great cause to revere its *Liberality*. It has been in the upshot largely *liberal* to the continental sovereigns, although it has been this, no doubt, quite unintentionally; but the “*Liberal System*” has given cause to the PEOPLE of the continent to curse it to the last hour of their existence.

We have glanced at the consequences of the “*Liberal System*,” as they have affected other nations; we will now glance at them as they have affected, and are affecting, our own country.

The Statesmen of Cockaigne—the friends of the “*Liberal System*,” brought in due form a Greek loan into the market. Now, who were the real borrowers? A people barbarous, profligate, divided, practically without a government, without laws, without resources, without revenue; warring almost without hope against the whole power of Turkey, and not possessing a single item of what constitutes a security for borrowed money. And who were to be the real lenders? The credulous people of this country, who had to depend altogether on the statements of the Statesmen of Cockaigne for knowledge touching the character and condition of the borrowers. Of course, these Statesmen circulated full and honest information respecting the Greeks! They circulated a fiddlestick!—They circulated nothing but the most delusive and mischievous statements; everything that told against the Greeks was scandalously distorted, or suppressed; and everything favourable to them was scandalously exaggerated. At any rate, these Statesmen ventured their own money, when they called upon the ignorant and credu-

lous to venture theirs? Blunder upon blunder! They risk their money in Greek stock!—No, no, give them their due, they are not, after all, quite so simple. The profuse Lord Byron, it seems, only *lent* his money to the Greeks, and he lent it on far different security from stock bonds. The object of these worthies was to feed, to fatten, to enrich themselves by the sale of Greek stock, and not to ruin themselves by purchasing it. That this has been stupendously *liberal* to themselves and the Greeks, is beyond all question; but that it has been direct swindling, abominable robbery, towards the people at large, is alike unquestionable.

The Statesmen of Cockaigne have of course profusely supplied the innumerable republics of South America with loans, on the same system on which they have acted with regard to the Greeks. These republics never yet possessed anything that could constitute a fair security for borrowed money. Some of them, according to their own account, have been eight, twelve, and fourteen years independent, free from war, and in a flourishing condition; and still they keep wanting new loans. Notwithstanding all this, the friends of the "*Liberal System*" have continually drawn for them millions after millions, from the pockets of their dupes. These most upright men have had possession of almost all the channels of public information; and of course we have nothing but the most ravishing statements, touching the condition of the thousand and one South American republics. Countries superlatively poor have been called immensely rich—uninhabited deserts have been represented to be thickly peopled—republics, containing half a million, or a million, of inhabitants, have been sworn to be surprisingly populous—and people, ignorant and licentious in the last degree, disunited, having in reality scarcely any operative laws, and subject to the will of a knot of despots, have been called intelligent, virtuous, unanimous, orderly, and free. All this has been done, but naked facts and plain reasoning have been scrupulously withheld; and the country has known nearly as much of the real state of the North Pole, as of the *real* state of South America.

In consequence, numbers of families have been already ruined by vesting

their money in these outlandish loans; numbers more have been greatly impoverished, and the ruin of additional numbers is rapidly approaching. Beautiful *liberality* this, truly, in one set of Englishmen towards another.

We are not in the words of the Anti-jacobin,—

"A steady patriot of the world alone,
The friend of every country—but his own."
We love our own country better than all others—we love the honest spirit that rivets its affections to its native soil and its legitimate kinsmen—we love the feeling of nationality, for it is alike honourable to the individual, and beneficial to the state; and we regard those with scorn whose axe is continually laid at the root of this feeling. What then are we to think of those Englishmen who mingle contempt of their own country with their adoration of foreign ones, and who delude, cozen, rob, and ruin their countrymen, for the benefit of the people of Greece, South America, and Spain?—Shame upon them! Shame upon them!

The friends of the "*Liberal System*" have been long slandering Mr Canning and his colleagues for not acknowledging the independence of the South American republics. Now what are the real facts of the matter? Would such acknowledgment increase our trade? Scarcely to the extent of a single cargo. Its advocates admit that the direct benefits would be almost wholly engrossed by the republics. Would it then, on the other hand, involve us in difficulties and dangers? Most assuredly. Spain has still military possession of a part of South America; she rejects the fanciful divisions that have been made, and claims the whole; the other continental powers wish her to regain the whole, and they are hostile to our interference. Were we to concede the recognition, we must, to render it effective—to discharge the honest duty which it would impose upon us towards the republics—treat Spain as an enemy, if she attempted to subjugate them; and this could scarcely fail of involving us in war with the whole continent. We have protested against the interference of others, and others will not suffer us to be the sole interferers, and to monopolize all the good things, without a contest. Of course, by withholding the recognition, we risk nothing; by granting it, we should risk almost everything. This is not

all. We are rich, beyond all other nations, in colonial possessions ; and there are several nations in the world that would rejoice to see these independent. Let us only get up a game of colony-robbery, and others will speedily play it as expertly as ourselves, to our own cost. Let us be the nation to divide the last ligament between Spain and her colonies, and it will not be long before the sword shall be applied to the bonds that unite us to our own. If any country in the world have an interest in discountenancing colonial revolt in every possible way, it is Great Britain.

All this, to our friends of the "*Liberal System*," is nothing. These sages have been for years preaching up colonial revolt as one of the best and the most necessary things in nature. They have regularly applied every possible stimulant, and furnished every possible assistance, to the colonies of Spain ; and they have justified the insurrection of these in every variety of language. What was it to them if they threw away half the empire, provided they huddled together a few gimcrack republics, and obtained a little additional trade in South America !—How all this has sounded in Canada, India, &c. and how it will operate on other states in the way of precedent, instruction, and example, it is not for us to say ; but if it do not largely contribute in the end to render us as destitute of colonies as Spain, we shall be the most fortunate people that ever existed.

That this is splendid *liberality* towards others, will be admitted by every one ; but that it is *liberality* towards ourselves, will be denied by all.

Let us not be mistaken. If we can honestly and honourably, in a manner becoming a great and high-minded nation, recognize the South American republics, and increase our trade with them, let us ; we will be among the first to advocate it. But if not—if to do this we must resort to chicanery, quarrel with the whole continent, and furnish other states with a pretext for fomenting rebellion in our own colonies, then let these republics be sunk in the ocean, rather than take from us another cargo. We are rich and glorious above all other nations, and we should be so still if South America were not in existence. What we protest against is, the introduction of the Liberal's romance, and the petty trades-

man's cunning and rascality, into our councils. It is not for us to go sneaking round the world to preach up Liberalism and foment colonial insurrection, that we may deprive other states of their dependencies, and obtain their trade—every conceivable principle forbids it. The revolt that begins in the colonies of one nation, can scarcely fail, sooner or later, of finding its way to those of another ; and therefore it is our interest to regard such revolt, wherever it may take place, as a dangerous enemy. The independence of the colonies of other states must, to a certain point, pave the way to the independence of our own ; and for these we may tremble when other countries shall lose the last of such possessions. Our transmarine territories are of immense extent—they are scattered about in almost all parts of the globe—many of them are not very capable of effective defence—they are accessible to the emissaries of other states—several of these states would make gigantic sacrifices to give them independence ; and therefore we ought not, by word, deed, or look, to feed colonial revolt, and give the pretext to rival nations, so ardently desired for enabling them to make India, &c. what South America now is. It is astonishing that the cant which we have been so long vociferating respecting the liberty of the continental nations, Greece, South America, &c. has not been echoed by our own dependencies ; and that, instead of having leisure for stirring up universal rebellion, and cursing the allies for warring against Liberalism, we have not been fully employed in cutting the throats of the Indians, Canadians, &c. for labouring to give themselves liberty and independence.

In the midst of all this bluster respecting trade, let it not be forgotten that trade, like gold, may be bought too dear ; and that it is an easy matter to lose two old customers in endeavours to obtain one new one. We have reached those glorious circumstances in which what we have to do is, not to *obtain*, but to *preserve*. There is but one path open for us for the pursuit of trade, and this is the path of integrity and honour. If we cannot preserve our commercial prosperity by acting towards others as we wish them to act towards us, it must depart from us ; nothing else can save it. If we

get up a race of plot, intrigue, over-reaching, and roguery, we may depend upon it that whoever may win, we shall be the losers.

On the score of national interest, in more ways than one, it has, we believe, always hitherto been thought wise in this country to make a friend of Turkey, and to keep her as powerful as possible. The reasons for our doing this are now more weighty than they ever were. Yet we are now taught to hate Turkey, and to assist in her dismemberment. Turkey is to fall—is to be cut up into an infinity of savage, impotent republics; and this is to fill England with transport! Our government in chief is neutral between the Turks and the Greeks;—the Statesmen of Cockaigne, our sub-government, send men, arms, and money, to the latter, and make war upon Turkey! National interest!—What is national interest when weighed against liberalism, resuscitated jacobinism,—revolutionism?—What is national interest when it clashes with the views of such persons as Hobhouse, Hume, Byron, and their great, though nameless, colleagues? What is national interest when a rebellion can be got up, a revolution can be accomplished, a republic can be created, and a knot of unprincipled idiotic profligates can be made rulers? Let Turkey be trod in the dust—let us lose every European friend—let our allies be annihilated—let our checks upon foreign powers, and the bulwarks of our most valuable possessions be destroyed—let our national interests be cast to the winds—only let jacobinism flourish, republics abound, and liberals become the despots of mankind. Beautiful romance!—*Lovely Liberality!*—What a pity that it should be fraught with national ruin!

We have been taught to detest the continental monarchs, and we have profited so well by the instruction, that scarcely any party can speak of them except in terms of execration. For a ministerial paper to speak respectfully of these monarchs, would be little better than treason. Well, what have these poor monarchs done? Perhaps they sent money, arms, and men, to our Radicals in the days of radical madness; or they supported the Queen when she brought the constitution to the brink of ruin—or they have robbed us of our colonies—or they have

injured our trade—or they have made war upon us, or they have picked a quarrel with us without cause—or they have interfered in some other mischievous way in our affairs? Oh, no, they have done none of these things. Then, in the name of common sense, what have they done? Done! Read the Edinburgh Reviews, and Morning Chronicles, for a list of their enormities! They have done as they pleased in their own affairs—they have done what we always do in similar circumstances—they have refused to be dis-crowned—they have rejected constitutions which the whole world knew to be absurd and ruinous—they have made war upon jacobinism, upon infidelity, and democracy—they have refused to establish liberty at a time when it was impossible to establish it—they have scorned our dictation, and refused to rush into destruction at our bidding. And, oh, horrible! they have crushed their Benthamites and Byronites, knocked up Liberalism, and restored tranquillity to the whole continent! Is this all?—All! What more can be necessary to sanction us in detesting them?

But perhaps these monarchs have laboured to put down rational and genuine liberty?—they established a constitution in France greatly resembling our own. Have they endeavoured to destroy it? No; they have fought for its preservation. When they dethroned the tyrannical Cortes of Spain, did they wish to re-establish the old despotism? No; their influence was exerted to procure for Spain a constitution like that of France. An attempt was recently made in Portugal to restore the old despotism in all its force. Did they second it? No; they opposed it, and supported the king in his wishes to give to Portugal a rational constitution. Well, after all, it seems that these monarchs are friendly to such constitutions as our own, and to constitutional liberty like that of England? Yes; but they hate jacobin constitutions, and jacobin liberty. And do we not hate these too, in regard to their establishment in our own country? It cannot be denied.

But perhaps these monarchs abuse their power; perhaps their subjects are in the most deplorable situation? The Edinburgh Review asserts that, putting out of sight political liberty, they are exerting themselves to the

utmost for the benefit of their subjects; and the *Morning Chronicle*, that "burning and shining light" of the Statesmen of Cockaigne, declares that our lower orders, that is, the vast mass of our population, are, with regard to law and actual well-being, in a much worse condition than those of the continental nations. In truth, the ravishing descriptions which this astonishing paper puts forth touching the state of the people who are governed by the monarchs, are almost sufficient to make us scorn our constitution, and sigh for a despotism.

Notwithstanding all this, perhaps we have suffered grievously by what these monarchs have done—perhaps the triumph of the revolutionists would have been of prodigious benefit to us as a nation? Alas! even here our animosity towards the monarchs can find no resting-place. We have gained very nearly as much from what they have done, as they themselves have gained. We owe to them a very large portion of our present tranquillity; they fought for us even when we were against them; and when they smote Liberalism in their own territories, they gave the death-wound to languishing faction and rebellion here.

If the revolutionists had been successful in some countries, and had continued their struggles in others, we should unquestionably have been still convulsed, by the endeavours of powerful factions, to plunge us into revolution. Almost the first things that the revolutionists of Spain and Portugal thought of after they obtained power, were to abuse us and our constitution, to administer pity and encouragement to our Radicals, and to make severe enactments against our trade. The revolutionists of France hated us. If any of the more powerful nations of Europe had been revolutionized, we could scarcely have avoided a war with them; and their moral influence alone would have been nearly sufficient to give a triumph to our own revolutionists. In addition to this, the din which, conjointly with our friends of the "*Liberal System*," they would have kept up in favour of revolutionary doctrines, could hardly have failed to kindle rebellion in some one or other of our transmarine possessions. The enemies who were annihilated by the Holy Alliance, were the enemies of the constitution of Eng-

land, of the trade of England, of the general interests of England, and of the people of England.

Nevertheless these monarchs possess absolute power—they are despots—and therefore we must abuse them. No doubt we can do this justifiably—no doubt we can bring clean hands to the matter—no doubt, as we execrate despotism so furiously, we are not despots ourselves—no doubt the British sceptre is not waved over a single bondsman. Alas!—alas! we—we who are eternally blackening the allied monarchs, because they will not surrender absolute power at the cost of almost certain destruction, are ourselves the despots over millions upon millions, to whom we might give freedom at the price of only a part of what we possess! We, the blustering, swaggering devotees of liberty, rule over nations by a despotism more searching and comprehensive than any of the continental ones! Do we then say that we ought to give constitutions to the nations of the East? No! we would advise no such absurdity—we would prepare no such scourges for them, or injuries for our own country; but we will say that, with regard to the abstract question, they have as much right to liberty as the nations of the continent; and that we have a much worse title to be the despots of Asia, than the continental monarchs have to be the despots of Europe. Shame would strike us dumb, were we, like our Broughams, Hutchinsons, and Littletons,—our *liberal* Whigs and trimming Tories—with our Eastern possessions before us, to attempt to say to the Emperor of Russia, or the Emperor of Austria,—Thou art a despot.

Here the "*Liberal System*" blazes out in all its prodigious varieties of shape and colour—here, with one hand, it darts its thunders upon our devoted land, and, with the other, it holds it up to the world's mockery; and yet it is at last, with regard to despotism, here miserly to others, and *liberal* to England. Its *liberality*, however, is but that of the pickpocket who tucks up his colleague to the gallows for theft, and yet continues his vocation.

Perhaps this matter with regard to despotism may be explained by the magic of geography—perhaps that which is slavery in Europe, is freedom in Asia? Alas, no!—Perhaps we have

some exclusive right to be the only despots in the universe? No!—Perhaps we are authorised by some law, human or divine, to be the dictators of other states in the management of their affairs—to command them to shape their governments as we please—to plunge them into rebellion, anarchy, and blood, whenever we may take it into our heads to do so—and to order the continental monarchs to give away their power, and step into ruin, whenever we may wish it? No such law was ever heard of. Perhaps what is crime here, is purity on the continent—what is falsehood here, is truth on the continent—what is destructive here, is beneficial on the continent—the opinions and institutions that are proscribed here, ought to be protected on the continent? Heaven and earth say the contrary.

Then the “*Liberal System*” is not less false and wicked, than detestable and ruinous.

We know well enough that the pulling, milk-and-water sarcasms, which our Tory prints and Tory people cast upon the continental monarchs, are a sacrifice to the idol of the day—*Conciliation*. It is no doubt mighty liberal in a Tory to go strutting and smirking to the altar of Jacobin licentiousness, to throw upon it the fair fame of a king or an emperor. It is likely enough hugely pleasant and profitable for a Tory to go trundling along before the blast of popular clamour, and amidst the greetings of Whigs and Radicals. But if this were even fighting for the cause of liberty, we would not imitate it. We would hear both sides, scrutinize the evidence, take into account all the circumstances of the case, and decide as our conscience should direct, even though the whole nation should be against us. If we could not maintain our cause without sacrificing truth and justice—without bribing our enemies by the immolation of the innocent—we would, like honest men, throw down our arms and abandon it. But the prejudice that has been got up against the continental monarchs, is, in our judgment, calculated to do vital injury to genuine liberty; and it is, moreover, calculated to have the most baleful effects on our foreign policy and our national interests.

In the late contest between the Allied Monarchs and the Liberals, both

sides distinctly placed before us their political creed. On the one hand we had the French constitution, its functionaries and principles; and on the other we had the Spanish constitution, its functionaries and principles. Now, which agreed in essentials with, and which were in essentials hostile to, our own; and, what is of equal consequence, which were the best calculated for establishing real and permanent liberty? The principles which these monarchs put forth touching constitutional government, in France, Spain, and Portugal, bore no remote resemblance, not merely to those of English Toryism, but to these which are, in words or effect, promulgated by the English constitution; while the principles of the Liberals were such as our constitution, and both Toryism and Whiggism, pronounce to be false and ruinous.

If the whole weight of England had been thrown into the scale, in favour of such constitutions as the French one, and against such as the Spanish one, we should have rendered essential service to liberty on the continent; we should have checked both the Monarchs and the Liberals; and we should have done much towards bringing the only able constitution-makers into the field, the rich, knowing, experienced, and disinterested. But our weight went with the Liberals; we execrated the French constitution as a despotism, cried up the Spanish one to the skies, were even the most extravagant in favour of republics, embraced the fanatical and profligate deists and democrats as brothers, and treated with scorn all the rest of the people. By this we did the most vital injury to liberty on the continent; we filled the people with the most false and ruinous notions respecting it, we marshalled them under the most vile and incapable leaders, we sent them in pursuit of the most pernicious institutions, and we rendered the exercise of severity, on the part of the governments, unavoidable.

If our constitution stand upon Liberalism and Republicanism, we do well to range ourselves with the Liberals and Republicans; but if not, we are digging away the foundations of this constitution. We hear, in truth, abundance of general cant about this constitution being the best in the world; but where can we find the man,

among either Whigs or Tories, who will defend its component parts, its maxims, and the principles which form its basis, item by item? Where shall we find the man who recommends its adoption to other states, and who does not laud, in the most riotous manner, the principles which it proscribes and abhors? If the creed of the Liberals and Republicans be a true one, our constitutional creed is a false one—If their forms of government ought to be established, ours ought to be abolished—if we cry up their principles, we cry down our own—and if we fight for them, we fight against ourselves. *Liberalism*, potent magician though it be, cannot confute us. Our raving in favour of the Liberals and Republicans is in fact teaching liberalism and republicanism to the nation at large; and if this produce its natural fruits, it will in the end destroy our constitution, and, deny it who will, our liberties.

"What a lovely spectacle would it be," exclaims Lord Holland, in one of his fine phrenzies, "to see England at the head of a swarm of republics!"—Charmingly liberal—beautifully romantic—but, alas! fearfully ruinous. A free monarchy may exist amidst despotisms, but it is scarcely possible for it to exist amidst republics. In the first case, the feelings of the people of the surrounding states will be in favour of it, and the enthusiasm of those who live under it will be on the alert for its defence; but in the other case, the feelings of the surrounding people will be against it, and its own subjects will seek its destruction. If we wish to preserve our monarchy as it now exists, we must choose our associates amidst monarchies that are not more limited than our own. If the power of the crown were less among our neighbours, than with us, it would speedily be here reduced to the same point; if several of the continental states were republics, we should soon have the same form of government; and if we estrange ourselves from monarchies, and cultivate friendship and interchange of feeling and sentiment with republics alone, we shall scarcely fail of becoming ourselves a republic.

The cry, however, now is, on almost all hands—Have nothing to do with the continental monarchs!—It is made a matter of reproach to the late Marquis of Londonderry that he was personally acquainted with them, and it

is actually made a merit in Mr. Caning that he knows them not. Preposterous nonsense! They have suffered our free constitution to exist for centuries without molesting it—they have fought for the constitution of France—they have wished to see similar ones in Spain and Portugal—and the King of Prussia is at this very moment making a large surrender of political power to his subjects—yet we are to believe that they wish to destroy our liberty! Could folly, on the one hand, and gullibility, on the other, go farther?

How many years have passed away since we humbly sued to these "Despots" for their friendship? How many years have passed away since they fought *in person* for us and our liberties, as well as for themselves? How many years have passed away since they profusely poured the blood and treasures of their realms for our benefit as well as their own? We did not then curse them for being despots—we did not then quarrel with them for drawing their swords against Liberalism—against the principles of the French Revolution. Is all this so soon forgotten? Has it so soon vanished from our remembrance, that to them we owe a large share of our wealth, greatness, glory, and happiness? Gratitude, alas! seems not to be numbered among our good feelings.

It has hitherto been thought wise and necessary in us to have as powerful a party as possible among the continental nations. Austria above all other countries was called the natural friend and ally of England, and we were to cultivate the closest intimacy with her regardless of her despotism. How often has not this Austria fought at our side! How often has she not raised the standard to collect for us allies in a war for existence! How often has she not risked all, and nearly lost all, in our cause as well as her own? Well, now we are to have a brilliant new system of foreign policy, which shall strip us of every continental friend, which shall leave us without a vestige of influence on the continent, which shall league the whole continent against us. Austria is to be the especial object of our detestation; for her all the bitterest epithets of the Statesmen of Cockaigne are reserved. We are to goad the continental powers into a community

of interest against us, instead of dividing them—we are to plant everything between them and ourselves that can yield war, instead of cultivating their friendship ;—and we are to do this, that we may be enabled to coquet with, smile upon, and pension such people as the Spanish, French, and Italian revolutionists ; and to hold soft alliance with a parcel of helpless republics, which, barring their trade, can only draw us into scrapes and difficulties. Burke was wont to speak of pedlar systems, but really this is not a pedlar system ; the pedlar looks for gain, but at any rate here is a marvellous lack of selfishness and covetousness. Here is *liberality* with a vengeance ! National interests ! as we have already said,—what are national interests when they clash with the “ *Liberal System* ? ” What are national interests to Liberalism and Revolutionism ?

Of course, as we make such a stupendous fuss about trade, we have no trade with the continental nations—of course we do not wish to trade with them—of course they could not injure our trade in other quarters—of course they could not deprive us of any colonies—of course we could not derive benefit from any of them in any war we might be engaged in—of course, if we went to war with them, we could conquer them in a moment—of course we have everything to gain, and nothing to lose by going to war—and of course we have a right to quarrel with the continental monarchs for being despots, and everything to hope for from such quarrel.

If all these be not matters of course, what are we doing ? what madness has seized us ? and to what losses and calamities are we rushing ?

Oh, glorious “ *Liberal System* ! ” how gigantic is thy wisdom ! How fascinating are thy benefits !

We will examine, on the present occasion, only one more of the various species of fruit which this system produces.

The grand principle on which it stands is, to value men and things in proportion to their worthlessness and dangerous character. It puffs such men as Burdett, Hobbouse, Hume, Wilson, Lord Cochrane, &c. as first-rate statesmen and patriots—it execrates such as Lord Eldon, the Duke of Wellington, the late Marquis of

Londonderry, Lord Liverpool, &c. as fools, knaves, and bigots. It daubs such writers as Lord Byron, Moore, and Lady Morgan, with every kind of panegyric—it blackens such as Southey and Gifford in every possible way. If you be a religious man, it smiles at your fanaticism, or rails against your bigotry—if you be a moral man, it cracks jests on your weakness—if you be an infidel, it compliments you on your freedom from prejudice—and if you be unprincipled, debauched, and licentious, it dubs you a most profitable and enlightened member of society. There is scarcely any virtue that it does not decry, or any vice that it does not praise ; and there is scarcely any merit that it does not attack, or any guilt that it does not justify. In a word, if you reverse all that our greatest statesmen have laid down with regard to politics, and all that our wisest philosophers and moralists have taught in respect to the well-being of society, you have the “ *Liberal System* ” before you in splendid fulness and perfection.

We have now, we hope, given a home-thrust to the monstrous bladder of the “ *Liberal System* ,”—of *Liberality* ; we have, we trust, done something towards lessening its enormous inflation, and we will stab it again and again before we take our leave of it. Never before in our days were such immense sacrifices of principles—of national interests—of the foundations of society—and of the best feelings and possessions of mankind, made to anything, as are now made to this skin-and-wind god—*Liberality*. Our national existence was endangered and the swords of nearly the whole world were turned against us, yet we fought like heroes for our principles, our institutions, our church, and our monarchy ; but now, when we revel in almost every benefit that even miracle could give us, and when nearly every nation upon earth wishes to be our friend, we must adopt the opinions and people that we then fought against, and slap every one in the face who can prove a dangerous enemy. What all this will lead to if it be not checked, may be discovered without the aid of prophecy ; and it matters not who may support it, he is the friend of England and of mankind, who resists it to the utmost.

Y. Y. Y.

WONDERFUL PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF MANSIE WAUCH, TAILOR.

ABOUT this time there arose a great sough and surmise, that some loons were playing false with the kirkyard, howking up the bodies from their damp graves, and harling them away to the College. Words canna describe the fear, and the dool, and the misery it caused. All flocked to the kirk yett; and the friends of the newly buried stood by the mools, which were yet dark, and the brown newly-cast divots, that had not yet ta'en root, looking, with mournful faces, to describe any tokens of sinking in.

I'll never forget it. I was standing by when three young lads took shoofs, and, lifting up the truff, proceeded to howk down to the coffin, wherein they had laid the grey hairs of their mother. They looked wild and bewildered like, and the glance of their een was like that of folk out of a mad-house; and nane dared in the world to have spoken to them. They didna even speak to ane anither; but wrought on wi' a great hurry, till the spades struck on the coffin lid—which was broken. The dead-claithes weretherehuddled a'thegither in a nook, but the dead was gane. I took haud of Willie Walker's arm, and lookit down. There was a cauld sweat all ower me;—losh me! but I was terribly frightened and eerie. Three mair were opened, and a' just alike; save and except that of a wee unkinstered wean, which was aff bodily, coffin and a'.

There was a burst of righteous indignation throughout the parish; nor without reason. Tell me that doctors and graduates maun ha'e the dead; but tell it not to Mansie Wauch, that our hearts maun be trampled in the mire of scorn, and our best feelings laughed at, in order that a bruise may be properly plastered up, or a sair head cured. Verily, the remedy is waur than the disease.

But what remead? It was to watch in the session-house, with loaded guns, night about, three at a time. I never likit to gang into the kirkyard after darkening, let a be to sit there through a lang winter night, windy and rainy if may be, wi' nane but the dead around us. Sauf us! it was an unco thought, and garred a' my flesh creep; but the cause was gude—my corruption was raised—and I was determined no to be daunted.

I counted and counted, but the dread day at length came, and I was summonsed. All the leevciang afternoon, when ca'ing the needle upon the labroad, I tried to whistle Jenny Nettles, Niel Gow, and ither funny tunes, and whiles crooned to myself between hands; but my consternation was visible, and a' wadna do.

It was in November; and the cauld glimmering sun sank behind the Pentlands. The trees had been shorn of their frail leaves; and the misty night was closing fast in upon the dull and short day; but the candles glittered at the shop windows, and leery-light-the-lamps was brushing about with his ladder in his oxtter, and bleezing flamboy sparking out behind him. I felt a kind of qualm of faintness and down-smking about my heart and stomach, to the dispelling of which I took a thimblefull of spirits, and, tying my red comforter about my neck, I marched briskly to the session-house. A neighbour, (Andrew Goldie, the pensioner,) lent me his piece, and loaded it to me. He took tent that it was only half-cock, and I wrapped a napkin round the dog-head, for it was raining. No being acquaint wi' guns, I keepit the muzzle aye away from me; as every man's duty is no to throw his precious life in jeopardy.

A furm was set before the session-house fire, which bleezed brightly, nor had I ony thought that such an unearthly place could have been made to look half so comfortable either by coal or candle; so my speerits rose up as if a weight had been ta'en aff them, and I wondered, in my bravery, that a man like me could be afeard of onything. Nobody was there but a touzy, ragged, halfins callant of thirteen, (for I speered his age,) wi' a desperate dirty face, and lang carrotty hair, tearing a speldrin wi' his teeth, which lookit lang and sharp aneugh, and throwing the skin and lugs intil the fire.

We sat for amaist an hour thegither, cracking the best way we could in sic a place; nor was onybody mair likely to cast up. The night was now pit-mirk; the wind soughed amid the head-stanes and railings of the gentry, (for we maun a' dee); and the black corbies in the steeple-holcs cackled and crawled in a fearsome manner. A' at

ance we heard a lonesome sound; and my heart began to play pit-pat—my skin grew a' rough, like a poukit chicken—and I felt as if I didna ken what was the matter with me. It was only a false alarm, however, being the warning of the clock; and, in a minute or twa thereafter, the bell struck ten. Oh, but it was a lonesome and dreary sound! Every chapgaed through my breast like the dunt of a fore-hammer.

Then up and spak the red-headed laddie:—"It's no fair; anither should hae come by this time. I wad rin awa hame, only I'm frightened to gang out my lane.—Do ye think the doup of that candle wad carry i' my cap?"

"Na, na, lad; we maun bide here, as we are here now.—Leave me alane? Lord safe us! and the yett lockit, and the bethrel sleepin' wi' the key in his breek pouches!—We canna win out now though we would," answered I, trying to look brave, though half frightened out of my seven senses;—"Sit down, sit down; I've baith whisky and porter wi' me. Hae, man, there's a cauker to keep your heart warm; and set down that bottle," quoth I, wipin' the saw-dust aff n't with my hand, "to get a toast; I've warrant it for Deacon Juffrey's best brown stout."

The wind blew higher, and like a hurricane; the rain began to fall in perfect spouts; the auld kirk rumbled, and rowed, and made a sad soughing; and the bourtrie tree behind the house, where auld Cockburn that cuttit his throat was buried, creakit and crazed in a frightful manner; but as to the roaring in the burn, it was past a power of description. To make bad worse, just in the heart of the brattle, the grating sound of the yett turning on its rusty hinges was but too plainly heard. What was to be done? I thought of our baith rinning away; and then of our locking ourselfs in, and firing through the door; but wha was to pull the trigger?

Gudeness watch ower us! I trum-ble yet when I think on't. We were perfectly between the deil and the deep sea—either to stand and fire our gun, or rin and be shot at. It was really a hang choice. As I stood swithering and shaking, the laddie ran to the door, and, thrawing round the key, clappit his back till't. Oh! how I lookit at him, as he stude, for a

gliff, like a magpie hearkening wi' his lug cockit up, or rather like a terrier watching a rotten. "They're coming! they're coming!" he cried out, "cock the piece, ye sump!" while the red hair rose up from his pow like feathers; "they're coming, I hear them tramping on the gravel!" Out he stretched his arms against the wall, and brizzed his back against the door like mad; as if he had been Sampson pushing ower the pillars in the house of Dagon. "For the Lord's sake, prime the gun," he cried out, "or our throats will be cut frae lug to lug before we can cry Jack Robison! See that there's priming in the pan."

I did the best I could; but my hale strength could hardly lift up the piece, which waggled to and through like a cock's tail on a rainy day; my knees knockit against ane anither, and though I was resigned to dee—I trust I was resigned to dee—od, but it was a frightfu' thing to be out of ane's bed, and to be murdered in a session-house, at the dead hour of night, by un-yearthly resurrection-men, or rather let me call them deevils incarnate, wrapt up in dreadnoughts, wi' blackit faces, pistols, big sticks, and other deadly weapons.

A snuff, snuffing was heard; and, through below the door, I saw a pair of glancing black e'en. Od, but my heart nearly loupit aff the bit—a snouff, and a gur, gurring, and ower a' the pain tramp of a man's heavy tacketts and cuddy heels among the gravel. Then came a great slap like thunder on the wall; and the laddie, quitting his grip, fell down, cryin', "Fire, fire!—murder! holy murder!"

"Whase there?" growled a deep-rough voice; "open, I'm a freend."

I tried to speak, but could not; something like a happenny row was sticking in my throat, so I tried to cough it up, but it wadna come. "Gie the pass-word then," said the laddie, staring as if his een wad loupn out; "gie the pass-word?"

First cam a loud whistle, and then "Copmahagen," answered the voice. Oh! what a relief! The laddie started up, like ane crazy wi' joy. "Ou! ou!" cried he, thrawing round the key, and rubbing his hands; "by jingo, it's the bethrel—it's the bethrel—it's auld Isaac himsell."

First rushed in the dog, and then Isaac, wi' his glazed hat, slouched

ower his brow, and his horn bouet glimmering by his knee. "Has the French landit, do ye think? Losh keep us a'," said he, wi' a smile on his half-idiot face, (for he was a kind of a sort of a natural, wi' an infirmity in his leg,) "od sauf us, man, put by your gun. Ye dinna mean to shoot me, do ye? What are ye about here wi' the door lockit? I just keppit four resurrectioners loupin ower the wa'."

"Gude guide us," I said, taking a lang breath to drive the blude frae my heart, and something relieved by Isaac's company—"Come now, Isaac, ye're just gieing us a fright. Isn't that true, Isaac?"

"Yes, I'm joking—and what for no?—but they might hae been, for onything ye wad hae hindered them to the contrair, I'm thinking. Na, na, ye maunna lock the door; that's no fair play."

When the door was put aje, and the furm set forenent the fire, I gaed Isaac a dram to keep his heart up on sic a cauld stormy night. Od, but he was a droll fallow, Isaac. He sung and leuch as if he had been boozing in Luckie Thompson's, wi' some of his drucken cronies. Feint a hair gaed he about auld kirks, or kirk-yards, or vouts, or through-stances, or dead fock in their winding-sheets, wi' the wet grass growing ower them; and at last I began to brighten up a wee mysell, so when he had gone ower a good few funny stories, I said to him, quoth I, "Mony folk, I daresay, mak mair noise about their sitting up in a kirk-yard than its a' worth. There's naething here to harm us?"

"I beg to differ wi' ye there," answered Isaac, taking out his horn mull from his coat pouch, and tapping on the lid in a queer style—"I could gie anither version of that story. Did ye no ken of three young doctors—Eirish students—alang wi' some resurrectioners, as waff and wild as themselfs, firing shottie for shottie wi' the guard at Kirkmabrecke, and lodging three slugs in ane of their backs, forbye firing a ramrod through anither ane's hat?"

This was a wee alarming—"No," quoth I; "no, Isaac, man; I ne'er heard o't."

"But, let alane resurrectioners, do ye no think there is sic a thing as ghaists? Guide ye, man, my granny could hae telled as muckle about them

as wad hae filled a minister's sermons from June to January."

"Kay—kay—that's a' buff," I said. "Are there nae cutty-stool businesses—are there nae marriages gaun, Isaac?" for I was keen to change the subject.

"Ye may kay—kay, as ye like, though; I can just tell ye this—ye'll mind auld Armstrong wi' the leather breeks, and the brown three-story wig—him that was the grave-digger? Weel, he saw a ghaist wi' his leeving een—aye, and what's better, in this very kirk-yard too. It was a cauld spring morning, and daylight just coming in, whan he cam to the yett yonder, thinking to meet his man, paidling Jock—but he had sleepit in, and was na there. Weel, to the wast corner ower yonder he gaed, and throwing his coat ower a headstane, and his hat on the tap o't, he dug away wi' his spade, throwing out the mools, and the coffin handles, and the green banes, and sic like, till he stoppit a wee to tak breath.—What! are ye whistling to yourself?" quoth Isaac to me, "and no hearing what's God's truth?"

"On, aye," said I, "but ye didna tell me if onybody was cried last Sunday?"—I wad hae gien every farthing I had made by the needle, to hae been at that blessed time in my bed wi' my wife and weans. Ay, how I was gruing! I mostly chacked aff my tongue in chittering.—But a' wad not do.

"Weel, speaking of ghaists—when he was resting on his spade he looked up to the steeple, to see what a clock it was, wondering what way Jock hadna come, when lo! and behold, in the lang diced window of the kirk yonder, he saw a lady a' in white, wi' her hands clasped thegither, looking out to the kirk-yard at him.

"He couldna believe his een, so he rubbit them wi' his sark sleeve, but she was still there bodily, and keeping ae ee on him, and anither on his road to the yett; he drew his coat and hat to him below his arm, and aff like mad, throwing the shool half a mile ahint him. Jock fand that; for he was coming singin in at the yett, when his maister ran clean ower the tap o' him, and capsized him like a toom barrel; and never stoppit, till he was in at his ain house, and the door baith bolted and barred at his tail.

"Did ye ever hear the like of that, Mansie? Weel, man, I'll explain the hale history o't to ye. Ye see—Oul! how sound that callant's sleeping," continued Isaac; "he's snoring like a nine-year auld."

I was glad he had stoppit, for I was like to sink through the grund wi' fear; but na, it wadna do.

"Dinna ye ken—sauf us! what a fearsome night this is! The trees'll be a' broken. What a noise in the lum! I dare say there's some auld hag of a witch-wife gaun to come rumble doun't. It's no the first time, I'll swear. Hae ye a silver sixpence? Wad ye like that?" he bawled up the chumley. "Ye'll hae heard," said he, "lang ago, that a wee murdered wean was buried—didna ye hear a voice?—was buried below that corner—the hearth-stane there, where the laddy's lying on?"

I had now lost my breath, so that I couldna stop him.

"Ye never heard tell o't, didna ye? Weel, I'se tell't ye—Sauf us, what swirls of smoke coming down the chinley—I could swear something no canny's stopping up the lum head—Gang out, and see!"

At that moment, a clap like thunder was heard—the candle was driven ower—the sleeping laddie roared "Help!" and "Murder!" and "Thieves!" and, as the turn on which we were sitting played flee backwards, crippled Isaac bellowed out, "I'm dead!—I'm killed!—shot through the head!—Oh! oh! oh!"

Surely I had fainted away; for, when I came to mysell, I found my red comforter loosed; my face a' wet—Isaac rubbing down his waistcoat wi' his sleeve—the laddie swigging ale out of a bicker—and the brisk brown stout, which, by casting its cork, had caused a' the alarm, whizz—whizz—whizzing in the chumley lug.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A CANTAB.

—me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta nuaris Deo.—HORACE.

"WHAT everybody says, must be true."—So runs the proverb; and if *that* be true, I really can perceive no reason why that which everybody *does*, should not also be accounted necessarily correct. And as everybody, from the "*Justified Sinner*," down to the "*Opium-Eater*" and the "*Foot-man*," have thought proper to confess—I, who am a newly-graduated Cantab, and who have as much to answer for (God help me!) as the worst of them, may, perhaps, be allowed to confess also. Besides, they say, that to unburden one's conscience, and to pour forth one's follies and one's sins into the attentive ear of a confessor, does, like tincture of rhubarb to the disordered bowels, administer a balm, a comfort, and a relief, which is at once indescribable, and "devoutly to be wished." All this, as far as regards the rhubarb, I can perfectly understand, and cordially assent to; as to the confession, I am determined to try its boasted effects, and to quack myself at least for once. If this be a wise resolution, my conduct in the se-

lection of a confessor must, I am surz, strike everybody as being extremely judicious. A confessor should be a discreet and uncommunicating individual; and as secrecy is to be looked upon as his primary and indispensable qualification, I have made choice of the public for my confessor, because I have a well-grounded conviction that *it will go no further*.

But—avaunt, ye ancient pedagogues, who "prepare young gentlemen for the universities"—ye phlebotomists, with crabbed Greek in your mouths—with crabbed frontispieces to those annotated Lexicons and Graduses, your heads—and with crabbed sticks and long birches in your hands—avaunt!—for here you will be shocked with a recreant disciple, who, forgetting all your warnings, and all your instructions, never read a single hour in the day—who cut Chapel, Hall, Lectures, and Gates, day after day, and night after night—who persisted in playing at billiards at Chesterton—in attending Newmarket meetings—in hunting twice a-week—and in en-

couraging, exciting, and patronizing wine parties and mid-night revels, instead of cramming for examinations, writing for prize poems, and reading for honours.

With this warning I conclude my preface, and now begin, as in private duty bound, with

My Initiation.

When I reached Cambridge, my first business was to beat up the quarters of my old school-fellows who had been emancipated from the thralldom of our common pedagogue, Doctor Jones, twelve months before that favour was extended to Pill Garlic. The awkwardness one feels at entering the University is the most unpleasant, and (for the first day) the most invincible sensation that can be imagined; besides, I had heard a great deal of the College sparks, and of the tricks and cheats that were commonly practised upon unsophisticated and unsuspecting Fresh-men; so that I had determined to put myself under the guidance and protection of some of my old friends who were second-year-men, and, consequently, not to be taken in. But at every room in College to which I directed my steps, I found the door *sported*,* and every lodging-house-keeper, of whom I had occasion to inquire, returned me the same answer. "Gone to Newmarket, and will not be back till evening," was the reply to all inquiries. Finding, therefore, that I had no chance of meeting with any one to whom I was personally known before night, I resolved to run all hazards, and resigned myself into the hands of the College Mercury, a sort of *Fresh-man's Vade-mecum*, or *Young Gownman's best Companion*; who, having heard of my arrival, had been dogging me at every turn, and seemed determined not to lose sight of me for a moment.

This worthy personage I shall introduce to the reader under the name of Mr Ferret; and, in doing this, I am merely repaying the civility he exercised towards me in making me acquainted with some fifty individuals within the space of an hour—"College Launderess, sir—Sempstresses, sir—Grocer, sir—Want a gyp,† wont you, sir?—This here's one of them as belongs to Trinity—very honest young fellow, sir—College hair-cutter, sir, &c. &c.—and so on *ad infinitum*, which, in this case is the Latin for "even down to the shoe black."

This Ferret was, in every sense of the word, the "Fresh-man's Directory;" his business was to point out the college-tradesmen to new-comers;—he attended them to choose their rooms, and performed a variety of other little offices, the trouble of which bore an inverse ratio to the pay he received. He first carried me to a tailor; and here the ceremony of introduction, by the worthy Ferret, first began—"Mr Shears, college-tailor, sir"—"This here's Mr Mabbry o' Trinity."—Mr Shears was a very forward, but smooth-spoken sort of tailor, (as, indeed, they all are, except when they come for money,) who assured me, among other things, that he had *turned out* coats which had passed for Stultz's own cut; and concluded a very modest, but somewhat protracted, encomium upon his own talents, (which, by the bye, is written, committed to memory, and annually recited to Fresh-men by masters, men and errand boys,) by declaring, that he should be most happy to *wait upon me*. This was the only part of his oration that I gave the slightest credit to; and he did not even speak the truth in this; for he grumbled most unhappily because he had to *wait upon me* some twenty or thirty times, perhaps, for his money. Of Mr Shears, I procured a cap and gown; and having contemplated my new costume in

* *Sported*.—The door being *sported*, simply means that it was *shut*. The rooms in College are like the chambers in the Inns of Court, having an outer-door and an inner one. The outer is called the *sporting door*, and is a very useful barricado against duns. They are used by *reading men* to keep out idle visitors; and by others to prevent the entrance of visitors of a more troublesome nature, before mentioned.

† *Gyp*.—A gyp is a man who brushes clothes, wakes men for chapel, runs of errands, and waits at table. His perquisites are innumerable; but he is a necessary part of every gownman's establishment. The word gyp is *classical*, however barbarous it may sound, being derived from γύψ, "a vulture," "a bird of prey;" and no person who has had the misfortune to retain one in his service will think this etymology at all forced.

the glass, I sallied forth with some awkwardness, but with considerable pride, to search the rooms in the town. The College was already full. In the course of our perambulations, I saw a great many very neat and commodious apartments, which I fancied would suit me extremely well; but Ferret was of a different opinion. He had always some objection against them—the street was either too noisy, or too dull—or the distance from College would be *uncommon inconvenient* for morning chapel—or the landlady was none of the most ‘commodating’—or fifty other things, which it was purgatory to listen to, and with the repetition of which I shall not trouble the reader.—As Dido said to the Trojans, “*Non ignara mali, miscris succurrere disco*”—Suffice it to observe, that although I really felt grateful to Ferret for the very extraordinary trouble he was taking to procure me a comfortable settlement, I became at last so fagged and annoyed with running up and down stairs, that I told my “fidus Achates,” that if he did not know of any rooms which he thought *would* suit, I should certainly brave all the noise, and the dullness of the streets—the unaccommodating dispositions of the landladies, together with the inconvenience of the distance, and secure the first rooms that came in my way.

“Why, as to knowing o’ rooms, sir,” replied Ferret, “I can’t say but I do know o’ some unaccountable nice ‘uns,—only you see, sir, we never think it right to interfere—we wishes gen’lmen to choose for themselves like.” With this, he quickened his pace, and after leading me through two or three dirty little streets, ushered me into a set of apartments which were of themselves inferior, perhaps, to the worst of those which I had already rejected. As to their situation—a baker’s shop was on one side, and a tallow chandler’s on the other. However, I took them immediately, and contented myself with setting Ferret down as a barbarian of execrable taste. But I was entirely mistaken; for when I asked what was my landlady’s name, Ferret, screwing up his mouth into

something between a simper and a grin, replied, “*I’m landlord, sir*—this here’s my house—and it wery comfortable, I assure you—honourable Mr Rattle lodged here last, sir—it was him as made all them holes in the chimley-piece, and as drew them there queer faces on the ceiling—*an’t they funny, sir?*—but they’re wery nice rooms for all that, sir, though I says so, as don’t ought to say it perhaps—Wish you good day, sir.”—Exit Ferret.

I was at once so ashamed and so angry, that I was utterly unable to reply. It was in vain that I endeavoured to convince myself that Ferret really believed these to be the *best* rooms I had seen. They were his own—and Ferret had *taken me in*, in every sense of the word. In spite of all my boasted prudence, and my previous knowledge concerning the college-servants, I had been made a dupe of before I had been in Cambridge two hours.—The fact was too glaring to be denied—I threw my cap and gown upon the floor in disgust, and myself upon the sofa—tried to sleep—a sure remedy for ill-temper—but it would not do;—and trivial as the circumstance may appear, it haunted me perpetually; so that, resuming the academic garb, I determined to take a walk, and amaze myself with contemplating the Cambridge lions.

But here again a new mortification was in store for me. Alas! ye unhappy Fresh-men, how much are ye to be pitied! To say nothing of your first year’s examination, with plucking* and the little-go* in perspective; the miseries you endure, and the mistakes you perpetrate during the first two or three days, are matters which a graduate even can scarcely look back upon without a shudder. I had scarcely proceeded a dozen paces, when I observed the eyes of everybody upon me. The gownsmen looked, smiled, and passed on; the snobs† stood still, and grinned; and two lounging, careless fellow-commoners, who were coming towards me, fairly burst out into an open laugh, and exclaimed, in passing, “*My God, how fresh!*”—This inexplicable and unlooked for

* To be pluckt, is to be found wanting in the examination scales—and the little-go, is a new classical examination lately instituted at Cambridge.

† For the benefit of the unsophisticated reader, a snob is, at Cambridge, *everybody who is not a gownsman*.

behaviour, actually stupefied me. I knew not whether to return or proceed, when Ferret put his head over my shoulder, and told me that my gown was *wrong side outwards*. This communication decided my destination. I rushed home, and as I once more contemplated my figure in the glass, the feelings of the bashful man, when he had wiped his face with the ink-stained handkerchief, were calm, collected, and even enviable, if compared with mine. Has the reader ever become so unequivocally fuddled—so happily, and so completely tipsy, as to perpetrate all manner of follies, even to the putting on his coat hind part before, and mistaking the punch-bowl for his hat? If he have not, and if he have seen no one *pergræcari* to this extent, (I beg leave to say that I have, and so has O'Doherty, I'll be sworn,) he can at least fancy a votary of the jolly god in such a situation, and may thus form some idea of my woful and ridiculous appearance. My cap was put on hind part before, and looked precisely as though I had upon my head a punch-bowl, or some more offensive utensil. My gown was not only wrong side outwards, but I had also stuck my arms in the sleeves—very naturally, as the reader will suppose—and as I thought; but the fact is, that there is a hole at middle of the sleeve, through which the arm should come, the remainder hanging loose from the elbow; and my new mode of wearing the gown had given it very nearly the appearance of a coat put on hind part before. The cause of the risibility of the gownsmen, and of the snobs, was no longer a secret, and I resolved not to appear in the streets again that day. One would have supposed that *enragé* as I was before, this circumstance would have driven me mad; but no—after a few minutes it had quite a contrary effect. They may talk what they will of weighing so long upon a passive spirit, that at length it breaks; and of overloading the heart with grief, till it can contain no more, and then it bursts; for my part, I believe in no such doctrine—once wet through it may rain on as long as it pleases; deprive me of a bottle of wine and a clean shirt a-day, and fortune cannot render my misery one jot the greater, even if she reduce me to a sweeper of crossings, or a shoe-black. And this second mishap, instead of adding to

my uneasiness, entirely removed it. It acted upon me in some such way as a violent debauch would upon a man labouring under a severe bilious attack, which makes him sick, and carries away, at "one fell swoop," both the bile and the ill-effects of the debauch.

The paroxysm over, I laughed as heartily as the best of them, and ordered Ferret to shew up the candidates for my patronage, or, as they more wisely ask, "for my custom." There is a wide difference between the two. As our old pedagogue used to say, in decanting upon the peculiar force of some Greek verb, "There is an idea of continuance and continuity" conveyed in the word *custom*, which is not always observed. At least my worthy grocer did not appear to understand it, for I asked him to explain what he meant by *custom*, and he replied, "buying your groshery at my shop, sir." In hiring a gyp, washerwoman, sempstress, &c. and in promising my custom to tradesmen, I observed one very curious circumstance. Among some fifty candidates, there were only *three* names—they were all Ferrets, Jones's, or Thomsons; and it was not till I had resided at Cambridge some time, that I made the discovery, that among all the tradesmen and college-servants, which may be about five hundred in number, there are not, perhaps, more than *twenty* different names. This is easily to be accounted for. In the infancy of the university, these offices might very easily have been engrossed by *five* or *six* persons, and from that time they have become hereditary. From the names of these five or six persons, some *patronymics* have been formed, and the generations have gone on from age to age with all the regularity and uniformity of the epic poems of Greece or Rome. Like them, too, they have had, as one may say, their *episodes*. Their daughters have married—taken the names of their husbands, as most married women do—and these husbands have divided the *spoils* with their fathers or brothers-in-law—they have been admitted as accomplices, in the acts of fleecing gownsmen—or as *they* would call it, "*of serving them.*"—Thus, then, by the original names, the *patronymics*, and the intermarriages, or episodes, the whole number, which, by a very liberal calculation, I have stated at twenty, may be very easily accounted for, and made up.

Having at length completed my establishment, which I selected according to the greater or lesser marks of roguery upon the countenances of the candidates, I took my dinner in my own rooms, and then began to unpack my books, and to make some show of literature in the Cambridge way. And now that I look back upon that day, I must confess that I continued perfectly consistent, and that it was always my practice to *shelve* my books. The first that I laid my hands upon, were abridgments of the works of Lavater, and of Doctors Gall and Spurzheim. I lamented much that I had not consulted these in my preceding occupations, for I confess that I was then a very great Bumpiologist, and I still think that Nature does sometimes write a very legible hand upon the *phizmahogany* of some people. As to the *bumps*, I know very little about them—though, at the same time, I would stake my existence, that I would pick out Hazlitt's and Leigh Hunt's skull from those of the whole universe.

But, to return to my confession—I made lots of good resolutions—I was never to go to wine parties—I was to read for Honors, I was to read six hours a-day—cut all gay acquaintances—never drink punch, and therefore to refuse all invitations to suppers—I was—what?—I really cannot tell, for the gyp of my old friend Stamford made his appearance with a note from his master.—Stamford had found my card in his door, and was but just returned. The style of this letter was then quite new to me, and I preserved it as a *curiosity*—Silly young man.—Did you ever receive one in a different style while you were at Cambridge? Never—you might as well have taken bad English to a Yankee—a pig-tail to a Chinese—folly and dishonesty to a radical, or a mummy to an Egyptian, and then called them curiosities. I confess it—The epistle of my friend, however, ran thus:—

DEAR MOBBAY,

See by your card you're come up—devilish glad of it—must sup with me to-night—no come off—must see you—excuse haste—just returned from Newmarket—tell you all about the *runs* when I see you—had a cold ride homewards, damned woolly—but Sir Oliver was up, so we struck the flax

into the Tits, and they came along in grand style with

Your's truly,

HARRY STAMFORD.

P. S.—Feed at nine.

What was to be done? Violate all my good resolutions as soon as they were made? Impossible.—But then this was a broken day—I was tired, and could read nothing that night—and if I could, to refuse to sup with an old friend whom I had not seen for some months, where I was sure also to meet with many others from whom I had been separated for a much longer time, appeared to me too bad even for a *leading* man, which is saying a great deal. Thus did I cogitate, while the gyp stood scratching his head, and I at length replied that “Mr Stamford might expect me at nine.”—“The practice of my resolutions may be deferred till the morrow,” said I, “and in the meantime I will endeavour to improve them in theory.”

This was a fatal step. First impressions are always lasting, as everybody has observed before me, and as I now observe, because it answers my purpose—not that I believe it. It appears to me, like most common-place sayings, to be utterly false and unphilosophical. As it is with proverbs and classical quotations, (of which old pedants of *seventy*, and their disciples of *seventeen*, are so fond,) so is it with this—by them, you may prove anything; there is nothing so absurd or so vicious, and at the same time nothing so wise or so virtuous, but may be equally supported and maintained by a proverb or a classical quotation. I have heard a robustious perriwig-pated lecturer, from his chair of state, thunder out—“To be sure, gentlemen, as Ovid says, ‘Rara est concordantia fratrum;’ and as the vulgar proverb runs, ‘two of a trade can never agree,’ and I have seen the luckless wights scribble the Professor's words with all the eagerness imaginable in their notebooks. So I have seen them also within half-an-hour take down such words as these, hot from the mouth of the same great authority—Unquestionably, the author is right—Phœdrus, you know, has said, ‘Simile simili gaudet;’ and we have also a correspondent sentiment in our proverb, ‘Birds of a feather flock together.’”—Most people will differ from me in this

sentiment, I dare say, but I shall not think it the worse on that account—I had it from my *experience*. The worst of those men who are sentenced to be hanged at the Old Bailey, are sure to have come of the most *honest* parents; and then you see there's John Cain, a radical—his father never taught him this—he had no such example in his younger days. I know that Timothy Tickler will say that *soft* substances will receive any impression whatever, that the *ruder* are the more lasting, and that *par consequens* my last instance is a bad one; but no matter, let it stand.

Well, then, for my own convenience, I will allow, that "*first* impressions are always *lasting*;" though, upon a second writing, the sentiment seems rather contradictory in itself.

The fascination of that night's amusement triumphed over the dull and disgusting routine of Cambridge reading, and I became what they call *rather a gay man*, instead of a hard reader. I will not say that, had the latter been somewhat more tempting, I should have embraced it; no, I believe that I was naturally inclined to pleasure, and that the bad taste which is so conspicuous in Cambridge studies, merely contributed to increase that tendency, or, at all events, to remove the qualms of conscience which affected me when I first abandoned my design of reading. It might, however, have happened without this, and I shall not lay my follies upon a bad system, which has already too much to answer for. The pictures of Alma Mater, which are to be seen in the Cambridge Calendars, may, for aught I know, be very good ones; and the milk which is there to be perceived flowing from her breasts, may be very good also; but he must be a sturdy logician indeed, who will convince me that it is at all comparable to the *milk-punch* which we get from the College butler.

However, as Stamford's supper hour

is not yet arrived, I have time to shew that I was not an utter profligate—a naturally ill-disposed renegade, but that I had really some just cause for disliking and abandoning the mode of life which I at first made choice of. Nor can I possibly take any surer means to effect this purpose, than by giving the reader a faithful sketch of the life and pursuits of a reading man at Cambridge.

He comes up to the University, for the most part, in a pepper-and-salt suit, with blue worsted stockings, high shoes, and a York-tan-glove complexion, with few brains, but with industry and a strong constitution. But what does he read?—The literature of his own country? He scarcely knows his own language. The poets and orators of Greece and Rome, culling their beauties in sentiment and style?—No. Does he peruse the histories of Greece and Rome, and perceive the destructive mania of the people for what they miscalled *Liberty*? Does he observe that the *liberty of the subject* was the sole cause of the ruin and destruction of these classical states, and that though they were *republics* when they fell, it was by the fostering hands of virtuous *kings* that they were led from barbarism and ignorance, and that it was by the same persons that religion, morality, and the most salutary laws, were established, both in Greece and Rome, but especially in the latter? Does it not occur to him, that though there was a Tarquin at Rome, there was a Codrus* at Athens; and that the patriots of Athens and of Rome, if for one moment compared to the Codrus of the one, and the Numa Pompilius of the other, sink into insignificance and contempt? Does he, I say, "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" these volumes, speaking facts, and then thank God that he lives under a monarchical government? Certainly not.—He reads Greek and Latin that he may be able to translate it—to

* Codrus, his history, his virtues, and his patriotism, are forgotten; but the vices of Tarquin are fresh in the recollection of all popular declaimers. They take occasion to shew in their speeches and declamations, (even at Cambridge,) that monarchy was abolished at Rome on account of the vices of the latter; but they will not remember why the same form of government was discontinued at Athens. They forget that the only reason assigned is, that the Athenians thought no one worthy to fill the seat of him who had in so gallant a manner sacrificed his life to ensure his subjects a conquest over their enemies.

bring forward grammatical rules for every turn in the sentence, and to cite parallel passages. This is the only end he has in view. He derives not a single additional idea from the authors he may happen to peruse, nor does he wish to do so. To understand the force of the Greek particles μ and τ , &c. so well as to write down how many times, and in what passages of each classic author, they are to be found, is to him one of the splendid acquirements, because it would ensure a high place at the College or University examinations. As to classic history, his sole object is to *get up* pedigrees, and the dates of battles, births, marriages, accidents, and offences. That history is "philosophy teaching by examples," is a fact entirely unknown to him; and he never once perceives how many valuable and useful lessons may be drawn, even by the dullest reader, from these far-famed pages; which, however beautiful they may be, have something yet more interesting and important to recommend them to our notice; for they record the causes of the ruin of the States of Athens and of Rome, and prove to any man with a grain of comprehension, that republicanism was then, as it has since been, and as it ever will continue, the ultimate destruction of every nation which adopts so dangerous a form of government; and that the people, the liberty-loving populace, when the mastery is theirs, have always been found more arbitrary, and more cruelly unjust, than the veriest despots of the East. But he knows nothing of all this: He is continually told, (and he believes it,) that Greece and Rome were the hot-beds of all that was good, beautiful, and praiseworthy in learning, in morals, and in politics;—he is sure to remember that these were *republics*.

There is yet another class of reading men, who never look into a classical book—such are mathematicians, who refuse to believe anything that does not admit of a mathematical proof.* They labour, perhaps, more than the classical humdrums above-

mentioned, and these two divisions of literary Frankenstein-monsters, having pursued the same dull routine for *three* years, become at last wranglers, or first-class-men; and are then turned loose into civilized society, the merest automatons, and the most barbarous savages, that ever wore breeches and stood upon two legs.

There are, no doubt, many honourable exceptions to the above characters; but they are like angels' visits, and the plums in school-boys' puddings,—“few and far between;” and that the generality of them are precisely as I have sketched them, will be denied by few persons who have, like myself, graduated at Cambridge. Now, to be beaten by such men, will not do even at College. The contest, to be sure, is one of *constitution*, and not of *talent*; for the man who can read mathematics for twelve hours a-day, must, though he be ever so great a blockhead, inevitably take a better degree than a man who has twenty times the talent, but whose constitution will not admit of his reading more than *three* hours a-day.

Upon this subject I have much more to say, but I shall reserve it till I come to the confession of my peccadilloes in a Cambridge examination. For the present I shall confine myself to the conclusion of my day of *Initiation*—I might have said, of *Probation*.

The sound of St Mary's bell aroused me from my meditations, and reminded me that the hour of nine was already past. I hastened to Stamford's rooms, and the appearance they exhibited was so singular, that I almost forgot to ask the owner how he was, and to return his salutations. Over the mantle-piece, was the ancient and ever-to-be-remembered picture of an incipient Bachelor of Arts, with the words—“Post tot naufragia tutus;” at the foot of it. This was surmounted by a pair of stils, single-sticks, and a fowling-piece; and as we have no occasion for bells in College, two pair of boxing-gloves usurped the place of bell-pulls on either side the fire-place.

* It is related of a late mathematical professor, that being persuaded by a friend to read Milton's *Paradise Lost*, he went home one evening, took off his coat, and read it through. His friend asked him if he did not think it very beautiful—“Beautiful!” exclaimed the Professor; “why, it's all assertion—the fellow does not *prove* anything from beginning to end.”

The card-racks were filled with impositions and chapel retributions.* In the corners of the room were fishing-rods, sticks, and whips of all sorts and of all sizes, from the tandem to the dog-whip. The walls were covered with caricatures and sporting-plates; the floor was strewn with broken cups and torn gowns; a few neglected books, occupied the spacious and dusty shelves, like the people who are left to take care of houses, "the leases of which are to be sold." "Euclid," and "Wood's Algebra," seemed to constitute the whole of Stamford's reading,—"*Boxiana*" and "*Life in London*," of course excepted,—these were upon his sofa. Such a chaos, or dust-hole, if the reader will, are the rooms of a *gay* gownsmen.

I was not allowed to contemplate this novel sight without interruption. Stamford observed my astonishment, and clapping me on the shoulders, exclaimed, "What, symptoms of being fresh already, Peregrine? Pr'ythee, exchange your *green* coat for *duffield*, or everybody will perceive that you are but just *up*,† and *down* to nothing. You take no notice of your old friends, nor do you seem inclined to give me an opportunity of introducing you to any new ones."

This ceremony concluded, we sat down to supper, and at this distance of time, I recollect nothing of it, except that it was extremely good, and very speedily dispatched. The circumstance which made the greatest impression upon me, was the appearance of our festive board upon the removal of the cloth. At one end of the table, two enormous bowls of milk-punch sent forth a delicious odour, which was rivalled by the fumes of two similar bowls of rum and brandy. Punch, that graced the other end; while a vessel of "magnitude immense," containing bishop, in which nutmegs, cloves, and roasted lemons, were revelling together, occupied the middle of the table; for the purpose, as it seemed, of preventing the above-mentioned beverages of the same *spe-*

cies, but of different *genera*, from going to loggerheads. Biscuits, olives, pipes, and cigars, were also to be seen, not to mention whisky, wine, and other liquors, in case any one preferred them to punch. I am happy to say, there was no such Goth present.

To describe the jovial and noisy revelry of that night, would be impossible. The reader may easily conceive that it was not altogether orthodox, and yet I must confess, that I thought it the happiest of my life; nay—I still look back upon it with pleasure, and with my mouth watering. Everybody was agreeable—all (bating the songs) was harmony—all good fellowship, and amusement. Each man had his jokes, his songs, and his puns, and if the *dæmon* of Discord had joined the party in *propria persona*, I verily believe, that his influence would have been lost—his pestilential breath uncontaminating, and himself the only unpleasant person in the company.

The only rules and regulations which I thought at all likely to create disturbance, (but which, by the by, there was no occasion to enforce—everybody understood and conformed to them,) were those of making each person sing in his turn, "whether he could or not;" and of insisting upon every one putting his glass into his pocket before he replenished it. The latter institute, they informed me, was for the purpose of preventing any gentleman shirking, or filling upon hecl-taps. This certainly appeared to me very like compelling a man either to get drunk or to spoil his coat; and the law is not altogether consistent (as some have asserted) with the term "*Liberty Hall*," which is usually applied to a gownsmen's room. But I cannot by any means agree with these persons. The word *Liberty* is properly understood by very few indeed. Men have taken it into their heads that it means "doing just as you like," and therefore, that it is the best and most desirable thing in the world. Now, I should like to empty my wash-hand-basin upon the heads of such

* Impositions are punishments for irregularities, and are sent upon a slip of paper, worded thus—"A — or B — to learn 100 lines of *Homer*, beginning at line 24th of 21st Book." And if a man should not go to chapel the stated number of times in any one week, he receives a similar slip of paper, desiring him to make up the deficiency in the ensuing week, "*By order of the Senior*," or "*Junior Deau*."

† Coming to the University, is called *coming up*, and leaving it, *going down*. The silly and contemptible slang of *being down*, is too well known to be explained here.

persons, and tell them that *I liked it*, and that they ought not to grumble, because "*Liberty*" is "*doing as one likes*." The fact is, that this definition is merely an individual, a selfish one, and inadmissible, because it will not apply to the community at large. Liberty is, properly speaking, the indulgence of one's inclination, so far as it is unannoying and unprejudicial to one's neighbour. There can be no objection to a man's burning his own house, provided that it stands upon his own property, and at a proper distance from the goods and chattels of other persons; but I should think it extremely unpleasant, if the flames were to spread to mine, and if my sum total of earthly possessions were to be sacrificed to his Nero-like penchant for bonfires. Moreover, I should as soon think of passing the *taxes* when the collector called, as I should of passing my glass at a drinking-bout. It is unreasonable to refuse contributing your share towards defraying the expenses of the government of the country, in which you have the privilege of residing; and it is, (as I, a sturdy stickler, think,) equally foolish to refuse to quaff your share of the liquor. If you do not like these things, go and live with Yankees, and never join a bacchanalian revel. I can tell you, gentle reader, that if I be king, or president, (I don't mean an American, but a drinking censor,) you shall pay your taxes, and drink your wine; or, I'll put you in prison in the one case, and give you salt and water in the other. I would do this out of respect to the interests of the community. Do you suppose that the rest of your countrymen are to pay your taxes, or that the remainder of your companions are to drink your liquor?—But I must return to the party, or I shall be fined a bumper; notwithstanding this digression has been solely for edification of the reader, in his civil and political opinions.

I have very little more to confess respecting the events of that memorable evening. The reader will doubtless already have anticipated that I was in some degree indebted to the good offices of my friends for reaching my domicile in safety. The only excuse that I can offer for this offence is, that I was a brute;* and it is the invariable custom at College to make such persons *drink* themselves into the acquaintance of senior and junior sophs.†

About three o'clock in the morning we separated. Stamford and his gyp let us carefully down into the street by means of two blankets, which, for aught I know, formed as good a staircase as ever carpenter made in this world. This was not absolutely necessary—we might have made our exit by the gate, in the usual way; but a tender solicitude for the character of our host induced us to risk spoiling our own *gait*, instead of using that of the College. The reputation of having parties to so late an hour is not altogether the way to keep on good terms with the "higher powers" (vulgo, *Dons*;) nor is it ever advisable, because, if one should happen to get into any *serious* scrape, previous good character, and regularity, would have as much influence with the Vice-Chancellor at Cambridge, as it would with a jury at the Old Bailey.

To conclude, however, for the present—we reached our respective rooms in safety, nor do I recollect that any particular mischief was committed by the way. One man, indeed, upon whom the punch had made more impression than the rest, took down the sign of the "Blue Boar," and hung it over the gate of St John's;† and, as we passed down Jesus' Lane, another committed a depredation upon a board, with "men traps set here" upon it, and fastened the same to the dwelling of two maiden ladies.

* Brute—I do not mean because I was drunk, as the worthy Mr Colman has said, "a drunkard fellow is a *brute's* next neighbour;" but because, in the eyes of college men, I was so esteemed whether drunk or sober. A gownsmen is called a *brute*, till he is matriculated;—from that time, till the end of his first year, he is a *Fresh-man*—then a junior soph—and, finally, a senior soph. Soph is said to be derived from σοφος, a wise man, and so is lucus, à non lucendo, together with *parcæ à non parcendo*.—Vide Ainsworth, Lempriere, &c. ad verb.

† The men of St John's College are thirty-six, called "*Johnian Hogs*." The cause of this appellation has never been satisfactorily explained.

CHAPTERS ON CHURCHYARDS.

CHAP. V.

A LITTLE longer, yet a little longer et us tarry in this secluded burial-ground. The Sun's golden rim touches not yet the line of that bright horizon. Not yet have the small birds betaken themselves to their leafy homes, nor the bees to their hives, nor the wild rabbits to their burrows on the heath. Not yet, sailing like a soft fleecy cloud through the grey depths of twilight, hath the light-shunning owl ventured abroad on her wide winnowing vans, nor is the bat come forth, cleaving the dewy air with his excentric circles. Tarry a little longer, even till the moon, that pale, dull, silvery orb, shines out un eclipsed by the glories of her effulgent brother. Then will her tender light, glancing in between those ancient oaks, sleep sweetly on the green graves, and partially illumine that south-east angle of the Church Tower, and those two long narrow windows. And then will our walk homeward be delightful—far more so than even in the warm glow of sunset. For then, every bank and hedge-row will be glittering with dew in the pale silvery light, and every fern leaf will be a diamond spray, and every blade of grass a crystal spear; and sparks of living fire will tremble on them, and glance out with their emerald rays from between the broad leaves of the colts-foot and the arum. And then the wild honeysuckles, (our hedgerows are full of them,) will exhale such sweets as I would not exchange for all the odours of the gardens of Damascus; or if we go home by the heath track, the wild thyme, and the widows-wail, will enrich the air with their aromatic fragrance. On such a night as this will be, I never unreluctantly re-enter the formal dwellings of man, or resign myself to oblivious slumbers. Methinks, how exquisite it would be, to revel like a creature of the elements the long night through in the broad flood of moonshine! To pass from space to space with the firetness of thought, "putting a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes," or to skim silently along, on the stealthy moonbeams, to lonely places, where wells of water gush up in secret, where the wild deer come fearlessly to drink,

where the halcyon rears her young, and the water lily floats like a fairy ship, unseen by human eye—and so, admitted to nature's sanctuary, blending as it were in essence with its pervading soul of rapturous repose—to be abstracted for a while from dull realities, the thoughts and cares of earth, that clog the unextinguishable spirit with their dense vapours, and intercept its higher aspirations—what living soul, conscious of its divine origin, and of its immortal destination, but must at times feel weary of this probationary state, impatient of the conditions of its human nature, and of bondage in its earthly tabernacle! What living soul that has proved the vanity of all sublunary things, but has at times aspired with the royal Psalmist, "Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest!"

Hark!—there's a stir near us—a stir of footsteps, and of human voices. It proceeds from within the Church, and see, the porch doors are ajar, and also that low-arched door-way opening into the belfry. Those steps are ascending its dark narrow stair, and then—hark again! from within, a low dull creaking sound, and then—one long, deep startling toll—another, ere the echoes of the first have died away over the distant woods. That sound is the summons of the grave. Some neighbouring peasant is borne to-night to his long home, and see, as we turn this angle of the church, there beside that broad old maple, is a fresh-opened grave. The dark cavity is covered in by two boards laid loosely over, but it will not be long untenanted. Let us look abroad for the approaching funeral, for by the tolling of the bell, it must be already within sight. It comes not up that shady lane—no, nor by the broad heath road, from the further hamlet—nor from the direction of the Grange Farm—but there—ah!—there it is, and close at hand, emerging from that little shrubby hollow, through which the road dips to the near village of Downe. Is it not a beautiful thing to gaze on, in this lovely secluded spot, by the light of that yellow sunset, the mellow hue of which falls with such a rich yet tempered brightness on the

white draperies of those foremost in the procession?

It is a maiden's funeral, that, probably, of some young person; for see, the pall is borne by six girls, each shrouded like a nun in her long white flowing hood, and in lieu of the black pall, a white sheet is flung over the coffin. The lower classes are very tenacious of those distinctive observances, and many a young creature I have known, whose delight it seemed, during the last stages of some lingering malady, to arrange everything for her own burial. The fashion of her shroud, and the flowers they should strew over her in the coffin—the friends who should follow her to the grave, and the six of her young companions to be selected for her pall-bearers. Almost the very poorest contrive, on such occasions, what they call “a creditable burying”—even to the coarse refreshments distributed amongst the funeral guests. Poor souls!—long and sorely do they pinch for it, in their own few comforts, and in their scanty meals—but the self-inflicted privation is unrepiningly endured, and who would take upon him, if it were possible, to restrain that holy and natural impulse, to honour the memory of the dead? See!—the train lengthens into sight as it winds up the ascent from that wild dingle. The bearers and their insensible burthen are already near, and there follow the female mourners foremost. Ah! I know now for whom that bell tolls—for whom that grave is prepared—whose remains are there borne along to their last resting-place. Close behind the coffin comes a solitary mourner—solitary in her grief, and yet she bears in her arms a helpless innocent, whose loss is even more deplorable than hers. That poor old woman is the widowed mother of Rachel Maythorne, whose corpse she is following to the grave, and that unconscious baby who stretches out its little hands with laughing glee towards the white drapery of the coffin, is the desolate orphan of her only child—Alas! of its unwedded mother.—A dark and foul offence lies at his door, who seduced that simple creature from the paths of innocence! A few words will tell her story, but let us stop till the funeral-train has passed on into the church, from which the minister now advances to meet it.—That poor childless mother! with

what rapid strides have age and infirmities overtaken her, since we saw her this time twelvemonth, holding open that very gate for the farmer's prosperous family, and following them into church with contented humility, accompanied by her duteous Rachel. Then, she was still a comely matron, looking cheerful in her poverty, and strong to labour. Now, how bent down with age and feebleness does that poor frame appear! The burthen of the little infant is one she can ill sustain, but to whom would she resign the precious charge? She has contrived a black truck for the little creature—probably from her own old gown—her widow's gown, for she herself has on no mourning garment, only an old rusty black willow bonnet, with a little crape about it of still browner hue, and a large black cotton shawl, with which she has covered over, as nearly as possible, that dark linen gown. She holds up no handkerchief to her eyes, with the idle parade of ceremonial woe, but her face is bent down over the baby's bosom, and drops are glistening there, and on its soft cheek, that never fell from those young joyous eyes.

A few neighbours follow her—a few poor women two and two, who have all contrived to make some show of decent mourning, and those three or four labouring men, who walk last, have each a crape hat-band, that has served for many funerals. They are all gone by now—the dead and the living. For the last time on earth, the departed mortal has entered the House of God. While that part of the burial-service appointed to be read there is proceeding, a few words will tell her story.

Rachel Maythorne was the only child of her mother, and she was a widow, left early to struggle with extreme poverty, and with the burthen of a sickly infant, afflicted with epileptic fits, almost from its birth. The neighbours, many of them, said, “it would be a mercy, if so be God Almighty were pleased to take away the poor baby; she would never thrive, or live to be a woman, and was a terrible hindrance to the industrious mother.” But *she* thought not so, neither would she have exchanged her puny wailing infant, for the healthiest and the loveliest in the land—she thought it the loveliest, ay, and the most intelligent

too, though everybody else saw well enough that it was more backward in every thing, than almost any child of the same age. But it did weather out the precarious season of infancy, and it did live to be a woman, and even to enjoy a moderate share of health, though the fits were never wholly subdued, and they undoubtedly had weakened and impaired, though not destroyed her intellect. Most people at first sight would have called Rachel a very plain girl, and she was, in truth, far from pretty, slight and thin in her person, and from the feebleness of her frame, stooping almost like a woman in years. Her complexion, which might have been fair and delicate, had she been a lady, and luxuriously reared up, was naturally pallid, and, exposure to sun and wind in her outdoor labours, had thickened it to a dark and muddy hue; but there was a meek and tender expression in her mild hazel eyes, and in her dimpled smile, and in the tone of her low quiet voice, even in the slight hesitation which impeded her utterance, that never failed to excite interest, when once they had attracted observation. The mother and daughter lived a life of contented poverty—the former, strong and healthful, found frequent employment as a char-woman, or in going out to wash, or in field-labour. The latter, brought up almost delicately, though the child of indigence, and still occasionally subject to distressing fits, was principally occupied at home, in the care of their cow, the management of the little dairy, in the cultivation of their small patch of garden, (and small though it was, Rachel had her flower-knot in a sunny corner,) and in knitting and coarse needlework. In summer, however, she shared her mother's task in the hay-field, in mushroom-picking, and in the pleasant labour of the gleaners; and how sweet was the frugal meal of that contented pair, when the burthen of the day was over, and they sat just within the open door of their little cottage, over which a luxuriant jessamine had wreathed itself into a natural porch!

If Nature had been niggardly in storing the simple head of poor Rachel, she had been but too prodigal of feeling, to a heart which overflowed with the milk of human kindness, whose capacity of loving seemed bound-

less, embracing within its scope every created thing that breathed the breath of life. We hear fine ladies and sentimental misses making a prodigious fuss about sensibility, and humanity, and “the poor beetle that we tread upon;” but I do firmly believe simple Rachel, without even thinking of her feelings, much less saying a word about them, would have gone many steps out of her way, rather than set her foot upon a worm. It was a sore trouble to her, her annual misery, when Daisy's calf, that she had petted so fondly, was consigned to the butcher's cart, and while the poor mother lowed disconsolately about in quest of her lost little one, there was no peace for Rachel. Every moan went to her heart. But her love, and pity, and kindness of nature were not all expended (as are some folks' sensibilities,) on birds, and beasts, and black beetles. Her poor services were at the command of all who needed them, and Rachel was in truth a welcome and a useful guest in every neighbour's cottage. She was called in to assist at the wash-tub, to take a turn at the butter-churn, to nurse the baby while the mother was more actively occupied, or to mind the house while the goodwoman stepped over to the shop, or to watch the sick, while others of the family were necessitated to be about the daily labour that gained their daily bread; she could even spell out a chapter of the Bible, when the sick person desired to hear its comfortable words. True, she was not always very happy in her selections. “It was *all* good;” so she generally began reading first where the book fell open, no matter if at the numbering of the twelve tribes, or at “The Song of Solomon,” or the story of “Bel and the Dragon.”—“It was *all* good,” said Rachel; so she read on boldly through thick and thin, and fine work, to be sure, she made of some of the terrible hard names. But the simple soul *was* right—It was “*all* good.” The intention was perfect, and the spirit in which those inapplicable portions of Scripture were almost unintelligibly read, found favour doubtless with Him who claims the service of the heart, and cares little for the outward form of sacrifice.

A child might have practised on the simplicity of Rachel Maythorne, and when April-fool-day came round, on many a bootless errand was she sent,

and many a marvellous belief was palmed upon her by the villageurchins, who yet in the midst of their merry mischief, would have proved sturdy champions in her cause, had real insult or injury been offered to the kind creature, from whom all their tormenting ingenuity could never provoke a more angry exclamation, than the short pathetic words, "Oh dear!" One would have thought none but a child could have had the heart to abuse even in jest the credulous innocence of that unoffending creature. But the human "heart is desperately wicked;" and one there was, so callous and corrupt, and absorbed in its own selfishness, as to convert into "an occasion of falling," the very circumstances which should have been a wall of defence about poor Rachel.

It chanced that, towards the end of last year's harvest, the widow Maythorne was confined to her cottage by a sprained ankle, so that for the first time in her life, Rachel went out to the light labour of gleaning, unaccompanied by her tender parent. Through the remainder of the harvest season, she followed Farmer Buckwheat's reapers, and no gleaner returned at evening so heavily laden as the widow's daughter. For the farmer himself favoured the industry of simple Rachel, and no reaper looked sharply towards her, though she followed him so close, as to glean a chance handful, even from the sheaf he was binding together. And she followed in the wake of the loaded waggons, from whose toppling treasures, as they rustled through the deep narrow lanes, the high hedges on either side took tribute, and though *her* sheaf acquired bulk more considerably than ever from the golden hangings of the road side, no one rebuked the widow's daughter, or repelled her outstretched hand; and one there was, who gave more than passive encouragement to her humble encroachments. And when the last wagon turned into the spacious rick-yard, and the gleaners retired slowly from the gate, to retrace their way homeward through the same lanes, where a few golden ears might yet be added to their goodly sheaves, then Rachel also turned towards her home, but not in company with her fellow gleaners. For the young farmer led her by a nearer and a pleasanter way, through the Grange homestead, and

the orchard, and the hazel copse, that opened just on the little common where stood her mother's cottage, the first of the scattered hamlet. But though the way was certainly shorter, and there were no stiles to clamber over, and the young farmer helped Rachel with her load, by the time they reached the little common, lights were twinkling in all its skirting cottages, and the returned gleaners were gathered round their frugal supper-boards, and the Widow Maythorne was standing in her jasmine porch, looking out for her long absent Rachel, and wondering that she lingered so late, till the sight of her heavy burthen, as she emerged from the dark copse, accounted for her lagging footsteps and tardy return. Her companion never walked with her farther than the copse, and he exacted a promise — — — Alas! and it was given and kept, though the poor thing comprehended not why she might not make her dear mother partaker of her happy hopes; but it was *his* wish, so she promised all he exacted, and too faithfully kept silence. So time passed on. The bright broad harvest moon dwindled away to a pale crescent, and retired into the starry depths of heaven, and then, again emerging from her unseen paths, she hung out her golden lamp, to light the hunter's month. Then came the dark days and clouded nights of November, and the candle was lit early in the widow's cottage, and the mother and daughter resumed their winter tasks of the spinning wheel and the knitting needles. And the widow's heart was cheery, for the meal-chest was full, and the potatoe-patch had yielded abundantly, and there stood a goodly peat-stack by the door; and, through the blessing of Providence on their careful industry, they should be fed and warmed all the long winter months: so there was gladness in the widow's heart. But Rachel drooped; at first unobserved by the fond parent, for the girl was ever gentle and quiet, and withal not given to much talking, or to noisy merriment; but then she would sit and sing to herself like a bird, over her work, and she was ever ready with a smiling look and a cheerful answer, when her mother spoke to or asked a question of her. Now she was silent, but unquiet, and would start as if from sleep when spoken to, and fifty times in an hour lay by her

work hastily, and walk to the door, or the window, or the little cupboard, as if for some special purpose, which yet seemed ever to slip away unaccomplished from her bewildered mind; and sometimes she would wander away from her home for an hour or more together, and from those lonely rambles she was sure to return with looks of deeper dejection, and eyes still heavy with the traces of recent tears. The mother's observation once aroused, her tender anxiety soon fathomed the cruel secret. Alas! unhappy mother—thou hadst this only treasure—this one poor lamb—who drank of thy cup, and lay in thy bosom, and was to thee a loving and a dutiful child; and the spoiler came, and broke down thy little fence of earthly comfort, and laid waste the peaceful fold of nature's sweetest charities.

The rustic libertine, whose ruthless sport, the amusement of a vacant hour, had been the seduction of poor Rachel, soon wearied of his easy conquest, and cast her "like a loathsome weed away." He found it not at first an easy task to convince her of his own baseness, and intended desertion of her; but when at last he roughly insisted on the discontinuance of her importunate claims, and the simple mind of his poor victim once fully comprehended his inhuman will, she would have obeyed it in unupbraiding silence; but, alas! her injuries were not to be concealed, and it was the hard task of the afflicted mother to appeal for such miserable compensation as the parish could enforce, to support her unhappy child in the hour of trial, and to assist in maintaining the fatherless little one. Three months ago it was born into this hard, bleak world, and though the child of shame, and poverty, and abandonment, never was the heir of a mighty dukedom more fondly welcomed, more doatingly gazed on, more tenderly nursed, than that poor baby: and it was a lovely infant. How many a rich and childless pair would have yielded up even to the half of all their substance, to be the parents of such a goodly creature! All the sorrows of the forsaken mother, all her rejected affections, all her intense capabilities of loving, became so absorbed and concentrated in her maternal feelings, that when she looked upon her child, and hugged it to her bosom, and drank in

at her eyes the sweetness of its innocent smiles, it would have been difficult, perhaps, to have kept alive in her poor simple mind a repentant sorrow for her past fault, as associated with the existence of that guiltless creature. No one judged hardly of poor Rachel, though many a muttered curse, "not loud, but deep," was imprecated on her heartless seducer. *She* was still a welcome guest in every cottage—she who had ever been so ready with all her little services to every soul who needed them, was now welcome to sit with her infant in the low nursing-chair beside their humble hearths, or to lay it in the same cradle with their own little ones, while she busied herself at her task of needlework. It was a great comfort to the anxious mother to know, that, while she was absent from her cottage, her daughter had many a friend, and many a home, to which she might resort when her own was lonely, or when the peculiar symptoms, with which she was familiar, warned her of an approaching fit. On such occasions, (and she had generally sufficient notice,) experience had taught her, that by flinging herself flat down on her face, either on the bed or floor, the attack was greatly mitigated in violence, and sometimes wholly averted; and it had been hitherto an especial mercy, that the afflictive malady had never made its terrific approaches in the night season. Therefore it was, that the Widow Maythorne now and then ventured to sleep from home, when engaged in one of her various occupations, nurse-tending. So engaged, she left her cottage one evening of last week, and, not expecting to return to it before the afternoon of the ensuing day, she made it her provident request to a neighbour, that, if Rachel did not look in on her early in the morning, she would step across and see how it fared with her and her baby. Morning came, and the good woman was stirring early, and soon every cottage lattice was flung open, and every door unclosed, and the blue smoke curled up from every chimney but that of the Widow Maythorne's dwelling. There, door and window continued fast, and the little muslin curtain was undrawn from within the chamber-window. So the friendly neighbour, mindful of her promise, stepped across to the silent cottage,

and it was not without an apprehensive feeling, that she lifted up the latch of the garden-wicket, before which stood the old cow, waiting to be disburthened of her milky treasure, and lowing out, at intervals, her uneasy impatience at the unusual tardiness of her kind mistress. Fast was the door, and fast the chamber-window, and that of the little kitchen, and cold was the hearth within, and all was still as death, and no noise answered to the repeated knocks and calls of the friendly neighbour. She tried the chamber casement, but it was fastened within, and the little curtain drawn before it precluded all view of the interior. But, while the dame stood close to it, with her face glued to the glass, her ear caught an indistinct sound, and in a moment she distinguished the feeble wail of the little infant, but no mother's voice was heard tenderly hushing that plaintive murmur.

Quickly the good dame summoned the assistance of a few neighbours—the cottage door was forced open, and they passed on through the cold empty kitchen into the little bed-chamber.

There stood the poor uncurtained bed whereon the widow and her daughter had slept side by side so lovingly, for so many quiet and innocent years, and where of late the new-born babe had nestled in his mother's bosom. It was still clinging there—alas!—to a lifeless breast. The living infant was already chilled by the stiffening coldness of the dead mother, who had been, to all appearance, for many hours a corpse. The immediate cause of her death was also too probably surmised. She had evidently expired in a fit, and, from the cramped posture in which she was discovered, it was also evident her first impulse had been to turn herself round upon her face, so to baffle the approaching crisis. But even at that fearful moment, maternal love had prevailed over the powerful instinct of self-preservation—she had turned half round, but stayed herself there, painfully supported in a cramped posture by the elbow of her right arm, while the left still clasped the baby to her bosom, and had stiffened so in its last tender office.

A.

TWILIGHT.

IN mantle of crimson, the Father of day
Descends in the uttermost west,
To lend other regions his cherishing ray,
And foster the lands he loves best;
The peak of the mountain is red, but its breast
Is darken'd with shadows, and dim to the view;
While throned on her chariot, and beaming afar,
Comes onward in silence the night-loving star,
To sprinkle the landscape with dew.

'Tis pleasant to wander on evening so sweet,
When earth wears the ensigns of peace,
The heart throbs enamour'd, and triumphs to greet
From the tumults of sorrow release:
The cares that o'ershadow'd and threaten'd us cease,
To leave an elysium behind;
And dreams of enchantment, unruffled, and smooth,
That smiled in the fanciful visions of youth,
Revive in the eye of the mind.

Come, days of felicity, come ye, and bring
Your fairy-built domes to my view;
Since Joy has a season, and Life has a spring,
With flowers bathed in honey and dew,
It must have a winter of barrenness too
To shadow these dreams of delight;
Repine not; the sun which has sunk in the main,
To-morrow illumines the landscape again,
And scatters the darkness of night.

AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

WE have just read the last North American Review, which contains a most pungent paper, in reply to the article in the Quarterly on Faux's Days in America. Our readers will recollect, that we had expressed our opinion pretty distinctly on the nature and tendency of that review.—It was too heavy, and too much in earnest, for a mere *jeu-d'esprit*, though it did contain some clever writing, and some good hits; and if it were meant as a serious picture of America, we objected, that the authority of a self-conceited, ignorant, under-bred provincial clown, who evidently knew nothing of good manners anywhere, and never could have been as far as the vestibule of decent society, was not the authority to be relied on for its truth or accuracy; and even if he were, that the extracts made, and the inferences drawn, were more conspicuous for garbling and ill-nature, than fairness and impartiality.

So far we agree with the American critic, who takes it for granted, that it proceeded from the pen of Mr Gifford. What his authority for so saying may be, we, who are nearer the spot, and, as he will readily concede, more likely to be in such secrets, cannot determine; but indeed the question is of little consequence from whose pen it may have proceeded. Whoever the author is, if he really should entertain malevolent feelings against America, he must be abundantly gratified by the effect it has produced. *Expertis crede*, Mr American Reviewer, nothing can give a writer of severe articles more solid satisfaction than to find that his hits have told; and your horrible clamour under the infliction proves that this *facere* of old Gifford's has done its business in no common degree. Let us calmly inquire whether such a thing ought to have had any such effect. Let us dispassionately examine whether any article in the Quarterly Review, or elsewhere, of the kind complained of, should produce such magnanimous denunciations of national fury as threats of retaliatory exposure of our sins, negligences, and offences, or angry hints that a repetition of Quarterly Reviewings of American manners will "turn into bitterness the last drop of good

will toward England that exists in the United States."

As we mean to treat the question on a broad basis, we shall excuse ourselves from going through the particular review which has called forth this heat; we know the *spirit* which has given offence, and to it shall we look. The Americans complain that our travellers misrepresent them, by describing or exaggerating the scenes of low life which they witness in their progress—that our journals, of all shapes and sizes, make ridiculous or angry comments on these and similar details—that we pay not sufficient respect to their literature—and that from several among us their legislature, government, and administration of justice, do not meet the veneration with which these things, as a sort of matter of faith, are regarded on the other side of the Atlantic. We have, we believe, summed up everything, which has hitherto been made subject of American complaint, in this enumeration. Let us take them *seriatim*.

It is made, then, matter of mortal offence, that tourists, who go to visit America, complain of bad roads, promiscuous inns, intruding companions, bundling three in a bed, being bitten by mosquitoes;—of smoky log-huts, swamps in certain places, and other such disagreeables. Others are annoyed by uncivil servants, vapouring associates, insolence to Great Britain, and extravagant laudations of the honour, liberty, and glory of the Union. Some of a higher mood complain of the existence of slavery in several States, and its accompanying evils—of the practice of such associations as regulators—of the want of decorum in courts of justice—or of the jobbery of government, real or imputed. Why should the Americans wonder at these complaints? In thinly-peopled countries like theirs, roads will occasionally be bad, and inns indifferent. In States governed as theirs, men will be found who will think impertinence is freedom, and reviling other countries doing their own country honour. In climates like theirs, there will be mosquitoes, and yellow fevers, and swamps, in spite of the most wise provisions to the contrary. Is, then,

the mouth of a traveller going among them to be gagged? Must he see everything white or golden, without tint of darker colour, or alloy of baser metal? With respect to the pictures of grossness of habits or conversation, we should suppose no one but a habitual inmate of grog-shops imagines that these pictures, be they caricatures or real portraits of the steam-boat, or mail-coach, or country tavern manners, are intended to represent the manners of American ladies and gentlemen. Far from it, indeed. But must a man, who, as a traveller, *must* of necessity mix in their circles, who *must* dine at an ordinary with the casual company there collected, and voyage or drive about with those who make up the stray frequenters of public vehicles, hold his tongue on what is passing about him? Is not this sort of life worth description? We should wonder if a democratical writer wished us to display only the Corinthian capital to view.

Let us recommend the Americans, who feel sore on this subject, to read all tours by all writers through countries foreign to them. Is there any concealment of the sorry fare, the garlicked dishes, the filthy rooms, the absence of bed, the swarming of vermin, the importance of the landlord, in descriptions given by travellers of all nations of a Spanish *venta* or *posada*? Do we sink in silence the awkward *diligence* of the French; the obstinate postmaster of the Germans; the various abominations of travelling in Italy? Are our tourists more complimentary to the dominions of the autocrat Alexander, than to those of the democrat Jonathan? Or, to turn the picture, do foreign tourists pay us any uncalled-for compliments in their accounts of England? But, not to talk of foreigners, we beg the testy Americans to read our accounts of ourselves. If any inconvenience—no matter how petty—were to happen to any of us on our own roads, and that we were tour-writing, we can assure our Trans-atlantic neighbours it would not be kept a secret. Nor are we very courteous in laughing at the vulgarities, fooleries, impertinencies, and provincialisms of the good people of England, Ireland, and Scotland. Our popular plays and novels, to say nothing of our newspapers, teem with jokes against Englishmen as coarse as the

coarsest here complained of. And when we speak of the derision heaped on *provincialism*, it is evident that we take that word in a very broad meaning indeed; for we doubt if any of the provinces has been so much the object of quizzing for its peculiarities as the shire of Cocksaigne itself,—the very dominions within sound of Bow-bell.

Suppose an American coming into England with the intention of writing his personal adventures, would *we* have any right to complain that he described our faults as he found them? We might question the good sense or good taste which dictated such an intention; but, it being once formed, and its propriety admitted, we should be fools indeed if we were angry at his informing us, that some particular lines of road were bad—that at some inns he drank sloe-juice and logwood water for port—that his coach broke down through the negligence of a driver—that he took a bad half-crown, or a forged five-pound note—that he occasionally met a saucy coachman, or disagreeable companion—that the conversation of the Glasgow mail was not classic—that he sometimes heard people talking slang, or fell in with an ultra Tory, who would see no blot, or a Whig, who could see nothing bright, in England. Would we be angry, we repeat, at this? In good truth we should not; for, to our own particular knowledge, every one of these adventures might happen, and, in all probability, do happen, every day. We should be inclined to laugh, however, if this valuable information were passed off as a picture of England. More may be said in favour of the describer of personal adventures in America, than of one who would do the same for this or any long civilized and organized country. *Here*, the peculiarities that render such things piquant being almost entirely out of the line of the upper ranks of society, they are much more the objects of domestic than of foreign inquiry; *there*, where society is not so established, it becomes an object of curiosity, innocent if not laudable, to examine how its different branches work upon one another in all classes. A foreigner here is not known as a foreigner, except we suppose to Mr Peel; if he pays his bills, he makes his way through the country as easily and with as little observation as one of ourselves. In America he is distin-

guished in a moment ; and there exists a desire to show off before him, which makes some difference. We own, however, that we should wish to see a *gentleman* travelling through the United States, mixing with *gentlemen*—entering into *their* views and *their* manners—and thereby affording us a book in which the usual company of “guessers,” and “calculators,” and “slick-right-away” people should not make their appearance at all. Such fellows as Faux, of course, are here out of the question.

Perhaps we have said too much about tourists ; but it is, we know, a subject which has been made of great importance in America. Before we leave it entirely we must urge, that we are *κατ' ἐξοχην*, a nation of travellers ; no other people whatever being so decidedly addicted to it as ourselves. At home, we have brought the art of moving about from one corner of our island to the other to a high degree of excellence ; and if we wish to display the difference of foreign manners, we *must* do it by disparagement in many instances. To the man who has been all his life bowling away on the Bristol or Liverpool road, it is information, that there are such things as the paths across the Alleghany. To him who can get his five shillings laid out at a tavern in any way he pleases, it is a piece of novelty to be informed, that in parts of America, customs—no matter whether they be worse or better—exist, which render it imperative on him to dine with landlords whom he knows not, and at hours which he does not prefer, or to sleep in a fashion which is to him quite disagreeable. Sydney Smith, who is now almost dotting, but yet continues to drivel away in the Edinburgh Review, accuses us of sulkiness for entertaining such wishes. It may be so ; but there is still a liberty in being allowed to be sulky if we like, and certainly no reason in the world for concealing the fact, that we cannot have our own way—wise or foolish—in America, as we have at home.

If we turn from travellers to critics on American literature, we shall find that Americans have, in this particular, no just reason to quarrel with us *as a nation*. We say most truly, that America has not hitherto produced great writers. Is not this a fact ? It would better become those who lose

their temper about it to endeavour to amend it. In this Magazine, more than five years ago, a young American gentleman, an honour to his native land, gave very fair reasons for the deficiency of Americans in this respect. After going minutely through the whole question of education in the States, he came to conclusions, which we shall copy—“*First*, That classical learning is there generally undervalued, and of course neglected. *Secondly*, That knowledge of any kind is regarded only as a requisite preparation for the intended vocation in life, and not cultivated as a source of enjoyment, or a means of refining the character ; and *thirdly*, That the demand for active talent is so great, and the reward so tempting, as invariably to draw it away from retired study, and the cultivation of letters. It is not, therefore, to be expected, that she will very soon produce any critical classical scholars, or great poets, or superior dramatic writers, or fine works of fiction ; in a word, any extraordinary productions of learning or taste.” —[*Blackwood's Magazine*, March, 1819, Vol. IV. p. 649.] These are good reasons for the inferiority of American literature ; besides, there is no need of a native supply, while they are sure of being fully furnished by us from abroad. But even if writers were as plenty as blackberries, he must be Utopian indeed who would expect them to get quarter from our critics on any ground of birth, foreign or domestic. We do not spare our own. In the number of the American Review preceding this which is calling forth our remarks, there was a very good and sound paper on Wordsworth, in which the reviewer speaks with due contempt of the base manner in which that great man was treated by Jeffrey and his crew. And does he then expect that Tim Dwight, and M'Fingal Turnbull, and such worthies, are to be lauded ? It is too absurd. Let him look at our own literary quarrels, and he will find that we are much more bitter on one another than on any strangers, and that nationality has nothing to do with what Dr Southey, before he turned reviewer himself, called the “ungentle trade” of reviewing. Let America put forth a great writer, and he will find us ready to bow down before his power, or to melt in his tenderness.

Strictures on the slave-trade, as carried on in the States, form another kind of our abuse of America. This, the Americans should consider, is not so much a national as a sectarian question. Her own bosom comprehends whole sects as ready to denounce her as anybody among us. The slave question, we are aware, is a ticklish one, and not to be attacked by the ignorant hands of sciolists, or the reckless hands of fanatics—but they who clamoured against the slave-trade *here*, must have learned to clamour against it *there* also; and we must add, that the juxtaposition of eternal bawling about the inalienable rights of man with the whole system of negro slavery, particularly in some of its practical branches, is, to say the least of it, open to a smile, if not to some more serious animadversions. True it is, that much misrepresentation exists as to the treatment of slaves in the United States, and we leave to their infinite contempt, the Edinburgh reviewers and their disinterested indignation on such a subject. People, even though the Atlantic rolls between, are not ignorant of the honest Whig notion which lies at the bottom of such philanthropy; but let them not imagine that the question, such as it is, is one between the two *nations*.

There remain to be considered our calumnies on the judges, judicatures, legislatures, &c. of America. It cannot be denied that there are very queer political parties, and very queer judicial people, in the back settlements of America; and it is not to be expected that it should be otherwise. Strange judges also exist in almost every part of the country. Must not they be mentioned? Do we exercise the same forbearance with respect to our own justices of the peace? And should the Americans think their character as a nation is more compromised by such pictures, than the English character was when the Justices Greedy, and Guttle, and Shallow, were the standing patterns of administrators of law over England? As long as economy is the order of the day in the States, so long they may depend upon it that they will every now and then present a public functionary as much to be laughed at as can well be conceived, but they ought to be philosophers enough to bear the inconvenience for the sake of the convenience.

Their mode of government is the

last thing to be considered. For this, though they are continually squabbling about it among themselves, they demand from us implicit reverence. We must say that it is an unreasonable demand. We can see defects in their constitution as clearly as they can see defects in ours! and we beg leave to remind them that they are not very squeamish in pointing out the mote in our eyes. If, as the North American reviewer tells the Quarterly, there are presses out of the reach of the Bridge-street Association; we, in return, may inform him, that presses as unpleasant exist out of reach of the tarring and feathering of New York. But we have no fancy for recrimination. A sound philosopher would come to the conclusion, that a monarch is best fitted for a rich and densely peopled country, and a republic for a thin and infant nation. We do not see the necessity of quarrelling about such things at all, *and yet it is at the bottom of all the anger on both sides*. This is the whole truth. If the Americans do not understand this, we shall explain it better by a sentence from the last Edinburgh Review—

“There is a set,” says the honest reviewer, “of miserable persons in England, who are dreadfully afraid of America, and everything American—whose great delight is to see that country ridiculed and vilified, and who appear to imagine that all the abuses which exist in this country acquire additional vigour and charm of duration from every book of travels which pours forth its venom and falsehood on the United States.” No. 80, p. 427.

Lest we should be in any doubt as to who those miserable people are, he calls them “Government runners,” towards the end of his article; but, indeed, we did not want this key, when we know what this scribe and his brethren are in the habit of calling abuses, and see a little farther down a panegyric on Mr Joseph Hume. In the North American Review, No. 43, p. 424, an article from the first number of the Westminster is quoted, in which also government people are severely censured for a dislike of America—and in that so quoted article, a studied, and, as the American reviewer would admit, a false comparison between England and the States is drawn very much to the disparagement of the former.

Now it is these people who put any

writers among us on the *qui vive* to find out holes in the coat of America. A party, or two parties exist among us—they are one in baseness, though two in proposed plans of operation for doing mischief—who are determined to overthrow the constitution established among us, *per fas et nefas*, and one of the engines which they consider as most conducive to the furtherance of their design is the constitution of the United States. They have laid it down as a principle, that every accident, even to a hurricane off the coast, or a bad harvest, is attributable to a want of due preponderance of the democratical part of the state. What they ultimately wish we know, and what galls them more, *they* know we know it—but the pretext is purely a reform. From these we hear nothing but eternal praise of the institutions of America, mixed with all kinds of insulting slanders on our own. In general, they do not give themselves the trouble of inquiring about the truth of the facts which they so confidently allege; and Cobbett has in one or two instances successfully shewn the utter ignorance of old Bentham, one of their great authorities, on some of the main points by which he supported his most important conclusions. This being the case, can the Americans wonder, that we, who have our constitution at heart, should make inquiries whether these praises, *brought up in offence of us*, are well founded or not? and having satisfied ourselves that many things in this so lauded constitution are not good *per se*, much less applicable to our state of society and civilization, is it to be expected that we are to permit our adversaries uncontradicted to lord it over us in argument, for fear that telling the truth should injure the sensitive ears of people who lay it down as one of the chief prerogatives of freemen, to speak as we think? This is the real reason why any allusion whatever is at any time made to the mode of government in America—and if that allusion be at all angry, it is beyond question the anger of self-defence. If their institutions were not invidiously cried up as a pattern for us, we should let them alone; but as they very unceremoniously treat what we consider entitled to veneration, honour, and respect, they should not be angry at finding us disposed to question whe-

ther their establishments conduce to the absolute felicity of the human race, any more than our own.

So far have we run over the principal topics of American complaints, and shewn, we trust satisfactorily, that among no *class* of British subjects does there exist any intention of insulting them, or hurting their feelings. We of course cannot say that there is no *individual* so actuated—nor do we think it worth our while to expostulate with any American who would require so absurd an unanimity in favour of a foreign country. Travellers used to better things, will complain of bad travelling accommodation; and the hectoring assumption of independence, which too many underbred Americans think it their duty and their privilege to assume, will offend such as are not accustomed to it. Our saints will be indignant at their slave trade—and so will their own quakers. Some of us will not like the dominion of King Mob, and many among us fail to discover all the social and political blessings which we are told such a dominion bestows. Few, very few of us, wish for a similar government here; but that, we submit, ought not to make them angry; for, after all, we are of the elder house. We fancy that they have got no literature, but would be very happy to be convinced of the contrary. This, we believe, is the true state of the case, as far as affects us. Let us take the test of experiment. Has ever an American who has come among us, experienced any incivility? Have we ever refused to respect a man of honour, or patronize a man of genius, from that country?—Never.

They should not be so thin-skinned, for it is a bad feature. Let them laugh at jest, and despise malignity. Many of the things which offend them are *true*—it would be better to correct them, than to quarrel with those who expose them. The Scotch of fifty years ago were sadly galled by Doctor Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides. Why? Because he told what was too like the truth to be agreeable. If any person wrote a similar tour at present—Dr J: of course would not, for the facts exist no longer—would anybody in Scotland be angry? Not one. The tourist would be scraped gently, or torn to pieces amusingly, in Blackwood's Magazine, with the accusom-

ed civility of that eminent periodical, and there would be an end of it. You would hear no nonsense about "embittered feelings." The English are the most tolerant of nations in this respect. We remember when we were in Paris, shortly after Waterloo, that the caricature shops were filled with derisive pictures of the allies, which the proprietors had not time to remove before the occupation of the city. The Prussians and Austrians were indignant—threatened to sabre the shopkeepers—swore all manner of German oaths—and compelled the trembling Frenchmen to take them down. On the contrary, though the caricatures against us were much more pointed, the shops were filled with English buying them, and laughing over them, until their fat sides shook again. Which party acted with more magnanimity—or, if that word be too big for such an occasion, with more good sense and good humour? Jonathan never could have stood it. We have him here prancing mad at Gifford—he was wincing under Matthews. Yet the Scotch are able to keep their temper at the representation of Sir Pertinax McSycophant; English company crowd to see the polite Frenchmen perform *Les Anglais pour rire*; and the Irish can laugh obstreperously at Dennis Bulgruderry, or Murtoch Delany. Will the Americans shew less sense than even the Irish?

With regard to the threatened re-
crimination against us, we must own that we hold such things very cheap. Somebody in America has done this already, and by a diligent raking up of our Old Bailey reports, Newgate Calendars—rather delicate ground, we should think, for touching on in our old plantations—newspaper paragraphs, and other such sources, contrived to display a very copious mass of wickedness existing in England. The North American reviewer treads in his footsteps. He makes a pointed allusion to a case which is not so much a disgrace to the country where the wickedness occurred, or the order to which the wretched culprit belonged, as to human nature. Alas! this is but poor work for gentlemen and scholars to be employed upon. In every society, and in all ages, until there be a regeneration of the race of mankind, there will never be wanting materials enough, and more than enough, to supply the

jealous or malignant with food for his unhappy disposition to revel in, and to fill the man of honour or philanthropy with shame and sorrow. We are not exempt. The eager hunting out of crime, and the impartiality with which culprits of all ranks are dragged before justice, render the amount of crime in England apparently much greater, than in countries where the police is more relaxed, or the chances of evasion more numerous. The unexampled publicity, too, which we give every case—a publicity unknown in any other country—even America, where, though the newspapers are numerous, they are not so well organized with reporters as ours, to say nothing of the intense nationality which frequently stimulates them to suppress what they consider disgraceful to the country—gives a facility, impossible elsewhere, to the collector of such facts. We wish such a person joy of his honourable and useful vocation. The real disgrace to a country would be, if such things, when committed, were not duly punished; it would be more to the honour of New-Orleans, for instance, if a murderer were hanged there every week, although neighbouring people might taunt them with the fact, that fifty men were hanged for murder in a year, than that, while the murders were committing, a New-Orleans-man might be able to boast that no person had been hanged in their State for such a crime, and appeal to the paucity of executions as a test of the purity of his city.

We do not dread comparison, even in this respect, with any country. Lands thinly peopled and poor, will exhibit less crime, no doubt, because there is less temptation; but that is evidently not a fair standard. Some of our neighbours make matter of jest and impunity what we regard with loathing, but that does not alter the quantity of crime among them. A fair way of looking at this part of the subject would be to take two cities of about the same grade in America and in England, say New-York and Edinburgh—New-Orleans and Norwich, &c., and test them together. We must object to putting London in contrast with an American wild, or a settlement of Quakers or Harmonites. When there is no property to steal, theft, fraud, and robbery, will be unknown.

Where paper money does not exist, or is worth nothing, you will never hear of forgery. In villages, where almost all classes blend into one family, you will not find the evils which accompany a vast population of females, rendered irresponsible from the various causes of irresponsibility which exist in overgrown cities. A comparison instituted in such a spirit might be even philosophical, as tending to shew the different effects of dense or rare population; in any other, would be absurd in conception, and filthy in execution.

Our American reviewer talks of comparison between the members of the respective governments. This is sheer nonsense. In a court where wealth and splendour abound, the vices attendant on wealth and splendour will exist; in a government depending on popular support, the vices of demagogism (let us take a Trans-Atlantic privilege of coining a word) will be found. The rake, the sycophant, the r    , the parasite, are the nuisances of the one; the bully, the swaggerer, the brawling drunkard, the professed duellist, of the other. Let him fish up specimens of the former from us, and we engage to find him plenty of the latter from his own land. If, however, by government he means ministers, we must demur as to his being able to substantiate any personal charges against our great statesmen for a long period—say since America obtained a substantive existence. Fox is the only exception which occurs to our memory; and with all his faults, personal and political—with all his failings and vices, Tories as we are, we can readily imagine him to have been, what Burke called him, “a man to be loved.” We should be sorry if among us the idol of the whole nation were such a man as the *hero* of the south, General Jackson, and yet we have scarcely met an American who did not seem proud of the achievements of this *man*; the very greatest of which is one of the commonest and cheapest pieces of generalship, or rather partizanship, displayed in every war by some dozen officers on all sides. Such as it is, however, it appears sufficient to cast every imperfection into the shade, and to dignify a blustering bully with the title of a *hero*. As to our being compelled to bestow the names of Grace and Majesty on people who are neither graceful nor majestic, we must wonder that the American reviewer is so absurd as to make

such a remark. He very properly, in a former number, has laughed at that dull dog Hodgson, for complaining that companies of negro slaves were called by the degrading title of *gay*, justly remarking, that “tyrant custom capriciously invests technical terms with the trappings of authority and use.” When we addressed Queen Caroline, for instance, by the name of “Majesty,” we had no more notion of giving her the attributes attached to that word, when used untechnically, than the editor of the North American Review has of acknowledging the lordship of him whom he calls “Sir,” the dominion of him whom he calls “Master,” or “Mister,” or the honour of any rogue who may, by official situation in America, be entitled to the addition of “Honourable.”

We are happy to perceive the spirit of one part of his article, though we do not at all agree with him in the way in which he applies it. We mean that part in which he so eagerly rebuts the charge of irreligion thrown out by the Quarterly Review. We are happy, we repeat, to find so vivid an indignation excited by this grave, and, as we know, unjust charge. America, at the heart, we are sure, is a religious country. The exceptions are more glaring than numerous. Jefferson tended more than any other man to make us Europeans imagine that irreligion was the order of the day in the states of which he, an avowed enemy to religion, was the chief. The Quarterly Reviewer was writing against his knowledge when he brought the charges.—Is the American reviewer writing according to his knowledge where he retorts it on us? Does he believe that Bishop Watson’s living away from his see, or the Bishop of Derry’s sojourn in Italy, are really arguments against an established church, or that we cannot argue in its favour, and that learnedly and eloquently, (see Burke,) in spite of these delinquencies? We must also most positively rebut the charge of England’s being the fountain of infidelity. Infidelity, as all versed in the learning of the middle ages know, sprung up in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, and numbers among its votaries some of the highest of her dignitaries. That deistical writers, who dared not appear under despotical governments, except in mask, wrote under the free domination of England, is quite true, but

it is hardly a fair objection, considering the quarter it has come from. The French philosophers, by their jests and jeers, have done more to spread dislike of religion than all the arguers on the same side in England. The names of Toland, Tindal, Bolingbroke, Collins, and others, are summed up in catalogue against us by the American. Does he then really believe that any of these men had any great influence at any time? or does he pretend to be ignorant of the fact that they are forgotten now? None of them was unanswered. Collins, in particular, suffered under the crushing hand of Bentley, in the most overwhelming reply ever given to any unfortunate acolyte.

But we have Hume and Gibbon, classics, which cannot be rejected from our libraries,—and they are deistical. We beg leave to say that the great works of these men, the works that have made them classical, are not *directly* subject to that charge. It requires an immensity of special pleading to extract anything like deism from Hume's History of England, and had we not known the character and opinions of the man it never would have been suspected. That Gibbon, particularly in his famous fifteenth and sixteenth chapters, was anxious to throw a slur upon Christianity, we have no doubt, but he has managed it so as not to be offensive. Watson has sufficiently answered him, and we do not fear the slightest contamination of any mind from the perusal of the Decline and Fall. We take its learning, its research, its talent, without fearing that anybody can be unsettled in his faith, by the arguments which he adduces to prove that Christianity was indebted to human means for its success. Indeed, as no one but a fanatic or a fool could by possibility imagine that human means had *no* share in propagating the Christian revelation, and establishing the Christian church, we cannot for the lives of us see, that an argument, or an inquiry as to *how far* these means operated towards performing that good work, is totally inadmissible; and Gibbon's deism as far as it appears in his celebrated work goes no farther. The other works of Gibbon and Hume are not classics. They are scarcely read. Hume's metaphysics are pored over by professed metaphysicians, by some called clever,

by some paradoxical, by others accused of being mere pilferings from authors who he hoped were buried in obscurity—by none believed. Professor Leslie, it is true, panegyricizes them. *Valut quantum.* His praise will not make them more valuable in the eyes of the North American reviewer, who brings a direct charge of infidelity against the whole body of Edinburgh philosophers, and Edinburgh reviewers. It is well for him that he does not publish under the fostering care of our Whig Jury Court. To conclude, we can safely vaunt that ours is the most religious literature in the world. If there be tares in it, sown by the enemy, there is a superabundant product of sound crop. We have not to rely on the splendid paradox of Warburton only. We wonder that the reviewer forgot Bull and Pearson, Horsely and Magee, not to mention fifty others that crowd into our memory, but whom it is useless to recapitulate. We, however, had rather ground the praise which we arrogate, on the existence of Milton, Addison, Johnson, Cowper, and other *lay-men* among the very *magnates* of our literature, than even on the surpassingly splendid display of professed theologians.

We have written at great length; but it was because we wished to face the question fairly. America, we repeat, may rest satisfied that the English nation entertains neither hatred nor jealousy on her account. If, however, perverse statesmen, or demagogues, continue to be bringing her institutions, not as models for our imitation—for they well know the state of society in the two countries is so very different, that we cannot imitate in the points principally recommended to our attention—but as things for us to bow down before, acknowledging our inferiority, and our utter despicableness, in the scale of good government, we must continue to question the exact fitness of things under these so bepraised institutions. If *dis-agréments* will continue to exist on the roads and in the taverns of America, those who must travel on the roads, and have no opportunity of seeing other society than that which taverns afford, will, of course, continue to write accounts of them. Splenetic reviewers will make angry articles—droll mimics will draw caricature characters, laugh-

ing writers will compose gibes and quizzes, and that on all the nations of the earth, our own included. Is America to be an exception? If she thinks so, she claims a more tribune-like sanctity of character than she is likely to find universally recognized. She should be above this folly.

Before we conclude, let us add, that she lays herself sadly open in many particulars. We laugh at the French calling themselves the "Grande nation"—at some Scotch blockheads dignifying Edinburgh with the name of the Modern Athens, and its very mob, with that of a nation of gentlemen—but what must be the extent of the cachinnation to which that people are exposed, who vote themselves, in a grave council of their national representatives, to be the most admirable nation in the world? How can we feel when we hear the exploits of five or six sea-captains, who in favourable situations captured a frigate a-piece, (we rather think we are exaggerating the maritime trophies of America,) equalled to those of Nelson? Or when the deeds of some captain of bush-fighters, who did not run away from an inferior force, or who in a strong position repelled a rash attack, is put above Buonaparte or Wellington? When we are told gravely, on the strength of these renowned actions, that the American nation is dreaded in Europe, where they are not heard of, and acknowledged to be as great in the arts of war as of peace? Nay, in this very *North American Review*, there is a most amusing display of the same kind, when the war of 1812, (Mr Madison's war,) is gravely compared to the Persian war of Xerxes against Greece, and the nation is assured in consequence, that it is "quoted, feared, and courted abroad."!!! (Vol. XVIII. p. 401.) Can flesh and blood stand this without laughing? Poor blundering Sir George Prevost, with his four or five skeleton regiments, and his handful of raw militia, compared to Xerxes, in barbaric grandeur, at the head of five millions of invaders! and the European quotation, fear, and flirtation, induced by the celebrated battles of—God knows where—for, without affectation, we cannot remember a single action in the field, nor, if we heard the name of one, could we tell which party claimed the victory!

May not our *angry* feelings, too, if we thought it worth while to exercise them, be called forth by the regular tirades of vulgar and lying abuse poured out against us, on the fourth of July, all through the States? What would the Americans, who roar under such flea-bites as articles in the *Quarterly Review*, say, if any statesman of the rank among us of John Quincy Adams, were to make and print such a speech as he has done—or if John Wilson Croker—a *Quarterly Reviewer*, by the by—*our* Secretary to the Admiralty, were to sit down in Kensington Palace to write a sham journey through the States, full of libel and falsehood, as *their* Secretary of the Admiralty, Paulding, has done? As Croker's fabrication, in all human probability, would be rather cleverer and sharper than Paulding's absurd bundle of ignorance and stupidity, we doubt not but that they would be almost ready, on that our provocation, to proclaim war.

As for ourselves of this Magazine, loving our country, its government, its great men, its very soil, with the intensity of love, we have every respect for America, and have always shewn it. We are not blind to her defects and weaknesses, but we remember her origin, and we know that she contains a vast number of mer, virtuous, good, and wise. We shall not, however, address her in the language of undue flattery, nor, as some among her sons think we ought to do, in the accents of envy or fear. We feel neither; and, but that our article is already too long, we should tell her why. Perhaps we may resume the subject where we are now breaking off, and hereafter discuss the Future Views and Policy of England and the United States of America, as they mutually bear on one another. We have never seen it yet done satisfactorily on either side of the Atlantic.

Meanwhile we recommend Jonathan to keep his temper—laugh at, or answer, hostile reviewers, as he pleases; but let us have no threats of embittered feelings, of angry recriminations, or deadly war, for such things. If we are to fight, in Heaven's name, let it not be for pen-dribble. Wars are seldom very wise, but that would indeed be the consummation of nonsense.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

EDINBURGH.—*Oct. 13.*

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.. 32s. 0d.	1st,...32s. 0d:	1st,.....20s. 0d.	1st,.....21s. 0d.
2d, ...29s. 0d.	2d, ...30s. 0d.	2d,.....18s. 0d.	2d,....,18s. 0d.
3d, ...23s. 0d.	3d, ...28s. 0d.	3d,.....15s. 0d.	3d,16s. 0d.

Average £1, 9s. 3d. 9-12ths.

Tuesday, Oct. 12.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 4d.	to 0s. 7d.	Quartern Loaf . .	0s. 8d.	to 0s. 9d.
Mutton	0s. 4d.	to 0s. 6d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 8d.	to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 6d.	to 0s. 10d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 4d.	to 0s. 0d.
Pork	0s. 4d.	to 0s. 6d.	Salt ditto, per stone	11s. 0d.	to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	1s. 0d.	to 2s. 6d.	Ditto, per lb. . .	1s. 2d.	to 0s. 0d.
Tallow, per stone	5s. 6d.	to 0s. 6d.	Eggs, per dozen	0s. 10d.	to 0s. 0d.

11 ADDINGTON.—Oct. 8.

O.I.D.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,2½s. 6d.	1st, ... 2½s. 0d.	1st, ...2½s. 0d.	1st,2½s. 0d.	1st,2½s. 0d.
2d,2½s. 0d.	2d, ... 26s. 0d.	2d,19s. 0d.	2d,19s. 0d.	2d,19s. 0d.
3d,2½s. 0d.	3d, ... 24s. 0d.	3d,17s. 0d.	3d,17s. 0d.	3d,17s. 0d.

NLW.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ... 2s. 0d.	1st, ... 27s. 0d.	1st, ... 19s. 0d.	1st, ... —s. 0d.	1st, —s. 0d.
2d, ... 2s. 0d.	2d, ... 24s. 0d.	2d, ... 17s. 0d.	2d, ... —s. 0d.	2d, —s. 0d.
3d, ... 2s. 0d.	3d, ... 21s. 0d.	3d, ... 15s. 0d.	3d, ... —s. 0d.	3d, —s. 0d.

Average £1, 6s. 7d. 3-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 2d October.

Wheat, 56s. 5d.—Barley, 33s. 1d.—Oats, 20s. 8d.—Rye, 30s. 10d.—Beans, 37s. 10d.—Pease, 37s. 6d.

London, Corn Exchange, Oct. 4

Liverpool, Oct. 12.

s. d.		s. d.		s. d.		s. d.		s. d.	
Wheat, red, old	44 to 62	Maple,	— to —	Wheat, per 70 lb.	—	—	—	—	—
Fine ditto	52 to 56	White pease	36 to 38	Eng.	7 4 to	9	0	0	—
Superfine ditto	58 to 60	Ditto, bolvers	44 to 46	Old	— to —	—	0	0	—
Ditto,	— to —	Small Beans, new	42 to 46	Scottish	7 4 to	9	0	0	—
White, old	48 to 68	Ditto, old	— to —	Irish	6 0 to	7	0	0	—
Fine ditto	50 to 60	Pick ditto, new	36 to 39	Bonded	4 0 to	5	0	0	—
Superfine ditto	62 to 66	Ditto, old	— to —	Barley, per 60 lbs.	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto,	— to —	Feed oats	16 to 18	Eng.	5 3 to	5	6	0	—
Itye	50 to 55	Fine ditto	19 to 21	Scottish	4 6 to	4	9	0	—
Barley,	54 to 56	Poland ditto	18 to 19	Irish	4 0 to	4	6	0	—
Fine ditto	58 to 62	Fine ditto	21 to 24	Foreign	4 3 to	3	9	0	—
Superfine ditto	64 to 68	Potato ditto	20 to 22	Oats, per 45 lb.	—	—	—	—	—
Malt	60 to 64	Fine ditto	23 to 25	Eng.	2 10 to	11	0	0	—
Fine	68 to 70	Scottish	26 to 28	Irish	2 9 to	2	11	0	—
Hog Pease	32 to 34	Flour, per sack	50 to 55	Scottish	2 10 to	2	11	0	—
Maple	36 to 38	Ditto, seconds	45 to 50	For bond	1 6 to	1	11	0	—

Amer. p. 1961b.
 S.West, U.S. 21 0 to 23 0
 Do. in bond — 0 to — 0
 Sour bond 18 0 to 20 0
 Oatmeal, per 210 lb.
 English 28 0 to 30 0
 Scotch — 27 0 to 28 0
 Irish — 23 0 to 28 0
 Bran, p. 21lb. 0 9 to 11

Butter, Beef, &c.

Butter, p.w.t. s. d.
 Belfast, new 90 0 to 91 0
 Newry — 84 0 to 88 0
 Waterford — 84 0 to 85 0
 Cork, p.w.d. 85 0 to 81 0
 — do. — 76 0 to 80 0

Seeds, &c.

[illegible]

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d September 1824.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	235½	—	—	—
3 per cent. reduced,	94½	—	—	—
3 per cent. consols,	93½ ¾ ½	94½ ½ 38	93½ ¾ 4	95 4½ 5
3½ per cent. consols,	—	—	—	—
4 per cent. consols,	101½	—	—	—
New 4 per cent. consols,	106 5½	106½ ¾ ½	106½	106½ ¾ ½
India stock,	—	—	286½	—
— bonds,	—	86	—	85 84
Exchequer bills,	41	—	44	45 46
Exchequer bills, sm.	—	—	43	—
Consols for acc.	93½ 4 3½	94½ ½ ½	94½	95½ ½ ½
Long Annuities,	23½ 3-16	—	—	—

Course of Exchange, Oct. 8.—Amsterdam, 12: 3. C. F. Ditto at sight, 12: 0. Rotterdam, 12: 4. Antwerp, 12: 4. Hamburg, 37: 2. Altona, 37: 3. Paris, 8 d. sight, 25: 30. Bourdeaux, 25: 60. Frankfort on the Maine, 153½. Petersburg, d. sight, 9: 0. U. Berlin, 7: 10. Vienna, 10: 4. *Eff. flo.* Trieste, 10: 4. *Eff. flo.* Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 35½. Bilboa, 35½. Barcelona, 35. Seville, 35½. Gibraltar, 51. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, 44½. Venice, 27: 0. Malta, 0: 0. Naples, 38½. Palermo, per oz, 115. Lisbon, 51. Oporto, 50½. Rio Janeiro, 47. Bahia, 49. Dublin, 9½. per cent. Cork, 9½. per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3: 17: 6d. per oz. New Doubleons, £0: 0: 0d. New Dollars, 4s. 10½d. Silver in bars, stand. 5s. 0d½.

PRICES CURRENT, Oct. 4.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Musc.	55	to 58	54	57	51	53	53	56
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	60	70	58	61	56	70	57	65
Mid. good, and fine mid.	70	76	—	—	—	70	66	70
Fine and very fine, . . .	108	115	—	—	66	—	80	84
Refined Doub. Loaves, . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	79	81
Powder ditto, . . .	90	104	87	96	—	—	75	80
Single ditto, . . .	82	85	82	84	—	—	81	98
Small Lumps, . . .	80	84	78	80	—	—	—	—
Large ditto, . . .	33	38	—	—	21	27 6	24	—
Crushed Lumps, . . .	26	27	25	—	38	49	50	66
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	44	50	—	—	51	65	58	67
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.	55	70	52	68	70	88	98	102
Ord. good, and fine ord.	70	80	70	88	35	50	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	—	—	—	—	54	68	—	—
Dutch Triage and very ord.	—	—	58	75	70	90	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	—	—	—	—	57	58	60	62
Mid. good, and fine mid.	122	126	—	—	7	7½	—	—
St Domingo, . . .	9	10	7½	8	—	—	—	—
Pimento (in Bond), . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
SPICERIES,	2s 0	—	1s 9d	1s 10	1s 11d	2s 0d	1s 7d	1s 10
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	3 0	3 6	—	—	—	—	2 4	3 8
Brandy, . . .	2 0	2 3	—	—	—	—	1 4	1 9
Geneva, . . .	4 6	4 9	—	—	—	—	—	—
Grain Whisky, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,	40	55	—	—	—	—	£25	£50
Claret, 1st Growth, hhd.	32	44	—	—	—	—	—	—
Portugal Red, . . .	31	55	—	—	—	—	22	28
Spanish White, . . .	27	29	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, . . .	40	0	—	—	—	—	—	16
Madeira, . . .	£10	0	7 0	7 5	£7	5 0 0	7 10	7 15
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton,	—	—	—	—	7 15	0	8 10	—
Honduras, . . .	8	—	—	—	8 0	0	6 0	7 10
Campeachy, . . .	7	8	—	—	9 10	5	9 10	10 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . . .	9	11	—	—	10s 0	11s 0	8s 6	12s 6
Cuba, . . .	10s	11s 6	—	—	—	—	—	—
INDIGO, Caracas fine, lb.	2 4	2 6	—	—	—	—	—	—
TIMBER, Amer. Fine, foot.	2 9	3 3	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak, . . .	2 2	2 7	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid),	1 0	1 6	1 1	1 4	0 11	1 2	0 10	1 0
Honduras Mahogany, . .	1 6	3 6	1 6	3 0	1 7	2 10	1 9	2 0
St Domingo, ditto, . . .	19	20	18	—	15 0	16 0	17 0	—
TAR, American, . . .	17 0	17 6	—	—	—	—	11 0	—
Archangel, . . .	10	11	—	—	—	—	34 0	35 6
PITCH, Foreign, . . .	36 6	—	36	37	36 6	—	29 0	—
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	36	37	—	—	—	—	£41	0 £42 0
Home melted, . . .	41	42	—	—	—	—	36 0	36 10
HEMP, Polish Rhine, ton,	37	38	38	—	39	40	—	—
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
FLAX,	56	—	—	—	—	—	£52 0	£53
Riga Thies. & Druf. Rak.	50	75	—	—	—	—	45	55
Dutch, . . .	33	50	—	—	—	—	—	—
Irish, . . .	—	100	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	14	15
BRISTLES,	17	21	—	—	—	—	35	—
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	40	—	—	—	—	—	39	—
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	38 6	—	40	41	38 6	39	59	—
Montreal, ditto, . . .	34	—	36	—	34 6	—	22	—
Pot, . . .	23	24	23	23 10	—	—	20	20 10
OIL, Whale, . . . tun,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Cod, . . .	7	7½	7½	7½	0 5½	0 8	0 7½	0 5
TOBACCO, Virgin, fine, lb.	5½	6½	5½	6½	0 2½	0 5	4	0 5
Middling, . . .	4	5	4	4½	0 2	0 2½	0 2	0 3
Inferior, . . .	—	—	0 7½	0 9½	0 8	0 9½	7	0 8½
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	—	1 4	1 6	1 3	1 5	1 0	1 8
Sea Island, fine, . . .	—	—	1 2	1 5	1 0½	1 2	—	—
Good, . . .	—	—	1 1	1 1½	1 0½	1 2	—	—
Middling, . . .	—	—	0 10	1 0	0 10½	1 0½	0 10	0 11½
Demerara and Berbice, .	—	—	0 9	10	0 7½	10	0 9	0 10½
West India, . . .	—	—	0 10½	0 11½	0 11½	1 0	0 11	1 0
Pernambuco, . . .	—	—	0 10½	0 11	0 10½	0 11½	0 10	0 11½
Maranham, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at *Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Sept. 1	M. 51 A. 64	29.702 .730	M. 63 A. 63	SW.	Dull, but fair and warm.	16	M. 48 A. 60	29.894 .899	M. 61 A. 60	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.
2	M. 57 A. 71	.755 .725	M. 70 A. 72	SW.	Foren. warm rain night.	17	M. 49 A. 59	.965 .982	M. 62 A. 63	SW.	Fair, sunsh. very warm.
3	M. 57 A. 65	.745 .728	M. 70 A. 68	Cble.	Dull, warm, rain night.	18	M. 50 A. 60	.775 .714	M. 63 A. 61	S.	Day dull, rain night.
4	M. 51 A. 69	.512 .426	M. 66 A. 63	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.	19	M. 47 A. 53	.749 .836	M. 59 A. 59	SW.	Foren. dull, Aft. sunsh.
5	M. 45 A. 55	.272 .201	M. 62 A. 60	SW.	Rain morn. day fair.	20	M. 40 A. 44	.632 .691	M. 49 A. 52	SW.	Dull, with showers.
6	M. 45 A. 51	.120 .130	M. 57 A. 55	Cble.	Thu. & light. aftern. rain.	21	M. 45 A. 50	.725 .904	M. 54 A. 55	E.	Morn. h. rain day showery.
7	M. 18 A. 54	28.999 29.271	M. 60 A. 59	SW.	Morn. h. rain, day showery.	22	M. 49 A. 55	30.116 .194	M. 56 A. 57	E.	Fair, with sunshine.
8	M. 46 A. 50	.513 .464	M. 55 A. 52	Cble.	Cold, with rain.	23	M. 46 A. 53	29.975 .989	M. 56 A. 55	NE.	Dull, but fair.
9	M. 41 A. 47	.303 .419	M. 51 A. 53	Cble.	Dull, but fair.	24	M. 45 A. 50	.922 .976	M. 54 A. 54	E.	Dull, fair, foggy even.
10	M. 39 A. 57	.444 .414	M. 55 A. 59	E.	Fair, with sunshine.	25	M. 35 A. 54	.684 .684	M. 55 A. 52	Cble.	Foren. h. shrs hail, cold.
11	M. 46 A. 59	.352 .175	M. 61 A. 60	Cble.	Day fair, h. rain night.	26	M. 32 A. 43	.760 .440	M. 50 A. 53	NE.	Morn. frost, rain night.
12	M. 47 A. 57	.204 .475	M. 60 A. 59	Cble.	Fair, with sunshine.	27	M. 30 A. 40	.272 .279	M. 44 A. 43	NE.	Morn. frost, snow on hills.
13	M. 47 A. 55	.556 .620	M. 59 A. 60	SW.	Dull, with sh. rain.	28	M. 28 A. 34	.458 .535	M. 42 A. 44	NE.	Morn. frost, day cold.
14	M. 47 A. 63	.280 .615	M. 63 A. 59	SW.	Showery most of day.	29	M. 29 A. 39	.475 .315	M. 42 A. 43	E.	Morn. frost, day showery.
15	M. 47 A. 59	.628 .750	M. 61 A. 60	SW.	Dull, with showers.	30	M. 33 A. 51	.192 28.989	M. 49 A. 52	S.	Rain aftern. and night.

Average of Rain, 1.666 inches.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of August, and 20th of September, 1824; extracted from the London Gazette.

Anderson, A. Lloyd's coffee-house, master marmer.
Barlow, R. Claremont-place, New Road, bill-broker.
Bartlett, A. and R. Bristol, ship-builders.
Carter, J. Downing-street, victualler.
Cato, W. W. Little, and W. Irving, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, drapers.
Duncombe, J. jun. Little Queen-street, bookseller.
Ellison, J. Keighley, Yorkshire, cotton-spinner.
Foster, J. Abchurch-lane, merchant.
Grist, J. Midhurst, Sussex, bricklayer.
Harvey, H. S. Oxford-street, hosier.
Hatfield, W. and J. Morton, Sheffield, cutlers.
Hazard, D. Hackney, merchant.
Heim, G. Worcester, linen-draper.
Hewett, J. Mitchem, butcher.
Hirst, G. Manchester, clothier.
Hopkins, G. and J. St Philip and Jacob, Gloucestershire, timber-merchants.
Humble, S. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, stationer.
Hyde, N. Nassau-street, Soho, jeweller.
Isley, J. Wyfold, Court-farm, Henley-upon-Thames, farmer.
Jackson, E. Uley, Gloucestershire, clothier.
Jackson, J. Gerrard-street, Soho, picture-dealer.
Johnson, R. Burslem, earthen-ware manufacturer.
Jarvis, W. G. Penton-place, Newington Butts, coal-merchant.
Jones, R. Westbury Leigh, Wilts, clothier.
Jones, W. Ratcliffe Highway, grocer.
Lees, J. Matbank, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
Lewis, T. C. and C. Bevan, High Holborn, linen-draper.
Liddard, W. Charlotte-row, Bermondsey, coal-merchant.
Loud, T. Dover, corn-dealer.
McCormick, J. Jubilee-place, Commercial-road, victualler.

Manley, D. Southampton-row, Russel-square, wine-merchant.
Mardall, W. Water-lane, Tower-street, brandy-merchant.
Marsh, W. and Co. Berner's-street, bankers.
Mayell, W. Exeter, jeweller.
Morris, J. jun. Slingo-lane, St Mary-le-Bonne, stage-master.
Nicholls, R. Ruthen, Denbighshire, druggist.
Parker, W. Oxford-street, ironmonger.
Peck, J. Andover, linen-draper.
Peel, J. Rochdale, shoe-dealer.
Perks, J. Monkton Combe, Somersetshire, brewer.
Pennan, A. Batson-street, Limehouse, master-mariner.
Poor, J. Wapping, Bristol, victualler.
Richardson, J. Manchester, cooper.
Rickards, J. Dursley, Gloucestershire, cloth-manufacturer.
Roughton, L. Noble-street, Foster-lane, wholesale druggist.
Sawyer, J. Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, wine-merchant.
Servener, H. H. Servener, jun. and J. Wilson, Kentish-buildings, Southwark, rop-factors.
Simmons, A. Strand, tailor.
Smith, J. R. North Audley-street, upholsterer.
Smith, T. Derby, nail-manufacturer.
Stott, S. and J. Road-lane, Spotland, Lancashire, woollen-manufacturers.
Tappenlen, T. Cumberland-street, Middlesex-hospital, victualler.
Walthew, J. Liverpool, linen-draper.
Want, G. S. Skinner-street, cabinet-maker.
Wilkins, S. Holborn-hill, stationer.
Wooding, M. Duckel-street, Stepney, baker.
Woollett, J. Queen's Head Inn, Southwark, tavern-keeper.
Wren, J. Great Titchfield-street, Portland-place, carpenter.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 30th of September, 1824, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Buchanan, John, late bleacher in Lylyburn, now miller at Glenmill.
 Comb, George, tenant at Redheughs, and merchant and trader in manure at King's Stables, and coals at Port Hopetoun, Edinburgh.
 Fife, John, cotton-spinner in Johnston.
 Finlayson, Robert and Alexander, merchants and fish-curers, Lybster.
 Gilfillan, John, and Co. late merchants in Glasgow.
 Gilmour, William, importer of and dealer in spirits, in Paisley.
 Hodge, William, flesher and cattle-dealer in Glasgow.
 Honeyman, Robert, formerly merchant and ship-owner, Grangemouth; afterwards miller and coal-merchant, Port Allen, Perthshire; presently residing in Edinburgh.
 M'Robbie, James, mason and builder, Paisley.
 Macgregor, James Murray, merchant in Leith.
 Murdoch, Patrick, merchant in Hamilton.
 Orr, Andrew, bookseller and stationer in Cupar.

DIVIDENDS.

Cameron, Dugald, and Co. merchants and grocers in Greenock; a first dividend after 25th October.
 Cowan, Robert, and Sons, grain-merchants in Glasgow; a dividend 29th November.

Douglas, William, merchant in Glasgow; a first dividend on 19th October.
 Hughes and Williams, canal contractors; a dividend on 11th October.
 M'Ewen, James, ropemaker in Perth; a second dividend after 2d November.
 Maclean, John, and Co. merchants and shopkeepers in Glasgow; a dividend after 4th October.
 Shannon, Stewart, and Co. merchants in Greenock, and Shannan, Livingstone, and Co. merchants in Newfoundland; a second dividend after 1st November.
 The deceased John Robertson, mason and wright in Glasgow, lately residing at Pollockshaws; a final dividend after 1st November.
 The George Street Coach Work Company, Glasgow; a dividend on 25th October.
 The concern which carried on trade in Greenock, under the firm of John Hamilton and Co. and in Liverpool under the firm of William Hamilton and Co.; a third dividend after 13th October.
 Wannan, George, carrier betwixt Perth and Dundee; a first and final dividend after 14th October.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet.	Major M'Donald, 91 F. and late Port Serv. Lt. Col. in the army, 4 Sept. 1817	60	Serj. Major Liddeell, from 2 F. 2d Lt. and to act as Adj. 19 Aug.
	Capt. Bentley, (Staff Capt. at Chatham) Major in the Army, 4 June, 1814	62	Ens. Power, Lt. by purch. vice Spiller, ret. 2 Sept.
12 Dr.	Lieut. Pallisar, Capt. by purch. vice Craufurd, Cape Corps, 12 Aug. 1824		Gent. Cadet Cotton, from R. Mil. Col. Ens. do.
15	Ens. England, from 77 F. Lieut. do. Troop Serj. Maj. Chettic, Qua. Mast. vice Jenkins, h. p. 9 Sept.	71	Ens. Connor. Lt. vice Coates, dead, 19 Aug.
1 F.	Lieut. Campbell, from h. p. 58 F. Lt. vice Smith, cancelled, do.	72	Ens. Seymour, Ens. do.
6	Ens. Hill, Lt. vice M'Kenzie, dead 8 June		Capt. Brownlow, Major by purch. vice Lt. Col. Fitzgerald, ret. 2d do.
	J. W. King, Ens. 12 Aug.		Lt. Markham, Capt. do.
15	Ens. Thorold, from 58 F. Ens. vice Maunsell, h. p. 65 F. rec. diff. 9 Sept.		Capt. J. E. Hay, from Staff in Ionian Isls. Capt. vice Ebbart, Staff Capt. Chatham, 27 do.
	Lieut. Peevor, Capt. vice Rotton, dead, 2 do.	73	Ens. Frith, Lt. 26 do.
	Ens. Boscawen, Lt. do.		II. Godfrey, Ens. do.
18	St. G. L. Lister, Ens. do.	71	Maj. Bamford, from 97 F. Maj. vice Cameron, h. p. York Chass. 12 do.
	T. C. Graves, Ens. vice Young, 20 F. 12 Aug.	77	Ens. Ansell, Adj. vice Ramsden, res. Adj. only, 17 do.
19	Ens. and Adj. Tydd, rank of Lt. 2 Sept.	79	J. Lomax, Ens. by purch. vice England, 12 Dr. 19 do.
20	Ens. Young, from 18 F. Lt. vice Church, dead, 12 Aug.		Lt. Brown, Capt. by purch. vice Marshall, prom. 29 July
26	Ens. Babington, Lt. vice Roberts, dead, do.		Ens. Maule, Lt. do.
	R. J. E. Rich, Ens. do.	82	T. Crombie, Ens. 12 Aug.
38	Ens. Lowth, from 48 F. Ens. vice Thorold, 15 F. 9 Sept.		Lt. Mortimer, Capt. vice Field, dead, 9 Mar.
30	Bt. Lt. Col. Lindesay, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Col. Sturt, ret. 12 Aug.		Ens. Greene, Lt. 12 Aug.
	Bt. Major Macpherson, Major, do.	86	J. Trollope, Ens. do.
	Lt. Caldicott, Capt. do.		Lt. Grey, Capt. by purch. vice Hogg, ret. do.
	Ens. Leekie, Lt. do.		Ens. Close, Lt. do.
42	G. C. Borough, Ens. do.	95	P. Le P. Trench, Ens. do.
	Ens. Raynes, from 2 Vet. Bn. Ens. vice Clark, h. p. 81 F. 2 Sept.		Lt. Straith, Capt. vice Yorke, dead, 26 do.
48	— Ward, from h. p. 85 F. do. paying suff. vice Lowth, 38 F. 9 do.		Ens. Mayne, Lt. do.
50	Major Wodchouse, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Harrison, ret. 2 do.		C. Henry, Ens. do.
	Capt. Custance, Major, do.		Lt. Dickens, Adj. vice Straith, do.
	Lt. Serjeantson, Capt. do.	97	Maj. Paterson, from h. p. York Chass. Major, vice Bamford, 73 F. 12 do.
	Ens. Poy, Lt. do.		Rifle Brig. Lt. Boileau, Capt. by purch. vice Hallen, ret. 2 Sept.
	G. Deedes, Ens. do.		2d Lt. Frampton, 1st Lt. do.
			Gent. Cadet, E. L. Gower, from R. Mil. Coll. 2d Lt. do.
			2 W. I. R. Ens. and Adj. Curry, rank of Lt. 6 Aug.

2 W. I. R. Ens. Sutherland, Lt. vice Dunn, dead,
7 Aug.
E. E. Nicolls, Ens. do.
Staff Serj. Maj. Whitty, Qua. Mast.
Hughes, Lt. 26 do.
2 Vet. Dn. Ens. Stewart, from h. p. 27 F. Ens.
vice Edgelow, ret. list. do.
— Shaw, from h. p. 31. F. do. vice
Raynes, 42 F. 2 Sept.
2 Vet. Co. Ens. and Adj. Ward, from h. p. 27 F.
vice Walker, ret. list. do.
Vet. Co. at } Capt. Mackenzie, from h. p. York
Newfound. } Lt. Inf. Fol. Capt. 25 July
Lt. Abbott, from h. p. 1. W. I. R.
Lt. vice Campbell, cancelled,
2 Sept.
R. E. I. Vol. C. Mills, jun. Maj. vice Raikes, res.
13 Aug.

Unattached.

Maj. McLaine, from 21 F. Lt. Col. of Inf. by pur.
vice Maj.-Gen. T. W. Kerr, ret. 9 Sept. 1824.

Garrisons.

Lt.-Col. Belford, of late 3d Vet. Batt. Fort-Major
of Dartmouth Castle, vice Wright, dead,
12th Aug. 1824.

Staff.

Capt. Bentley, of late 1st Vet. Batt. Staff Capt. at
Chatham, vice Dalgey, ret. list, 19 Aug. 1824.
Bt. Maj. Ebbart, from 72 F. Staff Capt. at Chat-
ham, vice Jervis, ret. list, 26 Aug. 1824.
Capt. Brutton, from 82 F. Sub.-Insp. of Mil. Ion.
Isl. vice Lt. Hay, 72 F. 27 Aug. 1824.

Ordnance Department.

Roy. Eng. 1st Lt. Clavering, from h. p. 1st Lieut.
vice Hayter, dead, 22 March, 1824.
Gent. Cadet St. A. Molesworth, 2d Lt. 28 Aug. 1824.

Medical Department.

As. Surg. Reid, from h. p. York Lt. Inf. Vol. As.
Surg. vice Caldwell, can. 18 Juffe, 1824.
Hosp. Assist. Young, Assist. Surg. vice Law, dead,
14 Aug. 1824.
E. J. Bulteel, Hosp. Assist. 14 Aug. 1824.

Exchanges.

Bt. Colonel Ross, from Cape Corps, with Lt. Col.
Hutchinson, h. p.
Bt. Maj. Tonson, from 84 F. with Capt. Colomb,
h. p. 37 F.
Capt. McNeill, from 2d W. I. R. with Bt. Major
Jack, h. p. 21 F.
Capt. Beamish, from 31 F. rec. diff. with Capt.
Van Cortlandt, h. p. 35 F.
Capt. Phelan, from 92 F. with Capt. J. Cameron,
h. p. 79 F.
Capt. Baynes, from Afric. Col. Corps, with Capt.
de Harrallier, h. p. 32 F.
Lieut. Williams, from 16 Dr. with Lieut. Hamil-
ton, h. p. 1 Dr.
Lieut. Lecke, from 52 F. with Lieut. Wetherall,
h. p. 42 F.
Lieut. Rose, from 72 F. with Lieut. Murray, h. p.
24 F.

N. B.—The Death of Paymaster Harrison, 85d Regt. was erroneously reported in the Army List
for last Month.

Lieut. Ramsden, from 74 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
Campbell, h. p. 18 F.
Lieut. Douglas, from 77 F. with Lieut. Wilkinson,
h. p. 5 F.
Lieut. Logan, from 98 F. with Lieut. Goodiff, h.
p. 31 F.
Ensign Lister, from 17 F. with Ensign Deedes,
50 F.
Ensign Lord Elphinstone, from 71 F. with Ensign
Dalton, h. p. 32 F.
Paym. Kerr, from 4 Dr. with Paym. Wilcey, h.
p. 40 F.
Qua. Mast. Lieut. Stewart, from 53 F. with Lieut.
Taggart, h. p. 53 F.
Assist. Surg. Hendrick, from 86 F. with Assist.
Surg. Dudgeon, h. p. 63 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Major Gen. Kerr, of late 2 Coy. R.
Colonel Sturt, 39 F.
Lieut. Colonel Harrison, 30 F.
— Fitzgerald, 72 F.
Major Raikes, R. East Ind. Vol.
Captain Hogg, 86 F.
— Hallen, Rifle Brig.
Lieut. Spiller, 62 F.
2d Lieut. Larcom, Eng.
Assist. Surg. Maclean, h. p. 35 F.

Appointments Cancelled.

Lieut. Smith, 1 F.
— Campbell, Vet. Co. Newf.
Assist. Surg. Caldwell, Med. Staff.

Superseded.

Paym. Prendergast. So. Mayo Mil.

Deaths.

Lieut. Gen. Prince, from 6 Dr. Ipswich,
11 Sept. 1824.
Lieut. Gen. Dunn, E. Ind. Co. Serv. Great Maj-
vern, 29 Aug.
Lieut. Gen. Anderson, do. London, 16 Sept.
Col. C. Lord Castlecoote, Queen's Co. Milit.
Major Bishop, h. p. 1 Prov. Bn. of Mil. Harrow-
gate, Sept. 1824.
Capt. Campbell, late Invalids, London,
5 August, 1824.
Goodinge, Adj. to Londonderry Militia.
Lieut. Kennedy, ret. Vet. Comp. Stonehouse, De-
von, 13 Sept. 1821.
Lieut. Mackenzie, h. p. 35 F.
— Douglas, h. p. 78 F. Java, 20 April, 1820.
— Hawkey, h. p. 95 F. 5 May, 1821.
— Conrue, h. p. 7 Line Germ. Leg. Hanover,
8 Sept.
Lieut. De Cherry, h. p. Corsican Regt. 3 March.
— Anderson, h. p. 12 Gai. Bn. Dinan, France,
19 May, 1824.
Paym. Barry, h. p. 36 F. Taunton, 4 Aug. 1824.
Quar. Mast. Lawrie, h. p. 101 F. Sept. 1824.
Assist. Surg. Lubry, h. p. Vet. Bn. Windsor,
Sept. 1824.
Vet. Surg. Dalton, h. p. 1 Life G. Vienn. Calais,
15 March, 1821.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

May 21. At Malta, Mrs Cusine, 10th regiment, of a daughter.

July 28. At Concordia, Tobago, the lady of Dr Kenney, of a daughter.

Aug. 5. At Florence, the lady of John Crauford, Esq. of Auchanaries, of a son.

Sept. 1. At Bragar House, Kent, the lady of J. D. Boswall, Esq. of Wardie, captain in the royal navy, of a son and heir.

2. At Edinburgh, the lady of Star Stewart, Esq. of Physgill and Glasserton, of a son and heir.

5. At Coxley, near Wells, Somerset, Mrs Alexander Fraser, of Thieves Inn, London, of a daughter.

5. At Edinburgh, Mrs Clarke, 51, George Square, of a daughter.

— At Dun, the Lady Anne Baird, of a daughter.

6. At Dumbarnie House, Mrs Craigie, of Dumbarnie, of a son.

9. At the Dowager Viscountess Duncan's, the Hon. Mrs Dundas, of a son.

— At Portobello, Mrs Glen, Brighton Place, of a daughter.

— At Westquarter, the lady of Thomas Learmonth, Esq. of Laurence Park, of a daughter.

11. Mrs John Brougham, of a daughter.

— At Stobo Castle, the lady of Sir James Montgomery of Stanhope, Bart. of a son.

12. At 46, Albany Street, Mrs Heggie, of a son.

12. At Bellevue Crescent, Mrs Rattray, of a son.

— At Minto, the Countess of Minto, of a daughter.

— At Dundee, the lady of Dr John Maxwell, of a son.

— At 42, Albany Street, Mrs John Gardiner Kinnear, of a daughter.

13. Mrs Miller, Frederick Street, of a son.

— At Crescent, Perth, Mrs George Seton, of a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, the lady of Major Menzies, 42d Royal Highlanders, of a son.

14. Mrs Scott, Albany Street, of a daughter.

— At Kirkaldy, Mrs J. L. Cooyr, of a son.

15. At Ruchil, near Glasgow, the lady of Major Stephenson, 6th Dragoon Guards, of a son.

— At his Lordship's house, at Cowes, Isle of Wight, the lady of Lord Francis Levison Gower, M.P. of a son.

— In Pitt Street, Mrs Richardson, of a son.

18. At Ramornie, Mrs Heriot of Ramornie, of a daughter.

— At Stirling, Mrs J. Telford, of a daughter.

20. At Frankfield, Mrs Murray, of a son.

— At 16, Nicolson Street, Mrs Huie, of a son.

23. Mrs Patrick Robertson, of a daughter.

— At Llyn, county of Anglesey, the lady of H. W. Jones, Esq. of a son.

— At Banchory, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, of a son.

24. Mrs Bowie, 19, Albany Street, of a daughter.

25. At Edinburgh, the lady of Mr Sinclair, of Covent-Garden Theatre, of a son.

— At Roselle, Mrs West Hamilton, of a daughter.

26. At Losset, Mrs Macneal of Ugadale, of a daughter.

Lately, At her residence at Tunbridge Wells, the Right Hon. Lady Cochrane, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 5, 1825. At Montreal, Roderick Matheson, Esq., paymaster late Glengary Light Infantry, to Miss Mary Fraser, daughter of Captain Robertson, of Inverness.

Aug. 18, 1824. At Parkhead, near Perth, Mr William Bruce, merchant, Edinburgh, to Agnes, daughter of William Morison, Esq.

— At the Manse of Panbride, the Rev. William Morison, of Carmylie, to Dorothea, daughter of Mr David Trail, Panbride.

30. At the Manse of Crailing, Mr Robert Strachan, London, to Elizabeth, fourth daughter of the Rev. David Brown.

Sept. 2. At Bonnington, John Adair, Esq. Glenoch, Wigtownshire, to Christina, eldest daughter of the late John Haig, Esq.

— At St James's Church, London, Lord Elliot, only son of the Earl of St Germain's, to the Right Hon. Lady Jemima Cornwallis, third daughter of the late Marquis Cornwallis.

— At Manse of Daviot, the Rev. Henry Simon, minister of Chapel of Garroch, to Mary, second daughter of the Rev. Robert Shepherd.

5. At Leith Walk, Mr James Murray, surgeon, Edinburgh, to Elizabeth Wilson, eldest daughter of Mr James Allison, vinegar maker.

5. At Kirkmichael, James Crawford, Esq. M.D. to Miss Ann Whitford, eldest daughter of David Kennedy, Esq. of Kirkmichael.

6. At Lynnington-Lodge, Alexander Wardrop, Esq. of Madras, to Jessie, third daughter of the late Robert Burn, Esq. architect, Edinburgh.

7. At Cowie, Stirlingshire, Mr John Forrester, merchant, Glasgow, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late James M'Nab, Esq. distiller.

11. At St Margaret's Church, Westminster, John Mitchell, Esq. M.P. to Eliza, eldest daughter of John Elliott, Esq. of Pimlico Lodge.

15. At Comely Bank, Mr Robert Kirkwood, engraver, to Bathia, youngest daughter of Robert Dunbar, Esq. Tax Office.

11. At Edinburgh, John Gibson, jun. Esq. W.S. to Charlotte Ellen, eldest daughter of John Gordon, Esq. of Salisbury Road.

15. At Leith, Mr John Nicen, merchant, to Mrs Mary Spalding, widow of Dr Alexander Spalding, Port Maria, West Indies.

— At Dalton Dumfriesshire, John Hannay, Esq. W.M. to Miss Eliza S. Kennedy, only daughter of the late J. Kennedy, Esq.

— In London, Lord Ellenborough, to Jane Elizabeth Digby, only daughter of Rear-Admiral Digby and Viscountess Andover.

16. In Stafford Street, Major-General Hamilton, to Mary Augusta, youngest daughter of the late Alexander Bower, Esq. of Kincaidrum.

— At Bolton, Percy, in Yorkshire, George Bailie, jun. Esq. eldest son of George Bailie, Esq. of Jerriswoode, to Georgina, youngest daughter of Mr Archdeacon Markham.

21. At St Andrews, Mr John Buchan, writer, St Andrews, to Anne, daughter of Mr Alexander Thomson, merchant there.

27. At Montrose, the Rev. John Wood, A.M. to Annabella, second daughter of Captain Brydon, of that place.

28. Lord Henry Seymour Moore, to Mary, second daughter of Sir Henry Parnell, Bart. M.P. and niece to the Marquis of Bute and the Earl of Forfarlington.

DEATHS.

March 21. Off the Cape Coast, of fever, Mr Charles Hope Hunter, Midshipman, of his Majesty's ship *Driver*, second son of the late Rev. William Hunter, minister of Middlebie.

May. At Buenos Ayres, Captain Peter Sheriff, of the *Antelope*, second son of the late Mr Thomas Sheriff, shipmaster, Dunbar.

June 11. In the island of St Croix, Dr James Hill, of Dumfries.

21. At Jamaica, after a few days' illness, Alexander Cunningham, Esq. son of the late William Cunningham, of Cairnerran, Esq.

July 27. At Demerara, Mrs Marsh, wife of Thomas Marsh, Esq. of that place.

Aug. 2. At Gowally, Perthshire, Agnes, second daughter, and, at Greenock, on the 50th August, Michael Bowton, fourth son of the late Rev. Dr Alex. Simpson, Pittenweem.

6. At Pendreich, near Lasswade, aged 57 years, Mrs Margaret Melrose, wife of Mr James M'Leish, merchant, Edinburgh; also, at No. 12 Montague Street, on the 12th August, Helen, their daughter, aged four months.

18. At Lochbuy House, Mrs Macintosh.

